

The Mountaineer



The Mountaineer

1969

*Cover Photo: Mount Shuksan, near north boundary
North Cascades National Park—Lee Mann*

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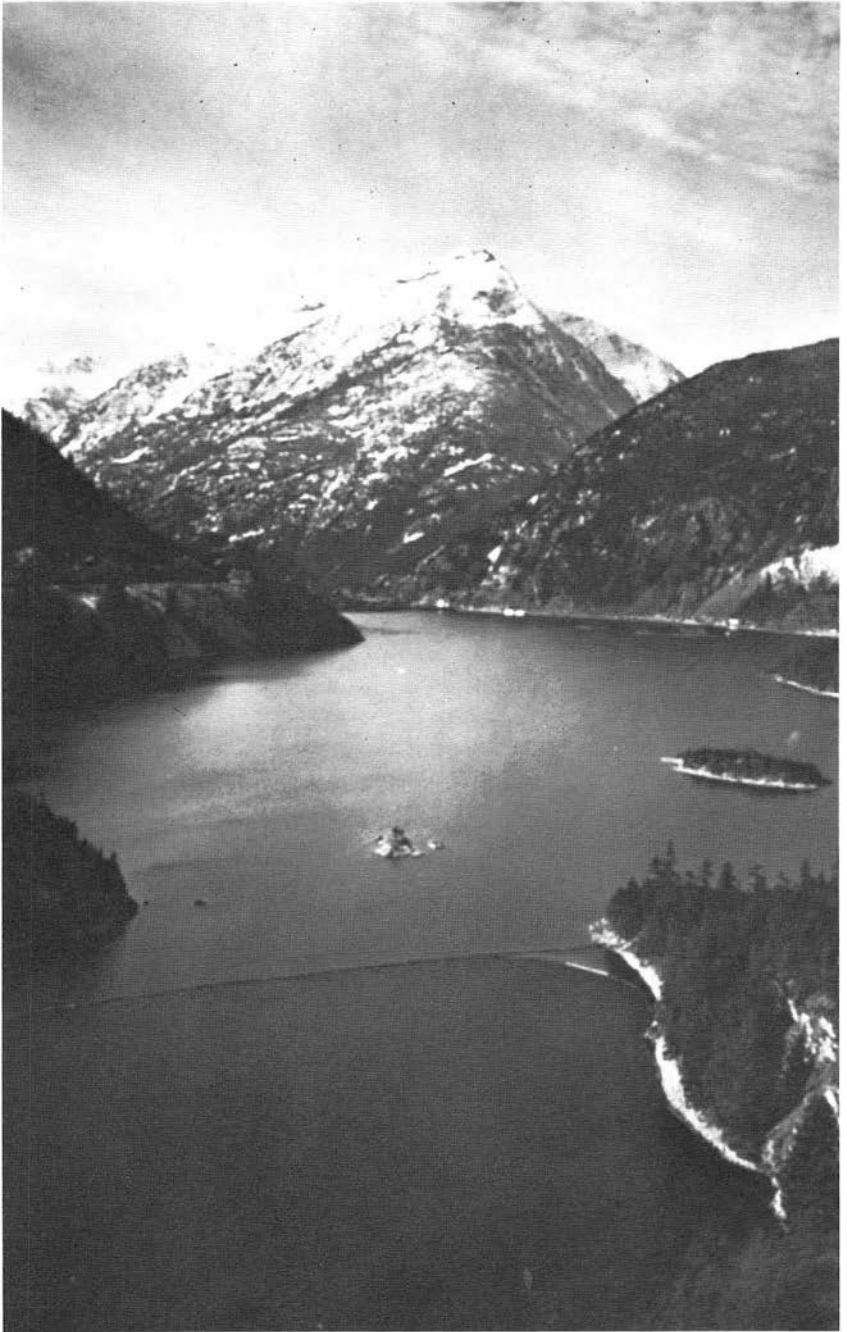
Foreword

Since the North Cascades National Park was indubitably the event of this past year, this issue of *The Mountaineer* attempts to record aspects of that event. Many other magazines and groups have celebrated by now, of course, but hopefully we have managed to avoid total redundancy.

Probably there will be few outward signs of the new management in the park this summer. A great deal of thinking and planning is in progress as the Park Service shapes its policies and plans developments. The North Cross-State highway, while accessible by four-wheel vehicle, is by no means fully open to the public yet. So, visitors and hikers are unlikely to "see" the changeover to park status right away.

But the first articles in this annual reveal both the thinking and work which led to the park, and the thinking which must now be done about how the park is to be used. A couple of articles give insights into persons who were instrumental in giving the area park status. And one article gives an introduction to the mountaineering areas of the park, intended for climbers not familiar with the peaks, and for seasoned climbers as well.

Many thanks to all those Mountaineers who gave time and ideas to help a greenhorn editor, and thanks to all contributors to this annual. Next year, of course, we will "get things done earlier."



Diablo Lake—Lee Mann

The Mountaineer

Vol. 62, No. 6, June 1969—Organized 1906—Incorporated 1913

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The Struggle for the North Cascades

A PERSONAL MEMOIR*
By GRANT McCONNELL

First perception: The Park was inevitable. Nobody who has ever seen the area, or even who has seen just a few pictures of it could believe otherwise. The idea came to some of the first people to visit the area, long before the park idea was familiar or before there was a Park Service. It got knocked down, but it came up again and again and again. In '37 the Park Service said a park here would surpass any other park and any other possibility for a park. But, more simply, think of Park Creek Pass, Trapper Lake, Sahale Arm, Lake Chelan . . .

Second perception: The Park was an impossibility. This was Forest Service domain, and that Service never surrenders. It has the most massive political system in the United States, and the most determined leadership. It has the loggers, the grazers, the miners, the local officialdoms, the "sportsmen," — men who count among the petty and the big elites of America — all lined up to echo the official line. In July and September, 1968, there were the Grangers, the cattlemen, the miners, the county commissioners of all the counties involved, the mayors of Chelan, Brewster, Pateros and all the other places known only to locals, and their congressmen, behind the Forest Service and against the Park. And Boise Cascade, Georgia Pacific, the big mill owners, the corporations and the little mills too. And always, paid by public money, the propagandists of the fully alerted, fully politicized Forest Service constantly at work. You can't win; we're too strong, too big . . .

Which? Either or neither, who knew? The Park won—perhaps because there was something categorical in its necessity; not to have won would have been defeat in an absolute sense; not to have won would have been the failure of a moral order. But it

*Purely personal. There were other turning points, some of them as important as a few of those told here. But maybe even a bit of their flavor is here too.

was all so tenuous, so much a matter of chance, hanging so on those few of the things that were tried that worked. Who would speak up at the crucial moments? Who would be on hand? Who would come through with those last few dollars, that last bit of energy? And at the very last stage it was in the hands of the gods and Wayne Aspinnall. Would he settle for anything less than Columbia River water dumped into the Colorado, something that Scoop Jackson could never give? And would there be time before the 90th Congress adjourned? It was a cliffhanger right down to the last. But . . .

October 2, 1968. The East Room, the White House. Band playing as you walk in from the Pennsylvania Avenue portico. Military aides in dress uniforms complete down to the white gloves. Buzzing and smiles of Congressmen and Senators. "Ladies and Gentlemen, the President of the United States." A stooped, tired man with an almost apologetic smile. This was one of the few good things that had happened. A glance upward from the prepared speech and a nod to the Congressmen, "Why don't you fellows tell folks about *this*, and not some of those other things they are talking about?" (Laughter.)

And then he sat down and signed the bill.



*Lyndon B. Johnson signs the North Cascades National Park bill—
National Park Service photo by Cecil W. Stoughton*

It might not have been.

Thirteen years before, June. Long distance from Jack Stevens at Chelan: Did you know the Forest Service is advertising a timber sale in the Stehekin Valley? Are you sure? Yes, I saw a dittoed form, but I don't have it; can something be done? Yes, by all that's holy! Then, sinking sensation as phone put down: what? A small sale maybe, the first of a list that would gut the whole sanctuary. Just *what* could be done?

Rush to the Northwest within the week. Call everyone ever heard of in Seattle. Response at Auburn (where's that?)—Polly and Johnny Dyer (hardly knew them—what are they thinking? There's madness on the loose, maybe?) invite family to stay over night. A small group coming in for the evening: Chet Powell (President, The Mountaineers), Paul Wiseman (incoming president, the same), Pat Goldsworthy among them. Pleasant, all of them, but maybe a bit reserved. But forget it, this is too serious. Look, there has to be a special group that can focus directly on the North Cascades, one that will have no other purpose and can bring in new energies as well.—But we already have The Mountaineers.—Sure, but don't you see that there are things that have to be done that The Mountaineers can't be asked to do?—Mmmmm.—All evening long with passion on one side, cool sympathy on the other. It had been too abrupt, too much to ask, too easily misunderstood.

So, off to Wenatchee in the morning, foolish and rebuffed as any fool should have been. And what could a dozen people sitting in an Auburn living room do anyhow?

Wenatchee: The Forest Supervisor is out. Is there something you wanted? Yes, that timber sale in Stehekin . . . Well, maybe Mr. Faceless could talk to you. About that sale . . . Don't know; there is no sale planned; goodbye.

Stehekin: letter to Chet Powell, President, The Mountaineers, cc to Forest Supervisor: Supervisor away but his representative says no sale planned, so I gather our alarms unfounded.

No response from supervisor. Three weeks later, District Ranger in whispered aside to Paul Bergmann in Stehekin: You know that sale? Well, it's been put off.

Point one—awfully small, but a surprise.

The Supervisor himself. Big, hearty, smiling, friendly, outdoor clothes, plain-as-an-old-shoe, and yet somehow suave. Thought

I'd come up and talk to you folks. I know how you feel about these mountains. Well I want you to know I love them too. You know it's hard to get out of that office in town, but there's nothing I like better than to get out into godsgreatoutofdoors and hike around these hills, the fresh air, the beauty of it all. But you know, we *have* to log these trees. We do it carefully. Clear-cutting? Well, no, it's *patch*cutting. When? Well, you see there's this cutting circle and it's all planned and you won't know the difference. More deer, more campgrounds, more vigorous forest, roads for the logging and logging to pay for the roads, multiple use, multiple-use, multipleuse, multipleusemultipleusemultiple-usemulti . . .

Smokey Bear.

The United States Forest Service? Greatest of the public services. High morale. Professionals. Crusaders. The public interest. Knows what's best.

Gifford Pinchot, Father of the Service: Every tree in the national forests for which there is a market is for sale.

Chief McArdle: The Forest Service is no longer a custodial agency; we're entering the period of intensive management.

But once there was Bob Marshall. He came in for the Forest Service, looked at the North Cascades in the thirties. Glacier Peak Limited Area set up in time of Chief Silcox. Plans toward wilderness policy.

Then, two deaths: Marshall and Silcox. Further coincidence: Northern half of Glacier Peak Limited Area lopped off, national park plan for Cascades killed, FDR's plan to reorganize government, among other things putting forests in Interior Department, killed.

Total: five deaths.

Chelan: Look, *you* know what's up there at the head of this Lake, and you love it the way it is. Right, it shouldn't be touched. All right then, speak up and help stop this logging plan. Oh, no, we couldn't do that. Why not? Well, it wouldn't do any good. Mr. Big who owns the mill here is too powerful; he'll have his way, and besides we have to live here and get along with our neighbors. You mean you're afraid? No, not exactly, but we're all alone. But, there's Blank and there's Otherblank and still others—*they* don't want to see things ripped up; they're your neighbors too. All right ask them; you'll see. Blanks: *we're* the only people who feel the way you do. Okay then, let's . . . Oh lord, no.

Why not? Mr. Big this, Mr. Big that, Mr. Big . . . apple boxes, only industry in town, payroll, the bank, the chamber, the merchants, Mr. Big . . .

Big? Hundred thousand board feet a day capacity; jackknife outfit as mills go. But big enough to clear-cut the area in a few years. Big enough for the local Forest Ranger if he doesn't want to be sent off to some swamp. Big enough for Chelan County—and *that's* the world of Smokey Bear—the one he responds to. Yes, Big.

Analysis: (1) Forest Service Policy

- (a) *Defend the empire*
 - (b) *Maximize sawlog production*
 - (c) *Organize to serve local elites*
 - (d) *Never forget the PR*
- (2) *The political problem*
- (a) *Must be made a national issue. Can't be won on local battleground; local area belongs to Smokey, but*
 - (b) *American political system overwhelmingly favors local power structures. Must at minimum neutralize myth of local unanimity for exploitation.*
- (3) *Conclusion: Hopeless. But, maybe . . .*

A trap, Berkeley: Mr. Brower, could you come talk to class about interest groups and tell them about your lobbying for Dinosaur Monument? (Mygod, how can he spend time on that, when the whole North Cascades are headed down the drain? But be quiet on that.) Great talk, Dave, class saw that lobbyists don't all have horns; now, could you stick around for a few minutes to see a few slides of the North Cascades? (What a clumsy sucker play, can't help but see through it.) But he stays, and, yes, the Sierra Club *would* be interested. Would you show those slides to the Conservation Committee? As it happens, yes.

San Francisco: Too much passion; the slides suddenly look awful; lousy performance. But people are nice. North Cascades actually on agenda—low down, but actually on the agenda.

We need a brochure. Pictures, yes. But what do we say in it? We don't even know all the parts of the North Cascades that ought to be saved. And, worse, we have no idea of what to tell people in it. Write your congressman—to do what?

The office, Berkeley: Murmur at door, like sound of owl in evening. Yes? Definitely owlish—large horn rimmed glasses, tousled hair; looks lost. Low, low voice . . . Cascades. Come in.

Impression changes; winner of big science contest, big scholarship, experienced photographer; wants to do something.

Dave Simons.

The North Cascades: Glacier Peak Limited Area up for study as reclassified Wilderness Area. Logging way up the Whitechuck and other valleys on public land. Pattern emerging: logging begins near *head* of wilderness valley, with road leading to the operations; therefore whole valley precluded from wilderness status; log the remainder at leisure.

Smart, real smart.

Seattle, 1957: Great Scott! The North Cascades Conservation Council founded! Goldsworthy in the chair. Mild manner. (Should he be more forceful?) Cool, rational, heart in right place. But what is the policy going to be? Well, first of course, have to get a decent set of boundaries for Glacier Peak Wilderness Area. (What about all that area along the crest of the range from Cascade Pass east and north? The Glacier Peak thing won't solve that.) Goldsworthy looks better and better. And the others—pretty good, pretty good. All the same, how much more does this amount to than when they sat in Polly's Auburn living room? Maybe this just means heartbreak for a few more people.

Meetings. Letters. (How long will friends put up with this sort of thing?)

1957 Wilderness Conference: Charlie Eggert's film of Colorado River. The film on Dinosaur really paid off there. Now maybe . . . Capture of Eggert at Top-of-the-Mark. What would it cost to do a film on North Cascades? Well, with professional outfit, say \$30,000. But with donated services, \$6,000. Thud—the six might as well be the thirty; equally impossible.

J. to A., Massachusetts: Cascades headed down the drain. Dinosaur movie did big things there. If we had a good movie for the North Cascades . . . would you . . . ?

Miracle: Club has put up \$500 for movie and now \$2500 in from A. It's not the thirty, or even the six—but anyhow a start.

Cascade Pass: Dave Brower, Jr., Ray Courtney, the kids, cameras. Rain. Water. Drizzle. Cloud. Drip, drip day after day. No

seeing the peaks. Shots of water coming down in waterfalls, rills and creeks; of water dripping from moss; shots of fog swirling. Wait in camp, try to keep up morale. Soaked. And can't forget that the first \$500 worth of film taken earlier in good weather blown because of out-of-whack camera. Time running out. Dave has infected foot. Very low.

Park Creek Pass. Dried out now, but clouds still hanging on; last chance. Good shot of trees, but could be anywhere. Huckleberries and kids—good. Clouds, cold. Opening in clouds—avalanche on Booker: caught it. Briefly, sun—kids, flowers, pools and—peaks and glaciers. But soon gone. Might be good, but too brief. Now if Dave were a pro . . . Not much of a chance, though, really.

Berkeley: The whole footage spliced end on end, a full mile of it. Reaction: nausea. Really crummy. Dave: now don't give up.

Berkeley: Come up and see what the thing looks like cut. Good god, where did you find that footage? There all the time—you saw it. But this is exquisite . . .

The Wilderness Alps of Stehekin.

Stehekin, foot of Junction Mountain, 11:00 p.m. Simons up there somewhere, promised to be back by 6:00, promised to come back down the trail. Cliffs all over the place. Should never have turned him loose in these mountains. Midnight: anguish. One, two—then a very sad sack tumbling in. Yep, hung up on a cliff. Got pictures.

Berkeley: Simons in office with huge stack of stuff. Pictures, notes, maps. Amazing lode of data.

Trail down from Cascade Pass: Fall in step with Ned, National Parks Association rep. Nice country, Ned? Well, now, just privately, I wonder if this shouldn't be a national park. (Aha! You see that do you? But keep straight face.) Now that's an interesting idea.

Catch up with Ed, Sierra Club Prexy. Good trip, Ed? Mmmn, wonder what Ned's thinking—do you think he might go for a national park? Say, now that's an interesting idea. (Very straight face.)

Ned and Ed.

Stehekin, Wilderness Society Council meeting: Connie Wirth, head of NPS on hand. Not welcome by FS. But plotting going

on: if Connie could only see the area—maybe a plane trip over it. He falls for it. Go along and say see this, see that. Almost don't squeeze through Park Creek Pass, but see everything. Now what do you think, Connie? Well, I shouldn't say anything but it would make a great national park. Give talk to crowd; roasting of FS. Smokey Bear on edge goes off in fury. Bad mistake, maybe.

Berkeley: Simons comes in. Has a mimeographed report—the case for a North Cascades National Park. Complete with maps and lots of data. Fine job.

Seattle, North Cascades Conservation Council Board Meeting: Throw fat into fire: ought to go for a Park. Silence, then storm. Phil Zalesky, big passionate Phil, tells all about lousy behavior of NPS in Olympic Park—logging, exploitation and so on; we haven't even got the Glacier Peak Wilderness Area yet. Others demur, too: would bring in more people than the country can stand. Besides, we can't win; besides FS has the power and we have to get along with them; be reasonable—better to get along with FS, compromise where necessary, but save *something*. Awfully strong argument. But join with Brower and shout them down. Bad strain on Pat, who steps in now and then to calm things down. Won't be calmed. The end of the N3C? No matter, this is showdown. The two radicals get mean: just what would you bargain away? Cascade Pass? Thunder Creek? Lyman Lake? Really dirty . . . and Phil is hurt. The vote: divided, but it's for a Park.

It had to be. But what have we done to Phil and the others? Will N3C survive?

Region Six, USFS, announces plan for Glacier Peak Wilderness Area. A monstrosity, practically all the valleys deleted, looks like a starfish or a very nasty Rorschach blot. Just a few miles from side to side. Utter tokenism and utter defeat.

Stehekin: Mr. Big puts in pilings at head of lake for log-pound.

Desperate pleas, letters, telegrams. Congressman Pelly agrees to introduce study bill in Congress. Support with petition of names, names, names. (Won't do much good; no Congressman ever took a petition seriously; besides all this says is we want a study.)

Rumor: Something going on in Washington, D.C. FS's Region Six said not to be handling its PR well.

News stories: storm brewing in North Cascades. Treewatchers on warpath. *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *San Francisco Chronicle*—and all sympathetic. Pieces in *National Geographic*, *Sunset* and still others. Even something halfway favorable in Seattle papers. More important: an issue.

Word from Seattle: Phil is shocked, has changed his mind; and anyhow he had never left us. N3C unified as never before. Big, bighearted Phil.

USFS Washington, D.C., announces original plan for Glacier Peak Wilderness Area only a tentative proposal, not final. (What goes?)

USFS announces revised plan for Glacier Peak Wilderness Area. No starfish, no Rorschach blot. Almost good in fact. But concurrently the Eldorado Peaks Area (guess that means everything along the crest from Cascade Pass north and east) to be developed for mass use. (And they had said that once Glacier Peak settled, they would study this for other wilderness area. Never trust your government.)

Berkeley: Owlsh presence in office. Spent too much time on Cascades report, grades fallen, drafted.

Berkeley paper: Ex-student dies in service. Epidemic at army training camp.

Dave Simons.

Washington, D.C., ex-Budget Director: Changing government policy is like changing the course of the Mississippi River; it can be done, but it's a huge and heart-breaking task.

The Supreme Court Building, with Brower in the Justice's office. The Justice himself grim and discouraging—says that while there may be a good man at head of a department or bureau, he can do little to affect what goes on below; the bureaucrats have their own support and they simply go their merry ways; but here, go down to the White House and talk directly . . .

The White House, the Presidential Assistant: Yes, yes, glad to see you. North Cascades? Where are they? Oh yes, that's Agriculture. Miss Jones get me the Secretary of Agriculture . . . he's out? Well, gentlemen, just remember this is a *friendly* administration. Goodbye.

Washington State: The Forest Service PR campaign now in high gear. Smokey Bears all over the place, giving talks to

Rotary, Kiwanis, Chamber, Junior Chamber, Legion, hunters, fishermen, Grange, Farm Bureau, ladies clubs at every town and hamlet of the region. Don't lock up land in national park. Don't waste resources. Smokey Bear knows best. Experience. Need to get overripe trees out. Local economy, roads, development, fish, deer, water, multiple use, multiple-use multipleuse multipleuse-multipleusemultipleusemultipleuse . . . Billboards all over the forests now: Managed for Multiple Use—Recreation Water Forage Water Timber—multipleusemultipleusemultipleusemultipleuse . . .

Outdoors Unlimited, preacher as head, signing up members and protecting American liberties: don't let them take the forests away from you for a selfish few. Picture of ptarmigan on pamphlet: Don't lock me up in a national park.

Money seems to be no problem.

Miners Ridge, Kennecott geologist: Yes, big open pit right here. Don't bother to chase that paper you dropped. We don't mind.

Be our guest.

Don't we have some secret weapon? Maybe it's our women. Like Polly, say. Always on hand, getting up and smiling sweetly and talking calmly. And suddenly Smokey is bleeding all over the place and tonguetied to boot. Or like Rick. Whitehaired, jovial-looking grandmother in big hat with flowers on it and with resounding voice—facts, dates, times, places. And Smokey, foolish, silent and aching in every bone.

N3C Board meeting: How does Pat do it? How does he keep us together? Somehow the discussion is kept smooth and flowing. Air of sanity and rationality. Minds change around the table—and things get done. Behind it all, of course, the almost full-time he puts in week after week after month after year. And for no money at all. Too much to ask. Now if there were a real office with, say, a couple of paid professionals to keep on top of the day-to-day . . .

Letter from Karl Onthank, Eugene: There's a young fellow just out of law school here, bright and energetic . . . Is this the man? Kid, really, but maybe he'll do.

Mike McCloskey. He does.

Treaty of the Potomac: The Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture announce their agreement to appoint a joint study team on the North Cascades.

A friendly administration indeed. Just let those two outfits get together.

Stehekin: not one study team, but two: FS and NPS. This one can be predicted.

A hearing. On What? Well, on nothing at all by usual standards; there's no bill. But Jackson has called it to air the Study Team Report. What's his attitude? Pretty clear he doesn't know any more than we do; probably wishes the whole issue would go away. But he's a Senator and people come. Report available just the night before. Or, three reports—FS, NPS, and "Team" Reports. As to first, FS is sounding a little different but still poor (something getting to them?), NPS Report simply bad, the "compromise report" done by the Chairman (Ed Crafts, ex-FS, no less)—well, well, well—this is the best thing yet, good in fact (but can't admit it). Crowd of people—where did they all come from? Must be a massive opposition turnout. But, wait, wait, wait—there's a turnout on our side. We're not alone . . . *we* have the numbers. And the Smokey Bears in the back of the room are whispering together . . .

By all that's holy, it's a movement now. And the lines are drawn—the people versus the despoilers. More going on than any one person (save, maybe, Pat) can know. The myth of local unanimity against conservation is exploded. And the North Cascades are a national cause.

Hearings, hearings, hearings — Seattle, Mount Vernon, Wenatchee, Washington, D.C. Then hearings again. Is the whole effort to be hearsed to death?

The 90th Congress. First session: S1321 goes through Senate; nothing happens in House. Second session: dallying in House; Interior Committee putting everything else first, no chance for North Cascades. But rumors of maneuvers involving the Colorado River, Arizona project, Columbia, Redwoods, Wild Rivers. Announcement of more hearings. Adjournment near—will they be held? Very late — hearings in opposition homeland only. Congress adjourns for party conventions . . . but will come back. Another hearing in September. Time running out . . . but at almost last moment

House Interior Committee reports out S1321 with recommendation: Do pass. And full House does.

Inevitable? Maybe, maybe not. But we *had* to win.



Vicinity of Boston Basin, southwest park boundary—Rod Thorn

Our Wild Irish Pat

By HARVEY MANNING

It is, to be sure, a small world, and what happens in Kenya and New Zealand matters in Seattle and Tokyo, and vice versa, and so on. As an example I cite the following:

About the time The Mountaineers were first proposing a North Cascades National Park, an event was occurring across a continent and an ocean that would in the fullness of years prove critically important in bringing that proposal to fruition. The place: Ballymore, Camolin, County Wexford, Ireland. The event: the birth of Patrick Donovan Goldsworthy.

However, let not the hack-it-all-to-hell loggers and dirty miners and filthy-name dambuilders and dollar-blinded chambers of commerce and foothill-village mayors spread the story their troubles spring from a foreign agitator, a pistol-packing veteran of the I.R.A., because Pat was only a year old when his parents brought him to America, where his father became a professor of mathematics at the University of California and Cal Tech.

Unlike those of us who gained our first experience of mountains as Boy Scouts, Pat's entry to the hills was as a carpenter, building houses around Lake Tahoe during summer vacations from the University of California, taking hikes in the vicinity.

One day, while lying on a cabin floor under a bench, cramped in a tight corner installing wiring, he was asked by the owner if he'd ever heard of the Sierra Club. A mumbled, noncommittal response. The owner persisted, asking if he'd like to go on a Sierra Club trip. "Sounds okay, I guess," said Pat, concentrating on his work. But once the job was done he heard more and set off to Berkeley to buy boots.

The cabin owner was Cedric Wright, a great early photographer of the High Sierra. (See *Words of the Earth*.) That summer of 1940 he was getting on in years, needed help carrying cameras, but never had liked horses and still didn't because they were too limiting. So Pat went on his first Sierra Club outing, his initiation to the back country, as a photographer's hired pack mule. His first summit was Mount Clarence King, led by Norman

Clyde, legendary dean of Sierra guides. Next summer, Pat returned for another outing, again working his way.

But now, a long time-out from hills. In December 1941 he received his degree in biochemistry and entered the Army as a private. Medical technician, meteorology student, air cadet and in 1946, at the end of active duty, a captain in the Air Force. Meanwhile, in 1942, he married Jane.

Education resumed, leading to a 1952 Ph.D. from Cal. Mountains also resumed. Each summer from 1947 to 1954 Pat and Jane spent four to six weeks on high trips, all in California except one in the Tetons. They earned their keep in various ways. He washed pots and kettles. She worked in commissary, gaining the name "Miss Management." Then, together, they planned and ordered and organized the food. Finally, he moved out of the kitchen to the post of assistant trip leader, second in command to Dave Brower; when Dave's duties took him elsewhere, Pat took over as leader.

In 1952 the Goldsworthys moved to Seattle, where Pat had accepted an appointment to the research faculty of the University of Washington School of Medicine. For a while home was still south; summers they returned to the Sierra high trips. However, new horizons could not be resisted. Though cluttered with fearful quantities of white stuff and green stuff, though rough and dirty compared to the clean solid granite of the Sierra, the Cascades were close. To learn the necessary new travel techniques, Pat joined The Mountaineers in 1953, graduating from the Basic Climbing Course, attending the Intermediate Course, and serving on the Climbing Committee.

Not that Sierra Club ties were loosened. In fact, in 1954 he led in organizing the Pacific Northwest Chapter, a significant step in converting a California-based outing club to the dominant national preservation organization. Old friends and new horizons came together in 1956, when Pat conducted a Sierra Club high trip through the Glacier Peak region—an important event in getting "outsiders" involved with the fate of the Cascades.

Along with other immigrants from the South, the Goldsworthys plunged into the conservation effort of The Mountaineers. (As an aside: being an old settler of Puget Sound country and the club, I was suspicious of such outlanders, even though John and Polly Dyer had been good climbing friends since their arrival in 1951 and had stirred my own conservation conscience,

and though Polly, as chairman, was giving new life to the Conservation Committee.)

To briefly note a familiar historical fact, in 1957 The Mountaineers, The Mazamas, and the Sierra Club jointly sponsored a new task-force organization to man the front lines: the North Cascades Conservation Council, or "N3C." In 1958, when Founding President Phil Zalesky was forced by other responsibilities to relinquish the position, Pat was elected to the presidency, and there he remains.

There above all he has made his mark. But list him too as a steady activist of the Conservation Division of The Mountaineers the last 14 years. As belonging to the governing boards of the National Parks Association, Olympic Park Associates, Yakima River Conservancy, and Sierra Club. As a member of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, the Wilderness Society, the Alaska Conservation Society, and others. (And as a research professor of biochemistry at the University of Washington.)

Among his honors is the Sierra Club's initial Will Colby Award, given him in 1966, recognizing "outstanding efforts in furthering the purposes of the organization." And in 1969 The Mountaineers presented its highest accolade, Honorary Membership.

* * *

Enough of biographical data. My original assignment by the editor of this journal was to "tell about the Pat I have known."

First off, lest anyone suspect a Celtic conspiracy, the Mannings abandoned Ireland many generations before the Goldsworthys, and anyway our family stayed on the island a mere few centuries. Though I abhor prejudice of any kind, I must admit distrusting anyone from Ireland or California. In the first case because my rich relatives conquered Ireland, sort of; in the second case because I feel my homeland is being conquered by California, sort of.

It was a lot to ask, accepting an Irishman from California, and I didn't know the Goldsworthys until 1961. In that year Phil Zalesky, a trusted climbing friend, talked Betty and me into assuming the editorship of *N3C News*, a publication shortly renamed *The Wild Cascades*. The choice of editors was odd, since we'd been conservation bystanders, upset and angry but not involved. During the negotiations we met Pat and Jane; they looked all right, but you never can tell.

The association almost ended before it was well started. Cer-

tain brash articles by the new editors were condemned in high circles and the editors, hearing this, expressed their willingness to resign and join the ranks of left-wing deviationists. However, Pat seemed calmly unaware of any crisis; therefore there wasn't any. Editorial freedom was not restricted, but the editors decided Pat's ideas were worth listening to; after all, he listened to ours.

Another and much more serious incident demonstrated this ability of Pat's to keep cool—and to keep others so. The directors of the N3C were assembled to thrash out a fundamental matter of policy. The entire future of the Movement was at stake. After hours of discussion, directors were split into two camps and beginning to show signs of bad temper. A vote was called for and one side prevailed by a substantial majority. Those of us who had “won” were in a mood to let the minority shape up or go hang. Not Pat. Without putting aside the vote, he re-opened the discussion, sought new ways of looking at the question. Weary hours later, ideas on both sides had been painfully reshaped, and abruptly someone formulated a new expression of policy that encompassed both of the previous, seemingly irreconcilable attitudes. The N3C directors were unified. The Movement avoided a disastrous schism—because of Pat.

This is not to suggest he is the sort of guy who is afraid to make anyone angry. When it's a matter of principle, the chips fall where they may. But I've noticed that when he has, so to speak, sprung the trap on an opponent, the victim, even while dangling at rope's end, never (well, hardly ever) gets mad at Pat personally.

The reason, I think, is that friends and foes alike are awed by his dedication, evidenced by a schedule that would break the strength and spirit of any three men less totally committed. Meetings of committees and boards and with public officials in Seattle and all over the Northwest, flying to San Francisco and Washington, D.C. for more meetings, giving testimony at public hearings and quarterbacking the team of believers come to testify, field trips for first-hand studies of problem areas, reading and writing a torrent of letters and articles, assembling work parties to get out mailings, running errands, maintaining files that will be an essential source for any future studies of this era in the Cascades.

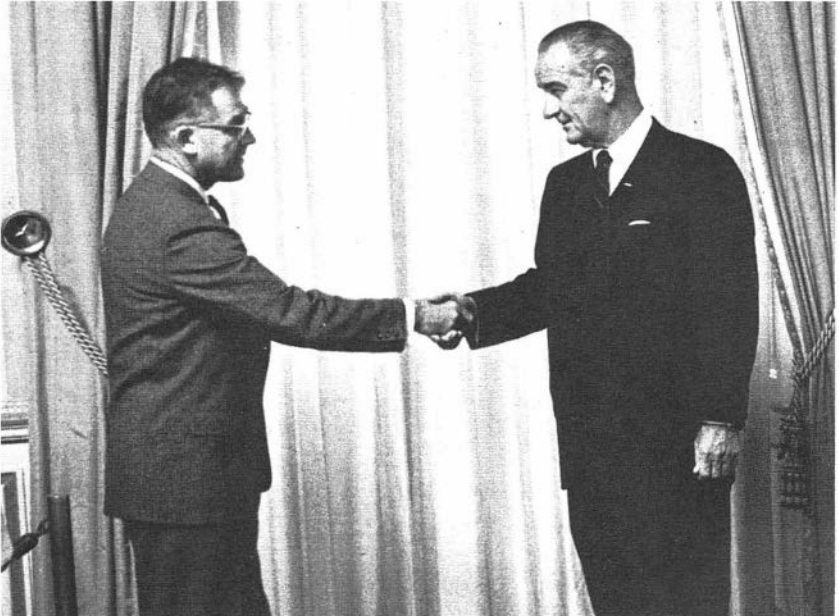
Jane was once asked, “How much of his spare time does your husband devote to conservation?” She answered, “*All* of it!” (Here he is not alone in his home; Jane's efforts keep pace, and

their 13-year-old daughter, Katy, is perhaps the best-informed preservationist of her generation, ready to carry on the tradition.)

A few years ago the labor seemed of little consequence. I recall how we used to reprint in *The Wild Cascades* every newspaper clipping about the Cascades we came across—every one, no matter how trivial. There weren't many. We suspected a conspiracy of silence in the public press; the truth was worse—indifference. But Pat was immune to discouragement. He kept plugging and his example shamed the fainter of heart into sticking it out. Lacking him as a solid center the Movement could have frittered away.

Part of his success has been an ability to recruit, recruit, recruit volunteers; knowing how much work he does, it's hard to turn him down when he asks for help. But recruiting takes time and energy too. And when volunteers are busy with other affairs, Pat and Jane are never too busy.

I have a bad conscience on this score. In the past eight years we've improved *The Wild Cascades* from a mimeographed sheet to a "little magazine," but every advance (much more remains



The President's reception, Patrick Goldsworthy and Lyndon B. Johnson

to be done) has meant additional production steps, more time. Whose time? Largely Pat's. He's been not only co-editor (though never listed as such) but writer, cartographer, production manager, sometimes the art director, and always the errand boy. Just recently, at my conscience-stricken initiative, the N3C decided his energy was too valuable to be spent on routine details and hired him a part-time secretary—the first paid help he's had in all these years. (Now Jane, his *de facto* secretary, can transfer her energies to becoming his administrative assistant.)

For all that I've been in almost daily communication with Pat, by meetings or phone or memoranda through the campus mail, only this past summer did we join in a long wildland walk, a week's backpack from Ross Lake up the Little Beaver to Beaver Pass, an off-trail side-trip along Challenger Ridge to Wiley Lake and the Challenger Glacier and Luna Cirque, then down forests and marshes of the Big Beaver to Ross Lake again. And I guess a good question always remains about a friend, no matter how close the city association: how will he stack up in the hills? Will he be a good companion drinking from a cold stream, sacking out on a high peak, wandering among meadows and moraines and waterfalls? Will he be tolerant of eccentricities (of which I have more each year)? Will he be a good companion when flies are biting, brush is rough, packs are heavy, canteens are empty and mouths dry? And when the weather sours and steep meadows are slick as grease and the route is lost in blowing fog? Well, the answer is, I'd go hiking with Pat anytime. He's given up almost all his bad habits from the Sierra, and I've fully forgiven his California and Ireland past. He belongs in the Cascades.

Many people, many organizations, contributed to achieving passage of the 1968 North Cascades Act. But those closest to the Movement know that without the man from County Wexford we could not have come so far so fast. That's why all of us, and Congressmen and Senators and public officials and the public press, call him "Mr. North Cascades."

It's our honor, as Mountaineers, to have Patrick Donovan Goldsworthy as an Honorary Member.

The Forest Service and Kennecott and the Army Corps of Engineers and their ilk must not think he's resting from his labors, basking in the glory and the pride of accomplishment. The Movement has only begun. Right now a New Campaign is cranking up to finish the job. Our wild Irish Pat is where he's been the past dozen years—smack in the middle of the action.

The Care and Feeding of North Cascades National Park

By **ROGER J. CONTOR**

In signing Public Law 90-544 on October 2, 1968, President Johnson ended 62 years of controversy over whether or not there should be a North Cascades National Park. No previous National Park proposal had ever received so much public attention and nationwide interest, nor so much public expression through the congressional hearing process.

In addition to creating a one-half million acre park, the act established 107,000 acres as Ross Lake National Recreation Area, 62,000 acres as Lake Chelan National Recreation Area, and gave congressional recognition to approximately one million acres to be managed as the Pasayten Wilderness and Glacier Peak Wilderness by the U.S. Forest Service. No other conservation legislation in our history has established such a magnificent and diverse recreation complex for public benefit. So much publicity has been given the subject, I will try not to repeat facts which are already well known to the readers of **THE MOUNTAINEER**.



*Roger Contor,
first superintendent,
North Cascades National Park*

Instead, let us delve quickly into some of the questions which stand out clearly. "Now that the area has been protected as a great National Park, how do we keep it from being damaged by the masses of people who will come to enjoy it?" Across the minds of many lovers of the North Cascades cross dark fears that the National Park Service will "overdevelop" the area. This is a relatively new concern from the public, and to us it is a welcome one. During most of the 97 years which have elapsed since Yellowstone was established, we have generally only been criticized for "locking up" the parks and not developing them enough. The National Park Service's philosophy on management and development has not changed to any great degree, but the sentiments of our users *have* changed, and are now spread along the entire spectrum of viewpoints rather than being lumped on one end of the scale.

Underscore the fact that the National Park Service is a long established organization with many decades of experience. Policies which govern the preservation and use of the parks are manifold and have been well tested over the years. The North Cascades National Park will be managed in keeping with these policies, and with the same philosophy that embraces all 270 units of the National Park System. The task of the Service is, in brief:

To manage the natural areas so as to perpetuate their character and composition;

To promote and regulate appropriate park use, and seek ever to improve the quality of that use; and

To provide the facilities required by the above in a manner complementing the character and special values of each area.

Will Mountain Climbing Parties Be Required To Register?

Certainly not the first year and maybe not for several years to come. We will offer volunteer registration, because competent mountaineers are traditionally cooperative and wish to let local officials know where they are climbing. If the subsequent history of climbing accidents points definitely to a need for certain controls to prevent tragedies, then we will invoke whatever action may be called for after discussing the matter with interested mountaineers. As a philosophical French cook once told me, "man is not born free, he is born wild, and must earn in one

way or another the right to be free." It is an axiom of our existence that the freedom which can be granted the users of any resource, anywhere, is inversely proportional to the number of people who must share this resource.

*Will Commercial Guide Service Be Established
For Mountaineering in the New Park?*

When there is a demonstrated need for commercial services—including mountaineering guide service—in any National Park, a concession prospectus is issued. The best applicant is selected to provide the service. Rates and methods of service are subject to approval of Park officials. Applicants for guiding permits are not necessarily given approval. The need must exist and the operator must be fully qualified. We do not know when such services will be needed.

Are Any New Mountain Rescue Techniques Anticipated?

Not really. The National Park Service will assume basic responsibility for all rescues and evacuations and will enlist, where necessary, the help and assistance of outside mountain rescue groups and agencies. We will coordinate our efforts with the State Director of Civil Defense, when necessary. Fortunately the North Cascades is an area in which helicopters can be employed in most emergency operations. A new aeromedic service at Twisp promises to save many lives, as well as many hours of work and pain. The business of mountain rescue is finally passing from the heroic to the routine.

*How Can Great Numbers of People
Be Permitted To Enjoy the Mountains Without
Destroying Their Quality?*

The principal of zoning for different types of use seems to answer this question. Everything has its price. The person who wishes to enjoy the mountains in a few hours' drive from a city has the right to do so on the edges of the wilderness. But he must share his experience with many others, and his recreational environment may be one of durable surfaces—a paved road, high standard walking trails and other formally developed structures designed to shield the natural surroundings from mass impact. Visitors wishing to go beyond the point of intense use to enjoy

quiet trails in company with fewer people can do so by merely walking or riding horses and by devoting more personal time to the effort. Good zoning will also assure wilderness solitude in the purest sense for those who are willing to hike and scramble beyond the reaches of the developed trail system.

Restrictions on the maximum number of people who can use the wilderness portions of the park may ultimately have to be set when the intensity of use threatens to destroy the quality of the experience. When all the seats on a commercial airplane are filled, those who didn't get their tickets in time must simply wait for the next plane. Rationing is an accepted part of living in our complex society. There is no reason why it should not be applied to wilderness use when other alternatives fail.

Before the saturation point is reached and rationing becomes necessary, however, there are other development and management techniques which can reduce the apparent crowding effect of visitors. Roads, trails, boating routes, and other patterns of public movement can be established on "continuous flow" or "loop" patterns as opposed to the "dead-end" concept. Mountainous canyons do not always offer the opportunity of choice, but wherever possible we will try to avoid dead ends. They double the apparent congestion. People are subconsciously opposed to turning around at the end of a trail or road and retracing their route. It is at the end of a dead-end system that they linger and dwell and it is here that congestion and quite often vandalism results. In contrast, people who are invited to move progressively forward into new and interesting experiences are far less apt to cluster and less inclined to invent devious means of entertaining themselves.

What Other Alternatives Can Be Employed To Protect the Wilderness?

Non-consumptive use of the wilderness is the foremost theme. Here we owe a great debt to mountaineers. For the special equipment you have developed in order to camp on snow and rock—small stoves, foam sleeping pads, lightweight foods, etc.—has made it possible to use our wildland without changing or damaging it in any way. With such equipment and supplies, park visitors can now camp in an area and leave no more evidence of their visit than a few bent blades of grass. This is the key. And it leads to the following management practices:

1. In timberline areas people will be urged to provide their own source of cooking and heating fuel, rather than quickly destroying the very limited (and esthetically beautiful) supply of firewood in this life zone.
2. The "carry it out" principal will be expanded regarding nonburnable trash. Plastic trash bags will be supplied at trail heads. Such programs as the "Plus-1" system (where each hiker carries out not only his own garbage but also the equivalent of one other person's) will be encouraged.
3. Eliminate change and damage resulting from saddle and pack horse use. Where grazing is permissible, encourage hobbles in lieu of the more damaging practice of picketing or tethering. Where grazing cannot be permitted, require the use of processed pelletized feeds. Use sterile rather than viable feeds so that exotic plants and weeds will not pollute the natural vegetation. Urge day use rather than overnight use by horses. Build hitchracks rather than tie horses to live trees, which are soon mutilated. Restrict animal travel to the trail system. Provide well graded and drained trails so that water-channeling cannot remove the soil displaced by heavy cutting action of horses' hooves. Encourage walking stock parties rather than riding stock parties (one pack animal can carry the food and gear for three or four walkers). Encourage small parties of ten horses or less; this seems more in keeping with wilderness atmosphere and much easier for the party leader to control than massive trail-ride groups.
4. Through public communications, all interested officials and private citizens must continue teaching ways to achieve truly non-consumptive and non-damaging use in the wilderness.

Where Do Tramways and Ski Lifts Fit Into the Picture?

The intent of Congress is clearly oriented toward active public use and enjoyment of the park. The act encourages the establishment of ski areas wherever physical conditions provide the opportunity. Potential ski area sites are being studied with the Forest Service—both within and adjacent to the park area. If a good site is found, then plans will be made to develop it. The matter of practical access protects the wilderness core of the park; any ski area would have to be near the North Cross-State Highway or one of the peripheral roads at the edge of the park.

The concept of tramway access to an alpine viewpoint falls in the same category of roads. All national parks have a means for large numbers of visitors to enjoy a superlative sample of the scenery or features. In the Cascades it is simply far less expensive, and far less damaging to the terrain, to let people journey into the enchanting world of the mountaineer via tramway than via automobile. Parking of cars is handled at low elevation. If in the future the tramway becomes obsolete, it can be removed without leaving a serious scar on the landscape. Roads cannot be eliminated so easily.

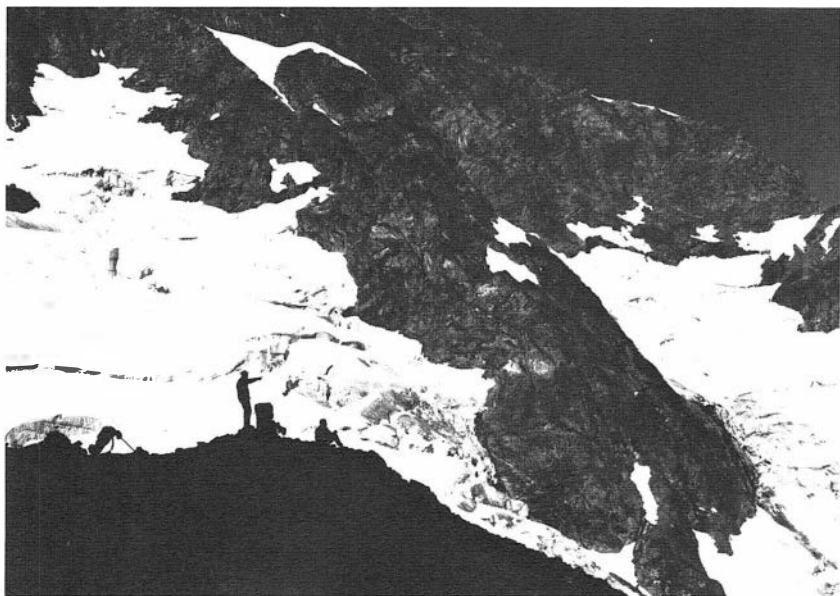
Tramway access is first planned on Ruby Mountain. It will provide a magnificent view, and a chance for some to walk *down* a mountain. Whether or not other tramways will be built at the edges of the wilderness will likely await the outcome of experience gained at Ruby Mountain. We do not see where tramways will have any significant effect on traditional mountaineering or wilderness use in the bulk of the park area.

Development plans for the park will be thoroughly reviewed in 1969. We intend to employ all the tools and procedures that can possibly help fulfill the purpose for which the park was established. Through aggressive research, we must also find and invent new and better management techniques. The National Park Service and the users of the Park, whether mountaineers, hikers, fishermen, photographers, or scientists, must communicate with each other in the very serious business of balancing use with preservation. None of us can afford to be so proud as to assume that we have any more than an embryonic grasp of the knowledge that will be needed in the future.

But neither is there cause for pessimism. The park has at last been established. There is every reason to believe that these mountains which "stand up and look back" will continue to look back at all of us without contempt.



Seracs on Bonanza Peak—Rod Thorn



Near south boundary, North Cascades National Park—Lee Mann

Mountaineers as Mass Recreationists

By BROCK EVANS

“Why are you people only for wilderness and against everything else?” someone asked me last spring. I had just come from the North Cascades hearings in Seattle, where beleaguered members of the House Interior Committee listened for two days to hundreds of witnesses arguing for and against preservation of that beautiful mountain region.

This hearing was typical of hearings that I have attended across the Northwest in my job as your Northwest Representative: large crowds of people, intense atmosphere, an unending parade of witnesses before officials. Always at such hearings there is a sharp division of witnesses; on one side there are the special economic interests—mining, grazing and timber, as well as local officials from the towns supported by these industries. These witnesses almost always come on in the early part of the hearings and always oppose parks and wilderness preservation on the grounds that it will damage the town and be a loss to the state or region.

On the other side are usually all the rest of the people: all classes, all walks of life, all ages, men and women, fat and thin, black and white. They have no special economic interest but they care deeply about the future of the particular land under discussion. Here also are the officials of the conservation organizations such as The Mountaineers, the Sierra Club, the North Cascades Conservation Council, the Lincoln Back Country Protective Association. These organizations and individuals invariably speak out for preservation of the natural environment, whether in a national park, a scenic river, a state park, or a wilderness area.

After awhile, if you sit through enough of such hearings, you know exactly what somebody will say, just by hearing him state where he is from, what he does, or what organization he is with. It is easy to type someone at these hearings, and rarely are you wrong.

And of course since these are hearings dealing with the pro-

tection of significant natural areas, and since The Mountaineers and many other conservation groups have long been committed to such protection, we always appear on the side of the wilderness. Thus, representatives of the special economic interests see us only this way. Also at these hearings appear people with values other than wilderness recreation: ski resort promoters, Honda clubs, and motel owners who want highways into certain back country areas. They also oppose the wilderness, and automatically identify us as being on the other side.

But do we really have this stereotyped position? Is our only goal as Mountaineers the protection and preservation of natural areas? Is this all we care about? The answer is, of course, an emphatic "no!" But it is often difficult to explain to others, and to convince them that this is so.

I have always felt the irony of being labeled an ultra-preservationist at these hearings, when The Mountaineers has its clubhouse, its network of ski lodges, its forest theater, and other facilities. At the recent round of North Cascades hearings, this particular accusation came from a group of ski promoters, bent on making certain that no areas within the proposed park or wilderness contained any sites which might remotely be considered skiable. They claimed to be speaking for all the skiers of the state, and claimed that the skiers were not getting a fair shake by the legislation proposed.

But the plain fact of the matter was and is that The Mountaineers are the largest organization of skiers in the state. Most of us are not only ardent skiers in our own right, but our club itself finances and supports a series of ski lodges for the members to enjoy. Collectively among our membership and our officers there is probably a greater body of expertise in the field of skiing—both mechanical and cross-country—than in all the rest of the state.

It is important to distinguish between *skiers* and *ski promoters*. The first are simply interested in good skiing, whether in small club lodges, tastefully done resorts, day areas, or cross-country. The second has as their necessary primary goal the establishment of a profit-making facility somewhere. Sometimes the establishment of this facility conflicts with the establishment or existence of a wilderness area or national park in prime scenic country. It is during such periods of conflict, when preservation of an area would probably eliminate the ski promoter's facility, that we are labeled "against everything."

As mountaineers and as skiers, we have a natural affinity for and love for the out-of-doors; we appreciate its beauty and grandeur, and its solitude. We feel that most outdoorsmen share our appreciation, but we are at the same time alarmed at losing much of the beauty and wilderness in our mountains. We feel that most skiers would prefer to have wilderness and national parks, to complement the mass recreational developments and logging or mining operations in other places. Both are integral and composite parts of one whole; both are necessary. But over the years, the wilderness and park ideas have been largely ignored or violently opposed by adverse interests. We have felt it necessary time and again to come to their defense. We believe that as the largest skiing organization in the state we are just as entitled to speak for the skiing fraternity as are the skiing promoters and resort developers.

Is there really such a thing as a comprehensive philosophy of mass recreation for the Mountaineers? I think there is, if we remember our basic belief in the term "recreation" in its original sense of "re-creation." In other words recreation is not simply fun, but is fun with a deeper, a spiritual enjoyment. To camp in an auto campground beside great trees and a tumbling river, to hike for days through deep forests and up to the flower meadows of the North Cascades, to ski high above the lodge on a crystal-clear day and see range after range of peaks spreading out before you; to hike along a deserted beach or to dig clams beside the car or to stand on a pass high under the sun—all of these are part of the recreation experience, the re-creation experience. It is what makes outdoor recreation different from playing cards at Las Vegas.

Thus, we have a basic feeling for the land and the environment. We realize that we are part of it, and in it, and that our existence is not simply to extract materials from it. We realize that as mountaineers and outdoorsmen, we are dependent on nature, that if we damage it we damage ourselves. Thus, we basically favor the preservation and protection of significant and beautiful natural areas, whether national parks or wilderness, or the next door wood lot. At the same time we know that there are other kinds of recreation experiences. Many of us enjoy water skiing and car camping; some of us may even ride motor bikes.

But we do not feel that these must be done in poor taste simply to accommodate as many people as possible. We follow the same

principle in our attitude to logging. No one seriously opposes all tree cutting in any form. However, we do not think that trees must be cut in 100-acre clear-cut blocks; forestry principles can be followed by cutting in small strips, or blocks of one acre or less if block-cutting is desired. Clear-cuts can be laid into the slopes to fit the contours of the land; they can be kept away from streams to avoid siltation and pollution. They can be much more carefully screened than they are now. And we would still have our timber.

So it is with mass recreation developments. Car camping should be an enjoyable experience with one's family; it needn't be shared with everybody in the entire camp. Camps don't have to be laid out with no screens between one site and the next, allowing your neighbor's light to shine in your eyes all night. Each site can be somewhat private and quiet. Motorcycles need not roar up and down campground roads, endangering children. Campgrounds can be tasteful and well done, or they cannot.

In ski developments, the lodge and its surroundings do not have to be a mass of telephone poles, hot dog stands, gasoline stations and curio shops. The better areas are carefully laid out and tastefully done; they do not obtrude upon the scene. And the chair lifts and poles can be placed in less obtrusive locations, or even so that they can be removed in the summer. When slopes are cleared for ski runs, the stumps can be removed flush with the ground. It costs more money, but we all pay the price if it's not done. The slopes can be carefully groomed and maintained so that they are not mud holes in the summer, but lovely meadows. Jukebox music needn't blare across the pass from some of these developments all summer long as has been done at White Pass recently.

Granted that highways need to get from place to place, the road does not need to be laid out so that it hurries and shoulders and pushes its way through a scenic area. The best road is the one which is laid into the land and which fits its contours. It may not be as fast getting from place to place. But in a scenic area, drivers need not hurry from place to place; the scenic area is the place to which they come.

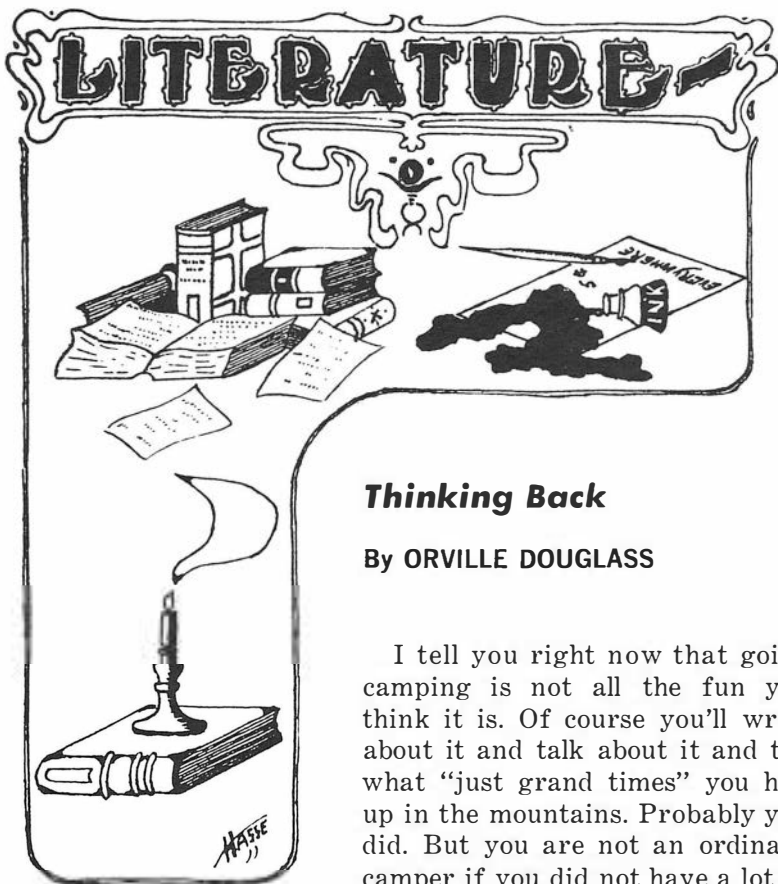
So to tramways and roadways in national parks or other scenic areas. We can and do support the principle that sometimes tramways are more acceptable in areas managed by the National Park Service than roads; to a certain point, a road can do far

more scarring than a carefully laid out tramway. This is why we have favored the construction of a tramway by the National Park Service up to the top of Ruby Mountain in the North Cascades area. This tramway is close to the road, goes to an extremely scenic place, and provides an incredible 360° panorama of literally the entire North Cascades National Park. It is a good place to provide quick and convenient access for many people who may not wish to see the park in any other way, yet it will not damage park scenery.

But because we favor this tramway does not mean we favor them all. We have opposed other tramways which we feel would have significant detractive effects on the environment the particular park or recreation area should protect. We oppose the construction of a tramway into the Arctic Creek drainage, deep in the heart of the Picket Range in the North Cascades, because this area is already an outstanding wilderness, and to construct there would detract from the experience of remoteness. We have long opposed the construction of a tramway on the slopes of Mount Rainier, feeling that the mountain is a unique scenic and spiritual resource in its present state. Many thousands of people now climb and wander on its slopes in its present form, and simply to transport more people up at the cost of scarring the mountain is not of any worth in our opinion.

From all this it can be seen that The Mountaineers have always wanted and will always want to protect the magnificent scenic resources of the Northwest: the Alpine Lakes, Cougar Lakes, Boulder River Valley in the North Cascades; the great gorges of the Snake in Hell's Canyon on the border between Idaho and Oregon; the Oregon Cascades and the great forests which once covered the entire state; the magnificent primitive areas of Idaho and Montana.

But at the same time, we believe in the truest meaning of the word recreation—that is, re-creation. We believe that all sorts of experiences can be had and enjoyed in the outdoors if they are tastefully done. And this last is what is most important. We favor car camping, ski developments, marinas, highways, and tramways—done properly. But we do not want interference with the scenic and natural quality of an area set up to establish such quality. We believe that it is possible to have the best of all possible worlds: a magnificent wilderness and parks system, complemented by a network of tastefully developed recreation facilities for everybody.



Thinking Back

By ORVILLE DOUGLASS

I tell you right now that going camping is not all the fun you think it is. Of course you'll write about it and talk about it and tell what "just grand times" you had up in the mountains. Probably you did. But you are not an ordinary camper if you did not have a lot of discomforts and troubles. Some of them were fun and a little experi-

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above article is taken from the 1916 *Wigwam*, annual of the old North Yakima High School; we have printed it exactly as it appeared, including one typographical error which we mention before 50 faithful readers tell us about it. Orville Douglass (the final "s" has since been dropped, and he is now more familiarly known as William O. Douglas) was graduated as valedictorian of his class, having held student body government posts, played basketball, and excelled in dramatics, debate and oratory. Known to his friends as "Peanuts," "Deacon," or "Checkers," he had this verse beside his senior picture:

*Born for success he seemed,
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes.*

ence, but when you were going through them I'll just bet you were grumbling. Now you'll laugh and say it was only a good time you were having. I know. I have done the very same thing. But here are a few things in my camps that I did not always laugh at when they occurred. I didn't enjoy them at the time although some of them have been good English themes for me this year.

Try sleeping out under an open sky in an open stretch of woods, rolled up in regular blankets under a pouring rain. And lie there eight hours and get one hour of sleep. Then wake up in the morning and have all your clothes, which you left out in the rain uncovered, soaking wet and likewise your blankets. Then laugh and be happy.

Wake up some morning and discover that your horses over night, while you had slumbered on, had devoured ten or twelve pounds of choice spuds. Then walk thirty-two miles for ten pounds more and smile all the way along.

Start out in the morning on an all-day fishing trip. Fish all day and catch one about six inches long. Then about 6 p.m. get lost and wander about for an hour, in the same circle three times, and finally wet and tired find the trail and still be five miles from camp.

Walk all day through a swampy country where the meadow larks and the mosquitoes are the same size, and clinging all over you, digging their tiny stingers down into your skin, and wear nothing over your face and have both hands full of things you are carrying, thus making an attack on the marauders impossible. Then smile when one by one those energetic fellows at last, after much perseverance on its part and also on yours, buries itself into a soft spot on your neck. It would make a nice theme for English, but I'd rather write on something else than go through an experience like that.

Sit down to a meal that you had hoped to enjoy and find that your cup is a swimming hole for those mosquitoes which have been following you all day.

Awake some morning and find that it has been raining all night and you can find no dry wood to start the fire. Then after you have coaked one along have it go out and then without a word start another one. Finally after one is going, wash last night's dishes without an unpleasant thought, and then when cooking the meal have the smoke follow you wherever you happen to go. Smile, just smile.

Stay out in a boat in a pouring rain for three hours and fish. Catch one and go in and have no dry clothes to put on. Just smile. Stay a week in an old dirty log cabin and have it rain all of the time and the sun shine only five minutes the whole week. Eat dried prunes and hardtack three times a day. Then just before retiring sing "Home, Sweet Home" three times. Smile and go to sleep.

Suddenly get sick and lay around camp in some old blankets for two or three days with a sore throat and headache. Let it rain all the time. Have for your diet those soggy pancakes and black coffee. Have the smoke in the old cabin as thick as that in a bar-room at 1:30 a.m. Still smile, and smile some more.

Carry water to drink half a mile. Then have some fellow spill it for you. Of course just grin and go after some more. Run short of bread and let one of your fellow campers make some. When it is cool, try to eat it. After many attempts use it as an anchor for your skiff in the lake nearby. Smile, that's all. Run short of sugar and butter. Eat without grumbling. Carry a thirty-pound pack all day. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon start singing. Wear a pair of shoes two sizes too small. About 3 in the afternoon start whistling. Go stand on a log over a deep stream and fish. Fall into the icy stream up to your neck. Climb out and sing all the way to camp. Cheerfully get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and start a fire for three lazy fellows in bed.

Wake up about midnight and find that you're sleeping in a nest of ants. Without waking anyone else quietly move your bed and again retire silently humming a pleasant song. Walk from 8 o'clock in the morning till 7 at night without a thing to eat. At seven o'clock cheerfully unpack your grub and get something to eat for three lazy fellows around camp. Be sure and whistle.

Yes, always smile or whistle. It is so easy to do, but when it happens it is a different matter. Well, each one of these things happened to me last summer. To be sure, I didn't smile. But now I smile with the great satisfaction that they gave me an English theme. Perhaps they were worth while after all.

Mountaineering Areas of the North Cascades National Park

EDITED By JOAN FIREY

CAL MAGNUSSON, JOHN MEULEMANS, TOM MILLER, PHIL SHARPE

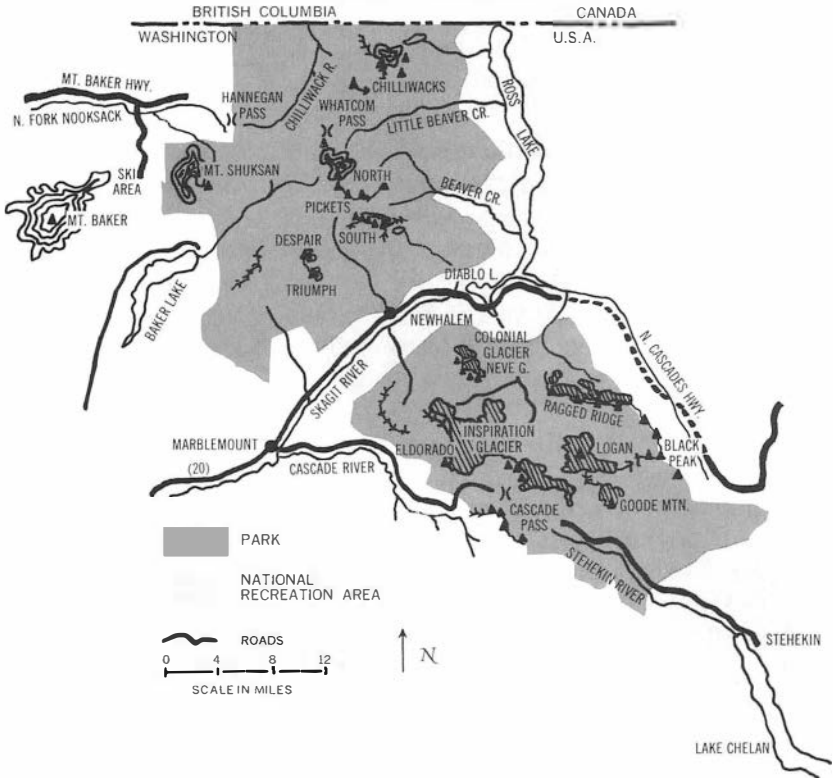
The new North Cascades National Park still has a few first ascents, perhaps not major summits, but real peaks. Several firsts of main peaks have been made as recently as 1968. New routes remain to be put up and many major summits have fewer than half-a-dozen ascents.

Most of the peaks lie in the 7000 to 8000 foot range, but are nonetheless imposing, with 4000 to 5000 foot escarpments from glacier cut valleys. Their complex geology consists mainly of highly metamorphosed gneisses that have been cut by ice age glaciation and are still being worked by extensive ice fields and falls. Volcanic rocks appear in a few places though no volcanic mountains are included within the park. The area includes outstanding mountaineering with a variety of mixed ice and rock climbing. The climber must do rugged walking in trailless, bushy creek bottoms and make the 3000 to 4000 foot climb out of the steep, cliff-laced valleys to heather slopes above timberline at 5000 or 6000 feet. The glaciation tells of a high precipitation of around 100 inches annually. The western slopes are covered with Douglas fir and plenty of underbrush; the eastern side is a drier Ponderosa Pine country but often covered with second-growth thickets.

Most of the area was prospected by miners and several valleys boasted a larger population in the early 1900's than they now have. Trails have disappeared that were once used by pack animals. Some valleys have seen very few men and a few may be still untrod.

CHILLIWACKS': Adjacent to the Canadian border, and included within the park, is the Chilliwack group consisting of four principal peaks: Mount Redoubt, Bear Mountain, Twin Spires (Mox Peaks), and Mount Spickard (Glacier Peak). There are a

NORTH CASCADES NATIONAL PARK



few lesser peaks, possibly unclimbed. Substantial glaciers hang on the northern sides of the Chilliwacks. The peaks are sheer and the gneisses of Redoubt and Mox Peaks give way to the friable volcanic breccias of Spickard. The north wall on Bear Mountain, nearly vertical or overhanging for 2000 feet, is one of the most exposed faces in the Cascade Range.

A commonly used access route is by trail from the Ruth Creek Road just off the Mount Baker Highway. This excellent trail is followed for 13 miles over Hannegan Pass, down the Chilliwack River to Indian Creek. Two miles of trail, then blazes are followed up Indian Creek to its source and an alpine pass just west of Bear Mountain. Since the normal route up Bear Mountain leaves the Indian Creek trail a few miles above the Chilliwack River trail, this peak may be climbed on the second day. An additional day of back packing is required to reach a base camp for climbing the other Chilliwack peaks. Bear Creek has been used to approach the Bear Lake basin from Chilliwack Lake in Canada. A scenic high route traverse from Whatcom Pass is not difficult. From the east drive through Hope, British Columbia, and back down to the north end of Ross Lake at the U.S. border. Five miles of trail along the west side of the lake brings you to Silver Creek. The Silver Creek trail, like the Indian Creek trail, gradually phases out and you are left with a steep, thick, brush fight to the alpine meadow land 500 feet below Glacier Lake (Silver). If transportation can be arranged by boat up Ross Lake, the Little Beaver Creek trail affords access to Perry Creek and Pass Creek which can be used to approach the Chilliwacks. As the Ross Lake National Recreation Area becomes developed, these approaches will be much more practical.

Glacier Lake is a spectacular iceberg lake perched in an airy gunsight notch. Mount Spickard, directly above the lake, can readily be climbed from there. A group of rock towers adjacent look interesting. Staying high, you can contour from Glacier Lake to the Twin Spires and Mount Redoubt.

*NORTHERN PICKETS*²: The Luna Cirque is rimmed by the semicircle of peaks that comprise the Northern Pickets. Hanging glaciers adorn the faces of the peaks, spilling their debris in thunderous roars over rocky cliffs to the valley floor. Steep rock walls rise above the glaciers some 2000 feet to the jagged summits over 8000 feet above sea level.

The Challenger Glacier is a sprawling mass of snow and ice

about two miles wide between Mount Challenger and Perfect Pass forming one of the major approach routes to the Luna Cirque. Perfect Pass may be reached by traversing around the east side of Whatcom Peak on the badly crevassed Whatcom Glacier from the trail over Whatcom Pass.

Whatcom Pass is 18 miles by trail from the end of the Ruth Creek Road via Brush Creek; and is 16 miles from Ross Lake via Little Beaver Creek. A shorter approach to Perfect Pass from the Chilliwack River is by the abandoned lookout trail to Easy Ridge. This high route follows the ridge to near Whatcom Peak where a descent must be made to cross a difficult dike (Perfect Impasse).

The approach from Ross Lake via the Big Beaver Creek trail is a rewarding high route up the eastern extension of Challenger Arm past Eiley and Wiley lakes. Climbs of the west sides of the Northern Pickets can be made by a high traverse from the north or south. Continuation of the Baker River trail would improve this access to the group.

Though much of the gneisses in the Northern Pickets is badly weathered, the east faces of Mount Challenger and Crooked Thumb provide some high-angle climbing on fairly sound rock. Steep snow and the hanging glaciers combined with the steep rock provide a varied selection of routes for the competent climber.

Challenger Arm is a delightful campsite for the climbs on the western side of the Cirque. Just off the edge of the Challenger Glacier, the heather benches of the Arm provide a panoramic view of the entire Luna Cirque. Luna Lake, nestled in a pocket between Luna Peak and Mount Fury, makes a good base camp for climbs on the east side of the Cirque. Campsites can also be found in the center of the Cirque between the residual glaciers from which any of the peaks can be climbed in one day.

The first mountaineering activity in the Northern Pickets was in 1936 when Mount Challenger was climbed. The highest peak in the area, Mount Fury West Peak, was not climbed until 1958.

*SOUTHERN PICKETS*³: The sharply serrated ridge of this group is considered one of the most spectacular groups of the Cascades. Its harder rock offers excellent climbing. The southern exposure has pleasant, warm climbs of 1000 to 2000 feet. An approach from the south can be accomplished in a hard day from

Newhalem. It is a long climb of over 5000 feet gain in altitude and there is brush to contend with. The heather benches below small glaciers and the views are worth it.

The north side's steeper escarpment offers long (3000 to 4000 feet) rock routes with steep, heavily crevassed glaciers separating the peaks. Camps in McMillan Cirque are few, tucked in the steep-sided valley wherever level ground can be found. To reach the Cirque is a hard two days' pack that involves rock and/or ice scrambling on any chosen route. Routes up the creek beds of Luna and McMillan Creek to their respective headwaters are virtually impassable with brush. Those who have attempted it do not recommend it.

The rewards of a difficult hike in to the Southern Pickets are peaks which have had considerably fewer than a dozen ascents. Several have only one or two and there are many new routes to be done. Mount Terror was first climbed in 1932. The Crescent Creek group was visited for the third time in 1962.

*MOUNT SHUKSAN AREA*⁴: Mount Shuksan is sometimes called the "calendar mountain" as it has been so commonly photographed from the northwest in summer, fall, and winter. The dominant mountain at the Mount Baker ski area, it is about ten miles east of the 10,000-foot volcano, Mount Baker. Its popular normal west-side routes are easy to reach from the Mount Baker roadhead.



Mount Shuksan, Route 1, above Winnie's Slide—Rod Thorn

The north side offers longer, steeper, and more difficult climbs. Nooksack Cirque on the east requires a half day's hike to reach so a climb from there is a very long weekend, preferably a three-day trip. The East Nooksack Glacier ascent is up steep, heavily crevassed ice often with a difficult exit to the upper ice plateau. Nooksack Cirque also offers climbs of the seldom ascended Cloud-cap (Seahpo) and Icy Peak. Nooksack Tower is a steep ice and rock climb approached from the north.

The low-angle Sulphide Glacier stretching to the south towards Baker Lake offers an excellent spring ski tour and the summit pyramid can be climbed on ice.

*TRIUMPH, DESPAIR*⁵: Mount Triumph and Mount Despair are fine 7000-foot rock peaks that sit by themselves south and west of the Pickets and from which the views in both directions are excellent. Mount Triumph is a horn that offers several good ridge routes with from a few hundred to over 1000 feet of climbing. It can be reached and climbed in a weekend. Despair requires another day.

*COLONIAL, NEVE GLACIERS*⁶: This group rises abruptly on the south side of the Skagit Gorge and is topped by an ice plateau that lies between 6000 and 8000 feet. Small peaks rim the Colonial and Neve Glaciers. The climb up from the valley is a short but steep 5000-foot haul without the benefit of a formal trail.

*ELDORADO, INSPIRATION GLACIER*⁷: The glacier complex that culminates in 8800-foot Eldorado Peak is one of the most extensive systems within the park. Inspiration Glacier tumbles in an icefall into Moraine Lake, ("Pea Soup" Lake to climbers) forming part of the great cirque ringed by the north faces of the Cascade Pass peaks, Torment and Forbidden. McAllister Creek Glacier and the recently named Klawatti Glacier join Inspiration through glacial passes and flow northward. McAllister reaches down to the lake at 3700 feet.

Eldorado Peak is frequently climbed but other outcrops to its north have seen few visitors. The second ascent of Dorado Needle and Klawatti Peak were made in 1965, twenty-five years after the original ascents. The glaciers are rimmed and pierced by sharp, rocky ridges and teeth that offer challenging ascents for the rock climber. Though they rise only a short distance above the ice some of their nearly vertical walls of sound rock would provide the best of hardware climbing.

Inspiration Glacier may be reached from several directions. The most direct is from the Cascade Pass road due south with a climb of 3600 feet to timberline. Eldorado is frequently approached from the west via the Sibley Creek trail and a traverse around Marble Creek Cirque. A high route from Cascade Pass via Boston Basin is also often used though the longest.

The slopes on the south side of Eldorado provide superb alpine skiing. It may be ascended in winter if you are willing to carry skis up through 2000 feet of timber.

CASCADE PASS^s: The summits around Cascade Pass are almost unique in the North Cascades in that they are easy to approach. The distances from the road are short and there is no real brush fight. Given an early start most of the climbs can be made in one day from the car though a weekend is more leisurely.

There are ten distinct mountaineering summits around the Pass, each of quite different character. All have now been climbed many times and by many routes and variations. The final first ascent was the West Triplet in 1957, and all major new routes were done by 1959 though new routes continue to be found.

A walk up Sahale is probably the best introduction to Cascade Pass, which is a place worth visiting in itself. Above the pass a scratch trail wanders up through the lush meadows of Sahale Arm. The last of the climb is little more than a snow walk followed by a short rock scramble. It is a view mountain with no pretensions of heroics.

Forbidden Peak is a true horn and is regarded by some as the more satisfying climb in the area. The west ridge is a classic climb with a steep couloir entered around a big schrund and an airy rock ridge leading to the summit. A diagonal descent down the northeast face provides a somewhat easier route. The north ridge is hard to approach but an enjoyable, long, and not particularly difficult climb. The longest face and best climb, though hardest to reach, is the rib up the middle of the northwest face. The south face is technically more difficult than the northwest but it is dry, hot, and generally unattractive.

While little more than a bump on the extreme west end of the Forbidden ridge, Torment Peak enjoys a climber's reputation better than its size would seem to warrant. There are routes on the east, west, and south ridges and the northeast face. The most often used route is the southeast face which is easy but often difficult to gain because of a large schrund.

Johannesberg dominates the view to the south and its 5000-foot north face provides the longest and most sustained climbing in the area. The north face routes which start from the bottom are characterized by steep brush climbing. Once you are above this unpleasantness the routes open up and the climbing ranges from moderate to very good depending on the particular line. The routes that go up the northeast ridge offer an elegant finish on a knife-edged snow ridge which leads to the last bit of rock scrambling. The descent route is a complex series of loose rock gullies down the southeast side to reach the Cascade-Joberg Col. This can be pretty tedious as is the subsequent traverse along the south side of the Mixup Ridge to get back to Cascade Pass. With the right snow conditions, and/or mental attitude it is sometimes practical to descend directly north down the snow finger below the Cascade-Joberg Col.

Mixup and the Triplets offer fine short trips with about any grade of rock climbing that is desired. Cascade Peak is seldom climbed due to its reputation for loose rock. Magic Mountain is another outstanding view peak and a pleasant meadow and snow walk.



North face, Mount Johannesberg—Rod Thorn

*PARK CREEK PASS*⁹: Park Creek Pass is currently much harder to get to than Cascade Pass, the hike taking almost a day from the east and a day and a half from the west. The pass itself is a cold, narrow slot through the ridge, usually choked with snow late into the summer. The good camping is in meadows to the east. Only Mount Logan is generally climbed from Park Creek Pass—a somewhat undistinguished climb across rock-fields, over the gentle Fremont Glacier and finally up modest rock to the summit. The attraction is the unique viewpoint—straight across the deep valley of Thunder Creek to the almost-three-mile-wide Boston Glacier, Ripsaw Ridge, Buckner, Forbidden, et. al.

Goode Mountain is usually climbed from the south from the Park Creek trail. The routes up the south side involve a trudge up through the timber on a climber's trail to reach the easy snow. Once on the rock, detailed route-finding determines the difficulty as there are many possible lines. The routes of interest to climbers are on the north where the peak is glaciated and the amount of actual climbing is about three times as much as on the south.

Buckner Mountain has an all rock-slide route, the southeast from Horseshoe Basin. The east ridge from Park Creek Pass is a long, moderate rock route. A superb snow route from the Boston Glacier on the north is hard to approach but is well worth the effort as it is clean and has far more style than the others.

*MOUNT ARRIVA AREA*¹⁰: The 8000-foot summits of this area have seldom been visited, due to the long hike into the area. First ascents of some of the major peaks have been done as late as 1966 and 1968. The new North Cascades highway which is still several years from completion will allow weekend climbing in the group. The east end of Ragged Ridge and Black Peak form the eastern border of the park.

Although this is drier country in the lee of the main crest there are small glaciers on the steep north sides of the summits. The climbing is good and alpine lakes, many of them unnamed, make beautiful campsites. The comparatively scarce alpine larch is found at timberline, typifying eastern slopes in the Cascades. There are new routes to be done here and yet a few summits that have not been trod.

The areas mentioned above are the main climbing groups within the park. There are other alpine areas that have small summits to scramble up, lovely heather meadows and tarns to enjoy, and are seldom visited.¹¹ The southern tip of the park, north of Lake Chelan, has some unglaciated peaks that have seen few visitors and is relatively unknown to climbers.

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Glacier Peak

EDMOND S. MEANY

Composed by Professor Meany, president of The Mountaineers,
for a campfire on the first club outing to the North Cascades,
August 1910.

Thou somber king on throne of granite,
A pilgrim knocks at rock-strewn gate,
Thy hingeless gate at guarded palace,
Behold! I climb, I watch, I wait.

Was't weak to fear the storm-swept kingdom,
To fear and flee thy ice-chilled roar,
In awe to wave a feeble gesture
Tow'rd heights where boldest eagles soar?

I do not boast a heart of valor;
No upward march of conquest mine;
I slowly creep up storm-carved canyon;
Uncovered stand, a child of thine.

Then up thy walls I climb and clamber,
O'er thy glist'ning snowfields plod;
I come in humble love and yearning
More truth from thee, new thoughts of God.

I see thee clutch the sea-born vapors,
Then swirl and hurl through canyons steep.
Ah, whip and lash them, cloud-land fury,
No respite give but frozen sleep!

All captive here, thy conquered victims
Await release in years to be.
How cleanly gleam thy ice-locked rivers!
How slowly wind they tow'rd the sea!

Sheer lifts the ridge that parts the pathways
From swinging clouds to lands below,
Aye parts the ways through plains or forests,
The ways thy garnered streams must flow.

Thy garnered streams, man's wheels and spindles,
A thousand mills in lowlands hold.
Athrob, they turn to solve the riddle;
From cloud to ice and then to gold.

Thy garnered streams through sagebrush valleys,
Transform coyote's vagrant home
To countless miles of fruit trees laden
With luscious pearls from thy cold dome.

Forever sway thy magic scepter;
Lo, grateful men thy praises sing!
Command thy winds in battle royal
And rule thy realm, O, snow-crowned king!



Ramona Hammerly

Cape Alava—Ramona Hammerly

1968 Mountaineer Outings

Following is a complete list of 1968 outings. Not every outing has a complete write-up, since space is limited. Those which seemed most unique, or which went to areas not written about recently in the annual, have been given full coverage when a good write-up was available; the others are summarized below. In general 1968 outings had one thing in common, from all accounts: rain.

May 30-June 2; Olympic Peninsula: Hoh River to Third Beach; John Stout, leader.

May 30-June 2; Oregon Coast to Newport via the Astoria Bridge; Andrew Bowman, leader.

June 15-30; Alaska: Glacier Bay National Monument and Chilkoot Pass; Sean Rice, leader.

July 4-7; Olympic National Park: Lake Ozette to La Push; Honor Kunkle, leader.

July 4-7; Vancouver Island, Canada: Tofino; Andrew Bowman, leader. (For a reasonably complete account of the area, see *The Mountaineer*, 1968, p. 197.)

July 13-21; Cascade Crest Trail: Harts Pass to Lake Chelan; Joe Cockrell, leader.

July 13-21; Cascade Crest Trail: Chinook Pass to Walupt Lake; Jim Kennell, leader.

July 27-August 11; Wyoming: Wind River Mountains; John Klos, leader.

July 27-August 11; Canadian Rocky Mountains: Campcrafters Gypsy Tour; Maurice Nelson, leader.

July 27-August 11; North Cascades: Ptarmigan Traverse; Al Robinson and Cal Magnusson, leaders.

August 3-18; Canada: British Columbia's Garibaldi Provincial Park, Diamond Head Chalet; Bob Bunn, leader.

August 17-25: Vancouver Island, Canada: Southwest coast; Harry and Loretta Slater, leaders.

August 24-September 2; Olympic National Park: North Quinault and Low Divide; John Stout, leader.

August 31-September 2; Canada: Sechelt, British Columbia; Roy Nelson, leader.

November 28-December 1; Olympic National Park: Cape Alava to Sand Point; John Stout, leader. For those who hadn't had enough of rain.

Glacier Bay National Monument and Chilkoot Pass, Alaska

June 15 - 30, 1968

By SANDRA ARTOE, OLIVE BROWER and MARILYN TILBURY

Alaska, the land of opportunity, adventure, and scenic grandeur, was the location of an unusual Mountaineer outing. Fifteen staunch Mountaineers spent a memorable seven days in Glacier Bay National Monument, followed by a grueling, but equally exciting, trek over Chilkoot Pass.

With the rising sun promising good weather, we taxied out to Auke Bay on the outskirts of Juneau where we loaded our gear onto the *Tiller Tramp*, 41-foot diesel cruiser, captained by Tom Parke, Juneau. After much shifting and arranging, we finally got our gear stowed and were underway. Our first stop was Bartlett Cove, about an eight-hour run from Juneau and the site of the monument headquarters and the Glacier Bay Lodge. Here we picked up three more party members who had flown to the Cove the day before, and after refueling, we headed for Ptarmigan Creek, our first campsite at Glacier Bay. We arrived around 8:30 p.m. and after transporting our gear to shore by repeated dinghy trips, we finally "hit our bags" at midnight. The lateness of the hour was hard to believe because it was still light. The next morning we were up early, eager to explore our temporary home, situated between the Reid and Lampugh Glaciers. Two park rangers saw our campsite and came over for a visit. We had been used to rangers patrolling territories by foot or on horseback, but these two came in a boat.

We took off over the hill with knapsacks on our backs, heading for Reid Inlet. Our lunch stop was a commanding view of the bay and inlet. It was heightened by the fact that two of our party members had arrived at the wrong pinnacle and were separated from us and their lunch by a deep valley. We enjoyed exchanging a "delayed response" conversation with them, and also enjoyed their lunch. By this time, the rains began and as we descended what seemed like the most treacherous stream bed any one would ever encounter in a moraine, we sighted the *Tiller Tramp* in the inlet, ready to harbor us and take us back to camp.

The next day we elected glacier sightseeing, so hiked up the John Hopkins Inlet. There we viewed a massive glacier continually sloughing off chunks of ice which form icebergs. These are

sometimes so numerous that travel through them is difficult and hazardous. Our attention was divided between chunks calving off the glacier, and the many hair seals resting on the icebergs. Our skipper told us that these were females with their young. We were amused by their actions as the boat approached their homes: the mothers were worried, and the young were curious.

On the way back to camp we decided to hike up an Alaskan glacier. We anchored off the shore near Topeka Glacier and were shuttled to land by dinghy. We were drenched by rain by the time we reached the glacier and roped up, but we continued up to the ice fall. After we had shared large chunks of maple sugar, our strength was sufficiently restored to hike back to the boat. This time we were a floating laundry—wet gear was strewn all over. The skies cleared, and we enjoyed a beautiful summer evening on our way back to camp.

Wednesday dawned clear and the group decided on more glacier watching. None of us had thought that we would want to spend so much time watching ice fall off the face of these glaciers, but it was fascinating. This time we went into Tarr Inlet into which the Marjorie and the Grand Pacific Glaciers feed. The Marjorie was particularly active and all hands were busy photographing chunks of ice before, during and after the fall, while speculating as to which piece would go first. We also took a short hike up the east side of the Grand Pacific.

We broke camp on Thursday morning to head for another campsite at Sandy Cove on the east side of the bay. Enroute we went into Rendu, Queets, and Tidal Inlets. Along the way we scanned the hills with binoculars and were rewarded with many sightings of mountain goats, eagles, and more birds than we had names for.

Muir Inlet was the target for the next day's trip and we viewed Muir, Riggs, and McBride Glaciers. We were able to approach extremely close to Muir as the ice chunks were more sparse than usual. In the late afternoon we went back to Forest Creek and the Interstadial Forest Stumps. The latter are tree stumps about 3000 years old which had been covered by the glacier and were left exposed as the glacier receded. After warding off a terrific attack by Alaskan mosquitoes, we reached the rocky moraine of the Casement Glacier and were rewarded with a spectacular look at the Chilkat Range. That evening on our return to camp, we were treated to the panoramic Fairweather Range and the

sight of the 15,320-foot Mount Fairweather. Since this was mid-summer's eve, we greeted summer with a large bonfire. We were joined by the two rangers for our ceremonial feast of hot chocolate and toasted marshmallows. That night certain members of the party sighted a bear near camp. The day before we had seen prints in the caked mud around Casement.

It was with a certain sadness that we broke camp Saturday. We were leaving beautiful Glacier Bay. But along the way we were diverted from our run to Bartlett Cove by whales frolicking in the waters near the Marble Islands. Porpoises also entertained us by racing the boat and playing off the bow. We bid farewell to two party members at the cove and in the late afternoon we again passed through the Icy Straits and headed toward Lynn Canal.

We camped enroute and the next day spent a lazy afternoon reading, sleeping, sunbathing, and viewing the area as we traveled to Skagway. After spending a week with Captain Parke and the *Tiller Tramp*, we felt that we were leaving home when we waved goodbye from the dock at Skagway. We were somewhat cheered by the prospect of a dinner in a restaurant and a chance to see the historic Skagway. After gorging ourselves with our most-missed foods, we stocked up on other essential items (more film) and were then bussed up to Dyea, a short distance from Skagway. Here we made an overnight camp before beginning the next leg of our journey.

After the week of easy living in Glacier Bay, we then faced carrying 40 to 70-pound packs 30 miles over Chilkoot Pass. If the Gold Rushers of '98 could move 2,000 lbs. of gear apiece over the Pass in winter with their make-shift equipment, it ought to be a breeze getting over with our light packs and compact equipment, in June. With light-hearted bravado 16 of us set forth from Dyea June 24th up a little used road that crossed and re-crossed the Taiya River. The day was cool and cloudy with a few showers, but we were in the woods and travel was easy. The road became a well-worn trail with little elevation gain. Occasionally we'd get a glimpse of the mountains ahead and once saw a retreating hanging glacier. This wasn't too impressive after what we had seen in Glacier Bay. Not long after lunch stop, we were surprised to hear voices coming down the trail. They were young Indians assigned to clear the trail to the Pass. For "kicks" they were going down to Skagway (40 miles round



Canadian Side of Chilkoot Pass—Florence Ochsner

trip) for a night on the town! They spurred us on with "Coffee pot is on—just another mile" which we wanted to believe, but really didn't. Sure enough, in another half hour we saw a clearing ahead with a log cabin; the coffee pot was on, and even better (thought the gals), several 5 gallon cans of hot water—baths? shampoos? laundry? This was Canyon City camp, across the river from the ruins of a once populous town, first stop of the eager cheechakos on their way to mine a fortune in the Klondike. While the weaker sex washed, some of the men went to inspect a cable crossing the river, hoping to use it to get to the deserted town. They should have taken a few lessons from the monkeys (even the Intermediate Climbing Course doesn't include crossing a sagging cable hand over hand). One fell in the icy water and the other got hung up in the middle and couldn't move either way.

The second day was to be an "easy" five miles to Sheep Camp. But it turned out to be an obstacle course, up and down hill on an overgrown trail with numerous streams to cross. The trail crew hadn't worked above Canyon City yet. It was hard to believe that 10,000 men travelled this trail in one month alone in '98. To us it seemed like never-before-travelled territory. At Sheep Camp there were ruined log cabins and a deep, rocky gorge to explore. Tomorrow was to be our hardest day—up and over Chilkoot Pass and on to Long Lake before we would find a good camp site. This would entail about an eleven-mile hike. Some of us had never carried heavy packs that far before, and we wondered if our legs and backs would hold out. So it was early to bed and early to rise.

By six the next morning we were on the trail which climbed steadily out of the forest into rocky brush and finally snow fields. Up ahead loomed precipitous Chilkoot Pass, looking like a perpendicular rock wall. Along the Pass were rusting cables, parts of machinery, tools, cooking utensils that 70 years had not destroyed. By some miracle we all reached the top of the pass by 1 p.m. and were greeted with a magnificent view. To the south we saw the valley through which we had travelled the past three days; north of the pass, in British Columbia, was a high plateau, snow-covered and hemmed in by mountains. For the next three hours we made good time on the snow; the sun shone and the world of people seemed far away. We skirted frozen Crater Lake, and left the snow as we approached Long Lake. After a

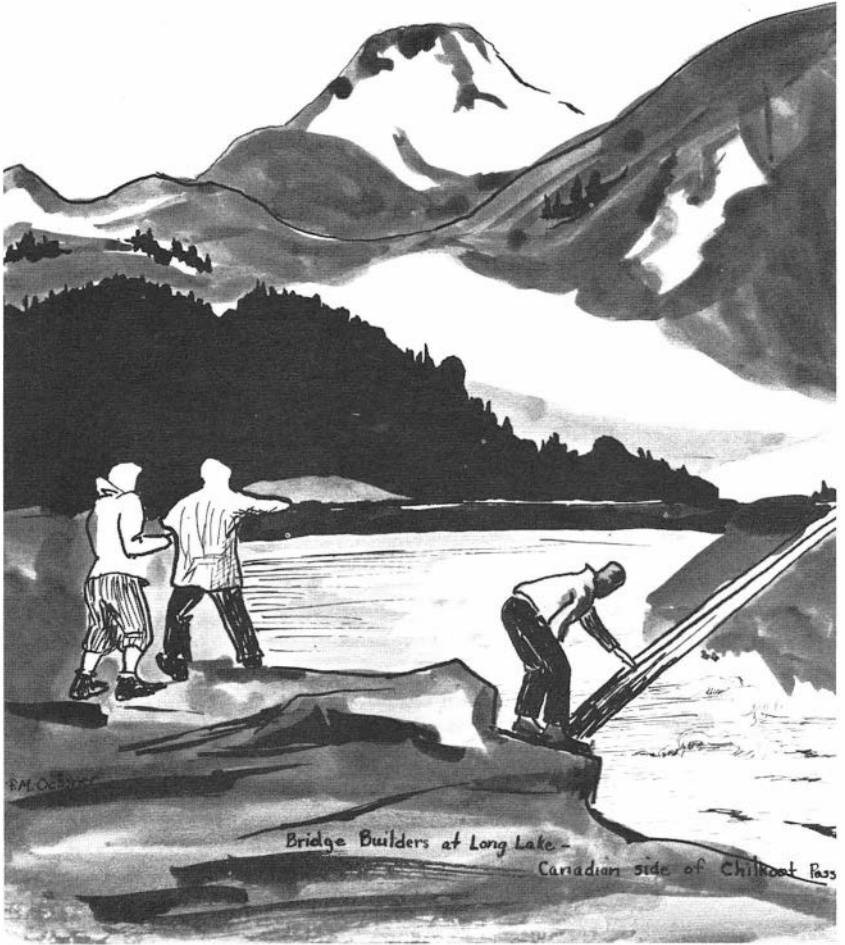
14-hour day, we dropped our packs wearily and dug out all our warm clothes, for the wind coming out of the pass was cold. Some pitched tents, while others started dinner. For some, that night was almost a bivouac—we were too tired to do anything that was not essential. But our spirits revived with the morning sun and so did our ingenuity. Our trek was to lead us across an icy, swift stream which none were looking forward to. So, the male contingent of the party constructed a log bridge, complete with a rope handrail tied around a tree at one side and a “bridge engineer’s” waist on the other side.

Travel the fourth day was easy as we skirted Long and Deep Lakes, reaching a deserted cabin on Lake Lindeman for lunch. We paused briefly at a tiny fenced graveyard, another reminder of the terrible hardships endured by the gold seekers. Five miles to the northeast we could see the Bennett Range at the base of which was Bennett Lake and the White Pass and Yukon Railroad, our destination. Surely we could reach that in another 24 hours even though there was no trail and we were in for some bush-whacking. For three hours we plunged through dense underbrush trying to avoid the uncertain muskeg and keep on higher ground. There were half a dozen small lakes and we finally stopped by one for our last night out. Rain started as we finished dinner, and continued all night.

We had to reach the railroad station by noon the next day, or wait another 24 hours for the next train. We were up at six to pack our wet gear and to eat a hasty, cold breakfast. Fortunately, our leader, with the unerring instincts of a bloodhound, led us to the railroad tracks by 10 a.m. A two-mile jaunt up the tracks brought us to the station in time for a big country-style dinner. The tourists on the train must have thought we had been in the woods for a month instead of five days the way we put away the food, and the way we looked even after a hasty clean-up at the station.

Then it was time for farewells, for part of the group took the train north to Whitehorse and the rest went down to Skagway. Somehow the two-hour trip through spectacular White Pass seemed far less exciting than our five-day hike across more remote Chilkoot Pass.

Outing Members: Sean Rice, leader; Sandra Artoe, Olive Brower, Bill and Edie Calder, Barbara Conklin, Myrtle Connelly, Carolyn Marble, Anton Nieberl, Joanne Ochsner, Florence Ochsner, Madelyn Rawlinson, Henry Shain, Bill Sheer, Jay Snodderly, Rosemarie Thron, Dick and Marilyn Tilbury.



Bridge Builders at Long Lake -
Canadian side of Chilkoot Pass

Bridge Builders at Long Lake—Florence Ochsner

Oregon Coast Bus Trip

May 30 - June 2, 1968

ANDREW BOWMAN, LEADER

On May 30 we had hoped for at least three-fourths of a bus load, but had only seventeen. The skies were clear with beautiful sunshine. Our spirits were high as we picked up our last passengers in Tacoma, and headed south to the Astoria bridge.

Memories of more years than I care to state flooded back, as the Washington side of the bridge loomed ahead. In my mind the bridge vanished and in its place was the old stern wheeler Harvest Queen, one of the many river boats that ran up and down the Columbia. Our regular run then was Portland to Astoria, and on Sundays and holidays we were the ferry from Astoria across to Megler. Here our passengers got on one of those long since forgotten little locomotives with the wide smoke stack and two or three passenger coaches and a baggage car. But all that is gone now, and as we neared the Oregon end of the bridge I saw a changed Astoria.

After Astoria, our first stop was at abandoned Fort Stevens, then Shipwreck Beach, I think it was named. We saw two old wrecks, one almost entirely beneath the shifting sands. A few miles further south we came to Gearhart, a friendly, yet huge hotel. Our accommodations were ready and we moved right in, all eager for what we thought would be a beautiful three days. Late that night over the radio came the news that a severe storm was going to hit about noon the next day.

The morning of the second day we went clamming, but the clams knew what was coming and buried themselves down deep. That afternoon the storm hit with a roar.

On the third day our bus driver was to take us down the Oregon coast as far as Newport. The rain at times was falling so fast that our driver only had about 100 feet visibility. I have gone up and down the coast years ago when I shipped before the mast, as we used to say. I had run such storms miles out, off the coast, but this was the first time I had ever run it from the land.

Still our trip was exciting, and on our return to Seattle, after another wild night, we saw blue skies again. At Astoria we went up that winding road to the Astor Tower. After climbing those long spiral steps we had a real view, not only of Astoria below us, but the bridge. Beyond we saw the raging seas at the Columbia Bar.

Our return was along the Oregon side to the Longview bridge, then to the Freeway and home.

Cascade Crest Trail: Harts Pass to Lake Chelan

July 13 - 21, 1968

The Trip: Loretta Slater

Part II of the Mountaineer Cascade Crest Trail Trek left Seattle by chartered bus at 6:00 a.m. (Part I reported in 1968 Mountaineer annual by Larry and Wilma Peterson). A total of twenty-three participants included eleven veterans from the previous year. The seven-hour ride over Stevens Pass to Harts Pass allowed time for all to get awakened, greet old and meet new friends, re-arrange packs, listen to words of wisdom from Leader Joe and Assistant Chet, and eat sack lunches. Added was scenery viewed without effort. Through the gentle Methow valley some newer members were expressing disappointment that the route was not in "big mountains." However, after Mazama, when the road became a gravel thread, climbing steeply along the sheer rock cliff high over Rattlesnake Creek, requests came to change seats to the "high" side of the bus. The Harts Pass rangers had stopped all road traffic until the bus arrival at 12:30 noon. They were waiting at the fork to lead an additional mile and a half on the closed Chancellor road, where the bus could turn before the deeper snow covering.

Due to lack of trail construction funds, the Crest Trail route in the past had been directed from Harts Pass via the mine road,

down to Chancellor and thence following creeks, until a long ascent was accomplished back to the crest near Rainy Pass. Fortunately this outing's leaders chose the actual crest route, part of which had been staked for trail construction crews.

The first day quickly separated the seasoned from the unseasoned as hikers felt the nine days' food, unadjusted straps, forgotten muscles, and bulky socks and boots. Large snowfields poised in the warm sunshine for tobogganing to the deep valleys below. On the ridge along Tatie Peak the unseasoned lunched and rested, enjoying the view of Ninety-nine Basin, and Slate Peak to the north, while the seasoned scrambled to the summit of Tatie. Louise Marshall with her notes, charts, and knowledge was a fine navigator, and identified peaks and routes. A short distance further a creek signalled good trail-side camping, and none offered objection.

This was followed by a day of rain showers, fog and sleet, but the trails were lined with yellow lilies, and gay with unidentifiable figures, draped in the yellows, reds, oranges, and blues of glossy rain ponchos. At the low end of a long descent of switchbacks we entered a somber spruce forest and here at Glacier Pass thoughtful Larry and Wilma Peterson had built a warming fire and were serving tea. Late that afternoon several failed to heed the coiled rope and the arrow at the junction of the short trail to Horse Heaven camp, so did a bit of unintended scouting for the next day's trail.

The third day was a variety of sun, rain, and snow, and a beautiful bright rainbow arched across a valley from a cragged peak. The long steady ascent through snow and irregular boulders to Methow Pass left many exhausted. The earlier arrivals had rigged tarp shelters and built fires. The camp that night was formerly used by a trail construction crew, and had various amenities. It was below Snowy Lakes and the Pass, and was exposed to an unforgettable panoramic view, but also to cold winds and deep shadows from the peaks. Starting with a few energetic members who climbed to the frozen Snowy Lakes, many others followed, throughout the daylight. The next morning presented a crisp world of iced tents and sleeping bags, water jugs in solid state, and stiffly jointed humans, watching eagerly for the first rays of the warming sun to top the dark peaks. On such mornings Graham Mathes' super fire-building for stray cooking groups was most welcome.

At Cutthroat Pass, along the narrow, warm, high rock trail, a plastic-wrapped sleeping bag bumped free and bounded down the canyon. The row of staring, horror-silenced spectators had no equal. Joe Cockrell proved himself king of leaders in quickly retrieving it with no reprimands. Later, the search for a campsite proved difficult as snow and running streams covered all surfaces, and the trail ended here. A scouting party descended into the timbered headwater slope for Porcupine Creek, seeking trail stakes and a campsite. The only one available was poor at best, uneven humps of soil lumpy with brush growth, woven with run-off streams. But surly clouds and cold wind cut time for making camp. The night was plagued by thunder, lightning, downpour, hail, snow, wind, collapsed tents and soaked sleeping bags. Everything was plentiful but sleep.

The fifth day saw a late start, while gear was drained for packing. Route finding was slow and difficult along steep, heavily timbered slopes. Chet was the master searcher, assisted by Wally, Ben, and others. The other members tried vainly to keep them in sight or sound, all the while pulling packs from tangling branches and vines, or crawling over or under downed trees. Two difficult stream crossings increased problems. The wild cheers emitted at the sound of motorcycles and the sight of construction for the new North Cross-State highway, was startling from such staunch conservationists' throats. We had reached Rainy Pass, and a trail again! It proved to be a muddy one to Rainy Lake, but it was to be a two-night camp. Visitors arrived, a family from the construction camp, and later District Ranger Paul Schaufler, who talked with members for some time around the campfire. These were the first outsiders we had met since leaving Harts Pass.

The day of rest was one of much bathing and washing of clothes, exploring the lake shore and viewing the lovely waterfalls at the far end of the lake. The hikers hiked to Lake Ann, fishermen fished, the gourmets cooked (high point reached when Curt served Seaweed Soup), and readers read. But the outstanding thing was sunshine all day long.

A rested crew started out the seventh day, soon leaving the new road bed for a genuine trail through woodlands and stream crossings on logs. There was a community campfire by the river that night, for cooking and evening sociability, in spite of a light drizzle. During the night a four-legged visitor scattered pans

and sniffed around tents, the occupants too sleepy to identify same.

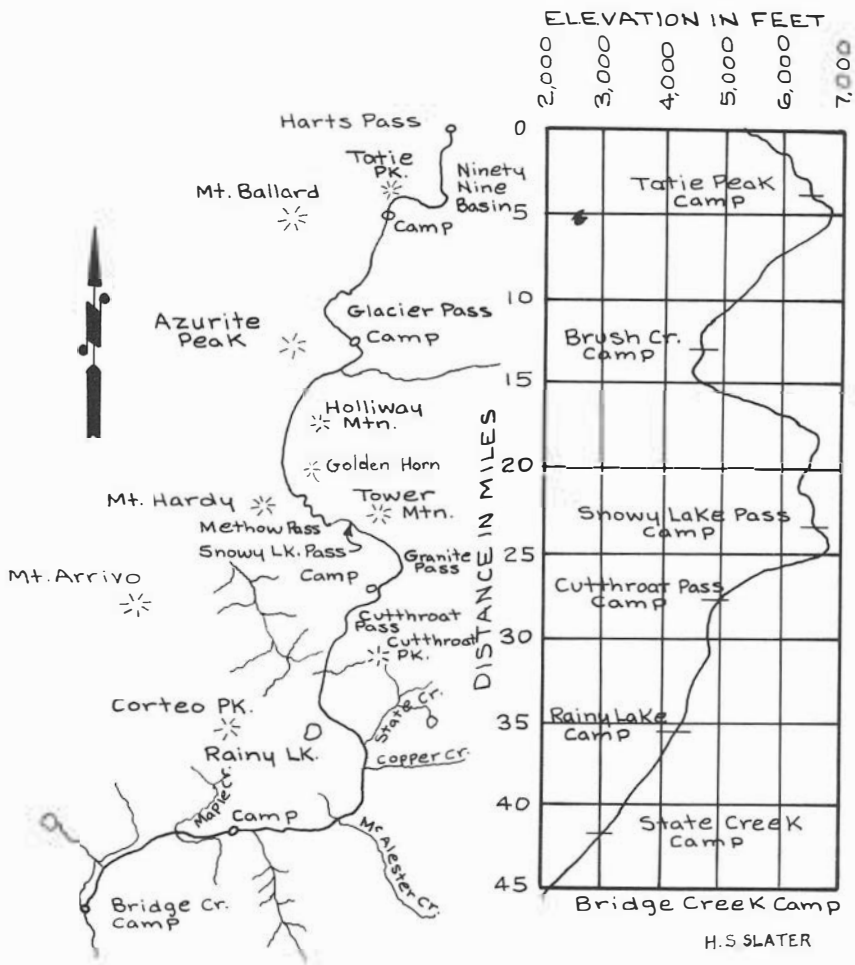
Soon after leaving camp on the last hiking day, we conquered the final big trail obstacle in the very wet crossing of the deep, tumbling Maple Creek. A stretched rope aided in keeping the single file crossing, away from hidden holes. From here there were wide, gradually descending trails along Bridge Creek, with sturdy bridges, the trail ending at the Stehekin road, and the people-filled Bridge Creek Camp, with tables and benches and buildings. That night the group enjoyed the large campfire ring for a long impromptu program of stories, reminiscing, much singing, and even a hula with swaying red flannel.

Sunday, by appointment, a portly topless bus arrived to transport the group down the trail-like Stehekin River road. Those who shuddered at the Harts Pass highway certainly turned pale with the two-way traffic on this road. A stop at beautiful Rainbow Falls, then to sparkling Lake Chelan, and the civilization of Stehekin. The two-hour wait there for the boat down the lake was spent in eating restaurant pie, answering questions as to where we had been and why, and hiking a few miles along the lakeside trail southward. Then boat departure and the scenic cruise down Lake Chelan in the *Lady of the Lake* to Twenty-Five-Mile Creek landing, where a luxuriously clean gray bus awaited. Again over Stevens Pass, homeward bound, with a dinner stop at Skykomish for non-dehydrated food.

The Trail: Louise B. Marshall

1st Day: HARTS PASS (6197) TO CREEK SOUTH OF TATIE PEAK (7386). 4.5 miles. Hike starts on road to Brown Bear Mine at 1:00 p.m. Typical CCT signing: well-placed, business-like, new signs alternating with faded scratchings or nothing at all at other crucial turns. Crossing of large snowfields. Views thoroughly rewarding. Trail contours west toward Tatie Peak and proceeds along its east ridge crest. View down a thousand vertical feet into Ninety-nine Basin, and south into equally awesome Trout Creek valley. Side trip to Tatie Peak. Short distance to creek crossing trail. Camp set up at 4:30 p.m.

2nd Day: SOUTH TATIE PEAK TO HORSE HEAVEN CAMP, WEST FORK METHOW RIVER (4550). 9 miles. On trail 8:30 a.m. Through Grasshopper Meadows and Pass with views of massive rock walls of Azurite Peak. Switchbacks down to Glacier Pass and the shelter of trees. Easy descent of Brush Creek and easy



CASCADE CREST TRAIL TRIP
 HART'S PASS TO STEHEKIN VALLEY
 JULY 13-21 1968

ascent of broad trail up West Fork Methow River to junction with Azurite Pass trail. Horse Heaven Camp below trail in flat woods beside river. Camp at 3:00 p.m.

3rd Day: HORSE HEAVEN CAMP TO SNOWY LAKES CREEK (6000). 6.5 miles. Start 8:00 a.m. Along West Fork Methow River on good easy trail first 3 miles, then switchbacks and continual, tiring, slow ascent to Methow Pass (6600). Views Mount Hardy to west, Golden Horn to north, and Tower Mountain to east. Descend to Snowy Lake Creek camp at 3:30 p.m. A broad treeless site exposed to breeze of Swamp Creek Valley, and cold drafts down from snow and ice of Snowy Lakes. (6800).

4th Day: SNOWY LAKES CREEK TO HEAD OF PORCUPINE CREEK, CUTTHROAT PASS (6800). 5 miles. Leave camp 9:00 a.m. First 2 miles or more winding along level cut blasted into hillside of granite, gravel, and sand below Tower Mountain. Route is around head of curving U-shaped valley to sheltered Granite Pass (water below, east). Climb steeply up crumbly trail scheduled for 1968 re-building. Abrupt slopes, deep in soft snow. At last up long undemanding traverse to Cutthroat Pass. Admire Black Peak, Frisco, Sahale, McGregor.

5th Day: CUTTHROAT PASS TO RAINY LAKE (4480). 6 miles. Start 9:30 a.m. Slow exhausting trek, fording Porcupine Creek half-way along, following uncleared portion of CCT for first 5 miles. At Rainy Pass tramp along roadbed of new highway, then trudge up muddy trail to Rainy Lake. Small campsites force party to scatter, each tent group fending for itself at 4:30 p.m. But even this day unforgettable views lift sinking spirits.

6th Day: RAINY LAKE LAYOVER WITH SIDE TRIP TO LAKE ANN. 5 miles.

7th Day: RAINY LAKE TO STATE CAMP, BRIDGE CREEK (4100). 7.5 miles. Start 8:00 a.m. Short stretch on highway route, then the welcome forest and good well-established trail descending Bridge Creek. Cross State Creek on old foot-log, ford Bridge Creek. Sections of brushy trail. Set up camp 3:30 p.m., large camping area along river at State Camp, below trail and out of sight in the thick foliage.

8th Day: STATE CAMP TO BRIDGE CREEK CAMP (2120) Stehekin Road. 5.5 miles. Start 8:00 a.m. Slow crossing of fast flowing Maple Creek. Rope marks best crossing, toward top of 2nd falls, otherwise deep holes. Then easy trail, mostly downhill, along Bridge Creek. Scenic rapids at junction with North Fork, where large sturdy bridge crosses Bridge Creek. Fast walkers

are at Stehekin River road by noon, and eat lunch at Bridge Creek Camp. Ample space, water, shelter, tables, and campfire circle.

The Weather: Graham E. Mathes

The weather during the entire trip was extremely changeable. It started out in warm sunshine past Tatie Peak, turned to snow showers through Glacier Pass, and sunshine again while hiking up Brush Creek. Monday dawned cloudy with a few rain showers, which turned to snow as we moved into Snowy Lakes Pass, concurrent with a storm front from the Pacific Ocean and its typical blustery weather.

Tuesday morning was clear, crisp, and frosty. Judging from the freezing of water stored in plastic jugs, it must have been near 26° F. A warm sunny afternoon brought spirits up again, until unstable air moving up through Cutthroat Pass set off a local thunderstorm that dumped one to two inches of small hail on the camp. The wind and weight of accumulated precipitation brought down several tents, and subsequent melting wetted down sleeping bags and other gear.

Wednesday and Thursday offered fair weather with variable cloudiness and sunshine. A second storm front passed through the area on Friday with cloudy, rainy weather dampening spirits. This system moved east Saturday, leaving warm sunny weather for the balance of the trip into Stehekin.

The climatological records from the Weather Bureau show the conditions were unusual. Normally, the Eastern Cascade slopes are warm and dry from mid-July through mid-August, except for isolated thunderstorms late in the day. Both July and August of 1968 saw many long-standing rainfall records broken.

The Rocks: Curtis Stucki

The area covered on this trip was geologically interesting. At least four types of rock deposits can be seen over the route we followed. In the Harts Pass region and up to Methow Pass the predominant rocks are Cretaceous marine sediments. These were deposited in the bottom of a sea which covered the area more than 120,000,000 years ago. These sediments were strongly uplifted and folded in a later period. Good exposures of this folding are found on the high ridge between Cairn Peak and Glacier Pass, east of Azurite Peak. From Methow Pass to Cutthroat we were in an area in which the exposed rock is of a much more recent date. The Needles, Mount Hardy, Golden Horn, Tower

Mountain, Liberty Bell, Silver Star, and Cutthroat were all formed by the intrusion of rock which had been liquified by intense heat not too far below the surface of the earth. The intrusion probably occurred about 60,000,000 years ago. This rock is called Golden Horn granodiorite.

In the area immediately around Rainy Pass the predominant rock is Black Peak granodiorite. It is a granitic rock also and is of earlier origin than that around Golden Horn.

As we progressed down Bridge Creek we entered the area which contains the most common rock formation in the North Cascades. The Skagit gneisses (crystalline rocks of more or less granitic composition) form many of the finest peaks in the area, including Boston, Buckner, Goode, and Logan. These rocks are earlier than either of the previous types mentioned and date back 75,000,000 years. Much research on the geology of the North Cascades has been carried on at the University of Washington in recent years under the direction of Dr. Peter Misch. His article in the December 15, 1952 issue of the *Mountaineer* provides a detailed description of the area and is the basis of these comments.

The Flowers and Birds: Mary Fries

Those who last year traveled the Cascade Crest Trail section north of this one, from the Canadian border to Harts Pass, at the same time of year, noted that we saw fewer flowers and a smaller variety of birds this year. Possibly the terrain was a bit more rugged; definitely, according to the rangers, the snow cover had been heavy and was remaining later this year.

The generally higher elevations of our trail were at the northern end on the stretch between Methow Pass and Cutthroat Pass. We walked over patches of snow, particularly on northward and northeastward facing slopes, and on parts which were clear saw flowers just beginning to bloom: glacier lily, alpine spring beauty, small penstemons, saxifrages, pussytoes, paintbrush, senecio, sandwort and heather. Alpine larch is a distinctive timberline tree. Camped among the larches the first evening, we were serenaded by the hermit thrush, which we heard again Monday night when we were camped high near Snowy Lakes. In the first camp we saw our only camp robbers (gray jays); there were also juncoes, probably the birds most commonly seen on the trip. As a matter of fact, many birds were heard but not seen.

Globeflower was plentiful near Harts Pass and in marshy places, sometimes with blooms covered by meltwater. As we traveled south it often grew with marsh marigolds. Both are in the buttercup family, white with yellow centers, and everyone soon learned to distinguish the leaves—sharply-toothed lobes on the outside edge of the globeflower's, rounded on the marigold.

Between the two high areas, we dropped down on the older section of trail below Glacier Pass into a noticeably warmer valley, brushy, with rather open mixed forest of alpine and silver firs, then Douglas fir and Engelmann spruce. Here we began to hear the Swainson's thrush, which does not limit its song to evening time and can be heard throughout the day.

There were big patches of solomon's seal, mountain ash and red-berried elder shrubs in bloom, columbia lily, columbine, a tall species of penstemon, stickseed (like a forget-me-not but with burred seeds that stick to hikers' socks), and others. A deeper, shadier forest on the climb to Methow Pass featured a chorus of winter wrens and varied thrush; also foamflower, clintonia (queen cup), creeping raspberry and lots of yellow violets of several species. Mountain hemlock became the dominant tree in the upper part of this valley.

Just a little later in the season, those who in the future take the new trail along Porcupine Creek should appreciate masses of white rhododendron that were just slippery brush to us, the thin bark breaking very easily when the newly-leafed out branches were stepped on. A rocky outcrop just above Rainy Pass provided a welcome spot for a short break and had blossoms typical of rocky, sunny exposures along the way: sedum, columbia lewisia, white eriogonum (buckwheat), larkspur and yellow lomatium (desert parsley).

The trail down Bridge Creek added another dimension, big patches of man-high cow parsnip, and such typical Canadian zone flowers as pyrola, linnaea (twinsflower) and fairy bells. More wrens and Swainson's thrushes were singing, and one brightly-colored yellow, red and black bird, the western tanager, showed himself on a high promontory above the creek.

Joe Cockrell, leader; Chet Haven, assistant leader; Wally Berning, Marguerite Bradshaw, Sheldon Brooks, Elizabeth Brown, Eloise Christianson, Kate Cockrell, Mary Fries, Bob Goettling, LoAnn Jex, Louise Marshall, Graham Mathes, Jack Miller, Ervine Monroe, Larry and Wilma Peterson, Ben Simpson, Loretta Slater, Helen Stody, Curt Stucki, Corinne von Dassow, Karyl Winn.

Cascade Crest Trail: Chinook Pass to Walupt Lake

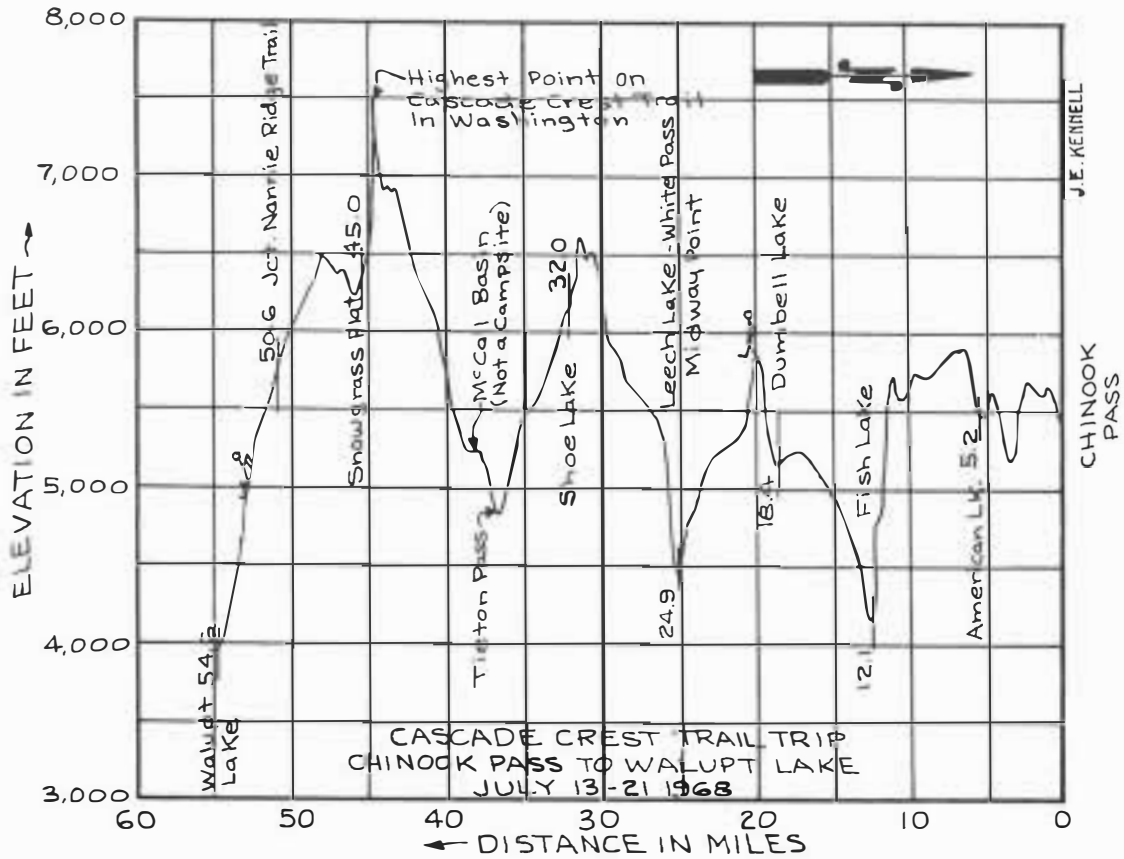
July 13 - 21, 1968

As unavoidable circumstances necessitated a late change from the original leaders of this Viewfinder outing, James Kennell was persuaded to substitute. He was not familiar with the route and felt this added a few problems. The participants thought this minimal, and were most appreciative for his acceptance of the responsibility. This report was compiled from his notes.

1st Day: CHINOOK PASS TO AMERICAN LAKE. 5 miles. The party of twenty-two were delivered by chartered bus to Tipsoo Lake, Chinook Pass, where the Cascade Crest Trail crosses the highway. The trail in this area affords panoramic views of Mount Rainier, follows the shore of Dewey Lake, and looks down on Anderson Lake. After crossing the Cascade Crest five times with many ascents and descents, the party left the trail to drop down to American Lake campsite, which was practically the same elevation as the start at Chinook Pass. After camp was reached there was an extra dividend for the day, a climb of an unnamed peak on the west slope of the crest. It was merely listed by its elevation, as Hill 6057. The ascent from the southeast was easy and enjoyable. A Mountaineer peak register was planted on the summit and it was named "Viewfinders Peak."

2nd Day: AMERICAN LAKE TO FISH LAKE. 7 miles. Time schedules were started and followed a fairly similar pattern: arise at 5:30 or 6:00 a.m., leave camp at 8:00, and arrive at the night campsite around 3:00 p.m. On this day after a climb from camp up to the Crest Trail again, the route weaves along both sides of the crest, above Two Lakes, followed by a long descent to camp on the east end of Fish Lake.

3rd Day: FISH LAKE TO DUMBELL LAKE. 7 miles. An easy rise to a plateau of over five hundred small lakes, and historic Cowlitz Pass. Tumac Mountain, 6340 feet, with a lookout station could be a side trip. The group enjoyed the climb of Cramer Mountain, 5992 feet, which can be accomplished from either side without difficulty, other than brush. Campsites at Dumbell Lake are on a peninsula, which is reached by following the edge of the lake from where the trail reaches the shore.



4th Day: DUMBBELL LAKE TO WHITE PASS CAMPGROUND AT LEECH LAKE (midway point). 7 miles. From camp back up to the trail, then on to Sand Lake Shelter for lunch. From here a side trail passes 5765 foot Cortright Point. The Crest Trail then drops down, passes Deer Lake, and on to Leech Lake, just north of the highway. Some had made arrangements to have food brought here for the last half of the trip. By prior plans two hikers left the party here, and two new members joined the group.

5th Day: LEECH LAKE TO SHOE LAKE. 7 miles. From White Pass highway some hiked up Hogback Ridge, but the Big Spenders (\$1.50) rode the chair lift. The party here entered Goat Rocks Wild Area, with its spectacular views and flowered meadows. A lunch time side trip to 6789 foot Hogback Mountain was greatly enjoyed, with its unusually beautiful view to the south. The little snowfield permitting a glissade returning, left everyone ready for lunch. The fine campsite, flowers and surrounding scenery made this a favorite camp stop. All enjoyed the community campfires each night and as the days passed there was more and more singing at the campfire and on the trail during the day.

6th Day: SHOE LAKE TO VALLEY BEYOND MCCALL BASIN. 8 miles. Trail drops steadily to Tieton Pass, then up to McCall Basin, which was not a good campsite. There was one four hundred feet above the Basin, but the party continued over the top of the ridge and down into the next valley, to an excellent campsite with a spectacular view.

7th Day: VALLEY BEYOND MCCALL BASIN TO SNOWGRASS FLAT. 5 miles. The weather turned very bad on this day, necessitating the cancellation of plans to climb Old Snowy Mountain and Ives Peak, anticipated as highlights of the trip. After Elk Pass the trail is along a ridge and crosses part of Packwood Glacier and many snow fields, to Old Snowy Mountain. From here to Snowgrass Flat route finding can be difficult, especially in bad weather. On this day was the longest and steepest ascent to the highest point of the Cascade Crest Trail, 7600 feet elevation.

8th Day: SNOWGRASS FLAT TO WALUPT LAKE. 9 miles. Continued south along the trail past Goat Rocks, through Cispus Pass and the flowers of Cispus Basin, then southwest on a side trail between Nannie and Walupt Creeks to Walupt Lake campsite, and road head.

9th Day: WALUPT LAKE TO ROAD JUNCTION. 4 miles. Due to the condition of the Walupt Lake road head, the bus would not be able to meet the party at the campsite. The party ended the 59 mile backpack trip by hiking out along the road from Walupt Lake to rendezvous with the chartered bus, singing marching songs while walking five or six abreast. A great ending to a wonderful outing!

Jim Kennell, leader; Steve Barrett, Charles Baumgaertner, Bonita Berger, Irvin Charat (2nd half), Bennet Clark, Byron Clark, Peter Clark, Sylvia Clark, Walt Entenmann, Bea Frederickson, Helen Gilmartin, Robert Hall, Gardener Hicks, Wayne Hough, Mike Kirshner (1st half), Art McClish, Ilse Newbery (1st half), Mary Ann Ogilvie (2nd half), Paul Rambert, Heinz Recker, Karen Reyier, Bonnie Scotton, Sue Tyler.



Wind River Valley, Wyoming—Bob Bassett

Wind River Mountains, Wyoming

July 27 - August 11, 1968

When once asked, so the story goes, what he recommended as best choice for a summer outing, Barry Bishop named the Wind River Mountains, no surprise to those who had been there in 1959. It was Bishop's opinion that here in the states there was nothing comparable in scenic grandeur nor any place so well suited to the general requirements of a Mountaineers' outing, as the Wyoming peaks.

A desire to return to the area had been expressed by several Mountaineers on polls taken for outing sites in the past three or four years, and when a chairman was found in the person of John Klos the club was assured another outstanding summer outing, the 62nd in an unbroken series of these events which began in 1907. With wife Janet as secretary, John completed his committee by enlisting the aid of Bob Pollock as commissary and Ken Prestrud as climbing chairman. Paul Hebert was again hired as cook and John Stout as his assistant.

With the staff complete, the most difficult problems should have been solved. But enlisting the services of packers proved to be an even greater obstacle, due to increased costs and the reluctance of packing outfits to commit their services to large groups and at fixed dates. Once a packer had been secured and other costs ascertained, it was obvious that at \$145, traveling expenses excluded, this was not going to be a bargain-price outing compared to some in years past. Other factors which may have weighed against a larger sign-up of participants were: The distance (950 highway miles), the altitude of base camp (over 10,400 feet), and word that the hike in would be made in one day rather than two, as it had been in 1959. All of these were over-blown dissuasions. No serious difficulties were encountered, and discomforts and inconveniences were fleeting. The only excesses were the rewards enjoyed by the thirty-seven Mountaineers who joined the staff of six. Thirteen of these were going back for the second time.

Until the Forestry Service issues an official mileage chart of the Bridger Wilderness Area, we will never know the answer to the one most disturbing question of all: The distance from road's end at Elkheart to base camp. Was it 12, 14 or 16 miles? However, this writer having logged his departure and arrival

times on the way out, less the total spent on rest stops, came up with an even seven hours hiking time to Elkheart, and because he was well-weighted with thirty pounds of gear and an eight-pound chunk of prized granite, he estimates the distance to be about 15 miles.

Opinions on the camp site assigned us by the Forestry Service were unanimous on the initial day. Weary, foot-sore, and not quite prepared for a final stream fording that seemed more like a dizzy leap from rock to rock on the crest of Niagara, hikers were dismayed to find themselves in such a bleak and inhospitable location. This impression was further heightened by grey skies, a drenching rain, and the late, late arrival of the packers with duffle bags and the necessary ingredients for a hot supper.

But morning changed all that. A warm and full sun before breakfast and a full and a warm stomach afterwards had a remarkable effect on the morale of all. Eyes were soon opened to the fact that here was a camp with a great deal to offer. As the days passed its full potential became apparent to most everyone. We had been given a site that was ideal to our needs, and now in retrospect seems almost like a dream of Eden.

Our camp was situated on the northeast corner of a triangular lake, about a quarter mile across; it was the first above Island Lake of the Titcomb chain that extends for three miles or more up this splendid valley. The stream which emptied into the lake at the eastern edge of camp provided excellent isolation from other parties using the Titcomb Basin trail; but those few who did pay us a visit were our own kind of people—they had to be to risk fording the river.

Approximately thirty-five tents, individual and service, were pitched throughout the camping area, with ample room for fifteen or twenty more had there been the need. It may be of interest to note that on this, as on other recent summer outings, camp segregation by sex and married couples was no longer the rule. Participants were allowed to select their own tent sites, which in its own way is another guarantee to Mountaineers that the freedom of the hills is theirs in more ways than they have been told.

A small creek draining from ponds and springs above camp meandered through the site, furnishing a convenient supply of pure water for all purposes. Although there were no fish in the lake, nor in any of the others in the Titcomb chain due to

shallow depths that freeze solid in winter, nearby Island Lake was well stocked and provided anglers with excellent catches of both golden and rainbow trout.

A scarcity of fuel for the evening campfires, always a problem at high elevations, was only a minor inconvenience since returning hikers made it a practice to bring in small amounts of squaw wood, and on one or two occasions a packer used his horse to drag in dead trees. Campfires may have been frugal in size, but they brought the fireside circle together more intimately.

The only serious disturbance to the natural tranquility of the scene was not only man-made but mostly Boeing-made. From the number of jet aircraft passing overhead 24 hours a day, this part of the Bridger National Forest must be directly below a transcontinental flight pattern. Although their pilots obeyed regulations by keeping above the allowable minimum altitude over wilderness areas, today's jets are not easily obscured; if their noise didn't make their presence known, their contrails usually did.

To Harriet Walker went the duties of campfire chairman. Through her efforts of persuasion the group was rewarded by such individual contributions as a talk on an Asiatic trip by Don Dooley, the 1967 Yukon Centennial Climbing Expedition by Blanche Seligman, travel by freighter around South America by Bob Pollock, a description of Wind River geology by Bob Bassett, the development and manufacture of kidney machines by Bill Hume, a talk on meteorology by John Thorp, and some early club history by two who were well qualified to relate it, Harriet herself (1929), and Leo Gallagher (1919). Special guest speakers were Forest Ranger Kabalac who discussed his duties and problems, and Finis Mitchell, a remarkable man with a camera whose love of the region has resulted in more than 80,000 photographs in the past 50 years.

Experiencing their first summer outing with The Mountaineers were the Prestruds, Ken, Lois, Kris and Suzy; John and Lola Thorp, Alison Ross, Blanche Seligman and Susan Greenwood. Only two out-of-state members were present: Jane Durbin of Florissant, Missouri, and Blanche Seligman of Vancouver, B.C.

Information taken from Climbing Chairman Prestrud's report in the outing journal indicates that climbing parties reached the summits of thirteen peaks, all over 12,000 feet in elevation. Following are their names, a designating initial to denote the

climbs made and the elevations: Gannett (G) 13,785; Fremont (F) 13,730; Helen (H) 13,600; Woodrow Wilson (W) 13,500; Jackson (J) 13,400; Dinwoody (D) 13,400; Miriam (M) 13,100; Knife Point (K) 13,007; Garnick's Needle (GN) 12,600; Peak 213 or Faler Tower (FT) 12,500; Lester (L) 12,325; Titcomb Needles (TN) 12,300 and Elephant's Foot (EF) 12,100.

Twenty-eight persons, or approximately 66 percent of those on the outing, climbed one or more peaks. On the chairman's list of ascents are: Bill Hume (J-K-L-TN-F-EF-FT-GN-W), Clyde Lince (J-K-L-TN-F-EF-FT-GN-W), Don Dooley (J-L-TN-F-M D), Ken Prestrud (J-TN-H-M-G-EF), Bob Bassett (J-L-H-M-G), Ramona Hammerly (J-L-F-H), Art Bratsberg (J-L-F), Mary Fries (J-F-EF), Ruth Ittner (J-L-EF), Allan Keef (L-EF-F), Alexandra Pye (J-L-EF), Blanche Seligman (L-F-EF), John Thorp (J-L-F), John Klos (L-EF-D), Leo Gallagher (L-EF), Susan Greenwood (L-EF), Joe Pullen (EF-L), John Stout (M-G), Ruth Abelson (L), Nadine Bassett (L), Ginny Bratsberg (L), Florence Culp (L), Creta McElwain (L), Ted Murray (L), Kris Prestrud (EF), Lois Prestrud (EF), Alison Ross (EF), Frank Shaw (EF).

Not everyone, of course, cared to scale a peak. Several, camped as they were at almost 10,500 feet elevation, felt like they were already on one, and were sufficiently inspired by the grandeur and majesty that encompassed them. In this group were Jane Durbin, Jean Earl, Katherine Gallagher, Gwen Garnsey, Amos Hand, Dick Howell, Barbara Murray, Frances Parks, Suzy Prest-rud, Wilma Rosenow, Lola Thorp, Harriet Walker, Janet Klos and Bob Pollock. Many of these, however, hiked the trail to Indian Pass where the altitude reads 12,130 feet, and all of them found a full measure of satisfactions and discoveries in one or more of the easier trips that could be made in almost all directions from camp.

In conclusion, and because this marked the first time the writer had returned to the same area for another summer outing, it might be of some use to express an opinion on the choice of sites. There was nothing wrong with the Island Lake location in 1959; it had advantages that were lacking at the 1968 site. But the magnificence of the region climaxes in Titcomb Basin, and to have lived under its spell for ten almost flawless days was as near to the ultimate encounter most of us will ever have with that in Nature which is mystic, beautiful and awesome.



Full sweep, Wind River Valley, Gannett Peak at its head —Robert Bassett

Campcrafters 23rd Gypsy Tour: Canadian Rocky Mountains

July 27 - August 11, 1968

Saturday, July 27 the Campcrafter section of the Hillsdale Meadows Campground, Banff National Park, began filling with an assortment of tents, trailers, and campers. By Monday afternoon practically all of the twenty-eight families (approximately eighty-four persons including children) had arrived, and base camp was established. Facilities were rustic, with "Chick Sales" strategically located, and water supply within walking distance. The meadow abounded with mobile garbage disposal units, otherwise known as Columbian ground squirrels, whose fare consisted of left-overs and some not so left-over. A particular treat was jelly in Morrie and Jane Nelson's tent, entry through a hole gnawed in sidewall of tent. Also in attendance were hordes of mosquitoes.

The first week's weather was sunny and warm, and groups explored the area. One party hiked from Lake Louise up to Lake Agnes, then on to Big Bee Hive, which overlooks Lake Louise. Others, after lunch at Lake Agnes Tea House, hiked the opposite direction to the fire lookout on Little Bee Hive. They had an outstanding view of the valley, accompanied by an interesting chat with the ranger. Midweek two busloads of Campcrafters visited Lake O'Hara. H. L. Slauson led hikers up to Lake McArthur and a leisurely lunch, while Morda Slauson led walkers around Lake O'Hara. This day was topped off by afternoon tea in the Lake O'Hara Lodge.

The next few days were spent sight-seeing in and around Banff. Points of interest included the Banff chairlift at Mount Norquay, Sulphur Mountain Gondola lift, Buffalo Paddocks, Indian Trading Post, Hoodooed, Sundance Canyon, and canoeing on the Vermilion Lakes, not to forget the Upper and Lower Hot Springs, which proved quite popular. Also included was a guided tour of Johnston Canyon to the falls, from which point a few continued on to the Paint Pots, springs with mineral deposits on the bottom, creating shades of blue.

Another day was spent at Morain Lake viewing the valley of

Ten Peaks, ending with a hike to Larch Valley. Several moose were sighted during this hike.

The second week's weather was cold, with occasional thunder showers. The highlight of this week was the snowmobile ride on the Columbian Ice Fields, en route to Jasper. During this overnight trip to Jasper the Raymonds had a brief encounter with a bear in the Jasper campground, resulting in a slashed tent. Those remaining in base camp during this time visited Emerald Lake, Takakkaw Falls, and the Natural Bridge in Yoho Provincial Park.

The encampment started to disperse about mid-week. By Friday all were headed home by various routes.

Leader: Maurice Nelson; Families: Bob Boley, John Bogdan, Bob Castor, Dave Castor, Jim Donahoe, Art Engman, John Fuller, Connie Grimes, Darrell Hayes, Chuck Karr, Jim McKeag, Morrie Nelson, Stan Newell, Lowell Raymond, Lang Slauson, Tom Tokareff, Norm Turay; Individuals: Bernice Holland, Barbara Otteson, Hanna Otteson, Lucile Rhoades, Irma Rodenhouse, Jim Russell, Liz Russell, Mary Ellen Russell, Jim Slauson, Nedra Slauson.

North Fork Quinault—Low Divide Outing Olympic National Park

August 24 - September 2, 1968

1st Day: The continuous rains of August cut our numbers down. The sodden camp ground at North Fork, northeast of Quinault Lake, near road's end, played host to eleven doubtful back-packers. Shelters were up, and cooking fires were lighted to prepare our last fresh foods—steaks, pork chops, and salad.

2nd Day: We parked cars at the North Fork Ranger Station and by 9:30 a.m. were on the wet trail for Francis Creek Shelter, seven miles away. The front of the shelter had a rock fireplace, over which we cooked. Some of the party used the shelter that night, while others set up tents. Here at the shelter our party had a temporary addition with the arrival of six new back-packers.

3rd Day: The weather had improved, so we got a good start for our base camp at Low Divide, and continued up the North Fork of the Quinalt River. Rain started falling again before the last of the party arrived at Low Divide. We were fortunate to have a shelter and a grated fireplace for most of the party.

4th Day: The rain continued, but after lunch we decided to do some hiking anyway. We hiked past Margaret and Mary Lakes to Martin Lake, and as usual got wet before we got back to camp.

5th Day: Our reward came in the form of a bright, clear day, with sunshine. Ten of us with the Low Divide ranger, Ron Folks, our guide, left to climb Mount Seattle. We followed his route and all made the summit.

6th Day: Another sunshine day, so eight of us set out with Ranger Folks to climb Mount Christie. We worked our way up the rocky slope to where we could look down on the glacier, then dropped down and roped up for the final ascent. On the summit we had a clear view of the Olympics.

7th Day: This was another good day. We broke camp and started our return on the Skyline Trail out to the road, 27 miles. It was hot and slow going. We made our camp this night at Lake Beauty, which was our best campsite of the trip. There were valley views and a clear view of Mount Olympus. Most of us got a quick bath in some shallow lakes.

8th Day: The weather was again good. We followed the ridge on some established trail, and some areas as at Kimta Peak where we floundered around finding the trail. We ate blueberries and watched a herd of elk. It was a long day by 8:30 p.m., when we arrived at Three Prune Shelter. When it got dark, three bivouacked beside the trail about a mile before reaching the shelter. At the shelter we built cooking fires, had dinner, and bedded down in tents and on the shelter floor.

9th Day: Our last morning our party gathered again in the rain, and we paired up for the hike to the road. We made the road and cars by late afternoon. After we changed to street clothes, some of us had dinner together at Amanda Park, and then on to Seattle late that night.

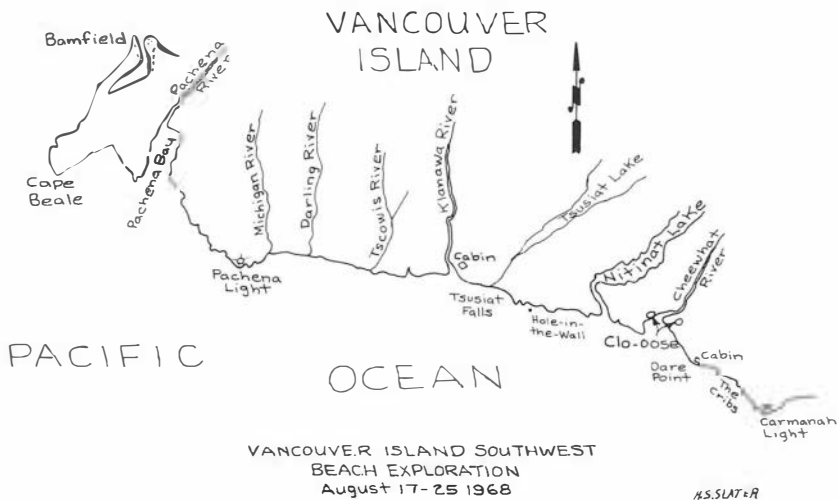
Those that completed the full circle: John Stout, leader; Florence Culp, Mary Fries, Helen Gilmartin, Edith Goodman, Harold Hobert, Shu-Koo Kao, John W. Olson, Larry and Wilma Peterson, R. E. Strandel.

Southwest Ocean Strip—Carmanah Point to Bamfield, Vancouver Island, Canada

August 17 - 25, 1968

By LORETTA SLATER

Recent years have brought increasing appreciation and interest in Vancouver Island's wilderness areas, no doubt partly due to the metropolitan concrete smothering more and more of the Northwest. The Island's unsurveyed southwest coastal section from Port Renfrew to Bamfield has been of particular interest. In Seattle it is referred to as the Shipwrecked Sailors Trail, but in Canada it is the Life-saving Trail, or the Old Telephone Maintenance Line. Any picture of the sheer cliffs of this harborless coastline, with its irregular rock formations and shelved solid rock beaches, precludes a question of why there were so many shipwrecks here, prior to radar and radio directional equipment. Accounts of the district in historical records refer to it as the "Graveyard of the Pacific," borne out by the scattered, frequently encountered ship parts—bow, ribs, keel, boiler, chain-plates, etc. Records list over forty major shipwrecks



on this approximately forty-mile stretch of coast. Added to this are the many fishing and small boats that come to grief, usually with loss of life. Around 1890 the storied schooners *Morning Star*, *William Tell*, and *Gem of the Ocean* ended their careers here. Their fate was preceded by many sailing vessels, and followed by steamers and motor ships. Often during winter storms, or fog, or rains, ships would miss the Strait of Juan de Fuca and be blown ashore here.

The establishment of lighthouses along the route had to be accomplished by landing small boats of supplies through the surf-battered rocks, hand construction, and constant danger from warring Indians. It took the United States three years to subdue the hostile Makahs, before a lighthouse could be built on Tatoosh Island in 1854. Around 1890 the lighthouses at Carmanah and Pachena Points, and at Cape Beale were built by Canada. The Department of Transport established a Life-saving Station at Bamfield, which has continued its functions after more than a half century of heroic rescues, with a six-man crew and a forty-foot life boat. In 1890 a single wire telephone line was stretched from tree to tree, Victoria to Bamfield. During winter storms trees would be uprooted and broken lines were common. Along the coastal part of this route the Life-saving Trail was maintained with cabins, supplied with medicine kits, blankets, canned food, matches, and dry firewood. Each cabin had a telephone, with instructions for use in several languages. The telephone linemen and the life-saving crew built cable buckets and bridges over canyons, marked trails, and constructed walks over marshes. In winter, when most shipwrecks occurred, there were special patrols on the trail.

As the years passed and navigation was aided with reliable instruments, the trails were in disuse, and maintenance of routes and shelters ceased. The telephone line was no longer necessary with radio communications. There was no safe bay, or sufficient resources to develop settlements. Wilderness rapidly returned to this coastal rain forest.

A few Mountaineers, intrigued by the history of the trail, challenged by its problems, and desirous of exploring it as a possible future group outing, made plans in August 1967 to attempt the Port Renfrew to Bamfield section. This had been partially scouted several years earlier by government crews. However, the night before the Mountaineers were to depart they were notified by

Canadian officials that Vancouver Island had been closed to all non-residents, because of the many uncontrolled forest fires through the south and central parts of the Island. As a consequence the exploratory trip was postponed until August 1968. The later group of six decided to shorten the route, and take the section from Carmanah Point to Bamfield, which had been covered occasionally and would be more feasible in the nine days available for the outing. Weatherwise 1968 had the most plentiful and lengthy rainfall of any year in history. This, added to the already abundant West Coast humidity, increased problems for hikers; there were slick clay cliffs, trail-less, to surmount from beach to headlands, water-heavy underbrush and trees, no open camp spots, and swollen rivers and streams to wade or raft. Only one day and night was without heavy rainfall.

The easiest way to reach Nitinat Lake was by chartered plane, which could be arranged from Seattle, Victoria, Nanaimo, or Port Alberni. However, as this was an exploring trip the wish was to use whatever surface transportation could be found. From Seattle it was by car and ferry to Port Alberni, from where fifty-six miles of private logging roads, rough and unmarked, followed river beds in a circuitous way to Bamfield. These roads were open to the public only Saturdays and Sundays. At Bamfield we made arrangements for parking the cars at a machine shop. We were told not to leave cars or possessions unattended anywhere in this area, because of looting. After a number of inquiries, we arranged to transport the six in a small truck, over fifty-two miles of logging roads to the Nitinat River and down to the head of Nitinat Lake. Here were a few Indian houses, and after negotiating, two motor boats with drivers were hired for transportation down the lake. This fourteen-mile journey would deliver the group to Browns Bay, the site of an inactive logging operation. The long, winding, narrow lake gave an introduction to actual wilderness—no trails, no open areas for campsites, no signs of habitation except the north and south ends. Each afternoon a strong southwest wind blew up through the Narrows, and boat travel was not advised during that time period. The water of the south end becomes salted with incoming tides.

At Browns Bay rolling boom logs served as landing docks, and the hiking started over a rough, but picturesque and easily followed, three-mile trail to the Indian village of Clo-oose. We were warned not to enter buildings, or camp around an Indian village.

Although they might appear abandoned, they were not; all residents might be away, fishing or at a potlatch. In recent years there had been thefts of artifacts by non-Indians, and anyone trespassing might receive Indian retaliation, and the trails through Indian land might be closed to all. From the deserted Indian village a route had to be picked, then a good trail one and a half miles along the Cheewhat River and across a large, sturdy bridge. This was the former non-Indian town of Clo-oose, a heavily timbered spot, fronting a long, wide, light sand, drift-piled beach.

Clo-oose, the only settlement between Port Renfrew and Bamfield, once had a population of over two hundred, as the church, post office, and scattered houses testify. Fishing for the abundant pilchards along this coast was lucrative business and canneries were built on Nitinat Lake and at Clo-oose. For forty years the *Princess Marquima* gave freight and passenger service to Clo-oose. As the freighter lay off-shore, local residents lightered cargo in small boats, through the breakers. In 1913 a real estate promotion spurred the town to new activity, but transportation and landings were severe problems. After a specially built boat was wrecked on Nitinat Narrows bar with heavy loss of life, the development was dropped. Clo-oose, Indian word for "safe landing," belies its name when one finds spars and rusting plates of such once fine ships as the *Skagit*, *Santa Rita*, *Woodrich*, *Persian*, *Continental*, etc. But, as with the ships, Clo-oose glory passed. Mysteriously the pilchards suddenly disappeared, and in 1927 the one industry of the cannery ended. Populations drifted away and presently one or two families remain as summertime residents.

The hikers spent two nights at Clo-oose, the first night in a crowded space under large cedars and a deteriorated boat shed, on the Cheewhat River bank. Neither provided shelter from the heavy rain. The second night was at the beach. During the day a fourteen-mile round trip was made south to Carmanah Point. By careful timing the trip could be made at low tide on the beach, returning through forest along the cliff, on a slow, but generally discernible trail. At Dare Point, named for the schooner *Dare* wrecked here in 1890, we visited a well maintained cabin with two bunks and a workable stove. Around Carmanah Point the beach was a flat sandstone formation in steps and odd patterns. This formed a natural helicopter landing field for Carmanah

Lighthouse, the present day answer for isolated locations. This rock area was named the Cribs.

From Clo-oose the trail northward led along a wooded steep cliff. At one point we dropped through tree roots to the rock paved beach, where wave formed caves were supposed to have Indian writings, but high tide and pressure of hiking time limited exploration. The trail to Whyac Indian village had been mostly a board walk at one time, with bridges over marshland, but the general decayed condition, slippery and missing boards, and broken beams made treacherous footing. When a left fork of the trail showed recent use, we took it. Wading its mud was still faster than periodically breaking through deteriorated wood. At Whyac no one could be found in the homes, but after a search, we saw children playing in the boulders at the beach. A blow-hole near here at the Narrows conveniently gave a throaty announcement at high tide, the only time crossing the bar to the ocean was possible. Salmon were running in Nitinat Narrows and all adults were fishing. When a boat landed to unload beautiful forty-pound salmon, we made arrangements for a two-trip passenger crossing in a dugout with a motor. After landing the



Tsusiat Falls, Southwest ocean strip, Vancouver Island—Loretta Slater

search through heavy growth for what might have been a trail began, and continued for better than sixteen miles (three days) until nearing Pachena Point, where there were trails again. At low tide the beaches were used whenever possible, but the scramble over headlands, climbs up and down slippery clay cliffs, and along greasy-stemmed brush growth, slanting over three hundred foot drops to the waves below, sapped time and energy. Occasionally there were landslides, creating new gullies and necessitating long inland detours. The cable bridges over canyons were in varying stages of treacherous conditions. Single crossings and avoidance of collapsed sections, made the safe crossing of each bridge a matter of celebration, usually a stop to eat the abundant, juicy berries along the way. Cable buckets used by trail crews over rivers were rusted, broken and unusable.

The happiest, and only sunny-day, campsite was on the wide sand beach before Tsusiat Point. After the usual route search through heavy growth, a return to the beach was available, to weathered sculptured rock forms, standing alone and in groups, called the Cowchets. After setting up camp, swimming, cooking, and much washing in the creek, there was low tide time for exploring caves and eroded galleries, including the Hole-in-the-Wall. The following day the rains came again, but the slippery slide down a gully to the beach, and the long struggle back up another, were well rewarded with the sight and sound of beautiful Tsusiat Falls. Tsusiat Lake emptied through a river, and the isolated falls were formed by a better than one hundred foot width of water, rolling over an eighty foot sheer cliff, dropping on the beach. In the winter storms the breakers roll in, temporarily swallowing the entire falls.

Two miles beyond the falls was Klanawa River, and one of the shelter cabins. The two bunks and small floor area necessitated space allotment for six sleeping bags. The walls were lined with attached notes from previous wayfarers over the years. The stove was rusted to uselessness, so rain diluted food was cooked on an outdoor fire. Early morning brought search and consultation. At times the Klanawa River could be waded over a bar near the beach, but the heavy rains left it swollen to over-head depth, with a swift current. We built a raft of cedar logs, scraps, and salvaged telephone wire from the abandoned line. This consumed much of the morning. At Tscowis River the cable bridge was partially collapsed and crossing took much time and caution.

The plan had been to camp on the beach in this location, but steady rain and the crossing of enlarged creeks and rivers, left no water proofing sacred. Food and clothing sloshed in pools inside packs. Boots, socks, and parkas absorbed moisture until oozing, and muscles took on a permanent shiver. We decided to push on to Pachena, where open spaces and real visible trails made luxurious living. The wide forest trail from Pachena Point Lighthouse to the roadend at Pachena Bay was enjoyable. From there the five miles of road walking was more tiring than fighting the brush. But we eventually reached Bamfield, and cars, and dry clothes, and real food. The ending had come to a delightful, and most scenic and adventurous exploration.

Harry and Loretta Slater, leaders; Eunice Darley, Victor Osterberg, Mark Kupperberg, John Stout.

Thanksgiving at the Beach ***Ozette—Cape Alava—Sand Point—Ozette***

November 28 - December 1, 1968

If outings were rated on culinary achievements alone, Thanksgiving at Indian Village 1968 would go down in history as excursion of the century. At the suggestion of the leader, John Stout, each member came prepared for the feast with a Cornish Game hen, variously stuffed. The skeptics' hens were pre-cooked. And all the little birds, some sweet potatoes too, were wrapped in heavy foil for baking in the camp fire.

The excursion was organized informally. There was no gathering at the take-off point at Lake Ozette. Each carload of hikers started down the plank trail to the beach. The trail was rendered treacherous by a long period of wet weather, and planks were slippery. A few late huckleberries provided refreshment along the trail, past Ahlstrom's Prairie, to the beach at Cape Alava, then north about a mile past Takawahyah (otherwise known as Cannonball) Island, to the site of the Washington State University Archeologists' camp. Large tent platforms with plastic A-frames offered some protection. The camp had been much used,

was fairly clean, but in poor repair. It turned out to be far from weather-proof. But the accommodations were commodious and we had the place to ourselves that evening.

We built two good campfires with damp driftwood and creosote piling, before dark descended and the rains started in earnest. At dinner Grace Kent added cranberry relish and pumpkin pie for all. At this time there were eight. Two car campers who had planned to join us for dinner and hike back to Lake Ozette for the night, turned back at the beach due to starting rain, bringing darkness for the return on the hazardous trail. Two other members were to join us next day at Sand Point.

Night descends early on Thanksgiving. The rain and wind discouraged sociability and all retired early to uncertain shelter. A high tide pounded up the bank during the night. By mutual consent the next day we decided to "stay put," for we knew from the sign-out sheet at Lake Ozette that there would be no shelter at Sand Point. The weather improved. All explored the beach north to the Ozette River. Bill Greve hiked to Sand Point and returned, reporting he had been fed a dozen or so pork chops by a party of young boys, neophyte campers who were retreating, wet. Ramona Hammerly filled her kangaroo pocket with glass floats, but none of the rest of us could find any. A black and white bird on the beach, crippled by oil in its feathers, looked like a penguin, but was not. Some fifteen-pound whale vertebrae had been uncovered by the waves in a sandbank near the excavation, probably garbage from an ancient Indian picnic.

The third day four members of the party returned to Lake Ozette for home. The remaining members headed south to Sand Point. On the way near the petroglyphs we met the two members who had gone to Sand Point the second day, now heading north. We told them which were the least leaky tents. The Lake Ozette car campers had been at Sand Point the second day. As expected all shelters at Sand Point were occupied, so for the first time backpack tents were raised. The rains continued but the winds abated.

The fourth day we made a leisurely return trip to Lake Ozette, on a trail which is shorter, more level, and less slippery than the Cape Alava trail. The store-keeper was surprised, "You didn't find any glass balls? Why, after that big storm everybody found some. One hiker had twenty."

We will stick to the culinary criterion. A successful outing.

Ptarmigan Pctraverse Climbers' Outing
July 27-August 11, 1968
Northbound

By CAL MAGNUSSON

Thirty years ago a group of four climbers from the Ptarmigan Climbing Club of Seattle made the first high level traverse from the Suiattle River to Cascade Pass. Several first ascents were made by those early-day climbers, and the route is now commonly known as The Ptarmigan Traverse.

Several peaks in the south-easterly section of the range between Cascade Pass and Glacier Peak are quite remote and thus seldom climbed. One objective of this year's outing was to visit these remote peaks.

To accommodate all persons interested in the outing and to solve the transportation problem, the party was split into two groups. The final party consisted of fifteen persons, eight northbound and seven southbound.

We established a food cache on the ridge east of Spire Point the weekend before the start of the outing. We packed food in five-gallon cans and covered it with rocks to protect it from hungry little animals always present in the mountains. The northbound party made arrangements with a packer, Harold Olson of Arlington, to pack food and gear in to Image Lake.

Friday evening, July 26, the entire party met at the Darrington Ranger Station. Drivers traded cars there so they would have their own cars at the end of the trip. The southbound party, consisting of Al Robinson (leader), Liz Robinson, Toni Stern, Charles Hargraves (team leader), Donna De Shazo, Larry Lewin, and Pat Loveland headed up to Cascade Pass. The northbound party consisting of Cal Magnusson (leader), Joyce Magnusson, Gordon Thomas, John Stern, Phil Stern (team leader), Duke Watson, Del Kohler, and Vern Hudson drove to the end of the Suiattle River road.

It was about 9:45 a.m. when the party started up the 14-mile trail to Image Lake. The first few miles are through virgin forests along the Suiattle River. Canyon Creek shelter was our lunch stop. The trail followed the river valley a few more miles, then

started the long switchback climb to Image Lake on Miners Ridge. The pack train passed us near the crest of the ridge between Miners Ridge Lookout and Image Lake. There were several people camped at Image Lake, but none at the best viewpoint on the north side so we staked our claim at that area.

The sunset was clear, but the lake had a slight ripple so the image was a bit blurred. Sunday morning sunrise was perfect and Image Lake gave us a beautiful reflection of the sunrise on Glacier Peak. After a leisurely breakfast, we loaded our packs for the first time and tried them for size. They were all too heavy, nevertheless we headed up the trail toward Canyon Lake.

A short rest stop at the ridge crest gave everyone a chance to adjust packs, remove extra clothing, put on sun cream, take pictures, nibble trail food, or do anything else one does during a short stop. The trail makes a long traverse down across heather slopes and rock slides to the head of the south fork of Canyon Creek. After crossing the creek, the trail enters a forest area for the contour to the middle fork of Canyon Creek. We stopped at the middle fork where all except John and Vern (who continued on to Canyon Lake) left the heavy packs and set off to climb Sitting Bull Mountain. The route to Sitting Bull was up the stream bed to broad heather slopes, then across a large snowfield to the col just south of the peak. A short snow traverse and easy rock scrambling on the south face led to the summit. The view was spectacular, and we could see a large number of the peaks on our climb list. It looked rugged, but inviting.

Back down at our packs we started the long grinding climb out of timber to the rock and heather bench that leads across to Canyon Lake. John and Vern had located a campsite downstream from the Lake on a small knoll. It was a relief to get our heavy packs off, but there was still work to do setting up camp and preparing supper before we could go to bed.

Since we got to bed quite late, we slept in until 7 the next morning. Breakfast, breaking camp, and packing up seemed to take about two hours most of the time.

An old trail still remains as far as Totem Pass. It may have been made by prospectors many years ago, but now is used by deer, goats, and occasionally by hikers.

Beyond Totem Pass the route was on snow and rock with one fairly steep descent below a rock buttress, then a long traverse to the Hanging Gardens of Ross Pass. Phil, John, and Vern continued on to the Hanging Gardens while the rest of the party

made a side trip to Bannock Mountain, a good viewpoint for the route from Ross Pass to Blue Lake. Agnes Mountain looked steep, but we knew it had been climbed at least once.

The Hanging Gardens are a series of benches, knolls, potholes, and meadows near Ross Pass. The snow had barely gone off so flowers were not too plentiful, but even so it was a beautiful area. Our tents were pitched on a flat grassy turf so we didn't really need any padding under our sleeping bags.

The following day we followed the ridge beyond Ross Pass to a lower saddle, then climbed the ridge to a notch at about 7,400 feet, where we crossed onto a broad snowfield. A long descending traverse on snow, rock, and heather brought us to Blue Lake. The lake was still frozen and almost surrounded with snow, but we found one fairly flat heather ridge just west of the outlet that was large enough for both tents.

Wednesday we got up early for the climb of Agnes. After breakfast Cal, Gordon, Joyce, Duke, and Phil set out. The others stayed in camp to scout the route to the Chickamin Glacier later that day.

From the Blue-Agnes saddle, the whole west face of Agnes was visible, so we could study possible routes. We followed the ridge crest around to the 6,800 foot saddle south of the peak, from which we made a long climbing traverse on the west side of the ridge. The route reached the ridge crest again at a small saddle on the highest part of the ridge south of the peak. A 200 foot descent on loose talus brought us to the last saddle. After a short lunch stop we traversed a broad snowfield, then climbed past a snow-filled couloir to a steep, wide chimney. We used a piton and runner for safety as the top of the chimney was overhanging and the holds a bit skimpy. Beyond the chimney an easy scramble put us on the summit. The only evidence of previous climbers was a small cairn, presumably built by the first ascent party. We may have been the second party to make the climb of Agnes. A long rappel made the descent of the chimney much easier than the ascent. We were back in camp before the sun set and finished with supper as the last light faded from the peaks.

The next day we climbed the easy snow slopes to the ridge south of Blue Mountain. Since the sun had not softened the snow yet on the west side of the ridge, we donned crampons and rope for the descent to our campsite at the 7,200 foot level just below Blue. We leveled tent sites and set up tents.

About 2 in the afternoon we decided to try Blue. We reached the schrund between the south and middle peaks; it looked impassable so we descended a steep snow slope about 50 feet to where we could jump across the moat to a broad rock ledge. It was easy scrambling up a dark dike to the notch between the north and middle peaks. After a couple of false leads, we found a route to the summit. Cal, John, and Gordon reached the summit, but lacking time and energy, Joyce and Duke remained at the notch. Phil, Del, and Vern remained in camp. It was quite dark when we got back to camp, and we ate by candlelight.

Friday morning all but Duke, John, and Vern set out to climb Sinister. A snow bridge and very steep slope above led to the broad snowfield in the col. From the col, we traversed to the south side on an easy snowfield and got onto the rock at the first notch below the summit. A narrow ledge made a switchback onto easier rock for an enjoyable scramble to the summit. Alpine flowers were in full bloom all along the route, as they were on most of the peaks. Early August is probably the best time of the year to enjoy the colorful blossoms. We all got down safely and made the long traverse across the Chickamin to camp. The sunset was the most beautiful of the entire trip.

We got up fairly early the next morning and packed up to move. We had a good view of the Chickamin Glacier and Dome Peak from the summit of Blue so we figured out a good route before we started. We encountered no difficulties to the 8,600 foot saddle near the summit of Dome Peak. Leaving heavy packs at the saddle, all climbed the remaining 300 feet to the summit, making this the only peak climbed by the entire party. We could see the route down Dome Glacier and through the low saddle to Dana Glacier.

The Dana Glacier is steeper than where we camped on the Chickamin so we had to excavate more to get level tent platforms. There was running water on top of the glacier near camp; we never did have to melt snow to get water.

Sunday morning, August 4, we used our last breakfast, then all but Vern headed up the Dana to our cache near Spire Point. As we neared the top of the Dana we saw four packs near the cache. They were from Chuck Hargraves' team. The cache was opened and their cans were gone. We sorted ours out, and headed on up to climb Spire Point. Chuck, Larry, Donna, and Pat were just starting up so waited for us. We learned that Al and Liz

Robinson and Toni Stern had turned back after reaching Kool-Aid Lake.

After a pleasant climb of Spire Point with the southbound party, we descended the Dana to our camp and packed up to move on to White Rock Lakes. Fog was moving in so at times route finding was a bit difficult among the snow patches and rock slabs below the Dana. We descended to the base of cliffs, then traversed around the head of the valley to climb the green slopes and rock slides to the bench containing White Rock Lakes. The fog closed in solid and night was fast approaching so we stopped on a small sloping heather knob. Some of us went out ahead scouting for a better campsite while the rest of the party caught up. We located no better site, so we pitched the tents, then spent a good part of the night climbing back up from the lower wall of the tent.

The next day was declared a rest day so we slept in late. When the fog lifted a bit after breakfast, we moved camp up to a level spot near the lower lake. Several of the eager ones in the party hiked up the Lizard just in case the fog might clear enough to get a view. It didn't.

Tuesday morning was a little better. Cal, Joyce, Gordon, and Duke set out to climb Sentinel and Old Guard. As we started across the South Cascade Glacier we saw two figures approaching from down the glacier. They were members of the glacier research party living in the hut beside the glacier. We talked for a few minutes then continued to the summit of Sentinel. It is an easy scramble on the west side. The fog lifted a little at times but the Dana was soaked in.

The snow was very good for step kicking so we made good time around the ridge separating the South Cascade Glacier from the LeConte Glacier. A snow gully, rock ledge, and easy rock scramble brought us to the summit of Old Guard. The fog lifted and we had a beautiful view of Agnes, Blue (Gunsight), Sinister, and Dome, though Spire Point was still in fog. The snow was quite soft for our return so we descended to the low col between LeConte and South Cascade Glaciers and put in a traverse route to use the next morning in case the surface froze during the night.

The rest of the party had visited the glacier research hut and decided to climb Sentinel on the way back. Phil and Del reached the summit.

We awoke Wednesday morning to clear sunny skies. The Dana

was shouting across the valley to us as huge masses of ice broke off and crashed down the rocky cliffs to the valley floor. We packed up and headed up across the South Cascade Glacier. The snow was quite hard so the steps from the previous day made the traverse easy without crampons.

The upper LeConte Glacier is easy but it gradually steepens until it is too steep to walk down comfortably. The icy patches didn't help any either. A group of climbers from the U. of W. were coming up the glacier so we traded steps and continued on. The steep snow slopes beyond the glacier are tiring as one leg gradually becomes longer than the other.

Cal, Joyce, Gordon, and Duke took a side trip up LeConte Mountain while the others continued on to Yang Yang Lakes. The ascent took about an hour from the snow field; with a short cut we made it back down in a little over two hours.

A sort of trail leads down from the ridge crest to the large rock slide just south of Yang Yang Lakes. Our camp was located between the lakes. It was our most beautiful campsite since leaving Image Lake, but also the worst for mosquitoes and flies.

We had another rest day, hot, and sunny. Most of the party took a bath of some sort in the lower lake. The water was just a few degrees above freezing so no one stayed in long.

Friday morning, Cal, Joyce, Gordon, and Del climbed Formidable. After crossing the broad snowfield south of the Formidable east ridge, we followed a snow gully and moat up to a notch in the ridge. We followed the ridge and south slopes to the summit. It was all fairly easy except one steep chimney which we all rappelled.

It was dark by the time we got back to camp. The moon over LeConte Glacier was reflected in the lake, and the insects were less bothersome so there was some compensation to our late return.

Saturday morning we headed up around the cirque below Formidable to the Spider-Formidable Col. Cal, Duke, Gordon, and Joyce decided to climb Spider, so after a short lunch break we crossed the glacier to the north ridge of Spider while the rest of the party continued down the glacier and on to Kool-Aid Lake. The rock is rotten on Spider, but on the ridge there was little danger from rockfall unless the whole mountain fell apart. We reached the summit and left our last register. We were happy to get off the rubble pile and onto the glacier. We had dinner by candlelight again as we used our last dinner.

The party (northbound-southbound) placed new registers on nine peaks: Agnes, Blue, Sinister, Spire Point, Sentinel, Old Guard, LeConte, Formidable, and Spider. Dome Peak had a new register on its summit.

Sunday morning we slept until 8 and were ready for the last leg of our journey by 10. A fair trail has been developed up over Cache Col by the many hikers going to and from Kool-Aid Lake. We stopped for lunch at Cascade Pass, then descended the thirty-six switchbacks on the easy trail to the parking lot. A stop at the Ranger Station to sign in and we were on our way home.

Ptarmigan Traverse Outing: II

Southbound

By DONNA De SHAZO

The southbound party of the 1968 Ptarmigan Traverse climbers' outing started the journey at Cascade Pass Saturday morning, July 27, slightly uncertain both as to how to spell Ptarmigan and how to recognize one.

The party consisted of two teams—Al (leader) and Elizabeth Robinson and Toni Stern in the first, and Charles Hargraves (leader), Larry Lewin, Patricia Loveland and Donna DeShazo in the second. Trip schedules called for the party to go from Cascade Pass to the end of the Suiattle River road below Image Lake by Sunday, August 11 to pick up cars left there by Cal Magnusson and the northbound group. Both parties had established a food cache near Spire Point prior to the trip.

Warm sunshine led the way up interminable switchbacks to Cascade Pass, south along a rock-snow-heather traverse skirting Mixup and through Cache Col to our first night's camp, at Kool-Aid Lake (6120 feet). Sunset's pink glow on the massive glaciers on Formidable to the south and on the jumbled Illabot Range peaks to the west made this an appropriate alpine camping spot.

Here the party was reduced in size. Toni had had a cold which worsened, so she and the Robinsons decided to stay another day at Kool-Aid Lake, then return to the cars. They planned to meet the other team at the food cache the following Friday.

Led by Chuck, the other team set off for the Spider-Formidable col, via the infamous "Red Ledge"—which proved simple to cross once beyond the short stretch of steep snow guarding the entrance to the ledge. Side-hilling along steep ribs of gravel lightly held together by dirt, with the broken-up icefall of the Middle Cascade Glacier below, was a test for both ankles and nerves as we worked up to the col. We were impressed by the view south from the col, stretching across the Flat Creek valley and up the broad LeConte Glacier to Sentinel and Old Guard; this was also our first view of Blue Mountain, resembling from this angle an alert German Shepherd dog.

Descending from the col, we chose a pleasant heather knob at about 6400 feet as a convenient base camp for Spider and possibly Formidable. Even with all members of the party in fairly good shape, the warm weather and heavy packs (50-60 pounds each) were tiring, so we postponed climbing for a day.

Masses of clouds boiled in from the west during the night Sunday. The next morning we chose to climb Spider first, rather than Formidable. Our route led east along Spider's base, then up a gully with 35-40° snow at the top, followed by increasingly rotten rock. In three hours we made the west summit (8200 feet), adding our scrap of paper to those in the battered film-can register. Crossing an easy ridge to the east summit, we found it identical to the west in height. The north side of Spider's summit ridge was marked by a magnificent cornice, arched like the ceiling of a concert stage.

Descending the same route we again shouldered packs and traversed beneath Formidable to Yang Yang Lakes (6194 feet). All agreed the camp spot at the lakes was among the most beautiful any of us had seen in the mountains—snow patches contrasting with heather meadows and jewel-blue waters, and a circular panorama of mountain scenery framed by nearby clusters of green trees. Looking back at Spider, we found our heather-knob camp had merged into vertical green walls. The snow-gully route appeared, from this angle, to be unclimbable.

The sky was clear the next morning (Tuesday), so three of us headed for Formidable. Pat stayed in camp to rest. Armed with climbing notes from the 1963 Traverse party, we went

west below the mountain's many summits, appreciating the bite of crampons in the morning-hard snow. On one stretch a goat ran full tilt immediately ahead of us across the snow, not at all hampered by his lack of crampons. Working our way up through the rock, we made the summit seven and one-half hours after leaving camp. On the summit, our view stretched from Eldorado on the north to Glacier Peak on the south. During the three and one-half hour descent, a flake that the first two used as a foothold without incident broke off as Chuck stood on it, leaving him hanging by one arm over a rather messy-looking moat. He found a handhold where none had been before and scrambled to safety in the only near-accident of the entire trip. Our lakeside camp was a welcome sight that night.

Four men also staying at the lakes pointed out to us a goat-trail route short-cutting through cliffs above the lakes, leading to meadows below LeConte. So, opting for an easy day after the bout with Formidable we moved camp up to the 6600-foot meadow on Wednesday. That afternoon we climbed LeConte (7800 feet) in about one and one-half hours, leaving the main snowfield below its top and contouring west to the summit via two main rock ledges. Viewed from LeConte, South Cascade Lake, described as "pea green" by the '63 party, now appears a dull brown.

The following day the party moved across lower LeConte Glacier and ascended to the col below Sentinel. As we crested the glacier, we were startled to spot two bearded young men strolling along, unroped, with shovels sprouting out of their packs, wearing battered shirts lettered "Property of U.S. Glaciological Survey." They were this year's contingent of government glaciologists stationed on the South Cascade Glacier, a group which has been greeting and entertaining Traverse parties for several years. We were eagerly welcomed as the first group these two had seen this year.

We switched to climbing packs at Sentinel Col and climbed Old Guard (8150 feet). The summit register (a rusty tobacco can) held notes from the 1935 first-ascent party and the original Ptarmigan Traverse party in 1938. Descending, we moved along the upper South Cascade Glacier and climbed Sentinel (8200 feet), dodging rocks kicked down by two goats peering disapprovingly from the summit ridge.

The next camp spot, White Rock Lakes, was reached by late afternoon and we declared the following day as one of rest.

Chuck's idea of rest was to climb nearby Lizard Mountain; the others settled for a dawdling tour of the three lakes, two of which were still frozen. One of the U.S.G.S. men arrived and took pictures of our party to go in a film he was making for the government on water resources and use.

It was in the White Rock area that the first real, feathered Ptarmigans of the trip were spotted. Here, also, we saw wildflowers in abundance for the first time. Hummingbirds and various bees and bugs were with us all along. We meadow-sat for a time, looking across the Agnes Creek valley at the wrinkled expanses of the Dana and Chickamin glaciers, crowned by Dome and the jagged peaks below Spire.

Saturday, clouds and light rain chased us across the traverse below White Rock Lakes and up the Dana to the 7800-foot cache. We were dismayed to find that varmints had packed off several lunches stored outside the tin cache cans. We also found notes from the Robinsons, who had been there the day before. Toni's cold had not improved; the Robinsons decided not to wait for us, but left food that replaced much of that lost to the animals.

Cold wind and low clouds that afternoon suggested postponing the planned climb of Spire Point. Late that afternoon we saw the northbound group camped on the lower Dana Glacier. We also saw, from rocks above the cache, the route they had taken earlier in the day on nearby Dome Peak—and the large blocks of snow from a slide that later had crossed their tracks.

Cal's group caught up with us about half-way up Spire the next day. We visited and traded information on routes, climbs, camps and bathwater availabilities. The groups then parted; Cal's headed for White Rock Lakes, ours toward Dome Peak.

Descending part way down the Dana, we crossed through at 7200 feet to the other portion of the glacier, via a steep notch with rock that alternately flowed greasily and crumbled into dust when stepped on. Clouds that had been forming thickened and descended to boot level out on the glacier, so we camped in the first relatively flat, protected spot.

The weather had not improved the next morning, Monday, as we again tried to ascend the glacier. Faced with the impossibility of finding a route through the large crevasses with almost zero visibility, we retraced our steps through the miserable notch and back up to the cache site. Here the continued cold, wind and fog, plus our sagging spirits, dictated a retreat to the warmer elevation of nearby Cub Lake (5338 feet) to wait out the weather.

Cub Lake, a bit grubby from overuse as a camp spot by fishermen, was foggy but more hospitable than the glacier. During the enforced rest day we toured nearby Itswoot Lake, a deep, clear-water lake with a beautiful waterfall where the outlet stream of Cub flows into it.

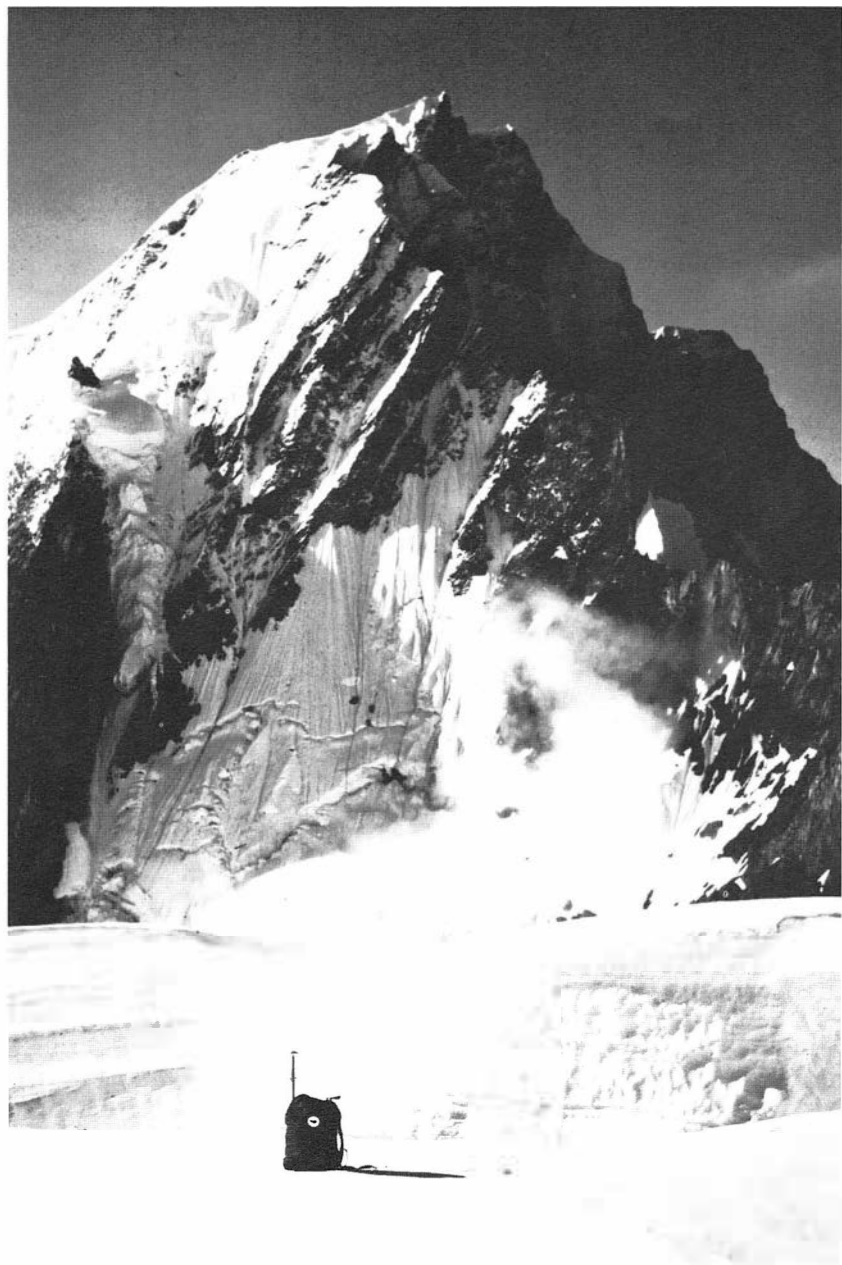
The weather cleared the next day, Wednesday, so we left camp for Dome about 7 a.m., reaching the 8360-foot summit via the Dome Glacier in about six hours of pleasant climbing. The summit ridge matched the description given us earlier by Cal's party "an exposed walk." As we sat on this ridge, we knew Dome was our last peak of the Traverse trip. To the east lay Sinister, Blue and Agnes, peaks we were scheduled to climb but which would have to be done another time. The foggy weather and the descent to Cub Lake meant we'd lost the several days' margin needed to reach Image Lake before Sunday.

Returning to camp, we decided to head back to Seattle the next day. As a final fling, we staged the Traverse version of a Roman orgy that night by eating a double dinner, complete with two desserts. All went to bed stuffed.

While stirring around camp that last day, we saw three people coming down the steep slope to the lake—the first humans (ourselves being beyond that state) we'd seen since leaving Cal's group four days earlier. One, who appeared from a distance to be wearing a sort of miniskirt, was a considerably pregnant girl. Her strength, if not her wisdom, was admirable in tackling the rough 14-mile trudge up from Downey Creek campground.

We started down the same 14-mile stretch the next day, Thursday, still carrying three days' food and dreading the third tour of this trail we'd had on the food-cache trip. Surprisingly, the mud holes were dryer, the streams lower and the crossing-logs bigger than before. The trip took a little over seven hours. Chuck and Larry hiked the 2.7 miles to the end of the Suiattle River road and returned with the car while the others scrubbed in chilly Downey Creek.

Next stop was for a non-freeze-dried steak dinner topped with pie and real coffee. The restaurant's soft seats were appreciated, but the array of silverware was bewildering and the world seemed exceptionally noisy after our 13 days in the wilderness. Surrounded by hatted and gloved women, clean-shaven, starched men, and newspaper headlines about politicians barely remembered, we felt somewhat reluctant to re-enter civilization.



Ambition Mountain from Mount Endeavor—Vern Ainardi

First Ascents in the Coast Range of British Columbia

By JIM WILSON

On July 31, 1967, Steve Sickles, Steve Hodge, Vern Ainardi and I left Wrangell, Alaska, for a three week expedition to the Coast Mountains of British Columbia. We made six first ascents in a large group of unclimbed peaks about 100 miles east north-east of Wrangell, Alaska. The peaks are located at approximately $57\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}\text{N}$., $131\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}\text{W}$., on the east side of the Stikine River from the Mount Ratz group. The highest peak is Ambition Mountain (9703).

Going inland up the Stikine River the precipitation steadily decreases. The glaciation east of the river, although less than that on the coastal side, is still quite extensive and the peaks are rugged and present many challenging climbs. In 21 days of climbing we had 12 days of cloudless sunshine and only 5 days of rainy weather.

The Ambition Group is located on the Telegraph Creek sheet, 104G (1:250,000), is covered by air photos, and is presently being mapped at 15' for mining purposes (104G/6E $\frac{1}{2}$, 104G/7W $\frac{1}{2}$). We were flown in by float plane from Wrangell, Alaska, to our base camp at Yehiniko Lake, about 15 miles northeast of Ambition Mountain. We transported our equipment in relays from Yehiniko Lake to the Scud Glacier. This is a valley glacier some 17 miles long, and all the peaks we wished to climb surrounded its upper reaches. The best route we found was over the sand bars and through the brush of a glacial creek draining into Yehiniko Lake. From the head of the glacial creek we mounted an unnamed glacier via its medial moraine, and proceeded over a pass to the Scud Glacier, where we established our central cache of supplies.

Only three peaks in the group were named: Ambition Mountain (9703), Endeavour Mountain (9300), and Dokdaon Mountain (ca. 8500). Throughout the trip we used only one four-man tent. Each of the three peaks were one-day climbs. In each case we camped at the base of the peak, drawing supplies from our centrally-located cache.

To climb Ambition Mountain we camped at the base of its east southeast ridge. After a late start we climbed a snow-ice couloir, using one ice screw, to a glacial plateau. We traversed to just below the south ridge. Here we debated taking a snow route up the east ridge instead of the rock south ridge. We chose the rock ridge. Just as Steve Sickles and I climbed onto the rock crest of the south ridge, we triggered a small slab avalanche. It just missed Hodge but knocked Ainardi over. Fortunately his leg caught in a small crevasse and he was not carried on down to the bergschrund.

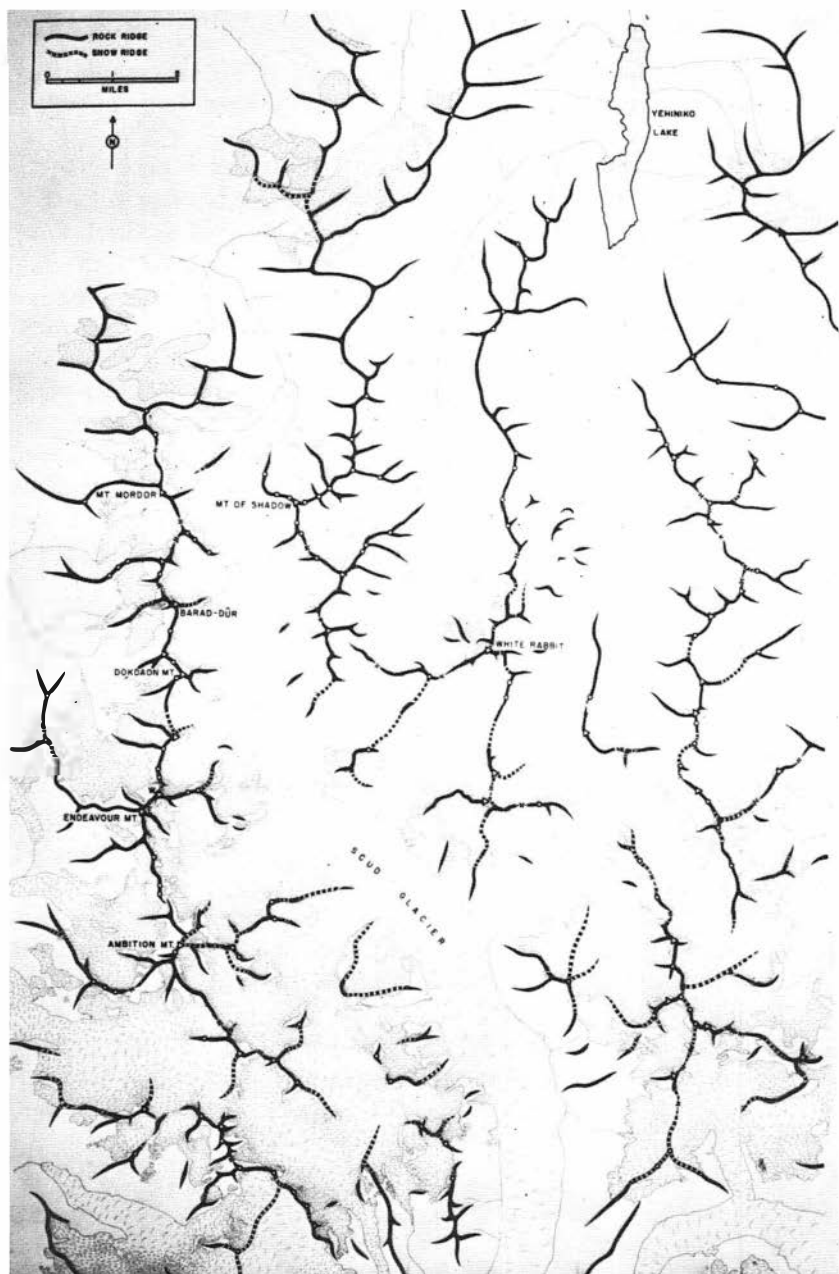
The rock ridge started out with beautiful slabs, but degenerated into exposed rotten rock. This required some belaying. The corniced summit ridge had a steep snow-ice slope, dropping 3000 feet to the glacier below. We traversed this to the summit, a 50-foot pinnacle of rotten rock. From the summit, the north face of Ambition falls 4000 feet to Scud Glacier; an ascent from this side would be very difficult. The entire climb, 5200 vertical feet, required 11½ hours, and one bivouac (which could be avoided by an earlier start).

The next day we moved camp to the base of the east southeast ridge of Endeavour Mountain and the following day we climbed the east peak of Endeavour by a steep snow couloir on the south face, only to find that the west peak was slightly higher. A snow-storm prevented us from continuing over to it and we retreated to our camp. The storm confined us to our tent for three days. During this time crevasses opened under our tent, but Hodge, a glaciologist, tried to assure us that there was not too much danger. Vern's log for August 11 reads:

No rain—clouds breaking. Light snow on upper rocks. We aren't going to do anything so I rappelled 60 feet into a crevasse and retrieved my breakfast bag which I threw in by mistake. Also retrieved Steve Sickles' ice axe from the water hole. Washed and changed underwear—dried everything.

From camp we climbed the west peak of Endeavour by ascending a snow couloir and traversing under the east southeast ridge onto a glacial plateau, thus avoiding an impassable icefall. From the glacial plateau we climbed the southeast ridge, Class Two to Three.

Dokdaon Mountain required about four hours from a camp at the base of the southeast ridge. There were 3200 feet of vertical climbing, about half of it up an easy ice fall and the rest of good



Map of climbing area prepared by Steve Hodge

rock, Class Two to Three. The east peak is higher and easier. Just north of the summit is a large unclimbed finger (Class Five).

At this point we had climbed the three named peaks in the area. We named the other peaks we climbed from J.R.R. Tolkien's trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings*. We continued to climb from our Dokdaon camp. On August 15, Vern Ainardi and I climbed the Mountain of Shadow (ca. 8000), a long serrated peak of many summits and deep gullies. The ascent was up the southwest face via a system of Class Three gullies and ridges. The following day Steve Hodge and I made an ascent of Barad-Dur (The Dark Tower). This involved an interesting climb up through an ice fall, followed by Class Four climbing on sound rock. The same day Vern and Steve Sickles climbed Mount Mordor (ca. 8350), a large ominous-looking mountain at the north end of Scud Glacier. Ascent was made from the east side, Class Three to Four climbing on good rock, with one Class Five pitch.

The next day we moved camp back up to the pass through which we had come fourteen days before. We intended to climb the peak lying just east of the pass. However, early the next morning a storm moved in on us and White Rabbit Peak, as we had named it, still remains unclimbed. Instead we returned to Yehiniko Lake through heavy rain.

The day of our rendezvous with the float plane dawned clear; we returned to Wrangell and proceeded to compensate for 21 days of freeze-dried food. In Wrangell our party split. Steve Sickles went south via Prince Rupert to climb in the Selkirks and Vern Ainardi returned to Seattle. Steve Hodge and I went north to Haines, Alaska, and hitch-hiked back to Seattle via the Alaska highway.

Due to the good weather we were able to make six first ascents—twice as many as we planned. This, however, is only a fraction of the unclimbed peaks in the area east of the Stikine River, many of which are accessible from Yehiniko Lake.



L to R: Dokdaon Mountain, Barad-Dur, Mount Mordor; Steve Sickles on Scud Glacier—Jim Wilson



Summit Ridge, Ambition Mountain—Steve Hodge

The Dry Olympics

By ARNOLD BLOOMER

Exploring the cirques and ridges to the north of Mount Constance and east of Warrior Peak is almost painfully slow.

In 1958 Keith Spencer, Bob Oram and I climbed three short pinnacles of Alphabet Ridge, the first east-west ridge north of Warrior Peak. That October, Spencer, Oram, Kent Heathershaw and Bob McKee ascended the northeast ridge of Constance and descended the standard route.

In 1961, on a climb of Inner Constance, I noticed and photographed the spectacular south face of the highest peak on the ridge east of Warrior. We came to call this the Brave, as it is the main summit of Warrior Arm.

I became interested in this area again about 1966 after mulling over the approach problem for some time. Here was a 6900-foot, unclimbed peak visible from Bremerton. It has only one approach that does not involve several thousand feet of up and down.

I tried the low approach in the spring of 1967. I left the Tunnel Creek logging road where it crossed the north fork and worked my way along the north bank to the junction with the stream flowing from Charlia Lakes. These two miles took approximately three hours and were about the same as exploratory trips to Lake Elenore on the west side of Mount Washington.

Carrying only a day pack, I turned around with probably another two hours of travel needed to reach the base of the north ridge of Constance. This was not a pack-in route yet. We did not wish to wait for the loggers to push a road in through the four and five-foot diameter hemlocks of the north fork, so decided to try Spencer's Constance approach. Two miles up the Tunnel Creek trail from the present trailhead, we turned right to hit a broad 5000-foot saddle in the ridge, and descended 1200 feet to camp at the base of Mount Constance. Next day we crossed the valley and ascended a 6000-foot knob we called the Squaw. It is the second peak from the east on Warrior Arm. Between our peak and the Brave, several teeth protruded through the mist.

We descended 500 feet to the glacial cirque between Warrior

Arm and Alphabet Ridge, northeast of Warrior. We reached the base of the peaks east of the Brave about 10 a.m., but after calculating the 4900 vertical feet of travel to the car, 2700 of that with full packs, we went home.

We spent winter and spring of 1967-68 in aerial reconnaissance and discussion of the four approaches: Lake Constance, Crystal Pass and the Constance Glacier; the 1967 approach; the 1967 Tunnel Creek try; or an approach from Boulder shelter in the upper Dungeness valley. The encroachment of logging roads to within six miles of Boulder shelter made that the easy way in.

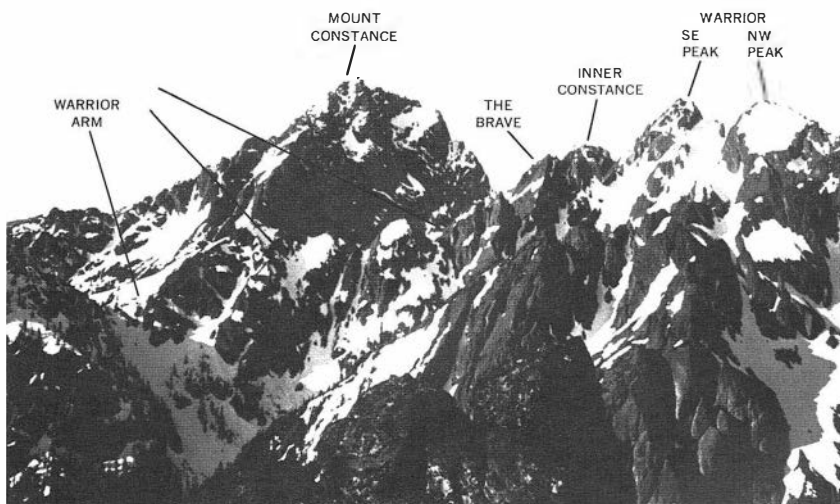
"Well, there's the Brave." It was 5:30 p.m., July 4, 1968. Harold Pinsch, Bob Latz, Glenn Kelsey and I were on the southeast summit of Warrior looking down at the west face of the Brave. It had taken us 20 minutes from the saddle between the two peaks of Warrior where Keith Spencer was waiting. Our approach, following a 9:30 a.m. departure from Boulder shelter had been two and one-half miles on the Home Lake trail to the park boundary, then up meadow and a disgusting scree slope for 1600 feet to the saddle between Alphabet Ridge and Warrior. Two Class Four pitches took us to the summit. We found our way down the southeast face to the saddle between the two summits. We held a short council on plans for the morrow, and returned to camp via the standard route off Warrior in one and one-half hours, despite having climbed after three miles of packing-in the same morning.

At 11:00 a.m. on July 5, Spencer, Kelsey, Latz and I ate lunch and gazed at the gully system on the west face of the Brave. We reached this spot by following the Charlia Lakes way-trail from near Boulder shelter to the 6500-foot saddle, turning right over Alphabet ridge, descending to 5500 feet at the base of Lone Tree Peak and ascending the snow to the Brave-Warrior saddle at 6000 feet.

We reached a gully just left of the saddle via a left traverse on the face which we followed to a shoulder one and one-half rope lengths up. An easy staircase led pleasantly left to scramble cracks leading to the summit. We were surrounded on three sides by peaks considerably higher than our peak. The fourth side looked at the ridge of last year's approach and the short spectacular canyon of the north fork of Tunnel Creek. The north face of Constance and the unclimbed east face of Warrior dominated the scene. Return to camp under sunny skies was surprisingly easy.

Next day Kelsey and Pinsch made the second ascent of Ex and Zee Spires ten years after the first ascent. We scrambled farther out Alphabet Ridge for a view of numerous pillow lava spires and towers hung onto the edge of Alphabet and Boulder Ridges.

That evening we relaxed, watching the smoke drift from our campfire. It had been slow going over the years, but we had made our climb.



Looking southeast from Ridge of Gargoyles—Keith Spencer

The Ridge of Gargoyles

By KEITH SPENCER

It was hard to believe, gazing across the blue sunlit expanse separating us from Mount Constance, that it was the 5th of November. The illusion was further heightened by the spectacle of my climbing companions snoozing in the sun on the summit. Kent Heathershaw was clad in a bright yellow T-shirt; Roy Etten wore no shirt at all. This was a far cry from our earlier down parka expectations. But let's start from the beginning.

The northeast corner of the Olympics, except for Mount Constance, is seldom visited by alpine climbers. This has always been surprising to me because the area offers first rate climbing on fairly good rock, the Olympics' best weather and spectacular scenery. For whatever reason, this area has generally been overlooked by most climbers and until recently several groups of fairly high summits in the area had remained untouched. One of these, the Ridge of Gargoyles, rises from the headwaters of the south fork of the upper Quilcene River.

I first visited the area twenty years ago when several fledgling climbers including myself attempted the easternmost high summit on the ridge. We weren't successful that day; to put it bluntly, we got lost. Why we never went back to the area is a moot question. Perhaps in youthful exuberance we went on to greater things. More than likely we weren't exactly turned on by the eight-mile trail and ensuing extended brush crash. At any rate the event was relegated to the obscure reaches of my mind for many seasons.

In early fall of 1967, during a typical period of inclement weather, I got to thinking about new areas to explore and new peaks to climb. There are few such challenges left in the Olympic Range. My thoughts returned to the upper Quilcene area we had visited so many years earlier. It didn't seem possible that the area could still be virgin, particularly since the trail distance was now less than three miles from the end of the recently extended Quilcene River road. A short reconnaissance reaffirmed my belief that the Ridge of Gargoyles offered at least four summits worthy

of a closer look. Bad weather put an end to our immediate plans and I privately doubted whether we could get into the area before winter set in for good. However, on November first, the weather cleared. It turned unbelievably warm, and as if by magic all traces of new snow disappeared. On the spur of the moment we decided to give the Gargoyles a go. Since the daylight hours were short we picked on the easternmost and closest summit.

THE TURRET

The morning was clear and exhilaratingly crisp. The only sound as we hiked along was the crunching of hoarfrost under our boots. We left the trail where it leaves the Quilcene River to climb steeply to Marmot Pass. It proved relatively easy going along the north river bank as we picked our way through a fine stand of fir and hemlock. At the river fork we turned south following the icicle-draped south fork. Shortly above this point we passed under a water cascade rimmed with ice, truly a beautiful sight. We climbed alongside the waterfall and then climbed southerly to the saddle between our rather massive objective and its sharply spired westerly neighbor. The going was surprisingly good except for occasional warfare with a variety of low prickly shrubs. From the saddle a short interesting rock climb led to the ridge and bright-warm sunshine, a pleasant contrast to the chill shade of the north side. We soon reached the vertical step below what was thought to be the false summit. After peering unhappily down several evil looking couloirs on the south side, it was decided that the best possibilities lay in a traverse along the upper north face. While somewhat exposed, the traverse proved to be both pleasant and surprisingly easy; after that it was a walk. To our delight there was no evidence of previous ascent. We quickly dubbed this 6300-foot peak the Turret and settled down to view some of the wildest alpine scenery I have ever seen. The north face of Mount Constance swept several thousand feet in vertical fall. Inner Constance and Warrior Peak looked only a little less imposing and the spines of Alphabet Ridge added balance to the picture.

We reached the car shortly before dark, tired but well pleased. It had been a day that I would long remember.

UPPER GARGOYLE

On July 9, 1968 Etten, Heathershaw and I were together again under the Ridge of Gargoyles, this time camped just below the

water cascade mentioned earlier. Our goal was the highest summit on the ridge, but as the mists swirled through camp the possibilities for the morning appeared increasingly dismal. We couldn't see the tops of nearby trees, let alone the mountains around us: hardly an auspicious omen for success on a new peak in a new area. As night approached it got increasingly gloomy. Suddenly about 8:00 the skies dramatically and totally cleared. We climbed a few yards above camp to be greeted by an inspiring view. The sun's last rays shone rose-orange on Turret and Minaret to the south. To the north the peaks were purple in the dusk. We even got a partial view of our objective; its north face looked steep. We retired feeling optimistic about tomorrow.

It was clear as we started for the summit. The first hour was distinctly unpleasant, as our way was continuously impeded by thorny brush. Happily we soon reached the partially wooded upper valley; this was a big improvement. Eventually we broke into the upper basin just under our objective. It appeared a worthy opponent. The north face was very steep, and snow couloirs on the east end were steep enough to discourage their use except as a last resort. We quickly decided to climb to the broad saddle separating our objective from the more northerly Boulder Ridge, and to inspect the west side. On reaching the saddle, we discovered that the west side was worse than either the north or east. The only apparent weakness was a fairly steep snow couloir bisecting the lower part of the northwest corner.

We started up the snow, but it soon became icy and we moved to the rock beside it. The rock looked horrible—typical Olympic pillow lava, but each basketball-sized pillow looked ready to fall out if one so much as looked at it. Fortunately we discovered that the rock was actually much sounder than it looked.

After several leads we reached the head of the couloir and discovered the key to the entire climb, a cleft-like chimney leading to the left, out of the couloir onto the upper north face. We climbed out of the chimney, up several exposed rock pitches and onto the ridge below the summit.

It was a rewarding climb, but even more rewarding was the absence of any trace of previous ascent. We christened this 6400-foot peak Upper Gargoyle, then sat down to view the majesty of Constance and its neighbors to the south.

Liberty Wall—Mount Rainier

REPORTED By PAUL MYHRE

An account of our new route on the north side of Mount Rainier, climbed June 29-30, 1968 by Roger Oborn, Don Jones and Paul Myhre, is as follows:

Liberty Wall is a large cirque wall between Liberty Ridge and Ptarmigan Ridge, below the Liberty Cap Glacier on Liberty Cap itself.

On the 29th we left our car at Mowich Lake, hiking through Spray Park to the Russell Glacier, where we spent the night at about 8,300 feet elevation on a "ramp" between the Carbon Glacier and Russell Glacier.

After a late start at 3 a.m., we headed for the large schrund at the west head of the Carbon Glacier. Towering above the cirque wall was the Liberty Cap Glacier, ice walls overhanging. We ascended straight between Liberty Ridge and Ptarmigan Ridge. First we crossed the large schrund, then cramponed up hard snow and ice toward the rock bands. Most of the way on the route we 12-pointed up a "rib" on the entire wall, hoping this would be above most of any ice and rock falling. On the rock bands there were mixed rock and ice for several short leads. Then once again there was 12-pointing up ice and hard snow covered by 6 inches of new snow, until we got to a chute through the ice cliff and climbed onto Liberty Cap Glacier at about 12,200 feet. Here we could relax a little away from most falling objects. From there, the route ties into the Ptarmigan Ridge route to Liberty Cap and the summit.

I had looked at this possible esthetic route for years, and found it an enjoyable and challenging route, though it would be safer in May with more snow and colder conditions.

Crescent Creek Spires

By JOAN FIREY

We revisited McMillan Cirque again in early July, 1968, six years after our initial trip. We were impressed with the change in the small north-facing glaciers that cascade from the precipitous Southern Picket ridge. We noticed the 'Degenhardt Glacier' (from The Pyramid and Mount Degenhardt) and the 'Terror Glacier' (from the notch just west of Terror) in particular. Both were easily ascended in 1962, yet this last year we were stopped by areas of jumbled blocks and wall to wall crevasses that could only have been bypassed by some steep aid climbing. The ice falls below McMillan Spires were definitely thicker at their fall-off point judging from comparative photos. The necessary traverse on rock slabs under the McMillan Glacier we called the 'bowling alley.' The ice exhibited considerable activity, including several shots at our party as we negotiated the traverse in great haste from one safety point to the next.

The week's stay resulted in one successful climbing day. We ascended the West Needle via the 'Mustard Glacier' and a prominent ledge that lies at the angle of the westerly dip of the Southern Pickets. The ledge was third class slabby rock with sections of steeper snow. (The West Needle is an easy walk-up on its south side.) We gained the notch between the West and East Needles by descending the south side of the West Needle and traversing on a ledge system leading into the notch. The pitch out of the notch required several pitons and an aid nut. Broken, easier rock leads to the knife-blade summit ridge. No evidence of a previous ascent was noticeable. Both Needles have vertical east face walls with occasional overhangs as does the east side of 'Himmelgeist.'



'Frenzel Spitz' from 'Himmelgeist' with Northern Pickets in background—Ed Cooper

Since Phil Sharpe and Pete Schoening are credited with the first ascent of the East Needle in the Guide we checked with Phil on return to Seattle. He confirmed that they climbed the West Needle after making a first ascent on the mass next to Mount Terror.

Since there exists some confusion about the Crescent Creek Spires, those names that have been used to designate the various peaks of the group are listed. Moving west from Mount Terror, which is technically a part of the Crescent Creek drainage:

'The Blob' (ca. 7850) ; FA 1951, Sharpe, Schoening ; one known ascent (the lower north summit, 1962). This peak has two summits and is incorrectly designated as The Twin Needles on the Mount Challenger Quadrangle.

Twin Needles. East Needle (ca. 7760) ; FA 1968. West Needle (ca. 7840) ; FA 1932, Degenhardt, Strandberg (ref. 1932 *Mountaineer*) ; three known ascents.

'Himmelgeister Horn' (ca. 7760) ; FA 1961 (ref. 1962 *Mountaineer*, 1962 *American Alpine Journal*) ; one known ascent.

'Dusseldorferspitz,' east jutting thumb on 'Himmel,' FA 1961. 'Ottohorn' (ca. 7700) ; FA 1961 (ref. 1962 *Mountaineer*, 1962 AAJ) ; one known ascent.

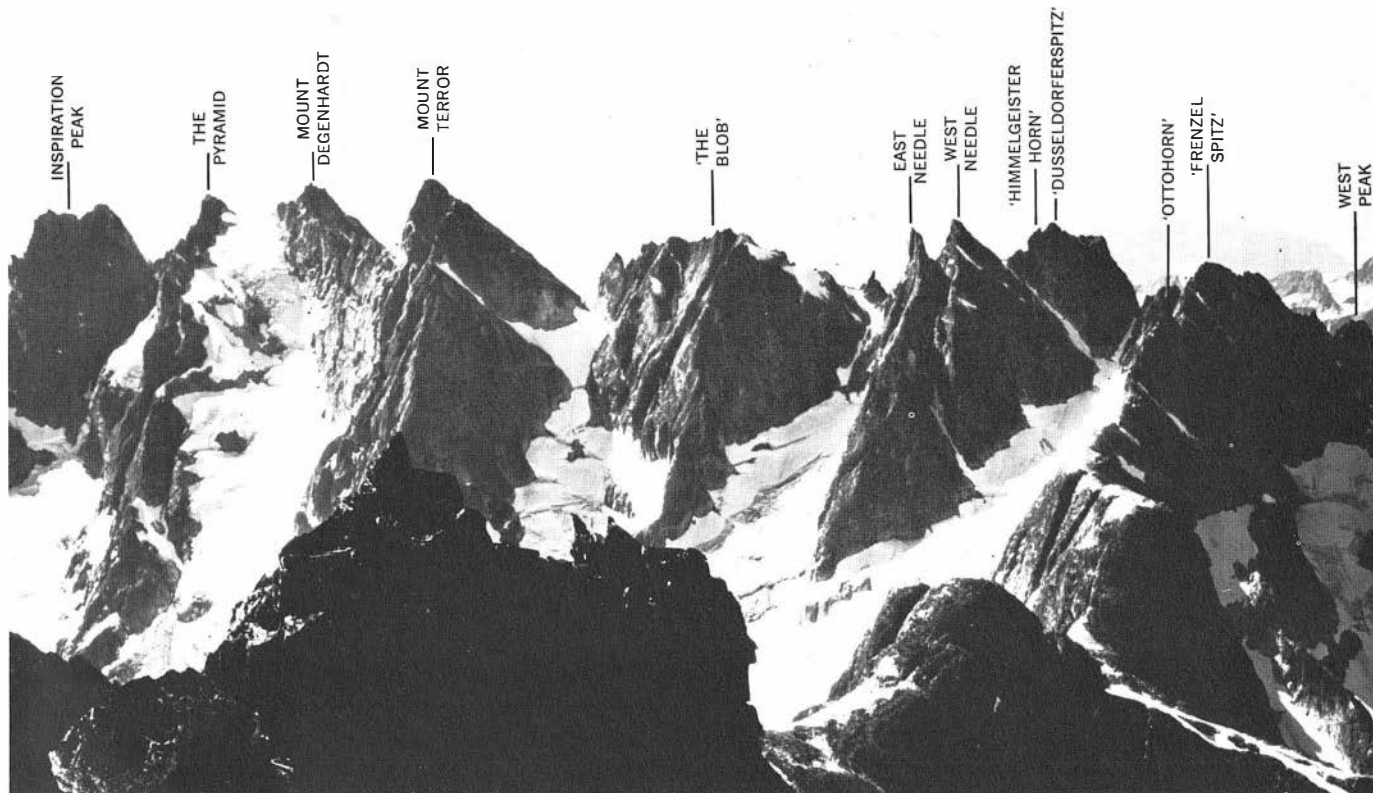
'Frenzel Spitz' (ca. 7450) lies on the spur that runs north to join the Northern Pickets ; FA 1961 (ref. 1962, 1963 *Mountaineer*, 1962 AAJ) ; two known ascents.

West Peak (ca. 7053) ; FA 1932 (ref. 1932 *Mountaineer*) ; the most westerly peak on the southwest spur toward the Goodell Valley.

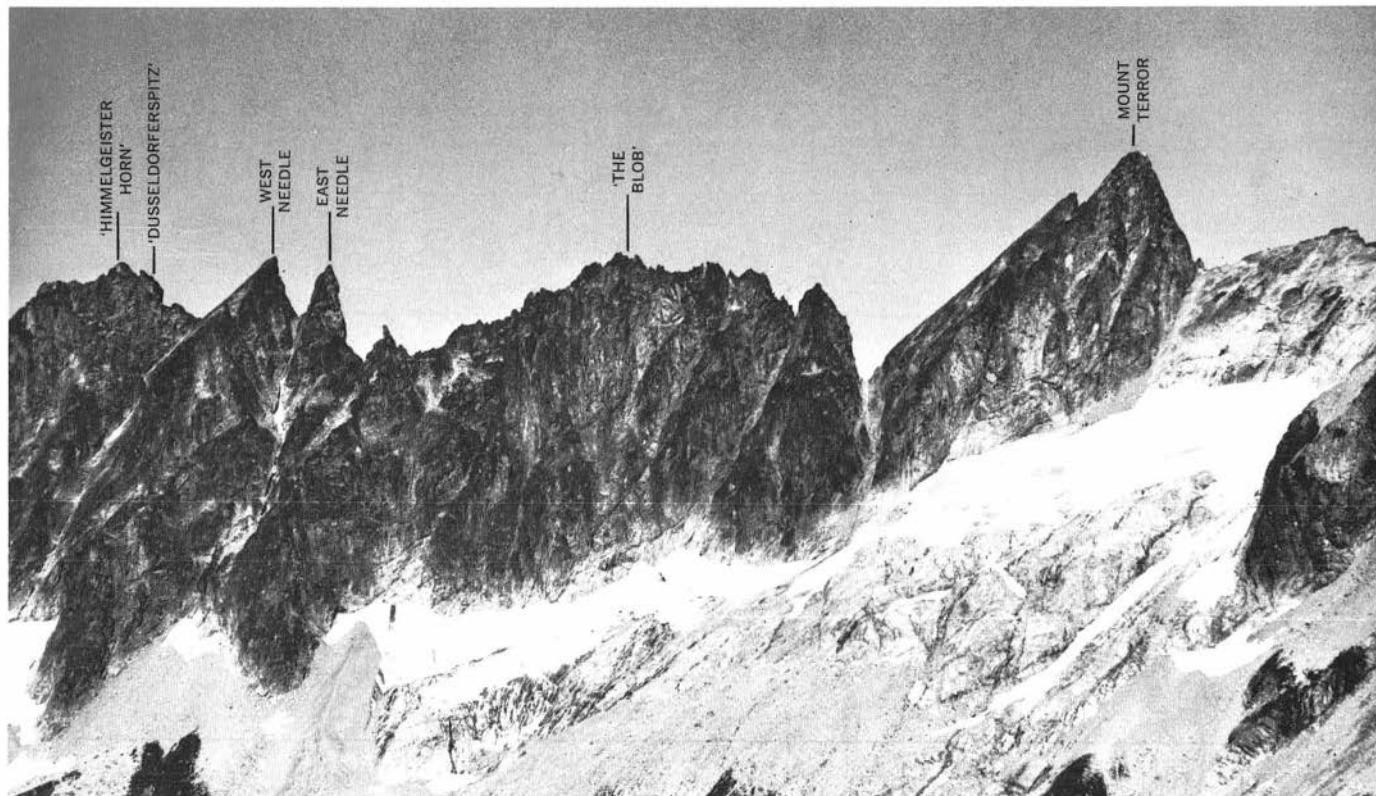
The weather in the latter part of the week was not desirable but McMillan Cirque is a spectacular place even with the rock walls soaring up into swirling grey clouds. The twenty-hour hike into the Cirque along Sourdough Ridge has lovely alpine meadow travel and vistas. The party consisted of Peter Renz, Larry Clark, Joe and Joan Firey.

Reference: *Routes and Rocks in the Mt. Challenger Quadrangle*

By TABOR AND CROWDER.



Southern Pickets from East Fury across head of McMillan Cirque—Joe Firey



Crescent Creek Group from Pinnacle Peak across Crescent Creek Basin—Ed Cooper

Administration Reports

November 1, 1967 — October 31, 1968

COMPILED By NEVA KARRICK

Membership at the end of the fiscal year (August 31, 1968) totaled 5598, including 3790 regular, 1188 spouse, 367 junior, 44 absentee regular, 11 absentee junior, 30 life, 6 honorary, 3 complimentary, and 159 Twenty-five-year members. Included in the totals were branch members as follows: Everett Branch—143 regular, 40 spouse, 14 junior, 8 Twenty-five-year, and 3 other; Olympia Branch—140 regular, 33 spouse, 19 junior, and 9 other; Tacoma Branch—353 regular, 113 spouse, 35 junior, 22 Twenty-five-year, and 11 other. Membership increase was 5.5%. The decrease in junior memberships reflected the drop in age of regular members to 18.

Because it is actively expanding membership, the club is undergoing a careful examination of financial and organizational procedures to avoid major crises during future growth. After months of study the accounting was switched in September to an accrual method. Two other specific studies were begun, one on general club organization and the other on use of electronic data processing for membership records and for the Roster.

A far-reaching financial action was the formation of The Mountaineers Foundation, a nonprofit corporation to operate for charitable, scientific, literary, and educational purposes. The Foundation is designed to receive large gifts to The Mountaineers, though the exact details of its operation and uses must be worked out.

The club's financial operations were further changed with the resignation of Edward (Ted) Murray from the Board of Trustees to become the first Business Manager. Then, after the Feasibility Committee recommended the hiring of an accountant, Ted became accountant and Howard Stansbury became Business Manager on a half-time basis.

In other club business, two permanent committees were approved: the Equipment Research Committee, and the Music Makers.

The Mountaineers became charter members of the Washington Environmental Council, a state-wide association of conservation groups which now actively lobbies for conservation goals. The club's charter membership is a recognition that the impact of modern society on our environment is of concern to its membership.

In accordance with Mountaineer By-laws, David A. Brower and Justice William O. Douglas were named by the Board of Trustees as Honorary Members, in recognition of their conservation actions.

Administration Division

The Administration Division is concerned with the volunteer general administrative work of The Mountaineers. Its impact on the association is, basically, the sum of the activities of the individual committees.

AUDITING: The auditing committee, in 1968, completed the audit of both the 1966-67 fiscal year and the 1967-68 fiscal year. The committee is working closely with the treasurer in developing a more modern and workable accounting system, possibly leading to data processing of our bookkeeping.

BUDGET: The committee for the 1968-69 budget finished its task. A budget was adopted. Revisions and later developments will be in the treasurer's report.

DUPLICATING: This committee does the mimeographing and multilithing for the club, its branches and committees, to the extent that the work isn't hired or bootlegged on various duplicators all over Seattle. This year, the committee put out (among other things) :

1. Minutes and reports
2. Supplies for the Climbing Committee, including instructions for climbs, cards and examinations
3. Supplies for the Membership Committee, including inserts, questionnaires, and climbing codes
4. Lodge forms for Property Division
5. Sign-up forms and other forms for the club offices
6. Summer outing memory book
7. Forms for Book Committee and Library
8. Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs resolutions

9. Folk-dancing brochure
10. Forms and lists for committees as requested
11. Tickets, brochure and program for the Players
12. Biographies and ballots for annual election

This year the committee is experimenting with doing duplicating at cost for compatible conservation organizations such as Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, Olympic Park Associates, and Good Outdoor Manners Association.

HISTORIAN: Mrs. Loretta Slater, Historian, has asked for any pictures or documents on early club activities. The committee has been interviewing early members and attempting to document past events.

INSURANCE: The insurance committee keeps continuous track of the various club policies. The committee also watches the changing insurance market, to give the club the best possible insurance at lowest cost.

LEGAL ADVISORY: The legal advisory committee, made up of lawyers donating their time, advises the President and the Board of Trustees on legal matters. Most of its work is checking contracts and leases.

MEMBERSHIP: The Seattle orientation program received a new look, is now known as the Information Meeting, and is not compulsory. The basis for the program is a slide show, "The Mountaineer Story," written by Louise Marshall and narrated by Gary Layton, Colleen Howard, and Meredith Hopkins. Attendance remained high after the meeting became voluntary. Three forms were put into use: a letter for new members, a letter for first year renewal, and a detailed questionnaire for applicants. The total of new members was 890, with 728 in Seattle, 18 in Everett, 42 in Olympia, and 102 in Tacoma.

OPERATIONS MANUAL: The Operations Manual committee is developing and revising procedural statements for various standing committees. Its principal production last year was a revision of the membership committee rules of procedure.

ORGANIZATION STUDY: The organization study committee is charged with rethinking the club's basic structure, and with developing improvements that will further the club's purposes more effectively. It has held meetings, but is not in a position to make any report at this time.

Conservation Division

Some thirty-five years after the first Mountaineer attempts to have part of the north Cascades preserved, the North Cascades National Park became a reality in 1968. We were also active in the successful efforts to form the Redwoods National Park. Our current projects on wilderness classification for Mount Rainier and Olympic National Parks will have a significant impact on the National Park system.

The Conservation Division also has been working on wilderness classification of National Forest lands. We were active in efforts that resulted in the addition of the San Rafael Wilderness in Southern California to the Wilderness Preservation System. The Glacier Peak Wilderness Area and the Alpine Lakes and Cougar Lakes areas have been of great concern this past year. Efforts were undertaken to keep the Kennecott Copper Corporation from mining near Image Lake, to create an adequate Alpine Lakes Wilderness without mining at La Bohn Gap, and to protect the Cougar Lakes area.

We were instrumental in formulation of plans for Leadbetter Point which will be administered jointly by the U.S. Department of Interior and the Washington State Division of Parks.

The Conservation Education program consisted of speaking to various groups and service organizations, having a booth at fairs around the state, helping to operate a film center, and distributing pamphlets. We cooperate with other outdoor clubs in these activities. For example, we furnish the display, transport it to the fair, help local clubs to build and later tear down the booth. Local groups man the booths during the fair. We worked in this manner with the Skagit Alpine Club at the Skagit County Fair; with the Spokane Mountaineers, Sierra Club, and Hells Canyon Preservation Council at the Spokane fair; the Sierra Club at the Okanogan Fair; and the Hob Nailers at Yakima. At Spokane the booth won first place in "Commercial Division."

The Conservation Film Center has had a significant impact on conservation education. We support this effort by helping to maintain and repair the films, by contributing to operating expenses, and by purchasing needed film and slide programs.

Indoor Division

The Indoor Division, with its interests ranging throughout the world—even as far, at the Annual Banquet of 1967, as the

mountains of Antarctica—is rightfully a participant in the activities of an outdoor club. And at the *ANNUAL BANQUET* of 1968 it even acquired an entirely new dimension as it dived into the ocean to explore the Cobb Seamount off the coast of Washington and considered other aspects of underseas exploration. (It is conceivable that these pages may in later years report on explorations of outer space.) Speakers were Walter Sands of the University of Washington and Jon Lindbergh, experienced diver and oceanographer. The banquet, catered by the Hewitts and held at the Masonic Temple, drew some 380 people. Numerous mountaineering displays, fifty large colored photos of Puget Sound marine life, Art Nation's Troubadours with their repertoire of Alpine music, and a drawing of several door prizes donated by outdoor stores all contributed to a memorable evening. A highlight was the presentation of the Mountaineer Annual Service Award to Richard G. Merritt, who

"has been a member of the Club since 1944, and has been active in many areas—membership, climbing, skiing, lodges, and club financial administration. He has led trips and climbs and given lectures for the Climbing Course, and served two years on the Climbing Committee. For two years he served on the Membership Committee, where he was instrumental in initiating a much-needed revision of the orientation lectures. In addition, Dick has served on the Nominating, Safety, and Mount Everest Lecture Committees. His extensive contributions in the financial administration of the Club are shown by his membership on the Budget Committee for one year, and his chairmanship of that committee for three years. He was also chairman of the Finance Committee, and was Treasurer of the Club for two years."

The *DANCE COMMITTEE*, in the autumn of 1967, faced a crisis year. Obligated to leave the Encore ballroom because it had been sold, the dances moved to the Masonic Temple, where the rent was somewhat higher and the admission charge had to be raised. Following the second dance, Bob Olson's Orchestra had to be discontinued, after a twenty-eight-year association with The Mountaineers, because of Musicians' Union demands that could not possibly be met even with an additional admission charge. Having now to depend upon recorded music, Committee members took four days off from work, borrowed scores of records (many from Bob Olson's extensive collection), and taped their

own copies of music. (The year before, they had devised an excellent program of 56 dances to be learned and enjoyed over a three-year period.) Without live music, attendance dropped well below the previous average of 200, but eventually rose somewhat. Meanwhile the Monday classes in dancing, instituted the year before, were repeated and again proved profitable. Third Friday dances, using well-known and simpler types for fun only, did not this year have wide enough appeal and were eventually dropped. The dance on an early Saturday in June at Kitsap Memorial State Park on Hood Canal, joined by Campcrafters camping nearby and by Players from the Forest Theatre, has now become a tradition. A contribution of \$527 to the general fund was made at the end of the season.

In September 1967 the *DINNER MEETINGS* were moved from Ben Paris's to the Mayflower Hotel. Attendance ranged from 63 to 24 and averaged 40. These programs, together with those of the *MONTHLY PROGRAM MEETINGS*, carried us from scenic areas in our own Northwest and British Columbia to Alaska and Hawaii, Africa, Afghanistan and Siberia, Austria, Dalmatia and Cyprus, the Ozarks, and Taiwan.

This was the third year of the *PHOTOGRAPHY* group, with average attendance of 38. Shows by special guests were featured: members Tom Miller, mountain photographer, and Louise Marshall and Robert Wood, authors; and non-member Leighton Tong, who exhibited on two occasions. Eight more club members presented their own outstanding shows. The group grew to feel that programs were entertaining rather than instructional, and no plans for the future were set, barring some new enthusiasm in the fall.

During the year a group of music lovers who play various instruments have gotten together, and there is a possibility that they will organize more formally.

The script of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, by John G. Fuller, the 1968 presentation of the *PLAYERS*, was much revised from that used in 1950. Although the Connecticut scenes were placed as before around 1900, they were entirely rewritten, and much of the Arthur action of the 500's was changed. Because a complete dress rehearsal could be held on May 30, a performance could be given on Saturday, June 1. Total attendance for the six showings was 4172, averaging 695, despite gloomy and threatening weather. Profit, turned over to the general fund, was \$533.

Outdoor Division

The Outdoor Division is made up of thirteen committees, which provide a varied program of outdoor activities: Botany, Campcrafters, Climbing, Juniors, Mountain Rescue Council Representative, Outing Co-ordinating, Safety, Special Outings, Summer Outing Planning, Ski Tours, Snowshoe Tours, Trail Trips, and Viewfinders.

CLIMBING: This year for the first time the Climbing Committee presented an Alpine Travel Course, to provide instruction and training in basic outdoor fundamentals so that graduates could venture into the wilderness or above the timberline with safety and enjoyment. The course was designed to serve as an introduction to the Basic Climbing Course. Of the 155 registered for the course, 6 never attended, 140 attended lecture 1, 135 attended 2, 128 attended 3, and 126 attended 4. 93 attended the two ice ax practices and 58 attended the overnight camping trips.

The Seattle Basic Climbing Course had 284 sign-ups with 110 students completing requirements for graduation. The Intermediate Course had 72 new students enroll with 11 applying for graduation. This year 20 percent of the Experience climbs were cancelled by weather.

The climbers' outing was a successful two-week Ptarmigan Traverse. Eight people in the northbound group and four in the southbound climbed 13 peaks and made a total of 94 summits. New registers were placed on 8 peaks.

SNOWSHOE TOURS: The Snowshoe tour group enjoyed the challenge of winter hiking with some hardier souls spending a planned overnight out. 595 people participated in 2 field trips and 37 hikes. 16 Saturday, 18 Sunday and 5 overnight trips were scheduled; all were completed with no cancellations. Five trips classified as Beginners' Specials were attended by 127 people. Five trips classified as Advanced Hikes had 55 participants. The 5 overnight trips attracted 46 stalwarts who enjoy snow camping. Twelve diehards looking for a new way to celebrate the New Year's arrival camped out in the Tomyhoi Peak Area. The average attendance per trip was 15.3 people.

VIEWFINDERS: Viewfinders scheduled 31 trips, an increase of five over the previous year, a seminar and ice-ax field trip, and a nine-day outing, with 619 man-trips, an average of 18 per trip. Six trips were over-night compared to two last year.

The largest single group was the climb to Camp Muir on July 4 with Al Krup leading 58 persons in one *long* line. Deborah Shain's trip to Mount Dickerman with 42 persons, May 30, was the second largest group. Three trips were in conjunction with the Botany Group.

The Outing, July 13-21, from Chinook Pass to the Goat Rocks Area along the Cascade Crest Trail was the summer highlight. There were 28 participants, more than twice the number last year. Two persons made only the first half of the trip and two met the group at White Pass for the second part. Unfortunately, because of illness, etc., four dropped out after the first day, leaving a total of 22 on the trail. The weather was poor the first night and second day, but otherwise fine except on the day of the highest and most beautiful part of the trail. Here we experienced about as severe a summer storm as one may *not* wish to experience!

OUTING COORDINATING COMMITTEE: To fulfill its function the Committee coordinated the following Mountaineer outings: Wind River Outing in Wyoming (Summer Outing Planning Committee, 62nd Annual Summer Outing); Canadian National Parks Outing (Camprafter's 23rd Annual Gypsy Tour); Ptarmigan Traverse Outing (Climbing Committee); the Cascade Crest Trail Outing from Chinook Pass-White Pass-Goat Rocks (Viewfinders); the Oregon Coast trip on the extended Memorial Day Weekend, the Tofino, British Columbia trip on the Fourth of July long weekend, and the Outing to Sechelt, British Columbia, over the Labor Day weekend (Special Outings).

To fulfill its role in encouraging and developing different types of outings in varied wilderness areas to suit the abilities and interest of Mountaineers, the Outing Coordinating Committee sponsored five outings of one week or more and two Pacific Ocean Beach backpacking trips in the Olympic National Park. On the extended Memorial Day weekend 20 persons enjoyed the Third Beach to Hoh portion and on the long Fourth of July weekend, 16 traveled on the section from Lake Ozette to La Push. The Mountaineers' first Outing to the Glacier Bay National Monument in Alaska attracted 18 persons. During the second week 16 of the group backpacked over the Chilkoot Trail on the 70th anniversary of the gold rush. The group which backpacked from Manning Park, British Columbia, to Harts Pass in 1967 plan to follow the Cascade Crest Trail from Canada to the Columbia, a

section being completed each year. Twenty-three persons traveled from Harts Pass to Stehekin. Fifteen persons spent their vacations in the heart of Garibaldi Provincial Park at Diamond Head Lodge in British Columbia. The Southwest Vancouver Island Exploratory Outing, which was cancelled in 1967 because of a forest fire, was enjoyed by six stalwart individuals in spite of inclement weather. The Low Divide-North Fork Quinault River Outing in the Olympic National Park started in spite of rainy weather but only eleven of the 33 who signed up completed the trip. After four days of rain, the weather cleared so that the group climbed both Seattle and Christie before returning the Skyline route.

A total of 353 persons participated in Mountaineer outings in 1968, with about 40 per cent on outings involving backpacking.

SUMMER OUTING PLANNING COMMITTEE: Thirty-seven people attended a two-week Summer Outing in the Bridger Wilderness Area of the Wind River Range, Wyoming, from July 27 to August 11, 1968. In addition, there was a committee of four: John Klos, chairman; Janet Klos, secretary; Robert Pollock, commissary chairman; and Kenneth Prestrud, climbing chairman. There were also two staff members: Paul Hebert, cook, and John Stout, cook's assistant.

A new 10 x 12 tent, the first major item of outing equipment purchased in many years, served for commissary storage and is expected to have versatile uses on future club outings.

MOUNTAIN RESCUE COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVE: The Mountain Rescue Council Representative acts as liaison between The Mountaineers and the M.R.C. We donated \$200 to the Seattle M.R.C. and \$50 to the Everett M.R.C. Schedule sheets listing climbs, climb leaders, and Climbing Committee members were sent to the M.R.C. to distribute to M.R.C. division units. The Department of Civil Defense needs a resume of our scheduled outings and Hal Foss in the Olympia office was put on the mailing list for The Mountaineer bulletin. All information put out by the Equipment Research Committee is forwarded to the M.R.C.

Properties Division

The 1967 ski season set a record for miserable snow and conditions, but those many Mountaineers who don't come in out of the rain had fun anyway.

At *SNOQUALMIE LODGE*, Friday night group usage was a

continued success in participation and income. Work parties continued clearing and grading on the main and peanut hills. Considerable effort and money were expended to clean up the vandalism damage which occurred during the summer. Work party attendance was disappointing when compared to the number of skiers who normally use this facility.

MOUNT BAKER LODGE had its usual good snow—too much at times. The cabin drew capacity crowds during holidays and long weekends, but some regular weekends had to be canceled due to lack of signup. Six Mountaineer sponsored groups, as large as 45 persons, used the cabin during the 1967-68 season, a significant factor in lodge operations. Summer use has been encouraged. No major work projects were required, but work party attendance has been good.

Despite last winter's infamous conditions, a good time was had at *STEVENS LODGE*, thanks to the cozy new gas furnace, to ski movies, and to a championship twister contest. John Hansen's ski school was, as usual, an outstanding success. Work parties concentrated on making the lodge more livable and on satisfying new, stringent fire regulations. The Stevens Lodge Committee is disappointed that not all skiers using the lodge feel obligated to attend at least one work party per season.

The famous *MEANY* spirit remained undampened throughout the 1967-68 "ski" season. Lodge utilization was gratifying, in view of poor conditions. The work party season was successful, with an average of 50 people at each session. Parties built an outdoor fire escape, installed a new fire alarm, and brushed the lane, top to bottom, to a maximum height of two inches. These projects were in addition to regular chores of wood gathering, rope-tow and Sno-Tractor repair, and lodge maintenance.

What happens at *RHODODENDRON*? Quite a bit, but there is room and need for more. In between regular events, work parties installed a new sanitary system. Jerry Burdette became resident caretaker. The year's highlights: Halloween Party, 47 members, guests and children; Christmas party and greens trip, 55 people; St. Patty's work party, with 45 Brooklyn Irishmen; play rehearsals; belaying practices for the Seattle and Tacoma climbing courses during April and May; show time with an open house, salmon bake, and about 3200 theatergoers. On July 27th the Kirschner-Skinner wedding was held in the Forest Theater with a formal reception for 100 guests at the lodge.

The move to the new *CLUBROOM* was completed to everyone's pleasure. Operational details are still being worked out, but the increased space is already drawing club activities together. We moved in March, and quickly proved the rule that use increases faster than the space available. We were soon short of storage space, and the auditorium was in use every week night during the spring. The move itself was comparatively smooth, but we had problems with the furnace and boiler, and converted to a gas burner in the fall. The major remodeling has been completed, but we will be doing finishing for several years.

Publications Division

From 1960 through 1967, the *LITERARY FUND COMMITTEE* guided 10 books to publication. In 1968, the list grew by three new titles, plus one old title refurbished, plus three new service items.

The new books were Bob Wood's *Trail Country: Olympic National Park*, the most sensitive description to date of what the Park means to hikers as wildland, and the most complete guide to Park trails ever written; *Trips and Trails, 2: Family Camps, Short Hikes, and View Roads in the South Cascades and Mt. Rainier*, by the Spring-Sterling-Mueller combine which did 1967's best-selling *Trips and Trails, 1*; and *Hiker's Map to the North Cascades: Routes and Rocks in the Mt. Challenger Quadrangle*, by the well-known Crowder-Tabor team of the U.S. Geological Survey, offering walkers many splendid ways into the Pickets wilderness of the new North Cascades National Park.

Mountaineering: The Freedom of the Hills came from the press in its Second Edition, and the new version sold faster than the old. Interestingly, the book that once was reviled as the work of "young incompetents" has now attained such status that several newcomers to the sport have publicly attacked it as the symbol of "The Establishment." At last, after a third of a century, the Climbing Committee is famous enough to be hated nationally.

Also during 1968, the Literary Fund Committee sponsored *Mountaineering First Aid*, a pamphlet reprinting in first-aid-kit size the chapter in *Freedom: The Mountaineers*, a reprint of the portion of the 1968 Annual devoted to explaining the club to new and potential members; and *Index to The Mountaineer: 1906-1966*.

As the year ended, two new books were in production: Fred Beckey's story of his first ascents in the North Cascades over a thirty-year period; and Gene Prater's *Snowshoe Hikes*. The prospect for 1969 included at least three major books. And perhaps twice that many for 1970.

With the move to the new Clubrooms, the *LIBRARY* has at last a room of its own—pleasant, serene surroundings where members can browse through the collection, read, or do research. Increasingly, they are doing just that.

Eighty-four new titles were added to the collection in 1968, ranging from competent to exhilarating and reflecting the acquisition policy of buying comprehensively in mountaineering, selectively in natural history and the geographic sciences, and increasingly in the field of conservation. Plans are made to build a significant collection of conservation materials; considerable vertical-file material has been classified and arranged accordingly. Among the varied donations to the library was the collection of mountaineering books of the late Patrick Chamay. New periodicals and club journals have been added, including the British "Mountain Craft." Work has begun on bringing the map collection up to date and on building a picture file, indexed for ready reference to specific peaks.

Anita Nygaard, librarian, completed an exhaustive index of our *Annuals* from 1906 through 1966. This is expected to be so useful that it has been printed for sale.

The *BULLETIN COMMITTEE* continued to fulfill its mission of informing the membership about Club activities, conservation problems, and related matters.

The *ANNUAL COMMITTEE* carried out the heroic task of compiling an issue containing short articles dealing with each of the Club's activities and properties, setting forth guidelines for safe and considerate use and enjoyment of public and private lands, and providing a wealth of information of general interest. The major portion of the 1968 *Annual* was reprinted, under the title *The Mountaineers*, as a handbook to be given to each new member of the club. (It is also available for sale to others.)

No *ROSTER* of our membership was published in 1968.

Tacoma Branch

The Tacoma Branch this year topped the 500 mark in memberships. Dorothy Newcomer, Membership Chairman, achieved this by attending most meetings scheduled at the Clubhouse and by talking up the benefits of membership wherever she went.

The Climbing Program, under Jim Haneline's direction, graduated 41 in the Basic and 6 in the Intermediate Courses. Five members climbed the six major peaks and two completed the first twelve Irish Cabin Peaks. The Hiking Appreciation Course was offered for the second time, and 28 persons completed the classes and went on at least one of the two hikes offered.

An outstanding program was the "Men and Mountains" benefit in May for Nima Tenzig at which four Everest climbers, Jim Whittaker, Luther Jerstad, Tom Hornbein and Dick Emerson described their experiences and showed pictures.

Besides doing the obvious—spending many hours in practice, planning, assembling equipment, and assisting in rescue of lost and injured persons—Mountain Rescue has developed and distributed widely the outdoor safety leaflets, "Careless Ev" cartoons and emergency kits. They feel this may be producing results; at least there were fewer lost hunters this year.

Irish Cabin was returned to the Club for regular use when the lease was dissolved in January 1968. Since the cabin is used infrequently for Mountaineer activities, it is still rented to scout, church and similar groups for weekends or longer. The energetic Juniors use Irish Cabin more than any other group and keep the grounds in shape, wood cut, etc.

The bridge and music groups have met regularly throughout the year. Many of us took the easy way to climb mountains and travel to far-off places by attending monthly photographic meetings. Campcrafters and Trail Trippers have explored the mountains and the seashore with scheduled activities monthly or oftener.

The winter climb of Mount Rainier is becoming tradition for the select few. Many of us look forward to other events—the September Fair at Budil's, the Salmon Bake and Banquet in October, the Christmas Party, and the June Picnic at Engle's.

Clubhouse improvements included new drapes, a new slide projector and screen. The women continue to complain about the inadequate heating system (like Lower Slobbovia, man), while the men say it's too hot.

Olympia Branch

The peculiar honor of making a first ascent, the mountain top experiences of the mountaineer, the satisfaction that accompanies success and growth of an enterprise, all have challenged the Olympia Branch of The Mountaineers to add several firsts to an increasing list of activities. For the first time in the Olympia Branch a highly successful course was offered and completed in "Hiking and Backpacking." Participation in this course and the scheduled trips was excellent and many students decided to go on to the Climbing Course. Also for the first time, two Olympic Peak Pin awards were made at the Annual Banquet of the Olympia Branch. We established a Branch Library with Bartlett Burns as the librarian, and a complete set of bound volumes of *The Mountaineer* is now available.

The annual banquet was well attended and featured an exceptionally fine program by Chet Ullin, an audio-visual expert, long-time scouter and climber from Bremerton. Two of our branch meetings also featured pictures; one program by Paul Wiseman took us on safari to East Africa, and the other by Dee Molenaar took us on the K-2 climb in the Himalayas. The last program was open to the public, advertised extensively and well attended. Dee Molenaar also has other programs, one of which is the climb of Mount Kennedy. Don Marcy and Bob Rickey also have good slide shows on Mount McKinley and other Alaska mountains.

Like any new organization, the Olympia Branch has made its share of mistakes. Among these were some poor judgments made on a couple of the climbs. Therefore we have improved our climb leadership routine, including having always at least one assistant leader, and having an annual training session for all leaders.

Our membership continues to grow and is at present around 200. The climbing course, which has been given each year since the club was formed, continues to be the main interest, with club climbs and private climbs also high on the list. Snowshoe trips and backpacking hikes are well established. The conservation committee also deserves credit for a good job. In such activities as summer outings, Viewfinders, ski touring, and intermediate courses the Olympia Branch has participated to some extent with Seattle or Tacoma. Perhaps as it grows the branch may add some of these to its own annual list.

**Officers and Trustees
1968 Term**

Officers

President	Jesse Epstein
Vice President	John M. Davis
Secretary	Neva Karrick
Treasurer	John Osseward

Trustees

Ellen E. Brooker	Jesse Epstein
John M. Davis	Robert Latz
John R. Hazle	Harvey Manning
Coleman F. Leuthy	Thomas Miller
James W. Whittaker	Max Hollenbeck
William E. Chambers (Everett)	Francis Flerchinger (Olympia)
J. D. Cockrell (Tacoma)	Morris Moen (ex-officio)

BRANCHES

Tacoma

Chairman	Stanley Engle
Vice-Chairman	J. Philip Stern
Secretary	Olive Brower
Treasurer	Thomas Wagner
Trustees	Alice Bond, Lawrence Peterson, Lee Nelson, Jack Brown

Everett

Chairman	Dr. Elwin Moore
Vice-Chairman	Melvin Bergman
Secretary	Henry J. Kral
Treasurer	Eileen B. Wright

Olympia

Chairman	Lloyd E. McElvain
Vice-Chairman	Roy Teague
Secretary	Nora Sexauer
Treasurer	Beverly Lynch

Committee Chairmen
1968 Term

Administrative Division

Wallace Bartholomew

Auditing	V. Frank Vojta
Budget	Helen Peterson
Duplicating	Ruth Bartholomew
Finance	Helen Peterson
Historian	Loretta Slater
Insurance	Willard S. Pedersen
Legal Advisory	Joan Hansen
Membership	Dorothy Bair
Operations Manual	Ken Hitchings
Organization Study	Paul W. Wiseman

Conservation Division

William G. Long

Alaska	Margaret E. Murie
Conservation Education	David Knibb
FWOC Representative	Mrs. Neil Haig
National Parks and Forests	Polly Dyer
Rhododendron Preserve Planning	Leo Gallagher
Seattle Parks Department Camping and Outdoor Education Advisory Council Representative	Peter J. Maloney
State-County-Local Areas	Faye Ogilvie
Washington Environmental Council Representative	Robert Latz
Water Resources	H. Marc Bardsley

Indoor Division

Harriet Walker and Miriam Lord

Annual Banquet	Daniel Powell
Dance	James R. Lesniak
Photography	Frank Shaw
Players	Richard Kahler and Royce Natoli
Program Meetings	Harriet Tiedt

Outdoor Division

Doyle Anderson

Botany	Larry Penberthy
Campercrafters	Maurice and Jane Nelson
Climbing	Charles A. Heurtley
Junior Committee	Marise Fuller
MRC Representative	Robert Swanson
Outing Co-ordinating	Ruth Ittner
Safety	Al Krup
Special Outing	Andrew Bowman
Summer Outing Planning	Mary Fries

Committee Chairmen

1968 Term

Ski Tours	Delbert L. Earle
Snowshoe Tours	Paul Robisch
Trail Trips	John Davidson
Viewfinders	Walt Entenmann

Property Division

Robert S. Cook

Clubroom	Mrs. Irving Gavett
Crystal Lodge Building	Jim McGinnis
Irish Cabin Liaison	George Cashman
Meany	Ray Nelson
Mt. Baker	Robert J. Harris
New Clubroom	Neva Karrick
Rhododendron Preserve	Bob Neupert
Snoqualmie Lodge	David H. Lee
Stevens	Robert H. Cline
Tacoma Clubhouse	Dino Lemonides

Publications Division

Grace Kent

Annual	Alice Thorn
Bulletin	Peggy Ferber
Film Study	John Pollock
Library	Milton Nygaard
Literary Fund	Harvey Manning
Roster	Kenneth Graybeal

Recognized Charter Members

- Anne Bartel, 1805 Madison Street, LaCrosse, Wisconsin
 Florence Curtis (Mrs. Asahel), 2353 Namoia Road, Honolulu
 Trevor Kincaid, 1904 Northeast 52nd Street, Seattle
 L. D. Lindsley, 104 Northeast 43rd Street, Seattle
 Christine Murray (Mrs. Henry H. Botten), 3316 East Laurelhurst Drive Northeast, Seattle
 Gertrude Niedergesaess (Mrs. Alex Bryce), 2009 12th Avenue East, Seattle
 J. P. Umpleby, 6214 Park Lane, Dallas, Texas

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

The Mountaineers
(A Washington Corporation)
Seattle, Washington
Financial Statements
August 31, 1967

THE MOUNTAINEERS
Seattle
Washington

Gentlemen:

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, 1967, 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, 1967, 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.

Yours truly,
V. FRANK VOJTA
Certified Public Accountant

THE MOUNTAINEERS
STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
Exhibit A

August 31, 1967

General Fund	<i>Assets</i>	<i>Liabilities</i>
Cash	\$ 3,655.41	
Accounts receivable	649.09	
Due from Permanent Building and Improvement Fund	10,649.09	
Due from Property Fund	6,962.42	
Inventory of pins	546.40	
Deposits	100.00	
Property and equipment, net—Schedule 1	134,698.35	
Mortgage payable		\$ 25,138.32
Accounts payable		6,823.96
Taxes payable		508.90
Dues and initiation fees allocated to branches		2,166.00
Due to Literary Fund		3,421.83
Lease deposits		1,400.00
Principal of fund		117,801.75
	<u>\$157,260.76</u>	<u>\$157,260.76</u>
 Permanent Building and Improvement Fund		
Cash	\$ 2,305.88	
Tacoma branch construction loan	2,000.00	
Due from Permanent Fund	254.70	
Due to General Fund		10,649.09
Principal of fund		(6,088.51)
	<u>\$ 4,560.58</u>	<u>\$ 4,560.58</u>
 Literary Fund		
Cash	\$ 8,824.13	
Due from General Fund	3,421.83	
Inventory of books—at cost	42,300.74	
Prepaid expenses	7,699.89	
Investment in Joint Venture with Mountain Rescue Council	2,500.00	
Investment in Joint Venture with University of Washington	7,020.69	
Advanced sales		\$ 4.65
Accounts payable		1,075.56
Due to Joint Venture with Mountain Rescue Council		2,379.42
Principal of fund		68,307.65
	<u>\$ 71,767.28</u>	<u>\$ 71,767.28</u>

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION**

Exhibit A
Continued

August 31, 1967

Permanent Fund

	<i>Assets</i>	<i>Liabilities</i>
Cash	\$ 5,254.70	
Due to Permanent Building and Improvement Fund		\$ 254.70
Principal of fund		5,000.00
	\$ 5,254.70	\$ 5,254.70

Seymour Fund

Cash	\$ 1,629.53	
Principal of fund		\$ 1,629.53
	\$ 1,629.53	\$ 1,629.53

Property Fund

Cash	\$ 8,543.18	
Due to General Fund		\$ 6,962.42
Principal of fund		1,580.76
	\$ 8,543.18	\$ 8,543.18

Haynes Memorial Fund

Cash	\$ 718.85	
Principal of fund		\$ 718.85
	\$ 718.85	\$ 718.85

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSES**

Exhibit B

For the Year Ended August 31, 1967

Income

Dues and initiation fees		\$40,277.50
Less allocations		
Tacoma	\$ 1,092.00	
Everett	595.00	
Olympia	479.00	
Publications	14,968.00	
Permanent Building and Improvement Fund	5,858.50	22,992.50
NET DUES AND FEES		\$17,285.00

Sale of publications	\$14,968.00	
Less cost of publications	<u>17,920.85</u>	(2,952.85)
Committee operations		
Indoor division—Schedule 2		167.40
Outdoor division—Schedule 3		1,478.65
Property division—Schedule 4		1,321.27
Income from clubroom building, net—Schedule 5		90.10
Interest income		14.18
Miscellaneous income		<u>84.99</u>
TOTAL INCOME		<u>\$17,488.74</u>

Expenses

Salaries	\$ 9,810.50	
Payroll taxes	727.31	
Rent	1,200.00	
Bookkeeping	400.00	
Office supplies	437.96	
Postage	821.14	
Telephone	586.20	
Power and light	29.30	
Heat	289.70	
Insurance—office	1,737.91	
Depreciation—other than lodges	545.00	
Taxes—office	97.36	
Library	530.86	
Conservation—net	2,196.41	
Elections expense	498.67	
Membership	584.14	
Miscellaneous	<u>500.91</u>	
TOTAL EXPENSES		<u>20,993.37</u>
NET LOSS		<u>\$ 3,504.63</u>

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
LITERARY FUND**

Exhibit C

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSES

For the Year Ended August 31, 1967

Income From Sale of Books		\$65,998.61
Less Cost of Books Sold		
Books on hand, September 1, 1966	\$18,902.85	
Printing and freight in	<u>62,837.06</u>	
	81,739.91	
Less books on hand, August 31, 1967	<u>42,300.74</u>	
TOTAL COST OF BOOKS SOLD		<u>39,439.17</u>
		<u>\$26,559.44</u>

Expenses

Salaries and payroll taxes	\$ 1,377.39	
Supplies used	144.36	
Storage	240.00	
Advertising	303.05	
Insurance	54.38	
Postage, wrapping and handling	1,541.34	
Committee expenses	214.83	
State business taxes	180.77	
Miscellaneous	14.39	
	<u>TOTAL EXPENSES</u>	<u>4,070.51</u>
	NET PROFIT FROM SALE OF BOOKS	\$22,488.93
Other Income—Net		
Interest income	\$ 961.38	
Gain on joint venture with Mountain Rescue Council	141.49	
	<u>TOTAL OTHER INCOME</u>	<u>1,102.87</u>
	NET INCOME	<u>\$23,591.80</u>

THE MOUNTAINEERS
SCHEDULE OF PROPERTY AND EQUIPMENT

Schedule 1

August 31, 1967

	<i>Recorded Value</i>	<i>Accumulated Depreciation</i>	<i>Net</i>
Clubroom building	\$ 56,504.23	\$ 2,200.00	\$ 54,304.23
Meany ski hut	10,997.87	10,411.10	586.77
Mt. Baker cabin	13,553.53	6,192.83	7,360.70
Rhododendron preserve	11,686.80	3,939.62	7,747.18
Snoqualmie lodge	20,750.87	17,133.80	3,617.07
Stevens ski hut	9,438.71	8,942.93	495.78
Library	3,081.86	2,724.55	357.31
Clubroom furniture and fixtures	6,309.58	2,728.87	3,580.71
General equipment	3,217.89	1,947.68	1,270.21
Photographic equipment	2,734.07	1,559.28	1,174.79
Players public address system	597.76	200.00	397.76
Sno cat	6,007.25	5,647.05	360.20
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
	<u>\$198,326.06</u>	<u>\$63,627.71</u>	<u>\$134,698.35</u>

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
INDOOR DIVISION OPERATIONS**

Schedule 2

For the Year Ended August 31, 1967

	<i>Total</i>	<i>Annual Banquet</i>	<i>Dance</i>	<i>Monthly and Dinner Meetings</i>	<i>Players</i>
Income	<u>\$8,575.29</u>	<u>1,256.00</u>	<u>2,619.95</u>	<u>38.90</u>	<u>4,660.44</u>
Expenses					
Food and service	1,255.55	1,255.55	—	—	—
Program expense	1,446.07	39.94	1,340.33	50.80	15.00
Rent	1,692.17	—	1,092.17	—	600.00
Repairs and maintenance	6.67	—	—	—	6.67
Stationery and postage	48.73	3.50	—	—	45.23
Committee expenses	8.66	8.66	—	—	—
Taxes	74.02	—	74.02	—	—
Depreciation on public address system	200.00	—	—	—	200.00
Costumes and properties	547.67	—	—	—	547.67
Scripts and royalties	572.45	—	—	—	572.45
Publicity	175.55	—	—	—	175.55
Fees	857.65	—	—	—	857.65
Transportation	1,303.47	—	—	—	1,303.47
Miscellaneous	219.23	—	—	—	219.23
TOTAL EXPENSES	<u>\$8,407.89</u>	<u>1,307.65</u>	<u>2,506.52</u>	<u>50.80</u>	<u>4,542.92</u>
NET INCOME (LOSS)	<u>\$ 167.40</u>	<u>(51.65)</u>	<u>113.43</u>	<u>(11.90)</u>	<u>117.52</u>

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
OUTDOOR DIVISION OPERATIONS**

Schedule 3

For the Year Ended August 31, 1967

	<i>Total</i>	<i>Camp- Craft- ers</i>	<i>Climbers</i>	<i>Outing Coordi- nating</i>	<i>Safety</i>	<i>Ski Tours</i>	<i>Snow- shoe Tours</i>	<i>Special Outings</i>	<i>Summer Outing</i>	<i>Trail Trips</i>	<i>View Find- ers</i>
Income	\$12,253.76	95.25	4,440.92	—	—	207.00	48.39	2,153.30	5,112.00	163.40	33.50
Expenses											
Food and services	3,495.00	—	—	—	—	—	—	510.07	2,984.93	—	—
Program expenses	3,999.28	—	2,335.28	—	—	—	—	1,654.00	—	—	10.00
Climbing ropes and gear	585.29	—	484.42	—	—	—	25.01	—	75.86	—	—
Stationery and postage	526.54	—	526.54	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Committee expenses	520.84	—	—	173.23	222.00	16.78	16.19	15.50	77.14	—	—
Transportation	1,425.66	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1,425.66	—	—
Allocation to Property Fund	222.50	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	222.50	—	—
TOTAL EXPENSES	\$10,775.11	—	3,346.24	173.23	222.00	16.78	41.20	2,179.57	4,786.09	—	10.00
NET INCOME (LOSS)	\$ 1,478.65	95.25	1,094.68	(173.23)	(222.00)	190.22	7.19	(26.27)	325.91	163.40	23.50

Financial Statements

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
PROPERTIES DIVISION OPERATIONS**

Schedule 4

For the Year Ended August 31, 1967

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The Mountaineers

Income	<i>Total</i>	<i>Meany Ski Hut</i>	<i>Mt. Baker Cabin</i>	<i>Rhododendron Preserve</i>	<i>Snoqualmie Lodge</i>	<i>Stevens Ski Hut</i>	<i>Crystal Mountain</i>
Meals served	\$ 9,577.96	2,994.00	2,320.07	776.31	1,631.75	1,855.83	—
Use of hut or lodge	6,669.20	880.00	1,206.08	806.00	2,972.37	804.75	—
Use of ski tow	4,628.00	784.50	—	—	3,843.50	—	—
Use of sno cat	1,321.75	1,321.75	—	—	—	—	—
Concessions	268.09	—	—	268.09	—	—	—
TOTAL INCOME	\$22,465.00	5,980.25	3,526.15	1,850.40	8,447.62	2,660.58	—
Expenses							
Food	8,207.74	2,846.52	1,552.83	636.24	2,118.14	1,054.01	—
Fuel	884.35	80.32	451.34	51.30	259.46	41.93	—
Building	1,505.83	695.48	242.80	147.59	304.53	115.43	—
Ski tow	1,461.95	594.96	—	—	866.99	—	—
Sno cat	655.29	655.29	—	—	—	—	—
Committee	257.24	113.89	129.68	—	13.67	—	—
Light and power	593.31	61.50	68.57	108.79	278.45	76.00	—
Taxes and land use fees	1,962.13	124.18	137.30	602.67	893.87	154.11	50.00
Insurance	1,247.81	334.22	299.78	106.49	276.72	230.60	—
Depreciation							
Building and equipment	3,241.39	282.39	715.00	72.00	1,567.00	605.00	—
Sno cat	954.61	954.61	—	—	—	—	—
Concessions	172.08	—	—	172.08	—	—	—
TOTAL EXPENSES	\$21,143.73	6,743.36	3,597.30	1,897.16	6,578.83	2,277.08	50.00
NET INCOME (LOSS)	\$ 1,321.27	(763.11)	(71.15)	(46.76)	1,868.79	383.50	(50.00)

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
CLUBROOM BUILDING RENTAL INCOME
AND EXPENSES**

Schedule 5

For the Year Ended August 31, 1967

Rental Income		\$8,460.00
Rental Expenses		
Management fees	\$ 423.00	
Repairs and maintenance	706.58	
Janitorial	308.35	
Heat	722.02	
Utilities	297.95	
Insurance	174.00	
Permits	25.11	
Taxes	1,898.85	
Depreciation of building	2,200.00	
Interest expense	1,589.04	
Miscellaneous	25.00	
	TOTAL RENTAL EXPENSES	8,369.90
	NET RENTAL INCOME	<u>\$ 90.10</u>

**THE MOUNTAINEERS · TACOMA BRANCH
STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION**

August 31, 1967

	<i>Assets</i>	<i>Liabilities and Proprietorship</i>
Current Assets:		
Cash, Bank of California	\$ 1,122.62	
United Mutual Savings	3,862.56	
Accounts Receivable	<u>1,092.00</u>	\$ 6,077.18
Fixed Assets:		
Land, Clubhouse	\$ 800.00	
Irish Cabin	<u>200.00</u>	1,000.00
Buildings:		
Clubhouse	\$16,501.66	
Less Reserve	<u>3,591.55</u>	12,910.11
Irish Cabin	\$ 2,143.91	
Less Reserve	<u>772.20</u>	1,371.71
Furniture and Fixtures	\$ 3,631.46	
Less Reserve	<u>2,171.51</u>	1,459.95
Loan, The Mountaineers		\$ 2,000.00
Net Worth, Balance 9/1/66	\$19,720.14	
Increase 1967	<u>1,098.81</u>	
	<u>\$22,818.95</u>	<u>20,818.95</u>
		<u>\$22,818.95</u>

THE MOUNTAINEERS · TACOMA BRANCH

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSE

Fiscal year ended August 31, 1967

Income		
Clubhouse Rental		\$ 2,245.00
Irish Cabin		563.49
Committee Operations:		
Climbing	\$ 387.84	
Hiking Appreciation	29.90	
Trail Trips	28.60	
Special Events	102.51	
Photography	17.44	
Program	65.32	
Ways and Means	38.40	
Social95	670.96
Interest Income		197.53
Dues and Fees, 1967		<u>1,092.00</u>
		\$ 4,768.98
Expenses		
Committee Operations:		
Membership	\$ 65.37	
Alpine News	46.57	
Pylon	79.66	\$ 191.60
Clubhouse:		
Caretaker	\$ 553.90	
Maintenance and Repair	192.12	
Rental Expense	106.00	
Supplies	336.88	
Heat	195.00	
Telephone	82.52	
Utilities	227.10	
Taxes	423.43	
Insurance	116.00	2,232.95
Irish Cabin:		
Caretaker	\$ 20.00	
Maintenance and Repair	181.03	
Rental Expense	89.85	
Taxes	17.67	
Insurance	114.00	422.55
Administrative Expense:		
Officers Expense	\$ 41.93	
Nominating Committee	33.44	
Miscellaneous	14.72	90.09
Depreciation:		
Clubhouse	\$ 583.77	
Irish Cabin	149.21	732.98
NET EXCESS Income over Expenses		<u>3,670.17</u>
		\$ <u>1,098.81</u>

Thomas W. Wagner, Treasurer.

THE MOUNTAINEERS · EVERETT BRANCH**STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION**

August 31, 1967

		<i>Assets</i>	<i>Liabilities and Proprietorship</i>
Cash in banks	\$	1,663.60	
Petty Cash		6.59	
U.S. Savings Bonds		531.40	
Accounts Receivable		607.25	
Supplies		163.83	
Accounts Payable			\$ 25.71
Net Worth: Balance 9/1/66		\$ 3,072.72	
Decrease 1967		(125.76)	2,946.96
		<u>\$ 2,972.67</u>	<u>\$ 2,972.67</u>

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSE

Fiscal year ended August 31, 1967

Income

Climbing Course	\$	4.08	
Hiking Fees		29.15	
Salmon Bake		95.90	
Interest		109.60	
Dues and Fees 1967		595.00	\$ 833.73

Expenses

Clubroom rent	\$	45.00	
Annual Banquet		151.14	
Social activities		41.31	
Donations		625.00	
Trustee Expense		8.00	
Membership Committee		10.75	
Loss on pins stolen		75.36	
Supplies used		2.93	959.49
NET EXCESS of Expense over Income			<u>\$ (125.76)</u>

Eileen Wright, Treasurer.

THE MOUNTAINEERS · OLYMPIA BRANCH
STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
 August 31, 1967

	<i>Assets</i>		<i>Liabilities and Proprietorship</i>
Cash in bank	\$ 558.30		
Accounts Receivable	479.00		
Net Worth: Balance 9/1/66		\$ 1,042.84	
Decrease 1967		<u>(5.54)</u>	\$ 1,037.30
	<u>\$ 1,037.30</u>		<u>\$ 1,037.30</u>

INCOME AND EXPENSE
 Fiscal year ended August 31, 1967

Income

Climbing Course	\$ 687.71		
Less costs	<u>753.65</u>	\$ (65.94)	
Outing fees		28.00	
Miscellaneous		17.00	
Dues and Fees allocation		<u>479.00</u>	
		\$ 458.06	

Expenses

Rent	\$ 20.00		
Travel	65.00		
Stationery, printing and telephone	16.05		
Miscellaneous	<u>362.55</u>	463.60	
NET EXCESS Expense over Income		<u>\$ (5.54)</u>	

Thomas McLain, Treasurer.

The Mountaineers
(A Washington Corporation)
Seattle, Washington
Financial Statements
August 31, 1968

THE MOUNTAINEERS
Seattle
Washington

Gentlemen:

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
Pat Chamay Memorial Fund

of THE MOUNTAINEERS, Seattle, Washington, a Washington corporation, as of August 31, 1968, 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, 1968, 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.

Yours truly,

V. FRANK VOJTA
Certified Public Accountant

THE MOUNTAINEERS
STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
Exhibit A

August 31, 1968

General Fund	<i>Assets</i>	<i>Liabilities</i>
Cash	\$ 5,120.46	
Accounts receivable	570.00	
Due from Permanent Building and Improvement Fund	9,068.05	
Due from Literary Fund	462.24	
Inventory of pins	307.33	
Deposits	187.25	
Prepaid insurance	11.76	
Property and equipment, net - Schedule 1	132,006.87	
Mortgage payable		\$ 22,556.39
Accounts payable		7,743.42
Taxes payable		659.82
Dues and initiation fees allocated to branches		2,508.00
Lease deposits and prepaid rent		1,400.00
Due to Property Fund		369.02
Principal of Fund		112,497.31
	<u>\$147,733.96</u>	<u>\$147,733.96</u>
 Permanent Building and Improvement Fund		
Cash	\$ 3,150.73	
Tacoma branch construction loan	1,800.00	
Due to General Fund		\$ 9,068.05
Principal of Fund		(4,117.32)
	<u>\$ 4,950.73</u>	<u>\$ 4,950.73</u>
 Literary Fund		
Cash	\$ 14,354.16	
Inventory of books - at cost	64,771.42	
Prepaid expenses	1,350.25	
Investment in Joint Venture with Mountain Rescue Council	2,500.00	
Investment in Joint Venture with University of Washington Press	3,535.70	
Accounts payable		\$ 2,959.23
Due to General Fund		462.24
Due to Joint Venture with Mountain Rescue Council		3,334.89
Principal of Fund		79,755.17
	<u>\$ 86,511.53</u>	<u>\$ 86,511.53</u>

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION**

Exhibit A
Continued

August 31, 1968

Permanent Fund	<i>Assets</i>	<i>Liabilities</i>
Cash	\$ 5,000.00	
Principal of Fund		\$ 5,000.00
	\$ 5,000.00	\$ 5,000.00
 Property Fund		
Cash	\$ 902.72	
Due from General Fund	369.02	
Principal of Fund		\$ 1,271.74
	\$ 1,271.74	\$ 1,271.74
 Seymour Fund		
Cash	\$ 1,612.52	
Principal of Fund		\$ 1,612.52
	\$ 1,612.52	\$ 1,612.52
 Haynes Memorial Fund		
Cash	\$ 755.45	
Principal of Fund		\$ 755.45
	\$ 755.45	\$ 755.45
 Pat Chamay Memorial Fund		
Cash	\$ 298.00	
Principal of Fund		\$ 298.00
	\$ 298.00	\$ 298.00

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSES**

Exhibit B

August 31, 1968

Income

Dues and initiation fees		\$ 44,223.25
Less allocations		
Tacoma	\$ 1,484.00	
Everett	501.00	
Olympia	523.00	
Publications	16,040.00	
Permanent Building and Improvement Fund .	2,371.00	20,919.00
		<u>\$ 23,304.25</u>
NET DUES AND FEES		
Sale of publications .	\$ 16,600.13	
Less cost of publications	15,788.33	811.80
Committee operations		
Indoor division - Schedule 2		1,199.89
Outdoor division - Schedule 3 .		1,575.29
Property division - Schedule 4		(4,544.24)
Interest income		14.91
Miscellaneous income		64.18
		<u>22,426.08</u>
TOTAL INCOME		\$ 22,426.08

Expenses

Salaries	\$ 11,512.68	
Payroll taxes	929.24	
Rent - old clubroom	920.00	
Clubroom building expenses, net - Schedule 5	1,953.60	
Professional fees .	1,150.00	
Office supplies .	761.31	
Duplicating	786.90	
Postage	1,279.25	
Telephone	654.49	
Heat and light	281.44	
Insurance	1,743.22	
Depreciation - other than lodges	767.00	
Personal property tax	191.12	
Library	588.43	
Conservation - net	4,100.75	
Elections expenses	311.26	
Membership	1,029.55	
Miscellaneous	98.80	
		<u>29,059.04</u>
TOTAL EXPENSES		29,059.04
NET LOSS		<u>\$ 6,632.96</u>

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
LITERARY FUND
STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSES**

Exhibit C

For the Year Ended August 31, 1968

Income From Sale of Books		\$ 76,999.41
Less Cost of Books Sold		
Books on hand, September 1, 1967	\$ 42,300.74	
Printing and freight in	62,277.32	
	104,578.06	
Less books on hand, August 31, 1968	64,771.42	
TOTAL COST OF BOOKS SOLD		39,806.64
GROSS PROFIT		37,192.77
 Expenses		
Salaries and payroll taxes	5,101.26	
Royalties	13,307.21	
Supplies	290.00	
Storage	337.38	
Advertising	2,454.56	
Postage, wrapping and handling	2,708.62	
Committee expenses	678.87	
Personal property taxes	698.40	
State business taxes	37.30	
Miscellaneous	31.46	
TOTAL EXPENSES		25,645.06
NET PROFIT FROM SALE OF BOOKS		\$ 11,547.71
 Less Miscellaneous Charges—Net		
Loss on joint venture with University of Washington Press	769.17	
Less miscellaneous income		
Interest income \$ 386.50		
Gain on joint venture with Mountain Rescue Council	282.48	668.98
MISCELLANEOUS CHARGES - NET		100.19
NET INCOME		\$ 11,447.52

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
SCHEDULE OF PROPERTY AND EQUIPMENT**

Schedule 1

August 31, 1968

	<i>Recorded Value</i>	<i>Accumulated Depreciation</i>	<i>Net</i>
Clubroom building	\$ 56,776.87	\$ 5,025.00	\$ 51,751.87
Meany ski hut	11,867.20	11,211.10	656.10
Mt. Baker cabin	13,691.11	6,892.83	6,798.28
Rhododendron preserve	12,219.29	4,289.62	7,929.67
Snoqualmie lodge	21,611.08	18,520.80	3,090.28
Stevens ski hut	10,327.64	9,414.93	912.71
Library	3,595.86	2,878.55	717.31
Clubroom furniture and fixtures	7,257.87	3,043.87	4,214.00
General equipment	3,364.14	2,108.68	1,255.46
Photographic equipment	2,734.07	1,696.28	1,037.79
Players public address system	597.76	400.00	197.76
Sno cat	6,007.25	6,007.25	—
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
	<u>\$203,495.78</u>	<u>\$ 71,488.91</u>	<u>\$132,006.87</u>

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
INDOOR DIVISION OPERATIONS**

Schedule 2

For the Year Ended August 31, 1968

	<i>Total</i>	<i>Annual Banquet</i>	<i>Dance</i>	<i>Monthly and Dinner Meetings</i>	<i>Players</i>
Income	<u>\$9,143.39</u>	<u>1,487.50</u>	<u>3,114.87</u>	<u>25.60</u>	<u>4,515.42</u>
Expenses					
Food and service	1,515.49	1,140.61	291.17	52.89	30.82
Program expense	523.84	28.74	456.07		39.03
Rent .	2,066.36	150.45	1,315.91		600.00
Repairs and maintenance	258.67				258.67
Stationery and postage	58.66				58.66
Committee expenses	6.00	6.00			
Taxes	7.66		7.66		
Depreciation on public address system	200.00				200.00
Costumes and properties	1,049.42				1,049.42
Scripts and royalties	203.86				203.86
Publicity	295.61				295.61
Fees .	1,025.40		481.50		543.90
Transportation	665.30				665.30
Miscellaneous .	67.23	30.43			36.80
TOTAL EXPENSES	<u>\$7,943.50</u>	<u>1,356.23</u>	<u>2,552.31</u>	<u>52.89</u>	<u>3,982.07</u>
NET INCOME (LOSS)	<u>\$1,199.89</u>	<u>131.27</u>	<u>562.56</u>	<u>(27.29)</u>	<u>533.35</u>

Financial Statements

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
OUTDOOR DIVISION OPERATIONS**

For the Year Ended August 31, 1968

Schedule 3

	Total	Camp- Craft- ers	Climbers	Outing Coord- inating	Safety	Ski Tours	Snow- shoe Tours	Special Outings	Summer Outing	Trail Trips	View Find- ers
Income	\$11,390.30	46.12	3,172.13	—	—	133.00	43.15	2,162.55	5,669.30	132.00	32.05
Expenses											
Food and services	\$ 4,513.08	—	—	—	—	—	—	788.98	3,724.10	—	—
Program expenses	745.93	—	563.76	—	—	—	—	162.17	20.00	—	—
Climbing ropes and gear	863.90	—	824.79	—	—	—	—	—	39.11	—	—
Stationery and postage . . .	534.76	—	473.27	—	—	—	—	—	61.49	—	—
Committee expenses	1,314.82	—	182.34	4.80	250.00	55.64	17.15	12.50	768.31	24.08	—
Transportation	1,750.02	—	—	—	—	—	—	983.25	766.77	—	—
Allocation to Property Fund	92.50	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	92.50	—	—
TOTAL EXPENSES	\$ 9,815.01	—	2,044.16	4.80	250.00	55.64	17.15	1,946.90	5,472.28	24.08	—
NET INCOME (LOSS)	\$ 1,575.29	46.12	1,127.97	(4.80)	(250.00)	77.36	26.00	215.65	197.02	107.92	32.05

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
PROPERTIES DIVISION OPERATIONS**

Schedule 4

For the Year Ended August 31, 1968

Income	Total	Meany Ski Hut	Mt. Baker Cabin	Rhododendron Preserve	Snoqualmie Lodge	Stevens Ski Hut	Crystal Mountain
Meals served	\$ 8,436.04	1,959.05	2,764.51	789.41	1,310.29	1,612.78	—
Use of hut or lodge	5,679.37	464.50	1,642.20	618.00	2,137.25	817.42	—
Use of ski tow	2,133.10	257.50	—	—	1,875.60	—	—
Use of sno cat	542.00	542.00	—	—	—	—	—
Concessions	123.42	—	—	123.42	—	—	—
TOTAL INCOME	\$16,913.93	3,223.05	4,406.71	1,530.83	5,323.14	2,430.20	—
Expenses							
Food	\$ 8,497.99	2,594.25	1,916.45	581.72	2,211.60	1,193.97	—
Fuel	1,408.89	—	605.03	87.84	279.97	436.05	—
Building	1,673.38	527.09	212.50	77.54	555.49	300.76	—
Ski tow	1,019.52	424.99	—	—	594.53	—	—
Sno cat	558.43	558.43	—	—	—	—	—
Committee	272.96	108.08	122.95	28.20	11.33	2.40	—
Light and power	550.11	61.50	35.91	78.02	282.68	92.00	—
Taxes and land use fees	1,936.87	96.52	196.37	695.53	728.30	170.15	50.00
Insurance	1,333.04	354.05	321.25	114.23	296.55	246.96	—
Depreciation							
Building and equipment	3,709.00	800.00	700.00	350.00	1,387.00	472.00	—
Sno cat	360.20	360.20	—	—	—	—	—
Concessions	137.78	—	—	137.78	—	—	—
TOTAL EXPENSES	\$21,458.17	5,885.11	4,110.46	2,150.86	6,347.45	2,914.29	50.00
NET INCOME (LOSS)	\$(4,544.24)	(2,662.06)	296.25	(620.03)	(1,024.31)	(484.09)	(50.00)

Financial Statements

**THE MOUNTAINEERS
CLUBROOM BUILDING EXPENSES—NET**

Schedule 5

For the Year Ended August 31, 1968

Expenses

Management fees	\$ 398.50
Repairs and maintenance	214.95
Janitorial	990.78
Heat	1,383.40
Utilities	746.85
Taxes and permit	1,951.72
Insurance	195.55
Interest	1,438.07
Supplies	73.78
Depreciation	2,825.00
TOTAL CLUBROOM BUILDING EXPENSES	10,218.60
Less Rental Income	8,265.00
CLUBROOM BUILDING EXPENSES — NET	<u>\$(1,953.60)</u>

**THE MOUNTAINEERS • TACOMA BRANCH
STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION**

August 31, 1968

	<i>Assets</i>		<i>Liabilities and Proprietorship</i>
Current Assets:			
Cash	\$ 4,467.12		
Accounts Receivable	1,484.00	\$ 5,951.12	
Fixed Assets:			
Land-Clubhouse	\$ 800.00		
Irish Cabin	200.00	1,000.00	
Buildings:			
Clubhouse	\$16,635.24		
Less Reserve	3,924.25	12,710.99	
Irish Cabin	\$ 2,143.91		
Less Reserve	879.40	1,264.51	
Furniture and Fixtures	\$ 4,423.54		
Less Reserve	2,533.87	1,889.67	
Loan, The Mountaineers			\$ 1,800.00
Net Worth, Balance 9/1/67	\$20,818.95		
Net 1968	197.34		21,016.29
		<u>\$22,816.29</u>	<u>\$22,816.29</u>

Thomas W. Wagner, Treasurer.

THE MOUNTAINEERS • TACOMA BRANCH**STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSE**

Fiscal year ended August 31, 1968

Income

Clubhouse Rental		\$ 2,000.00	
Irish Cabin		75.50	
Committee Operations:			
Campcrafters	\$ (20.00)		
Climbers	50.45		
Hiking Appreciation	192.40		
Special Events	497.73		
Social	21.91	742.49	
Interest Income		196.73	
Dues and Fees 1968		<u>1,484.00</u>	\$ 4,498.72

Expenses

Committee Operations:			
Membership	\$ 85.00		
Pylon	34.12		
Junior	25.00		
Program	15.00		
Donation	932.00	\$ 1,091.12	
Clubhouse:			
Caretaker	\$ 477.04		
Repair	15.00		
Rental Expense	132.00		
Taxes	413.14		
Insurance	116.00		
Heat	200.96		
Telephone	88.66		
Supplies	218.43		
Utilities	244.93		
Lawn	163.97	2,070.13	
Irish Cabin:			
Repair	\$ 124.11		
Taxes	21.33		
Insurance	120.00	265.44	
Administrative Expense:			
Officers	\$ 29.96		
Nominating	40.00		
Miscellaneous	2.47	72.43	
Depreciation:			
Clubhouse	\$ 653.05		
Irish Cabin	149.21	802.26	4,301.38
NET EXCESS Income over Expenses			<u>\$ 197.34</u>

THE MOUNTAINEERS • OLYMPIA BRANCH

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION

August 31, 1968

	<i>Assets</i>		<i>Liabilities and Proprietorship</i>
Cash in bank	\$ 407.51		
Securities (at cost)	577.00		
Accounts Receivable	523.00		
Net Worth: Balance 9/1/67		\$ 1,037.30	
Increase 1968		<u>470.21</u>	\$ 1,507.51
	<u>\$ 1,507.51</u>		<u>\$ 1,507.51</u>

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSES

Fiscal year ended August 31, 1968

Income

Climbing Course	\$ 440.15		
Less costs	<u>337.53</u>	\$	102.62
Backpacking Course	\$ 357.80		
Less costs	<u>234.72</u>		123.08
Annual Dinner	\$ 251.00		
Less costs	<u>246.83</u>		4.17
Miscellaneous Ropes	\$ 9.00		
Trips	16.00		
Unallocated	<u>30.00</u>		55.00
Interest			5.70
Dues and Fees allocation			<u>523.00</u>
		\$	<u>813.57</u>

Expenses

Rent	\$ 20.00		
Travel	30.00		
Stationery, Printing and Postage	49.36		
Outings	82.50		
Donations	160.00		
Miscellaneous	<u>1.50</u>		343.36
NET EXCESS Income over Expense		\$	<u>470.21</u>

Beverly J. Lynch, Treasurer.

THE MOUNTAINEERS • EVERETT BRANCH

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION

August 31, 1968

	<i>Assets</i>	<i>Liabilities and Proprietorship</i>
Cash in banks	\$ 1,987.63	
Petty Cash	46.19	
U.S. Savings Bonds	553.60	
Accounts Receivable	504.80	
Supplies	105.00	
Accounts Payable		\$ 20.16
Net Worth: Balance 9/1/67	\$ 2,946.96	
Increase 1968	230.10	3,177.06
	<u>\$ 3,197.22</u>	<u>\$ 3,197.22</u>

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENSES

Fiscal year ended August 31, 1968

Income

Fees, Hiking and Family Camping	\$ 12.36	
Salmon Bake	14.45	
Interest, Savings Bank	84.24	
U.S. Bonds	22.20	
Dues and Fees, 1968	501.00	\$ 634.25

Expenses

Clubroom Rent	\$ 36.00	
Climbing Course	164.87	
Annual Banquet	110.87	
Donation	25.00	
Membership and Postage	9.31	
Supplies used	58.10	404.15
EXCESS INCOME over Expense		\$ 230.10

Eileen Wright, Treasurer.

In Memoriam

George G. Altnow	Charter Member
Janis T. Andreika	Mountaineer since 1964
Bertha Tellier Barnes	Charter Member
Alexander J. Bernard	Mountaineer since 1956
Ethel Bernard (Mrs. A. J.)	Mountaineer since 1956
Alice M. Casey	Charter Member
Patrick D. Chamay	Mountaineer since 1963
Dan M. Collins	Mountaineer since 1924
Eva Curtis	Charter Member
Leroy Davis	Mountaineer since 1956
Edward W. Dolch	Mountaineer since 1959
Ralph L. Dyer	Mountaineer since 1918
Grace Fisher (Mrs. H. David)	Mountaineer since 1960
Clarence A. Garner	Mountaineer since 1920
Mildred Harms (Mrs. Richard G.)	Mountaineer since 1966
Elsie M. Hill	Mountaineer since 1937
Eric J. S. Jones	Mountaineer since 1956
Bertha N. Lenhan	Mountaineer since 1937
William A. Marzolf	Mountaineer since 1915
Will H. Matthews	Mountaineer since 1945
Martha McCarney	Charter Member
H. Wilford Playter	Mountaineer since 1910
Mabel Shuman (Mrs. Lloyd E.)	Mountaineer since 1959
Belle Tellier	Charter Member
Calvin F. Todd	Mountaineer since 1918
Ralph H. Upson	Mountaineer since 1958
Daniel M. Young	Mountaineer since 1965