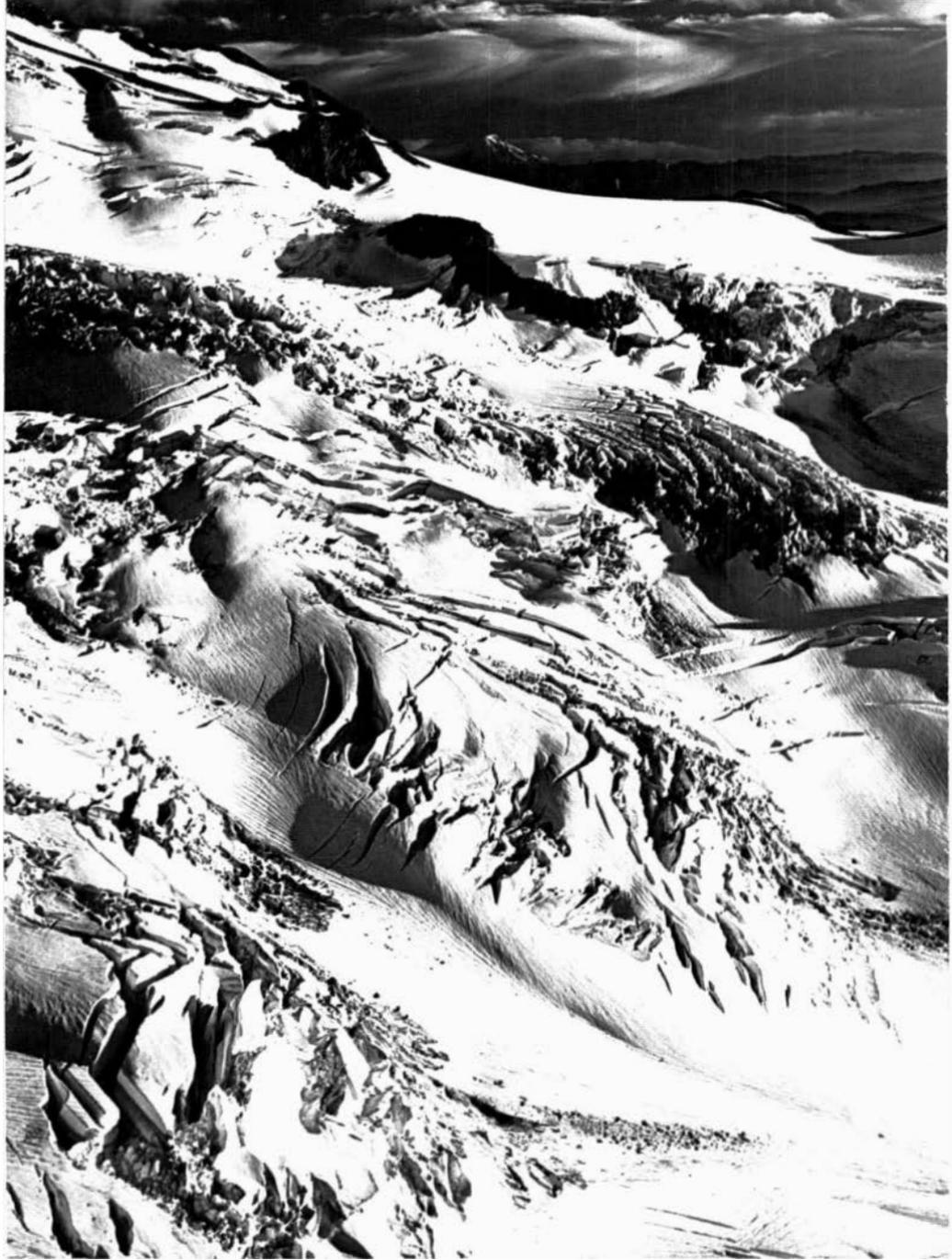


# The MOUNTAINEER



# THE MOUNTAINEER



Cover: Mowich Glacier

*Art Wolfe*

## EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Verna Ness, Editor; Herb Belanger, Don Brooks, Garth Ferber, Trudi Ferber, Bill French, Jr., Christa Lewis, Mariann Schmitt, Paul Seeman, Loretta Slater, Roseanne Stukel, Mary Jane Ware.

Writing, graphics and photographs should be submitted to the Annual Editor, *The Mountaineer*, at the address below, before January 15, 1978 for consideration. Photographs should be black and white prints, at least 5 x 7 inches, with caption and photographer's name on back. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced, with at least 1 ½ inch margins, and include writer's name, address and phone number. Graphics should have caption and artist's name on back. Manuscripts cannot be returned. Properly identified photographs and graphics will be returned about June.

Copyright © 1977, The Mountaineers. Entered as second-class matter April 8, 1922, at Post Office, Seattle, Washington, under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly, except July, when semi-monthly, by The Mountaineers, 719 Pike Street, Seattle, Washington 98101. Subscription price, monthly bulletin and annual, \$6.00 per year.

ISBN 0-916890-52-X

# THE MOUNTAINEERS

## PURPOSES

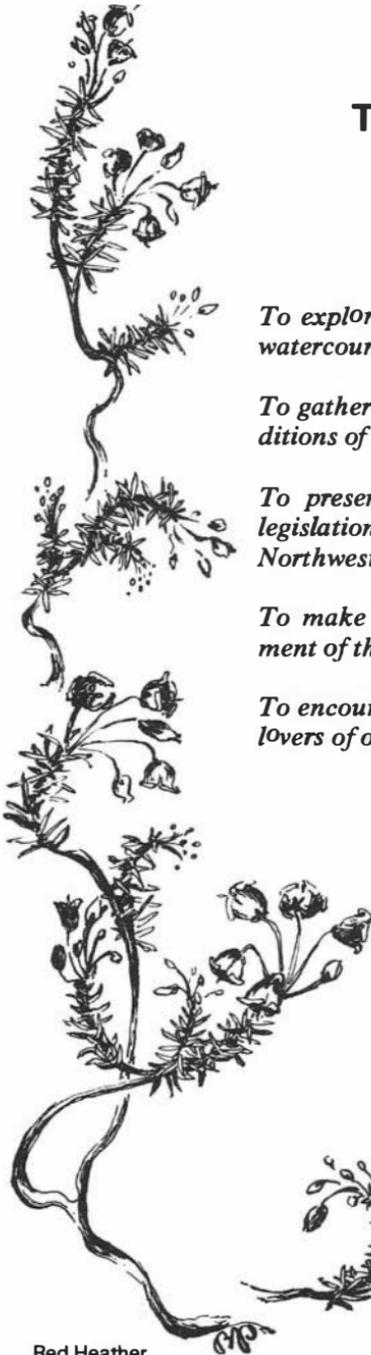
*To explore and study the mountains, forests, and watercourses of the Northwest;*

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

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

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

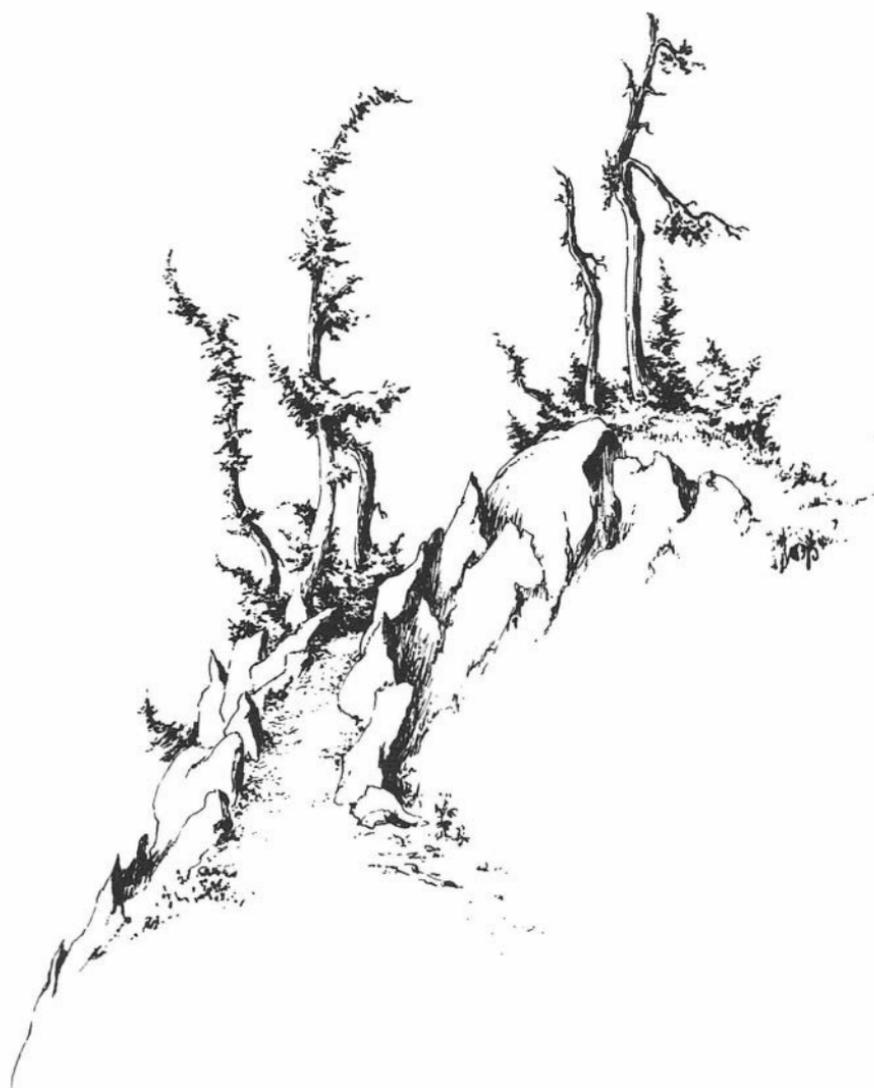
*To encourage a spirit of good fellowship among all lovers of outdoor life.*



Red Heather



B.J. Packard

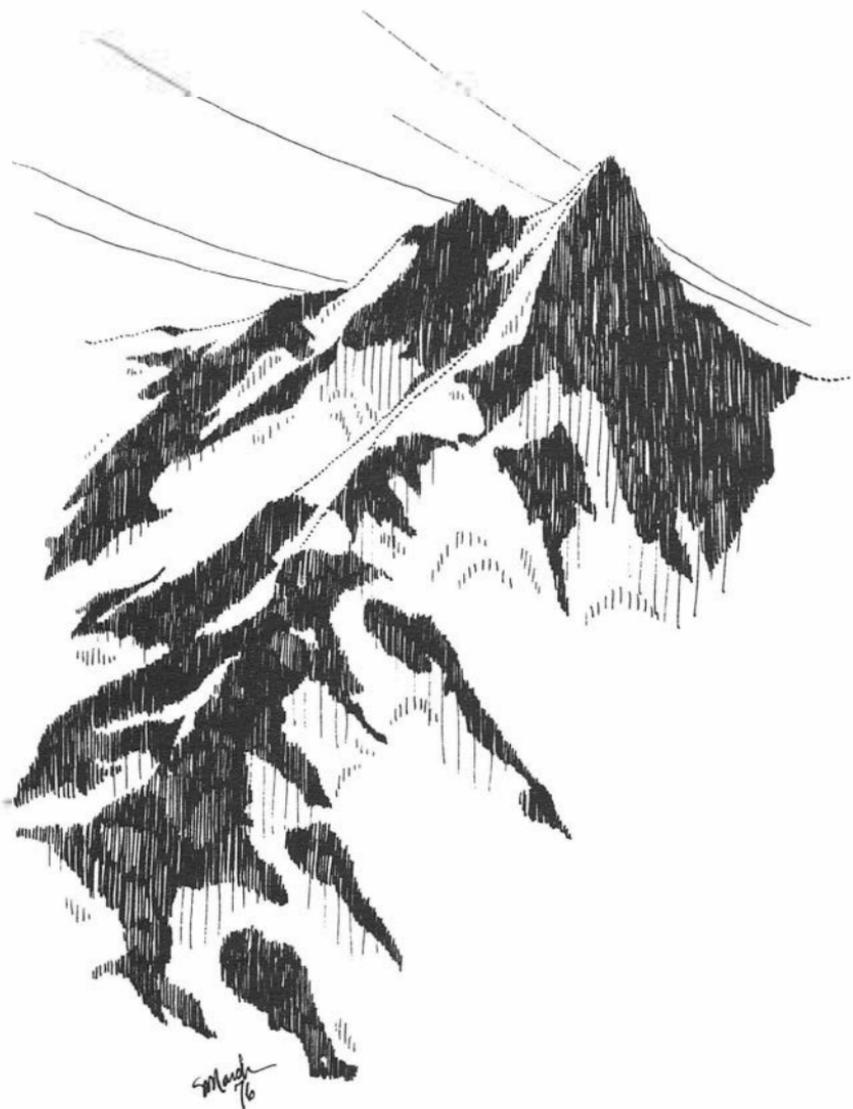


At Ferry Basin

*B. J. Packard*

# CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
The Changing Expedition Game . . . . .	7
Willi Unsoeld	
Aerial Stereo Photography (or) Post Mortem Enjoyment of Plane Flights Over Interesting Terrain . . . . .	14
Dee Molenaar	
Climbing in the U.S.S.R. . . . .	17
Alex Bertulis	
Mountain Hemlock . . . . .	22
Steve Amo	
1976 Bicentennial McKinley South Buttress Expedition. . . . .	28
Warren Thompson	
Leaders' Special: A Spring Jaunt on Nordic Skis . . . . .	33
Christine C. White	
The Mountaineer Bicyclists' Bicentennial Journey Across the U.S.A.. . . . .	36
Fran Dauelsberg	
Sleuthing in the Past . . . . .	49
Robert L. Wood	
Aconcagua 1976 . . . . .	58
John N. Yaeger	
The Trees of Time . . . . .	62
Thomas M. Jenkins	
The Decline and Fall of Backpacking . . . . .	66
Harvey Manning	
Pacific Northwest Flora by Three Washington Artists . . . . .	102
Climbing Notes . . . . .	105
Book Reviews . . . . .	109



Unnamed Peak on Bearpaw Mountain Ridge

*Sue Marsh*

# The Changing Expedition Game

**Willie Unsoeld**

With the completion of the "Golden Age" of Himalayan mountaineering during which all the 8,000 meter peaks of the world received at least a first ascent, expedition climbing was ready to enter a new phase. No longer would it be acceptable to throw into the climb the full weight of one's technological and logistical capabilities. The generally adverse reactions occasioned among the world's climbing fraternity by the Italian use of helicopters on Everest and by Maestri's use of a power drill for installing expansion bolts on Cerro Torre testified to this alteration in climbing outlook. As equipment, techniques, experience, and mental outlook all improved, it became necessary to equalize the contest in order to preserve the element of uncertainty. As had been the case in Alpine climbing at a much earlier date, this equalization has been generally accomplished by the choice of harder routes upon the great peaks of the Himalaya. A second method has been to emphasize the "style" in which the climb is attempted. Very small parties moving very quickly and relaying supplies as little as possible constitute the ideal in this respect. Peter Habeler and Reinhold Messner and their lightning ascent of Hidden Peak by a new route could be considered a perfect example of this ideal, while the absolute ultimate might be the first solo ascent of the as-yet-unclimbed Kangshung Face on Everest.

Of course, such "ultimate style" is ultimate only in the sense of the reduced margin of safety, due to a decreased number of party members, and in the ease and speed of movement which such a reduced party makes possible. It might also be argued that a relatively small party of friends, say from 4 to 6, moving steadily up the mountain, Alpine style, would really be more "ultimate" in the sense that they would have to be a more closely knit group and be better able to handle the stresses inherent in their more complicated social structure. Which ideal one chooses as "ultimate" would depend on whether climbing is seen as a matter between an individual and the mountain or between a group of companions struggling together on the mountain's lap.

Before moving on from these theoretical ideals to a consideration of some of the problems — both technical and ethical — associated with attempting much harder expeditionary routes, I would like to make two more points concerning the search for style. Clearly the great altitudes encountered only in the Himalaya have a great effect on limiting one's

style of climb. If oxygen is required, then the logistics required to put an adequate number of bottles in position for the summit try virtually rule out a really small party. Of course, it is not yet quite clear as to what altitude absolutely requires the use of oxygen. It appears that on the most recent Chinese ascent of Everest, some members of their party may have gone all the way without resorting to oxygen at all. However, it is difficult to tell from the published accounts. The oxygen sets used seemed to be effective only while in a stationary position so the team apparently gathered about them for periodic refreshers during the climb. In any case, there is clearly a distinction between climbing Everest without using oxygen personally (but with all the camps put in with its use, and perhaps along with oxygenated companions) and climbing it with a party which makes no use of artificial O<sub>2</sub> at all. It still remains a question whether the four highest peaks in the world can be climbed without oxygen.

The other point concerns the necessity for complete acclimatization before trying a very light and fast ascent of the highest peaks. It seems clear that much of the purpose of the large expedition and the "polar method" of ascent traditional to the Himalaya is to give the party time to acclimatize gradually. The alternative seems to be to spend one's acclimatization period on some other peak and then put in the light, fast climb of one's major objective after full acclimatization has been attained. This approach itself entails a considerable outlay of time and money and so is beyond the means of many amateur climbers. The acclimatization period would still require a sizeable expedition just to move enough supplies to sustain one at altitude long enough for acclimatization to take effect. It is a neat question to ask whether the "style" of a climb should include the type of acclimatization period preceding it. As I recall, Messner had already attained acclimatization elsewhere in the range before attempting Hidden Peak, but Habeler had not. Quite obviously the "style" of their climb would have been completely beyond reproach if neither of them had benefited from a previous acclimatization opportunity.

In considering some of the implications of the more difficult routes which are now being attempted in the Himalaya, the first point which occurs to me is the greatly decreased margin of safety. Not only are the routes more difficult technically, but they are apt to render one more exposed to avalanches for longer periods of time. They also increase the danger of being trapped by bad weather at high camps without the chance of either retreat or support. The question which greatly heightens the force of these objective dangers is the frequent thought, "Since I won't be getting back this way again, and since we have put so

much time and effort and money into this attempt, why not push the margin just a little closer to the brink?" This difference between even the hardest routes in the mountains of North America (or even the Alps) and the "one-shot-or-bust" proposition considered by most American climbers in the Himalaya has a most significant effect on the margin of safety with which one is willing to work.

An example of the above point was our experience with avalanches on Nanda Devi this last summer. The ferocity of the monsoon (reported to have been the heaviest in the last 100 years) initially made our choice of the monsoon season appear to have been very ill-advised. After establishing Advanced Base Camp at around 17,500 feet, we were pinned down for seven days of almost continual bad weather. Rain, snow, sleet, and hail — all came roaring down the face above us — up which our route was supposed to go. This was not a great big storm which could be expected to blow itself out eventually, but seemed to be just part of the regular weather pattern with occasional clearing, but never enough to remove the threat of more slides. There was considerable discouragement about this pattern and some serious suggestions of trying another route which might not be quite so exposed to snow accumulation areas — or even of abandoning the climb and moving on to another more hospitable peak. We finally hung on long enough to begin to feel more at home with our local conditions. We got to joking about being able to predict which kind(s) of rumbles heralded a wind blast which would flatten our tents at Advance Base Camp. Collecting the data upon which to base such predictions was certainly seldom dull. Eventually we felt confident enough about our familiarity with the weather and slope conditions that we were willing to venture out onto the upper slopes provided everything felt right to us. Later on, we operated with increasing boldness although we did not feel that our awareness of avalanche danger had decreased all that much. Some murmurs were heard about familiarity breeding contempt, but most of us felt that we had simply adjusted to the state of our mountain and had developed sufficient sensitivity to her moods to be able to work between the storms with equanimity. However, if we had been operating in the North Cascades, it is virtually certain that we would have tossed it in and planned on returning either later in the season or next year.

Directly connected with the decreased margin of safety on the harder routes is the increased use of fixed ropes. Fixed ropes have always been used in the Himalaya to secure particularly treacherous passages and to enable porters to be able to travel safely without continual escort by climbers. But in the face of steeper and longer slopes,

frequent pitches of moderate technical difficulty, and the constant danger of avalanche, fixed ropes become a way of life rather than an occasional convenience. On Nanda Devi we fixed ropes continuously from about 1 hour above Advance Base Camp all the way to Camp III . . . and then from the foot of the buttress at about 22,500 feet all the way to IV at about 24,000 feet. There is no doubt that the climb was facilitated by such measures. It made load-carrying much easier to be clipped in from a swami to the fixed rope with either a jumar or a Gibbs. Especially when the snow was soft, it was a great help to be able to haul on the line when humping a heavy load. It was also much faster and safer during the descent to be able to clip in with a carabiner brake and romp down the slopes without worry as to slips or ice patches or tricky rock steps.

However, we did notice some insidious side-effects of such reliance on fixed ropes. It definitely tended to fragment the party. When so much of your time was spent isolated from each other by the distance of the next segment of fixed line, and when you did not really have to adjust your pace to that of your companion, then you just naturally started setting your own pace, and the parties became more and more strung out and separated from each other. In a couple of instances when one member of a team of two was not feeling well or was travelling unusually slow, the separation between team members could be as great as three hours. This amounted really to solo climbing becoming the rule rather than the exception, and this did not seem to be a good idea over the long haul of the expedition. We did discuss this matter and agreed that during the descents we should maintain voice contact with each other at all times. But the quickness with which we tended to drift apart when the wind blew and the snow flew and when one climber was much slower than the other was a distinct revelation to us of just how important it has been all these years to be tied in together on the same climbing rope.

The harder routes also involve one in the use of direct aid techniques which have not been common on previous Himalayan climbs. Pitches above 20,000 feet, which require the use of etriers, place the climber under great additional strain just because of the effects of altitude. You are usually dressed heavily because of the cold, and the delicate movements often called for by technical terrain are just that much harder to perform while all bundled up. The use of chocks is also virtually excluded since the prevalence of ice in all the cracks demands the use of pins. Just the endless clearing away of snow and ice in order to locate the cracks is an additional difficulty which can reach major proportions. Of course, on those pitches requiring direct aid on their first

ascent, it is almost always necessary to install fixed ropes for subsequent carries. On vertical ground such as the buttress on Nanda Devi these fixed ropes could be climbed only by the use of ascenders fixed to stirrups. In order to facilitate the carrying of supplies to Camp IV, we jumared this 1,200 to 1,500 vertical feet while carrying loads of up to 50 pounds. This called for a distinctly different jumar technique which allowed one to rest at any time and in any position and which also relieved one of the weight of one's pack while resting. The resulting arrangement of slings and carabiners was complex in the extreme and required most careful adjustment in order to get the maximum benefit from it. It was particularly difficult when the slope eased off for a stretch and one was forced to half-climb and half-jumar. In such situations all the linkages had to be readjusted to different lengths or else you had to limp along all bent over in a most tiring manner.

As the climbs grow harder, the campsites tend to grow smaller. On the S.W. face of Everest we have already seen the use of artificial tent platforms constructed from aluminum poles. Also the introduction of the Whillans Box, a semi-rigid structure of wood and fabric, occurred there. But eventually attempts will be made on walls so high and uncompromising that far more elaborate engineering will have to be resorted to. Either a completely weather-proof and insulated hammock will have to be perfected so that camps can be established hanging from a single crack or else dangling shelves will have to be fabricated upon which full-sized tents of some advanced design can be erected. I remember first discussing such possibilities with John Harlin back in the late '60's when he was planning an attempt on the great East Buttress of Kanchenjunga. When I expressed a gentle concern about the lack of any campsites on such a route, John chided me for being hopelessly traditional. He described a campsite which would be no more than a horizontal, hairline crack from which all the gear would be hung from clusters of pins. Hammocks would be used for sleeping — in other words, a Yosemite bivouac at, say, around 26,000 feet — and complete with oxygen. Who could possibly deny that John was a man ahead of his time?

As the Himalaya gradually fill up with climbers in the same way that the Alps and our own ranges have done, the problems of cleaning up the route will become increasingly acute. From garbage disposal at Base Camp (already completely out of hand on Everest) to removal of all fixed ropes, this problem has scarcely been touched yet. Taking down the fixed ropes on vertical rock involves a lot of complicated maneuvers at high altitude and often under severe weather conditions. After the all-out effort required to reach the summit there is seldom enough

energy left to handle such rope retrieval. If even the major items such as tents and sleeping bags were brought down, you feel you have done well. It would be a tough decision for an expedition to make to send members up into definite danger just to take down the fixed ropes — perhaps without even getting the chance to try for the summit themselves.

On Nanda Devi we felt we were so far ahead of the game and in such good position to place all members on the summit within a space of about three days, that we counted on being able to retrieve all the thousands of feet of fixed rope as well as evacuating all the camps. After our fatality at Camp IV and in the face of continuing bad weather, we found ourselves fleeing for Base with whatever we could pick up quickly along the way. Not a single fixed rope was removed during our headlong retreat. Under conditions of bare survival, cleaning the route tends to hold a very low priority. Once at Base we did try to remove the signs of several previous expeditions by enlisting the help of our 50 porters who had come in to carry us out. By dint of much persuasion and demonstration we did get them engaged in policing the area — GI style — but I will never forget the looks of complete perplexity with which our demonstrations were met. They just couldn't see what was wrong with paper and plastic wrappings being scattered around on the ground. With the concept of garbage still being so novel in these remote areas (one of the West's less praiseworthy exports), it will take a while to get across the idea of controlling its distribution.

And finally there is the question of what obligation the western climber has to his eastern counterpart. When Indian or Pakistani or Nepali climbers are included in the party as full-fledged members, it then seems obligatory that some effort be made to train them in the advanced techniques which are required by the new routes being attempted. It is not enough just to make sure that they are adequate in their knots, belays, and arrests, but they must also be introduced to the use of etriers, jumar techniques, pin placements, and the like. We found our Indian members on Nanda Devi to be quite well grounded in the fundamentals of rock and ice work. It was only in the more advanced techniques used on such high angle rock as the buttress (basically the Yosemite method, in large part) that they were lacking in knowledge and practice. Had the weather remained good for only a few more days, we still could have helped them practice to a point at which they could have handled the fixed ropes leading to Camp IV, but time ran out on us and further work together was ruled out. The perfect example of the ideal relationship between the western and eastern climbers to my mind would have to be the successful Paiyu expedition in the Kara-

koram last season. Here Al Steck designated himself "Technical Advisor" and set himself to ensure that his Pakistani comrades had all the skills necessary for a summit attempt. The final push was an epic including a bivouac on the way to the summit — a bivouac at which Al waited until his Pakistani companions returned from their successful first ascent. It is examples such as this one which future expeditions should strive to emulate as Himalayan expeditions come of age only in their level of technical skill, but also in their level of successful human relationships on an international plane.



Mt. Index

*Sue Marsh*

# Aerial Stereo Photography (Or) Post-Mortem Enjoyment of Plane Flights Over Interesting Terrain

Dee Molenaar

Many of you who fly over mountainous areas or other landscapes of particular geographic or geologic interest can considerably enhance your enjoyment of these trips in retrospect. This can be done simply by taking two color slides of a given scene as you fly by, with a regular 35mm camera without special attachments.

A stereo (three-dimensional) pair of slides is thus formed, the two views differing only to the extent that they are taken from two view-points separated by the distance flown between the two clicks of the shutter. There's no great trick to this technique, yet few people are aware of the enjoyment offered, or that they might already have such stereo-slide pairs from prolific use of their cameras during flights.

Only a few simple precautions are necessary in acquiring a set of such stereo-slide pairs:

1. By "eyeball judgement," take the same general view in each shot, keeping the horizon line about the same position in each.
2. Take the photos no slower than 1/100 second to avoid the effects of jiggling or plane vibration. **Do not** brace the camera against any part of the plane.
3. Take the two photos as rapidly as you can: snap the shutter, wind to next frame, and take the next shot. If you wait too long the view will change sufficiently between shots to cause difficulty in lining up the matching features in the overlap stereo view; this is particularly true if the plane is close to the ground or travelling very fast. Of course, if you are at 40,000 feet, you don't have to rush your shots too much. (I obtained some excellent stereo slides from a jetliner travelling about 600 mph at 40,000 feet over Yosemite Valley.)

The resulting stereo slides look best when seen through two small box viewers tied together by a rubber band to allow any adjustment necessary to line up the matching features. Be sure the slide taken on the left is in the left-hand viewer, and that on the right is in the right viewer.

At first the landscape may appear to be in miniature; this is because, in effect, you are looking from the viewpoint of a giant with "eyes" perhaps 200-500 feet apart. Also, some distortion of the real scene results from the exaggerated stereo effect: a small ridge running up the center of the view may appear as a major ridge, and features in the background will appear relatively farther away than in the actual scene.

But your eyes and mind will compensate for these effects, and soon you'll be rewarded with a fascinating new way of examining landforms and geologic features not readily apparent from a ground-level viewpoint.

Photographic prints "in stereo" are more difficult for the non-trained person to utilize. Some of us who work with stereo photos have acquired the ability to quickly "relax" our eyeballs so that the left eye looks only at the photo on the left, and the right eye sees only that on the right.

However, the novice will find it easier to separate what each eye sees by placing a piece of cardboard or envelope upright between the two photos, so that the left eye cannot see the photo on the right and the right eyes cannot see that on the left. The accompanying photos of the Grand Teton and the southeast side of Mount Rainier are stereo pairs that might be viewed in this manner. (These photos are part of a sequence taken by Austin Post of the U.S. Geological Survey's Water Resources Division, during annual surveys made of glaciers on selected peaks in the United States.)

Stereo pairs of aerial photos taken vertically of the earth's surface from about 20,000 feet altitude have long been used by earth scientists and geographers to help them better recognize and delineate features not always apparent in normal "2-D" photos. However, more recently — as a spinoff of the NASA program, the EROS program (Earth Resources Observation System) has provided photos of the earth from 250-300 miles up. The photos are products of electronically transmitted "imagery" from sensors aboard Landsat ("Land Satellite") spacecrafts that orbit the earth north to south at 570 miles altitude every 103 minutes.

These photos have given man a greater appreciation of the landscape and have provided a continuing visual day-to-day record of the changes resulting from his activities on the earth — changes in areas and conditions of his agricultural, mining, and urban and suburban developments.

Satellite photos taken on adjacent orbital paths have also provided stereo coverage of areas where the photos overlap. Such cover-

age has proven invaluable in observations of hitherto unexplored parts of the earth's surface, and also has brought to recognition large-scale geologic structures that were not always noted during field studies or from lower elevation aerial photos.

For example, EROS stereo photos helped me considerably in the preparation of a shaded relief map of the Baltoro region of the Karakoram Himalayas. (The map appears in Galen Rowell's account of the 1975 American K2 Expedition, *In the Throne Room of the Mountain Gods.*) The space photos allowed me to make notable corrections of some features shown erroneously in existing maps of the area.

Additional help in this regard was provided by stereo slide pairs loaned me by Jim Wickwire and Dianne Roberts, who took enough shots to assure stereo coverage of some views during their flight to and from K2 prior to the trek into the peak in 1975.

Needless to say, the examination of the rugged Himalayas by means of stereo photos, taken vertically from nearly 600 miles up and obliquely from only a mile up, provided a stimulating bit of research.



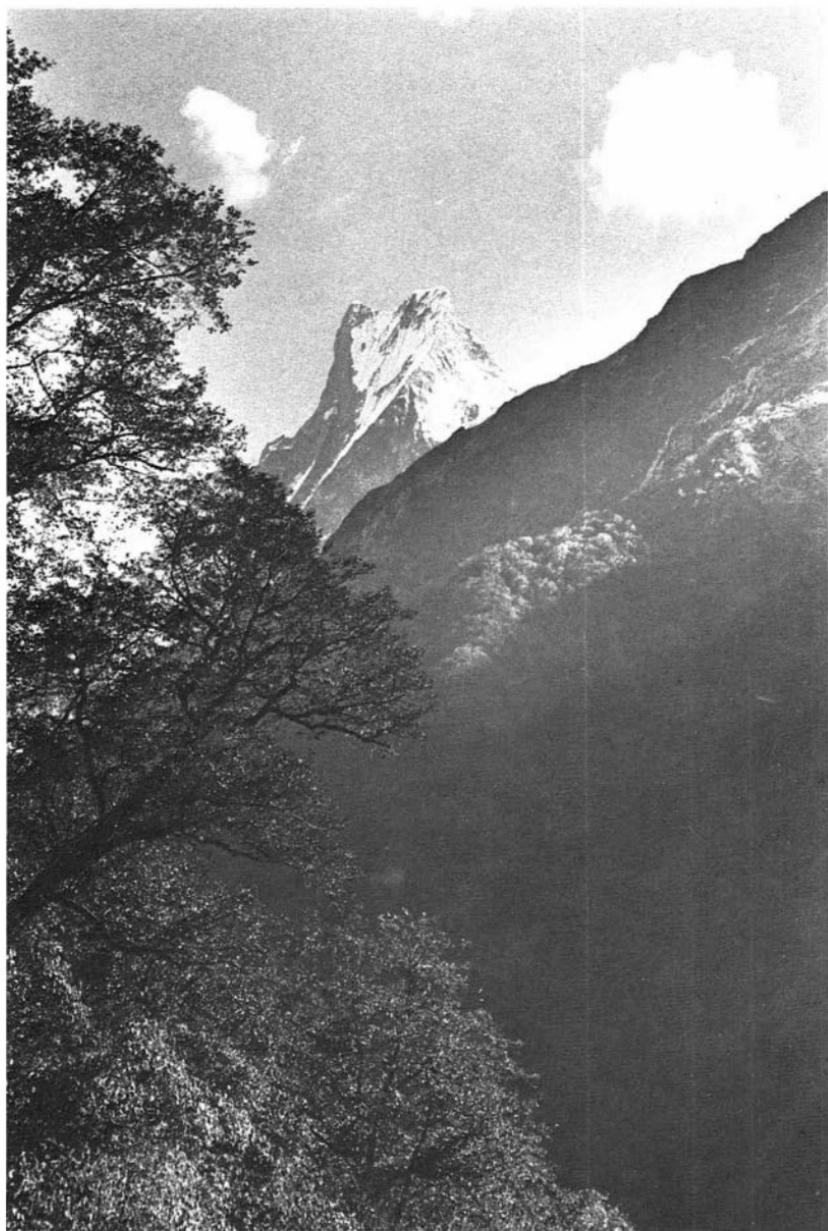
Grand Teton from east

*Austin Post, U.S. Geological Survey*



Rainier from southeast

*Austin Post, U.S. Geological Survey*



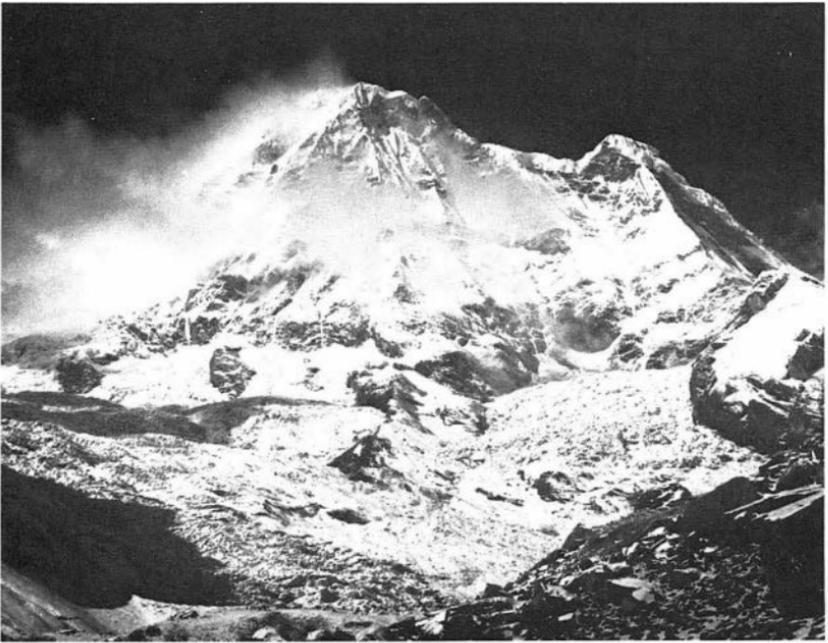
Machhapuchre (Nepal) 22,942 feet

*Keith Gunnar*



Dhaulagiri-I (Nepal) 26,795 feet

*Keith Gunnar*



South Peak of Annapurna, Nepal

*Keith Gunnar*



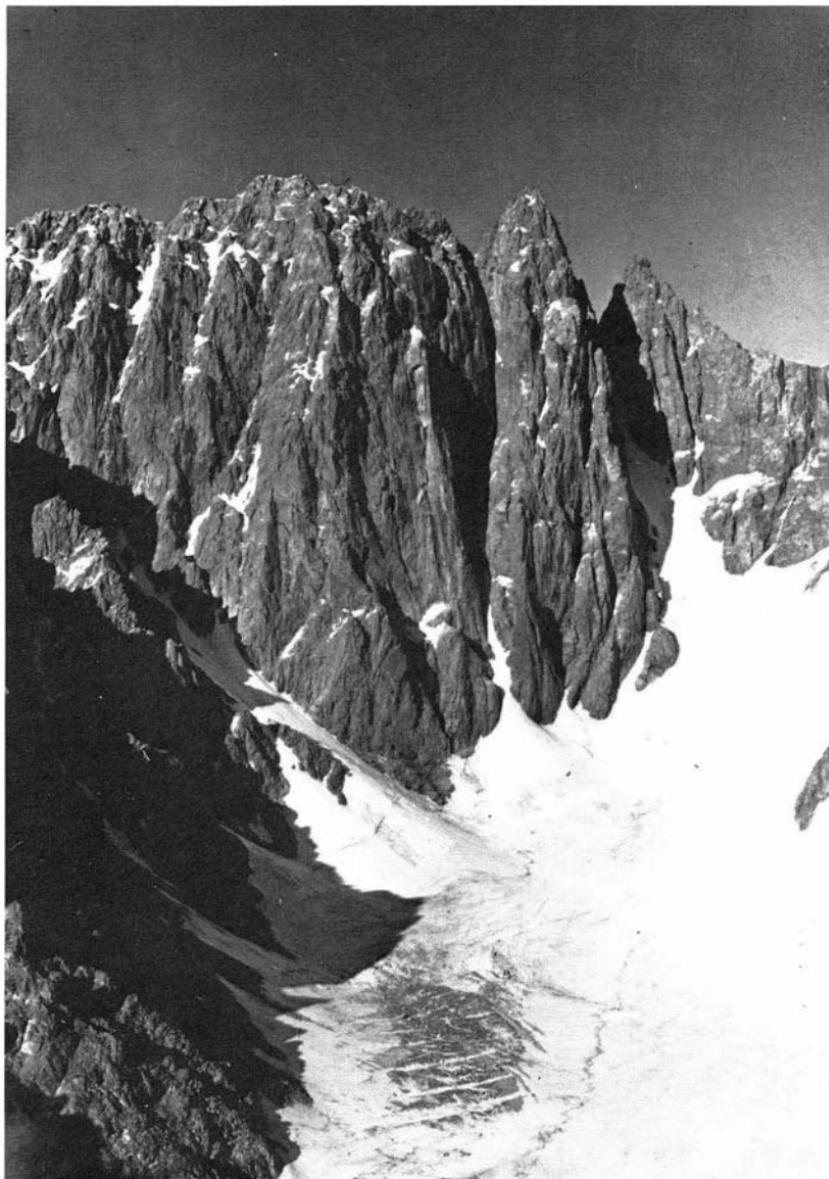
The Matterhorn

*Bob and Ira Spring*



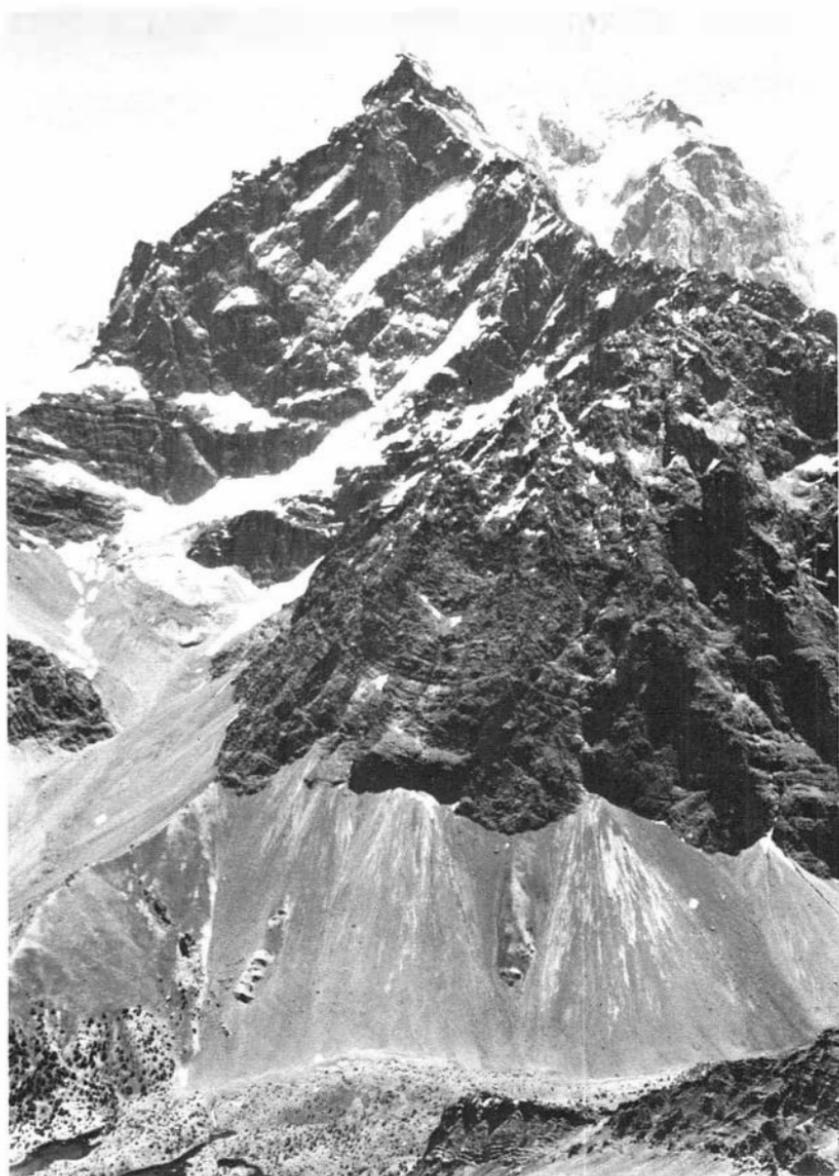
Climber on Ixtaccihuatl, Popocatepetl in background

*Dick Bayne*



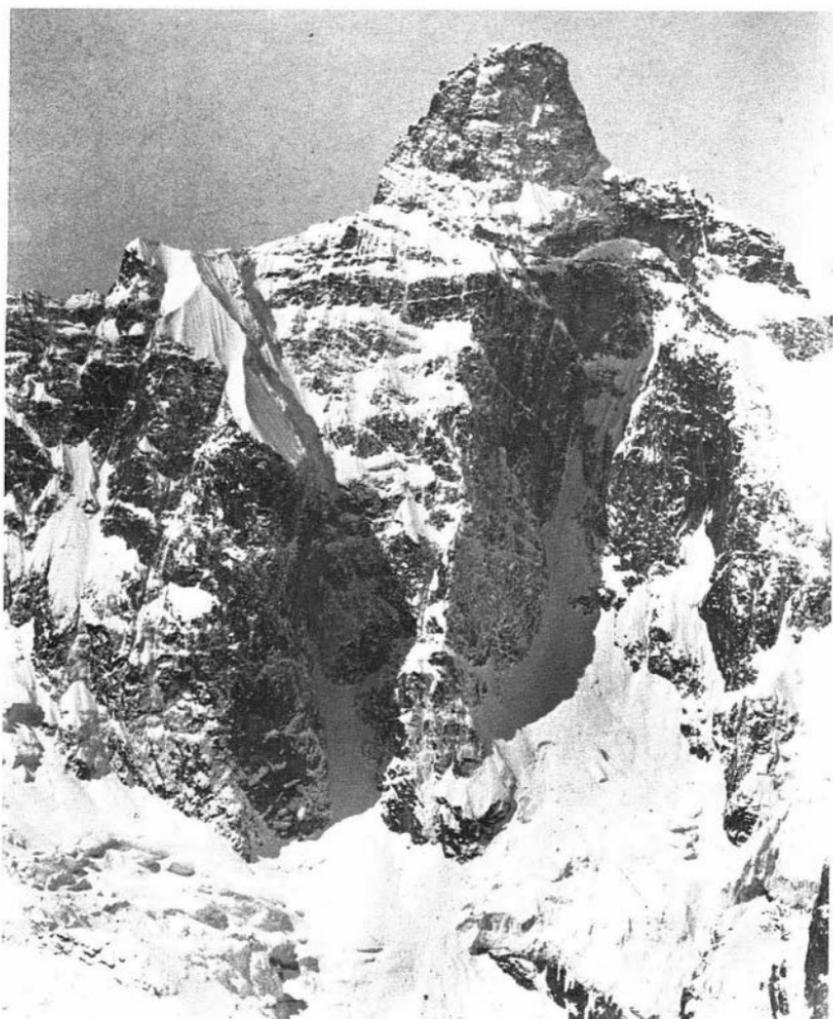
Corona Peak, west face, Tien Shan Range  
(The 2,500 foot pillar on the right was climbed by Low,  
Martinson, Ruzhevski and Ovchenekov in two days.)

*Alex Bertulis*



Pik Chapdapa, west face, Fansky Gory Mountains,  
West Pamirs. (Pik Bogdana is partially visible in the background.)

*Alex Bertulis*



Dolar Peak, Caucasus Range.

The 2,500 foot arete in the center of the north face was the principal target of the American team. Through six days of climbing, a difficult new route was established on the vertical buttress to the left.

*Vladimir Shatayev*

# Climbing in the U.S.S.R.

**Alex Bertulis**

In keeping with the newly established Soviet/American Mountaineering Exchange Program, the Mountaineering Federation of the Soviet Union invited six American mountaineers to climb in the USSR in 1976. The six, selected by an American Alpine Club committee, included George Lowe, Chris Jones and Mike Warburton from California, Henry Barber from Massachusetts, Craig Martinson from Minnesota and myself, from Seattle. Some of us were seasoned alpine climbers and some were hard rock men of the "Yosemite School." When the Soviets offered us expeditions to their highest peaks (Communism, Lenin, etc.) we politely declined and clarified our preference for hard alpine peaks.

From Moscow we were flown to Samarkand and then, by four-wheel-drive truck, we drove to "Camp Artuch" in a remote mountain group in the northwestern Pamirs. Here we were welcomed by red banners proclaiming in English: "Mountains Like Brave Fellows — You Are Welcome Here!" Here also, we met up with the majority of our climbing hosts: twelve top Soviet mountaineers who were to accompany us throughout the six-week climbing tour.

Camp Artuch consisted of a lodge with the dining hall and kitchen downstairs and sleeping quarters upstairs. It was an incompleated new structure and various climbers were still busy sawing and hammering away to make the place habitable. There were several cottages that accommodated about twelve people each. In outlying areas of the camp there were between 30 and 40 semi-permanent, army type tents with four to eight bunks in each. We Americans were given one of the cottages while our Soviet companions slept in the unfinished loft of the lodge. Later we learned one of the reasons we were always given preferential treatment. Whereas our trip was being funded by the Soviet Mountaineering Federation, with nothing spared, our Soviet buddies were largely paying their own way.

We also learned that in the USSR there is little or no impromptu climbing, such as we know it in the West. A Soviet climber holds a job and belongs to his labor union. Usually he gets a month's vacation and he may even take an extra month's leave of absence. He can choose to attend one of the many "climbers camps" anywhere in the country. Transportation is a small consideration since air-fare is only about one-tenth of what it is in the USA (so are most salaries!). The camps belong

to different "sports clubs" which come under the auspices of the workers' unions. A month's accommodation at a camp may cost 160 rubles. But the union may subsidize up to 75% of the cost so that the vacation becomes reasonably cheap. Arrangements provided by American unions, such as the Teamsters, are in many ways similar. The main difference is that there are practically no climbing opportunities outside the closely regulated "camps." The only exception exists if a climber decides to attempt a peak outside the realm of an established camp. In that event, he has to organize a group of 18 highly qualified mountaineers, including at least one doctor, and apply through both regional and federal agencies for the specific objective.

All climbers in the USSR are categorized into specific classifications that reflect their climbing experience and ability. Roughly, the gradations begin with class I (novice) through class IV (usually attained in about four seasons of prescribed climbing), then Candidate and Master (of Sport). A rank of Candidate will permit a climber to lead harder routes. You will probably never see a Soviet climber in his early twenties leading hard climbs. It usually takes about ten climbing seasons to attain the rank of Candidate or Master.

Half our team was 22 years old or younger. On the other hand, these same "youngsters" were full time climbers, for all practical purposes, and had climbing records equal to those of most Soviet Masters. "Climbing bums" (or "ski bums", etc.) are an impossibility in the USSR. We were relieved to know that none of the Soviet climbing rules or restrictions applied to us for we were given "free rein" wherever it was practicable. The same freedom may not be granted indiscriminately to all future American climbers, though our trip has established a desirable precedent.

## **The Pamirs**

A three hour hike from "Camp Artuch" brought us into the midst of the spectacular "Fansky Gory." From a cluster of emerald green lakes rose a dry and desolate mountain terrain. It reminded me of our Wind Rivers Range but the climate was more like that of the Sierra Nevada. The peaks were big, reaching altitudes of up to 18,000 feet from a base of about 8,000 feet. Their northern faces were steep and profusely glaciated. During our two week stay here we succeeded in completing eight major alpine routes. The most notable included a severely hard new ice route up the North Face of beautiful Mirali by Lowe, Jones, Onishenko and Obchenekov. Henry Barber paired off with rock climbing champion Sergei Bershov and completed two vertical routes up the difficult North

Face of Rudaki. I teamed up with two Russians — Misha Konkov and Edek Lipin, and a Lithuanian — Dainius Mokauskas for the classic 10,000 foot North Ridge of Chapdara (17,380 feet); the round trip took four days.

During this first "climbing spree" most of us got to know each other under demanding conditions. The best and the worst in us surfaced; this familiarity developed into a trust that climbers know and respect. Our return to Camp Artuch coincided with my birthday, so our hosts threw the appropriate party. If any tensions still lingered they were dispelled by the vodka, champagne and cognac that flowed from our glasses and the songs and jokes that abounded late into the night.

### **The Tien-Shan**

After a brief stopover in Tashkent we continued on to Frunze, located at the foot of the fabled Tien-Shan Mountains. We were told that we were the first Westerners to gain permission to climb in this range on the Chinese frontier. Our new camp was called "Ala-Archa." The terrain and climate here were similar to those of the Western Alps. Even the two mountains we selected as climbing objectives were reminiscent of two famous European peaks: the West Peak of Corona reminded me of the Petit Dru while Free Korea Peak was similar, in many ways, to the Grandes Jorasses.

Lowe, Martinson, Obchenekov and Ruzhevski climbed the difficult West Face of Corona in two days. Jones, Mokauskas, Pablechenko and I undertook the central route up the formidable North Face of Korea Peak. Warburton and Bershov climbed an equally hard line up Korea just to the left of our route, which also took two days. Henry became somewhat of a sensation by soloing a severely steep new ice route just to the right of us in four and a half hours! Not to be outdone by Henry, George soloed another new ice route to the right of Henry's route the following night. The latter ascent was complicated by intermittent thunderstorms and snowfall!

Back at Ala-Archa we all rejuvenated our beaten and dehydrated bodies in the camp sauna and spent much time celebrating and "rehydrating" with the Soviet climbers. Soon we needed rest from "camp life" and another good climb had to be undertaken. With the weather still unstable we hiked up to our "high camp" again. The rain and snow did not abate. Avalanches fell in profusion and time was running out. We had to give up all further climbing attempts in the Tien-Shan.

## **The Caucasus**

A long transcontinental flight back west brought us to the well known Caucasus. Our first "base camp" was located in a beautiful valley called Dombai. The mountains and glaciers around us instantly recalled our own Cascade Pass. The super modern luxury hotels, concessions, and the unending flow of tourists made it into another Yosemite Valley. Still, it was an unforgettable setting.

The peak most dominating this valley was Belalakaya — popularly called "The Matterhorn of the Caucasus" but more closely resembling Mt. Assiniboine in Canada. The direct East Face we viewed from our hotel balcony was still unclimbed! Lowe, Grakovich, Ruzhevski and I spent the next two days climbing this attractive route.

Since this was to be a short interlude on our way to bigger and better things deeper in the Range we succeeded in completing only four routes at Dombai. Our attempts were also hampered by deteriorating weather conditions. In a way, we were relieved that the weather was interfering with our climbing endeavors. During the last four weeks we were either climbing or hiking almost every day. Our bodies and minds were getting worn out! The occasional (night) life in camp came as a relief but sleep was rare due to the gregarious and generous hospitality of our hosts.

From Dombai we drove to "Camp Uzunkol" (trans., the "Lonely Arm"). Again we were warmly welcomed in a private ceremony hosted by the camp director; many speeches on behalf of both countries were given, with appropriate toasts. Numerous other private "receptions" could have rivaled the best nights at "Camp 4" in Yosemite.

Fortunately, the climbing objectives at Uzunkol were numerous and in close proximity. The "classic" of the area was the North Face of Dolar Peak — a spectacular 2,500 foot arête that could have been a twin to the North Face of Slesse in the North Cascades.

The weather was still threatening but our time was running short. Lowe, Jones, Mokauskas and Onishenko made the first attempt on Dolar while Bershov and I followed a day later. Everybody was literally washed off their routes and returned to camp to dry out. The exception was Grakovich and Warburton who were sticking it out in their attempt on a hard new route on Dolar.

The next day the weather improved somewhat and we all started up for another attempt at our abandoned objectives. This time we all succeeded despite marginal weather conditions. It was well worth it since the climbing involved excellent rock and free climbing of sustained difficulty.

Our last day in camp was spent in numerous farewell celebrations where gifts, pins and mementoes were exchanged with the many new friends we made. We were also becoming increasingly anxious about the absence of Warburton and Grakovich. They were now gone six days on a five day climb. When news reached camp that Mike had been seriously injured in a 120-foot fall just below the summit of Dolar, an extensive and well organized rescue operation was launched. Within 36 hours of his fall, the semi-conscious Mike was evacuated from the mountain and on his way to a hospital by ambulance. The rescue effort involved about 120 climbers working in relays, day and night. Weather did not permit a helicopter evacuation.

Mike's accident dampened the atmosphere of our final two days in the Soviet Union. However, when the medical prognosis declared that he would be up and climbing again in a few months we had all the more reason to celebrate.



Cream Lake

*B. J. Packard*



# Mountain Hemlock

(*Tsuga mertensiana*, pine family - *Pinaceae*)

**Steve Arno**

Illustrations by Ramona Hammerly

Mountain hemlock is a handsome tree with luxuriant foliage and dark, furrowed bark that characterizes the deep-snowy, high-country of the Pacific Coast mountains. Throughout its natural distribution, mountain hemlock grows almost exclusively in the uppermost forest zone. At its northern limits, on the snowy Alaska coast near Seward, it occurs predominantly with Sitka spruce and extends from just above sea level to the limit of trees, just under 2,000 feet. Southward in the Alaska Panhandle and in coastal British Columbia, the mountain hemlock zone rises in elevation and occurs above the Sitka spruce-western hemlock forest.

From southwestern British Columbia to northwestern Oregon, the mountain hemlock forest extends from about 3,500 feet to the limit of trees, near 6,000 feet. It grows at even higher altitudes in southern Oregon, where beautiful stands dominate the rim above Crater Lake. Mountain hemlock forest borders the ski slopes on Mt. Shasta in northern California, and also occupies the snowiest parts of the northern Sierra Nevada mountains. Southward in that range it becomes restricted to moist, sheltered cirque basins and stream borders near the 10,000-foot level. Mountain hemlock reaches its southern limits there, at about the same latitude as the southernmost glaciers in North America. It also extends eastward into the wettest inland ranges, but it is widespread and abundant only in the snowy Selkirks of southeastern British Columbia and the northern part of Idaho's Bitterroot Mountains.

Mountain hemlock forests occupy the zone of heaviest snowfall in North America, where annual averages range from about 32 to 50 feet at the principal weather stations. The station at Paradise on Mt. Rainier has been deluged with world-record snowfalls of 90 feet in a single

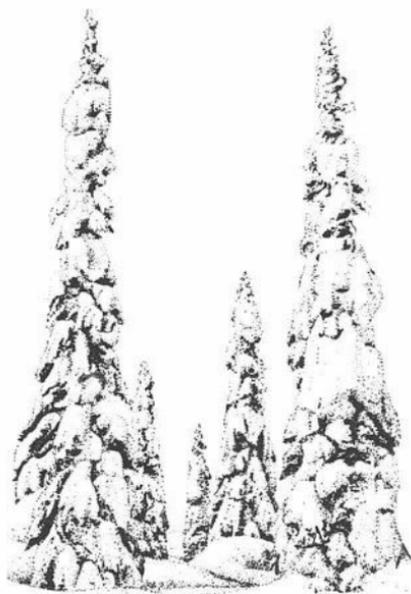
Editor's note: The description and illustrations of mountain hemlock are adapted from a chapter of the forthcoming book, *Discovering Northwest Trees*, by Steve Arno, with drawings by Ramona Hammerly. The complete volume, to be published by The Mountaineers, will include illustrated chapters on 21 species of conifers and 16 species of broadleaf trees. It is expected to be ready later this year.

winter season. Moreover, it is heavy, wet snow, yielding massive quantities of runoff when it melts in late spring and early summer as additional, copious rains wash it into the soil and down the waterways.

Because of its snowy habitat, one might expect mountain hemlock to have a compact, narrow crown similar to subalpine fir or Engelmann spruce, so that snow loads would not accumulate heavily and damage the tree. Young hemlocks do indeed have a narrow pyramid crown; but, as they mature, these trees often develop large crowns composed of great, spreading branches, upon which huge quantities of snow collect. Therefore, it behooves a spring skier to avoid resting under the "umbrella" of a big old hemlock on a warm afternoon!



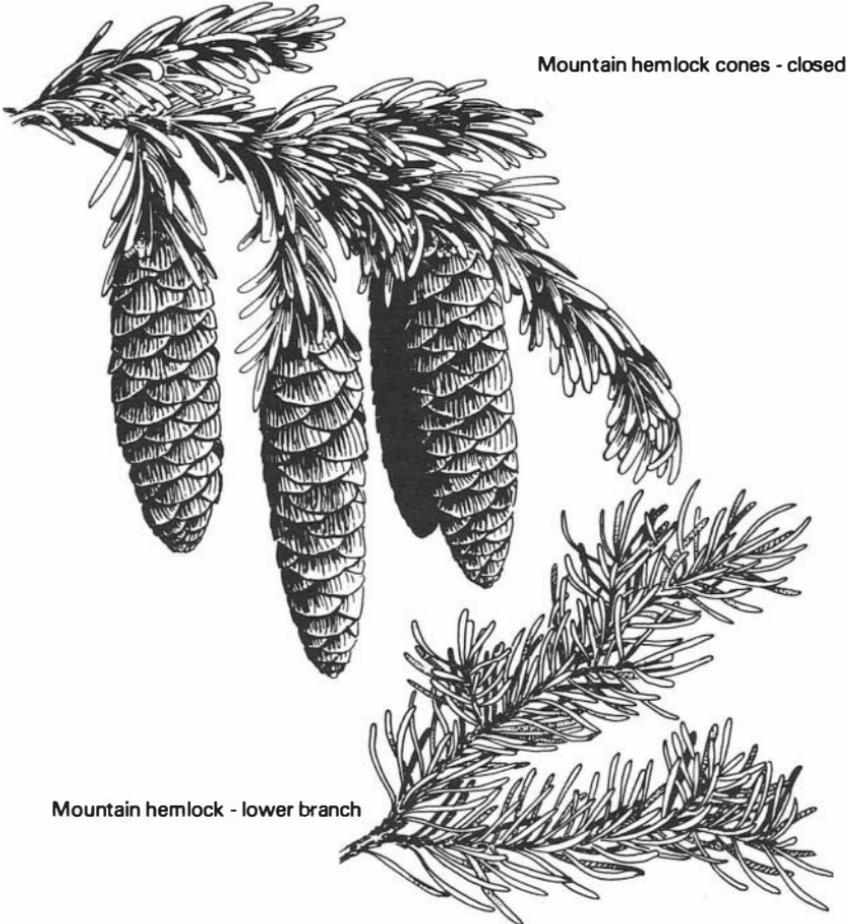
Young mountain hemlock



Subalpine fir

Groves of slender, pole-sized trees grow on sites where they are flattened each winter by the snowpack sliding down from steep slopes above. On July afternoons, hikers often witness these young hemlocks literally popping up out of their winter tombs of melting snowpack. Trees on steep slopes typically have a base that arches downslope before bending back up vertically; this condition, known as "pistol butt," is caused by creeping snow.

Mountain hemlock foliage is quite different from that of western hemlock or the two other American hemlocks, which grow in the East. Its needles are plump, and they spread out in clusters from all sides of little spur shoots, giving the twigs a luxuriant, bushy appearance. In contrast, western hemlock has flat needles arranged in flat, open sprays. Mountain hemlock foliage is often bluish-green; western hemlock is yellowish-green. Also, mountain hemlock cones are generally 1½ to 2 inches long; those of other hemlocks are an inch or less. Mountain hemlock bark is thicker and more heavily furrowed than that of its relative. Occasionally, trees having characteristics intermediate between mountain and western hemlock are found where the two species' elevational ranges overlap (usually 3,000 to 3,500 feet). Studies have found that most of these "intermediate" trees are probably western hemlocks. (They may have adapted to the snow-forest



Mountain hemlock cones - closed

Mountain hemlock - lower branch

environment by acquiring some growth characteristics similar to those of mountain hemlock.)

The shape and arrangement of the needles and the comparatively large cones of mountain hemlock are characteristics resembling spruce (*Picea*) more than other hemlocks; thus it is not surprising that early naturalists often regarded it as a spruce. For instance, John Muir referred to this species as the "Hemlock Spruce." In 1949 a French botanist theorized that mountain hemlock was actually a hybrid of spruce and hemlock; but, more recently, detailed genetic studies have tended to confirm that it is indeed a true hemlock. A point of confusion about hemlock itself is its false identification with Socrates' fatal potion. "Poison hemlock," to which he referred, is an herb in the parsley family.

Mountain hemlock takes on a variety of growth forms to adapt to high-country conditions. Below about 4,000 feet in our coastal mountains, it grows in dense stands with subalpine fir, Pacific silver fir and Alaska cedar, reaching diameters of three to four feet and, under best conditions, heights of 150 feet. Mountain hemlock and all of its associates are very tolerant of shade, so the forest canopy is often dense indeed.

Higher up, where excessive snow and wind tend to break up the forest, mountain hemlocks form a mosaic with patches of mountain heath (*Phyllodoce* and *Cassiope*), meadows, rockpiles and small lakes. In this timberline belt they grow as stout, isolated trees with large wind-battered crowns and thick, gnarled trunks. Smaller hemlocks often surround these 500-year-old veterans; their forms are slender and graceful by comparison. The lush mountain hemlock boughs become covered with generous quantities of purple to brownish cones. At the limit of trees, the mountain hemlock may grow as a huge, sprawling shrub with so many upturned branch-trunks that one tree simulates a small grove.

Thus, this species' picturesque growth forms range from wind-sheared alpine scrub and natural bonsai-like miniatures to graceful or giant trees. At timberline they are found in a flower-filled setting with glistening water, rock and snowfields. Such habitats may resemble a collection of Japanese gardens, and this likeness is not accidental. Hemlocks from oriental mountain forests have long been a favorite of Japanese horticulturists. Moreover, mountain hemlock has been used for landscaping in the Northwest and throughout Great Britain, where it was first cultivated from seed brought back from the Mount Baker area in the 1850's.

Mountain hemlock does not survive in the drier inland mountains, presumably because of low winter temperatures coupled with drying winds and lack of protective snowcover. But in the coastal mountains it



can grow on the rockiest soils, including recent lava flows, if moisture is adequate. For example, the southernmost grove — at 10,000 feet in Sequoia National Park, California — is situated essentially on bedrock, but has springs flowing all through it in mid-summer.

Not surprisingly, mountain hemlock seedlings are often the first trees to invade heathland and glacial moraines at timberline. Although its seed crops tend to be ample, this species also regenerates extensively through “layering.” This occurs when an older tree’s lower branches make contact with the ground, take root and then grow erect to become individual trees. This is an effective means of regenerating at timberline, for layered saplings are sheltered by the growth of the parent tree, and initially receive their nutrients through the established root system of the old tree.

In the forest proper, the mountain hemlock’s canopy is so dense that it is said to have inspired the logger’s common name “black hemlock” for this species. It is harvested only to a limited extent, near its lower limits, and the wood is generally mixed with western hemlock in marketing. Fires and blowdowns are usually not extensive in these high-elevation coastal forests, thus the stands can often progress toward a “climax” or stabilized condition. Mountain hemlock is about as tolerant of dense shade as its principal associates, with the exception of Pacific silver fir. Therefore, it is dominant in climax forests, except near its lower limits, where Pacific silver fir may largely replace it.

# 1976 Bicentennial McKinley South Buttress Expedition

Warren Thompson

It was cold. The icy wind rattled the tent incessantly and sleep was fitful at best. Minutes ticked by like endless hours. Finally the appointed time came. No one stirred. The sound of the wind pummeling the tent and the cold that had crept into our sleeping bags created a psychological aversion to anything that would precipitate going outside — not to relieve an aching bladder — certainly not to climb. The summit that had been our sole desire for months seemed unbearably distant from our cramped, chilly perch at 17,300 feet, seemingly as distant as it had been when the expedition was first conceived, nearly two years before.

We had talked of doing McKinley for some time — sometime. “That’s all we ever do — talk about it. Nobody does anything!” Dan complained. Over a beer and pizza, McKinley seemed like a fine idea. In a momentary fit of enthusiasm I proclaimed, “I’ll do something about it!” Thus our Bicentennial Denali Expedition began.

No one was really ready to commit to anything at our first meeting — probably a good thing, there were 23 of us. Slowly, as the weeks became months, the party gelled, the route was selected, a leader chosen, responsibilities were delegated, and redelegated, and redelegated again. (It was difficult to get anyone too excited about drafting a menu a year before the climb.)

As the departure date marched closer, the stream of plans and ideas became a flood of activity that engulfed us all. The final weeks threatened disaster at every turn — or so it seemed as detail after detail fought for attention. The logistics plan was worked backwards and forwards and from the middle in both directions — to no avail. We were 500 pounds overweight and no one could account for it.

Finally, M-day arrived — May 22nd. Sea-Tac 5 a.m.: For the first time it seemed we were all together at the same place at one time. We board the plane. Is everyone here? Dick Mitchell, Warren Thompson, Dan Nelson, George Nieble, Tom Fitzsimmons, Ray Nichols, Greg Thompson, and John Yaeger. All present and accounted for.

We departed Seattle. Loved-ones waved good-bye and we were off.

Anchorage. Our first disappointment. No, we won't fly to the mountain today. Weather's bad. Instead, a joy ride to the airport at Palmer, home of our pilot. Three of us in the advance party, with all our gear, compressed like a Wilson's Bacon Bar into a Cessna with only two seats. Ray and George in the trunk and me up front. Only later did I find out Ray was air sick and, to his thinking, the hood of my parka afforded the most convenient depository. Fortunately, we landed first.

**May 24.** Two days in a hangar in the pouring rain. Jumaring to the ceiling and back had ceased to be satisfying.

At last we were off. The runway at Palmer disappeared behind us. The clouds ahead looked foreboding, but excitement and hope overcame all concern. Lakes below reflected the sun. Green valleys gave way to domain of rock and snow. Suddenly, our first glimpse of McKinley, wrapped in clouds. There's our route — at least part of it — the South Buttress. Electricity charged through our veins. The plane glided down. We landed.

Two more plane loads later in the day and by 7:30 p.m. we were all on the S.E. Fork of the Kahiltna Glacier. The scenery was magnificent! Peaks on all sides. The landing zone was right underneath Hunter's south face. A large avalanche came down shortly after we landed — one of many we were to see on the trip. Foraker and Crosson were resplendent in the afternoon sun across the glacier from us. Minute ice crystals laced the air with dancing particles of light.

By 11:30 p.m. we had made our first carry to Base Camp at 6,800 feet. Fortunately, it was downhill from the landing zone. We each had 75 pounds on our backs and 50 or 60 on the snow saucers we were towing. Even so, it took two and a half trips to ferry all the gear to Base.

Camps I and II were established without difficulty. We had some scares on the first trip to Camp II. The ice cliffs on the ridge above started cooling off at about 5 p.m. or so and began dropping things in our direction shortly thereafter. Even the tiny seracs made impressive noises. We learned quickly to time our carries to avoid peak traffic periods.

By now we'd established a two-carry-per-day routine — one early carry and one late. Trips between camps were six miles round trip or 3,000 feet of elevation gain, whichever came first. The afternoon sun was blazing hot — siesta time until after the 5 p.m. barrage.

Camp II was at 8,500 feet on the East Fork of the Kahiltna Glacier. From this point, we intended to ascend an icefall through a notch in the south ridge and gain the ridge crest at 14,000 feet. If completed,

we would have had a first ascent variation of the South Buttress. Here we met our second disappointment.

May 31st dawned bright and clear as we headed up the icefall with 80-pound loads. John and Greg had put in several hundred feet of fixed-line the day before, despite having been caught in two spin-drift avalanches. Our route was precarious. Unable to ascend the break-up in the center of the icefall, we were forced to keep to the avalanche track to one side. Twenty-five hundred feet of steep gully brought us to a small plateau separating the upper and lower sections of the icefall.

Exhausted from the steep ascent and the boiling sun, we dropped our packs and rested. The route ahead looked doubtful. The glacier broke through high rock cliffs in a classic hour-glass. A few hundred feet above, a huge 'schrund split the narrowest point from wall to wall. From below, it appeared that a bridge might be found toward the far end of the 'schrund. Four of us ascended the remaining 700 feet to scout the crevasse. It was 30 to 40 feet across and several hundred feet deep. One end was bridged with avalanche debris, but some careful probing uncovered a swiss-cheese network of loose blocks and bottomless holes. No way!

Even if we could get through, what would be left in two weeks time for the return? Even getting to the bridge required an airy traverse on the edge of a serac with a 45-degree slope to it. We were stopped 800 feet short of success. The top of the icefall seemed mockingly easy above. As the sun began to dip behind Kahiltna Peak, we retreated. Disappointment leadened our steps. Cold seemed to creep up the slope with the evening shadows. The summit reflected the last rays of the descending sun. It seemed a long way off.

The next day we decided to begin work on our alternate route — the standard South Buttress, sixth ascent.

Camp III was established at 11,000 feet directly under Kahiltna Notch. What remained was an icefall from 11,500 feet to 12,500 feet followed by a continuous 40-50 degree snow slope to the ridge crest at 15,600 feet. There was a note from Doug Scott and Dougal Haston in an igloo near camp. They had done the South Face Direct (first ascent) in two days from 11,000 feet. (Sort of makes you feel inadequate.)

For the past week, Cliff Hudson's plane had been making daily trips up the East Fork of the Kahiltna. We had talked to him on several occasions via radio. He was concerned about an all-woman party doing the South Buttress (about two weeks ahead of us). He would not say whether they were overdue — just asked if we had seen

them. From Camp III we thought we could pick out their tracks high on the ridge.

June 3rd we took a rest day but got little rest. The mountain sounded like JFK airport nearly all day. Planes buzzed all around the summit and helicopters flew noisily in and out.

The next day, we began our push to Camp IV at 12,500 feet. The icefall proved "interesting" with spectacular seracs, but little time was wasted route-finding. The women's wands and fixed lines were generally intact. Early that morning, we had spotted two lone figures descending at about 15,000 feet. They moved so slowly that over the course of the entire day, their progress was barely discernible. As night fell, they appeared to be preparing a bivouac.

June 5th we ascended rapidly to Camp IV. In the time it took us to ascend the 1,500 feet through the icefall, the two figures above had descended barely 1,000 feet. At least they were moving. When they were 1,500 feet above us, we began hollering at them, "Are you O.K.?"

Answer: "No! Will you wait for us?"

"Stay where you are, we'll come get you."

One thousand feet up to their 500 feet down. We met. They were exhausted, apprehensive about the steep slope, but O.K.

"Where's the rest of your party?"

"We don't know. Our radio's not working. We can receive some transmissions but can't transmit ourselves. There's been an accident. Two are hurt. They went out by helicopter. We don't know about the other two. We waited, but we ran out of food. We had to come down." So, the air traffic had been more than it had appeared!

We assisted the women back to Camp III for some rest and warm food. With the difficult climbing behind them, they were ready to continue out on their own.

The ascent from Camp IV to the top of the ridge at 15,600 feet (Camp V) was treacherous and long. We nearly started a slab avalanche at 15,300 feet. We tiptoed gingerly from there to the ridge-top. As we set up Camp V the temperature was 8 degrees with a 30 mph wind. At Camp V, we made our first radio contact with the civilized world — a radio patch to Seattle.

Our next objective was to establish Camp VI at 17,300 feet. We decided that rather than make two light trips, we would make one heavy carry, establish camp and spend the entire next day acclimatizing before setting off for the summit at midnight.

Our weather continued to hold. The route to Camp VI was a welcome mixture of short rock pitches, scrambling and snow slopes.

There was barely room for our two tents beside the tent the women had abandoned. They had left sleeping bags and personal items. We could retrieve only their diaries; the rest would have to stay.

**June 14th.** As I said at the beginning, it was cold as our summit day began. I don't recall what finally made me get up. Fixing breakfast at 10 p.m. seemed ridiculous. I lit the stove and other bodies began stirring. I watched the steam rise from the pot and arc immediately for the tent wall where it disappeared. The wind cut through the tent with impunity. The guys in the other tent were singing; there must have been a warm microclimate in that direction.

Midnight came and went. The water never got hot enough to drink. Breakfast was cancelled. I put on everything I owned. It was -8 degrees. The wind clocked-in at 40 mph. (Windchill -70 degrees.) Within 100 yards of camp I was sweating in my mobile sauna. The night was beautiful. We had a full moon.

The climb to the summit ridge at 19,000 feet was some of the steepest yet but still enjoyable mixed rock and snow. The sun came up about 3 a.m. The trudge to the summit seemed endless. Carter's Horn proved to be the greatest psychological barrier. It never got any closer. You couldn't see the summit behind it. We all suffered from mountain sickness — mostly nausea. Finally, we mounted the last small hump of Carter's Horn. Another 15 minutes and agony transcended into ecstasy. *We had made the summit of North America!* Our joy was immense and the scenery infinite. A brief call to the White House via radio patch — prearranged through the Bicentennial Commission — and we began our descent.

Is it possible to fall asleep standing on your feet? I did it — twice, while walking! The exhaustion that overtook me following the emotional climax at the summit was as sudden as it was complete. It took an unscheduled shot of adrenalin to bring me out of the fog that had enveloped my brain. On the steepest snow slope of the climb (80 degrees at the top) I hooked one crampon point through the strap on the other foot. I was brought up short by Ray's quick arrest. Fear kept me alert for the rest of the descent.

We raced back to the landing zone in three days, stopping only to retrieve our caches and garbage on the way down. There was one near-tragic fall at 15,000 feet. A fixed line saved the day, but the accident added considerable anxiety to the burden of our top-heavy loads. Our packs weighed over 100 pounds apiece when we reached the landing zone. The saucers were loaded with another 50 or 60 pounds. The final 500-foot climb from Base Camp nearly killed us.

Would I do it again? You bet!



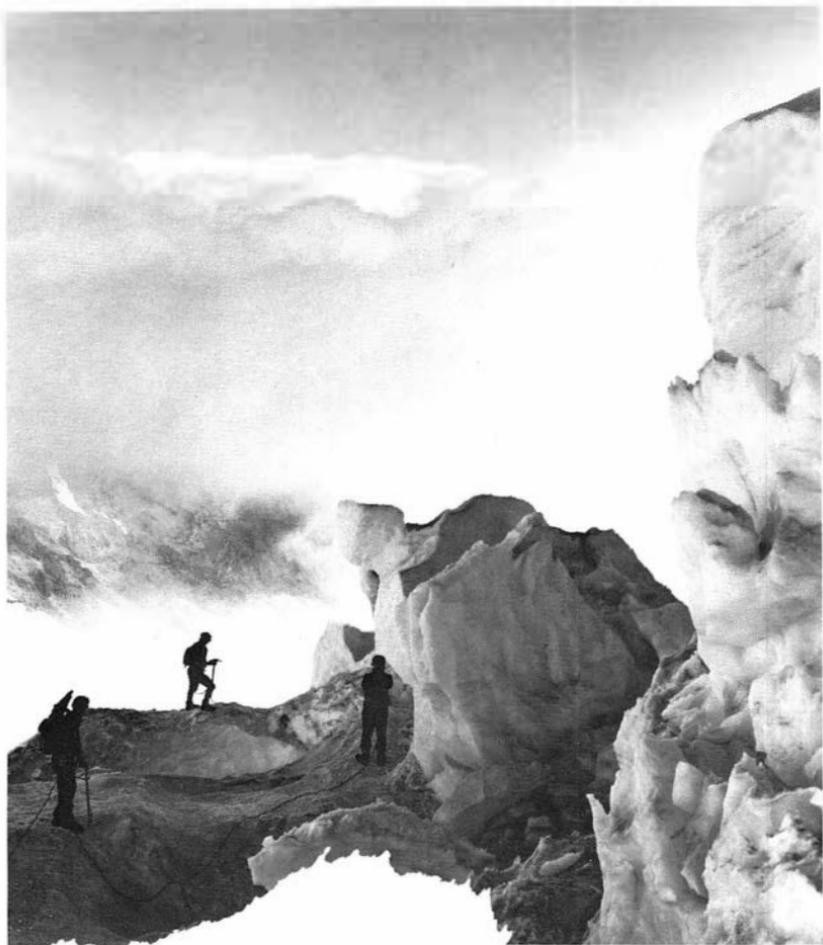
View from Camp I of the entire ice fall  
on the South Buttress Variation (from 7,500 feet)

*Ray Nichols*



Aerial view of Mt. Rainier

*Keith Gunnar*



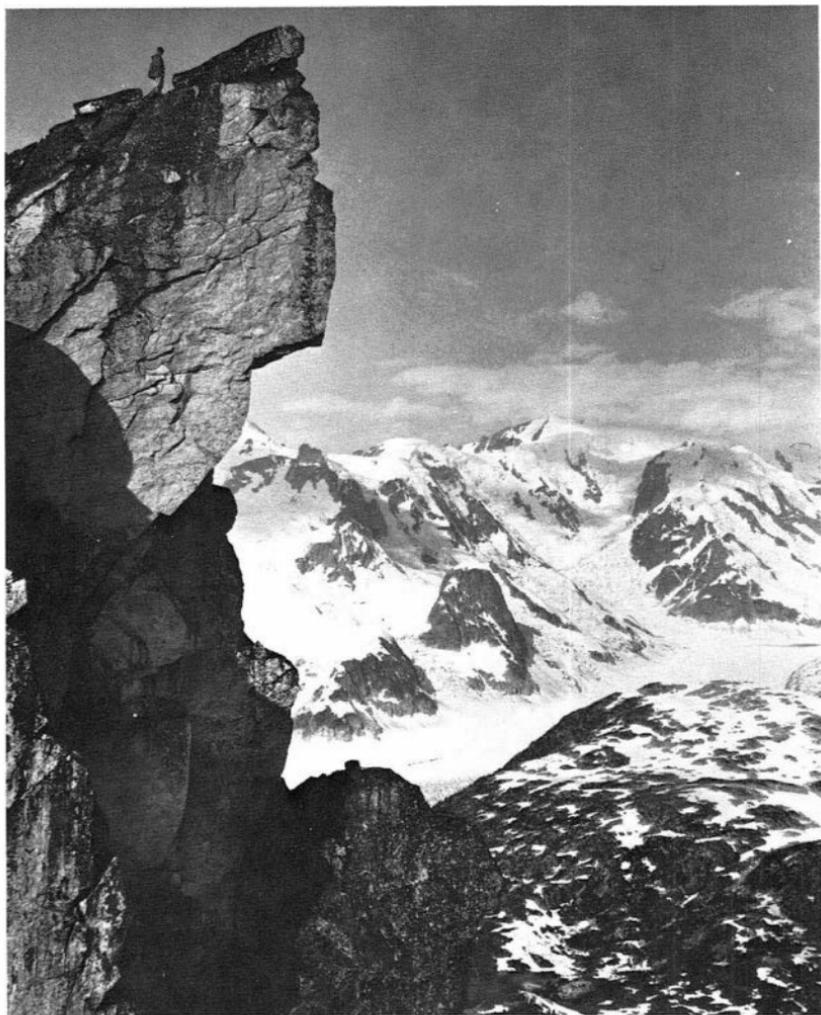
Climbers on Ingraham Glacier, Mt. Rainier

*Keith Gunnar*



Air view of Mt. Shuksan and Mt. Baker

*Bob and Ira Spring*



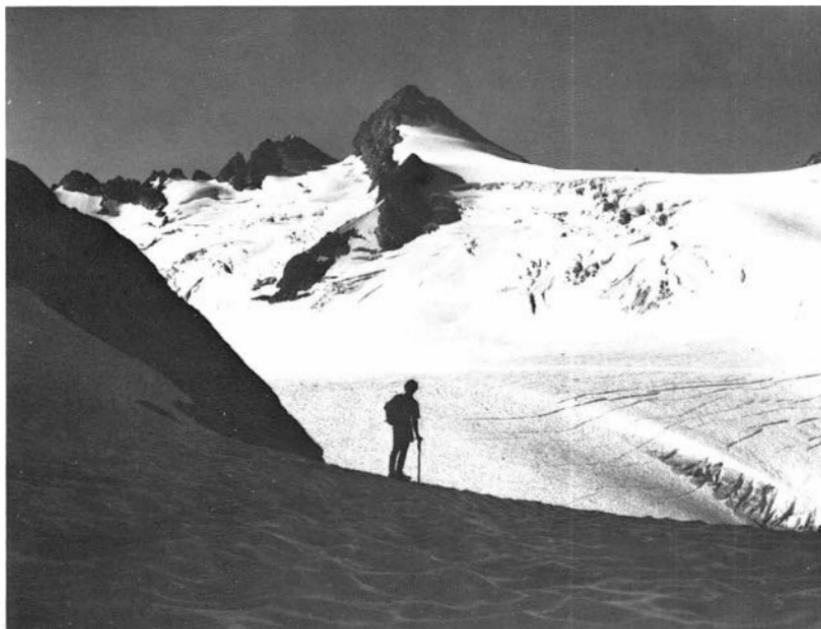
Climber on Mt. Jeffrey  
(Marcus Smith peaks in back. Mt. Wadington area,  
Coast Range, British Columbia)

*Keith Gunnar*



South face of Mt. Garfield, central Cascades

*Ed Cooper*



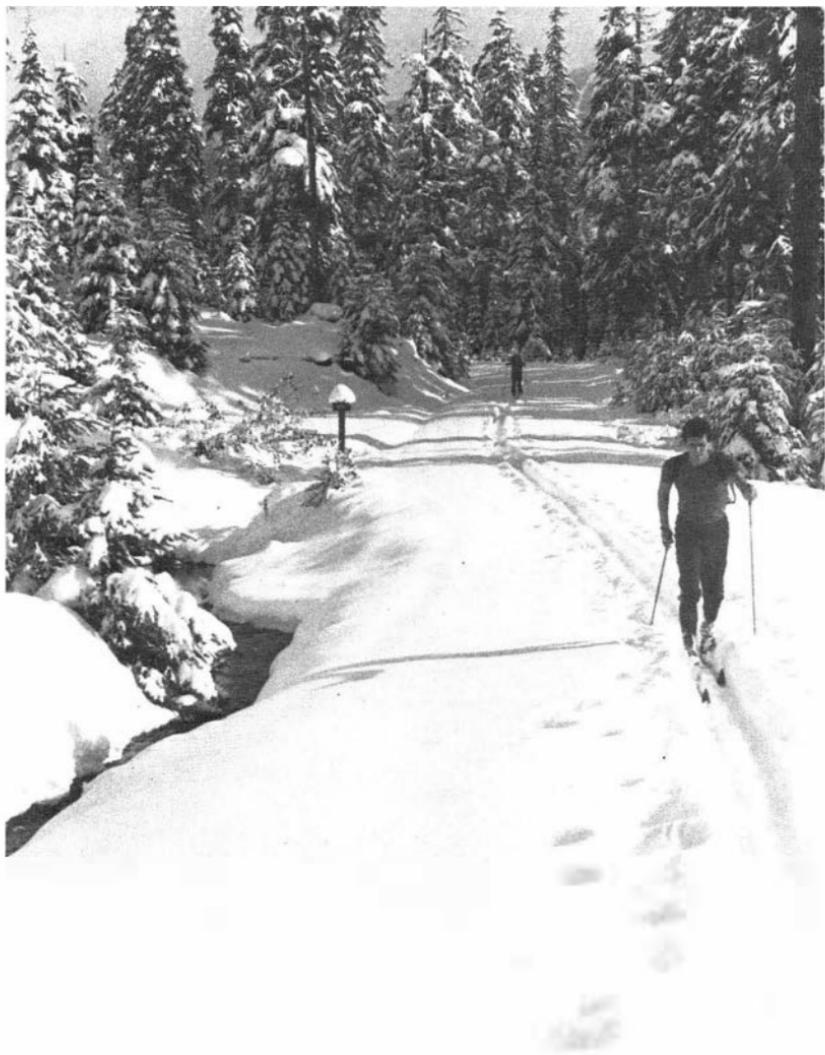
Mt. Snowfield

*Art Wolfe*



Mt. Stuart, Ingalls Lake

*Art Wolfe*



Sunny day at Cold Creek

*Christine C. White*

## Leaders' Special: a Spring Jaunt on Nordic Skis

Christine C. White

It is season's end — Mother's Day, 1976 — and the leaders of Mountaineer nordic ski trips have gathered at Narada Falls for an unofficial leaders' trip.

This is a companionable group of cross-country skiers who have assisted admirably during the club's second year of organized nordic skiing, braving the rigors of weather, waxing and outwitting the wily snowmobile.

Greetings and introductions are exchanged, and packs are opened and repacked with cheeses, sausages, potables, breads and crackers, homemade sourdough biscuits. A red and white checkered tablecloth goes surreptitiously into one pack. The procession begins, snaking around and up on the road towards Reflection Lakes.

The sun is shining, a rarity on too many tours remembered for big wet and white flakes.

Break out the klister. Thermometer and snow dictate a reluctant squeezing of the goo. By the time the lakes are reached most persons have surrendered to the sticky tubes.

Still too early for the end-of-day feast. Bury the food, including serving platters and cardboard cartons, in the cold shadows beneath the firs.

Several nordic ski committee members, usually characterized by derring-do on tours, volunteer to stand guard over the provisions. They arrange their ensolite pads and sun reflectors as the rest of the group crosses the still-frozen lake.

A cloudless day and heat. The skiers move up the trail to Mazama Ridge, aided by the magic friction of red klister. No hurry today, time to pause often for scenery and talk.

A lunch stop is proclaimed near a tree island and cameras appear for group portrait-taking time. Mt. Rainier seems but a stroll higher.

Reminiscences:

Recall another day with weather like this, on the road from Plain to Tumwater Campground. We climbed high, then dropped beside the Wenatchee River to bask on flat warm rocks. It was so balmy that one of the group peeled down to swim shorts.

And the day, also sun-filled, that we skied down the 8-mile Scotty Creek trail so easily we'd have had time to do it again. If only we'd hurried along and not lingered so long over lunch.

In the Teanaway Valley during a three-week lull in precipitation. The snow had layered itself into translucent discs — coins of shimmering shells that angled to the sun. The fields we crossed were nearly level, perfect for ice skating strides.

During those same sunny and snowless days last spring, on a weekend at Mt. Baker, when three unfortunate skiers snapped off the tips of their skis on the icy hills.

But the sun didn't shine all the time.

One wet trip followed the river to the Carbon Glacier. Ponchos and rain jackets distinguished the day. Stream crossings on logs and nimble-footing it over rounded boulders made for character-building — all in the drizzle of a cool gray sky.

In the aftermath of fall floods some trips held different challenges. The road to Tonga Ridge became un-skiable in spots where cavernous chunks had washed away. We became climbers then, shouldering skis and using poles as canes to clamber down and up the lips of giant gaps.

Some remember a bad day on the road to Kelcema Lake in wet falling snow. Soft wax, that worked well to climb the lower section of the road, caught and trapped higher colder snow like a magnet. Stopping to scrape off snow and wax and reapply harder wax became a chore. And one skier discovered why his rental skis weren't working. Both bindings said "right."

We thought we might make it all the way from Silverton to Monte Cristo. What a stretch for perfecting our strides! But Big Four Mountain vanished in the gloom and we all grew weary of the flatness of the Mountain Loop Highway. And then the gentlemen on the snowmobiles arrived to put a little excitement into our day.

Easy to remind ourselves of the trips that didn't quite make it.

The elaborate plans laid for overnight trips ("... with backpacks and camping in the snow!") One or two hardy types always signed up for them — usually one person plus the leader.

And, oh yes, the perennial talk of taking the bunch on a "real winter outing." You know, sort of a triple-threat event, with Mountaineer snowshoers, ski mountaineers and nordic skiers. We'll fill a car on the train and roll away to Yellowstone, Yosemite . . . or even Canada.

We'll ski from Camp Muir to Paradise (when we get better at going downhill); from Mission Ridge to Swauk Pass; from mountain hut to mountain hut in Norway. And didn't you say we'd all enter the cross-country citizens races and compete against Einar, Olav and Sven?

The extra-special trips.

Those shared with one or two other persons are intimate, as where the gentle open slopes hidden within Stampede Pass were discovered — with map study, physical energy and due respect for spring avalanches.

The bonus of listening and watching weather reports carefully. An early season tour around Naches Peak, and feeling smug when Chinook Pass is closed for the season several days later.

The lone scouting trip that became a reward unto itself when a whitetail deer leapt across the trail, down the bank into the river, and bounded from the gravel bar to the water's low island.

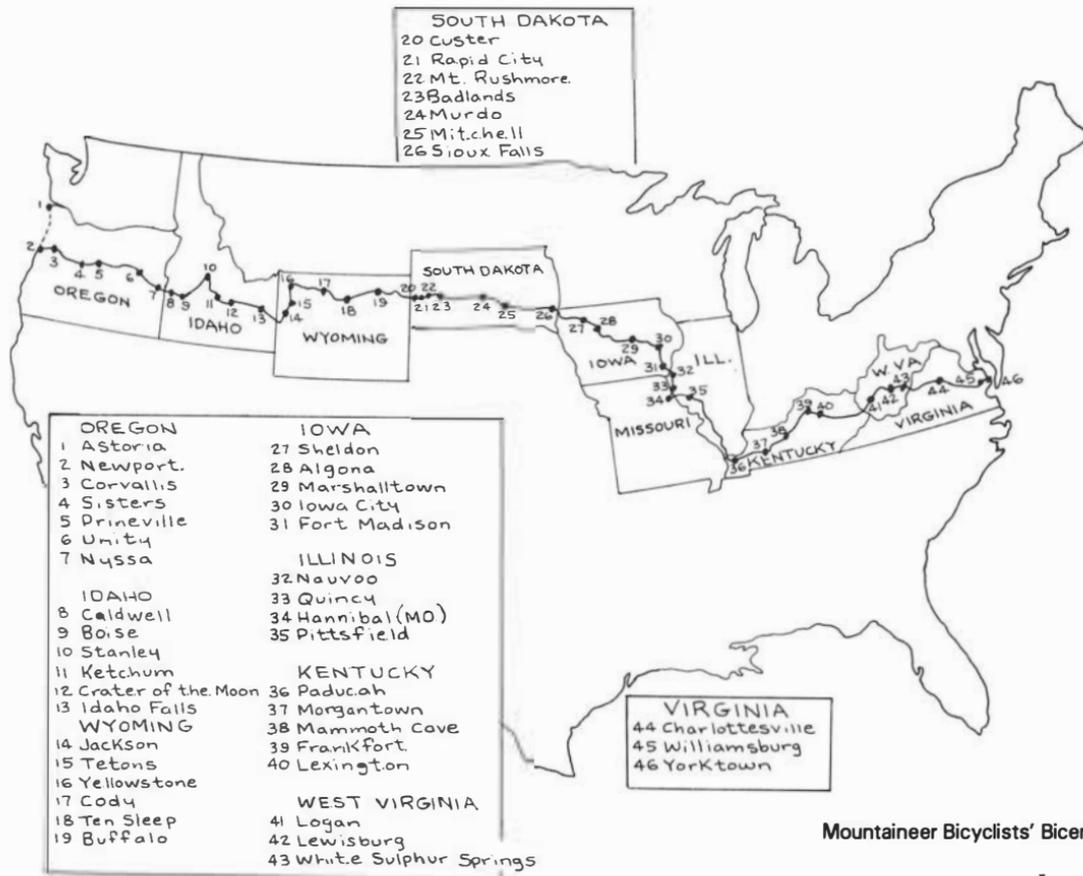
It's time to set memories aside and explore the untracked slopes of the ridge. It goes on and on while the group makes disparate trails. A giant bowl invites interpretations.

When the sun says late afternoon the skiers turn. Down earlier tracks, hills that are easy after the day's practice, and out across the lake.

The guard-sunbathers have fashioned from snow a table that incorporates its own bench. The red and white checked tablecloth is spread and a red candle lit. The buffet is laid and waiting.

Merriment! Cameras click — this must be recorded. The gathering is cheered. Toasts are proposed, speeches made, foodstuffs consumed. The second season of Mountaineer nordic ski activity is judged a success. On with the third!





Mountaineer Bicyclists' Bicentennial Trip

James E. Kennell

# The Mountaineer Bicyclists' Bicentennial Journey Across U.S.A.

Fran Dauelsberg

**PREPARATION:** In November 1975 Dan Burden, National Chairman of "1976 Bike-centennial," visited Seattle to promote bicycling across the United States. His audience included a group of Mountaineers, eager to share in the celebration.

But as plans developed, we decided to run our own trip, and a committee formed. One member agreed to lead, and during a series of organizational meetings, a master plan of appropriate routes and times was prepared. Each of the nine states on the route was selected by a participant who planned the exact routing and corresponded with campsite managers along the way. Clever trip booklets were prepared for each member, suitable for the map cases on handlebar bags. Indeed, the ingenious planners must have been blessed, as the plan resulted in not more than a few hours of rain while cycling, and as accident free a trip as possible. The trip was scheduled for 84 days, beginning on June 5, near Astoria, Oregon, and concluding August 27 in Williamsburg, Virginia. The age span of the 13 that began the trip ranged from 12 to 68 years, and every decade in between was represented by someone in the group.

One of the great concerns previous to departure had been what to bring, or more accurately, what to eliminate. In spite of great effort to keep the weight down, some resembled miniature moving vans with 32 to 50 pounds on bikes. Our rather noticeable garb included helmets, rearview mirrors, colorful front and back panniers, and bright clothing. Items carried included four changes of clothing, stove, tent (generally shared), dishes, food, two water containers, sleeping bag, at least three pounds of tools, toiletries, first aid items, camera, film, and assorted nonsensical items. Odds and ends included a large cook pot, spare free-wheel, derailleurs, front and rear axle bearings and a snake bite kit.

**OREGON:** It was a gorgeous June day when we left our leader's cabin at Surf Pines, near Astoria, and headed south for four beautifully scenic days of coastal travel. Our first stop on Day One was Cannon Beach, where we encountered the first of questions, and more questions. How strange it seemed to tell people that we were heading for Virginia, when we had pedaled only 15 miles. But those loaded bicycles, weird helmets

and funny mirrors were the source of stares and inquiries throughout the summer. At Cannon Beach we set the delightful precedent of having a second breakfast, a habit that remained unbroken through the entire trip. With heavy loads, a lovely tailwind was welcome that day. At the lunch stop at Oswald State Park, half the group ran to the beach to dip toes in the chilly Pacific. That evening we began another of what was to be a daily task, buying groceries at the last town before the campsite. Dinners and the first breakfast were eaten at camps. Our first day ended at a windy campsite; some rain fell during the night.

In the morning we were up at dawn, the established time for daily wake-up. The two-hour preparation time fortunately narrowed to one hour in a few days. Several times we had to pack wet tents. Early in the trip, evening seemed to be spent only with cooking and eating. On the second day, before our visit to the Tillamook Cheese Factory, we managed our first flat tire. And we were to continue through Oregon with a total of seven flats, nine broken spokes, two broken fixed cups, two bent rims, and one broken freewheel.



"You're tired?"

*Dale Martin*

Our first climb, of 3½ miles, arrived on the third day, by which time the riders felt more comfortable with the heavy loads. By Day Four we were ready to tackle longer mileages daily, which was according to our trip plan. Cool but pleasant days, and some windy nights, continued through the seventh day, during which time we saw the seaworthy, but frail appearing dories going to sea from Cape Kiwanda for salmon and ling cod.

Taking side roads from Highway 101 to avoid traffic, we climbed our first summit, tiny 337-foot Pioneer in the Coast Range, and continued to

windy and cold Tombstone Pass, 4,237 feet, and Santiam Pass, 4,816 feet, each 11-mile ascents. Also we encountered the first of friendly, but fast and wide, logging trucks, coupled with narrow roads, and snow patches on the roadside in the summit areas. In eastern Oregon, at Sisters, we had our first of ten layover days. Our "day of disasters" had come on Day Five. Besides the bike problems mentioned, one member fell as she hit a steel post set in the middle of a bicycle path in Corvallis. Another fell over her, so in addition to a bent rim and pedal, one of the two had to be accompanied to a hospital, to check on possible rebreak of a collar bone which had mended recently. Luckily x-rays gave good news.

The coldest morning came on the same day we received our first sunburns. After leaving Sisters we encountered beautiful blue skies and clear crisp views of Mts. Jefferson, Washington, Three Sisters, and Broken Finger. After we had climbed our second summit in the Cascades we joined the marked Bikecentennial Trail, and were with other bikers for six days. It was interesting to meet and compare notes with people from Hawaii, England, Australia, Holland, and Japan. We were not on this national bike trail again except for a short time in Wyoming, eastern Kentucky and finally Williamsburg.

We climbed the Ochoco Divide, 4,720 feet, on Day Nine. We slept that night atop the divide, to awaken to a cold morning, made more bone-chilling by an immediate seven-mile downgrade, but turning then into another lovely day. That evening we celebrated a birthday, presenting our birthday girl with small but useful items. The first mosquito clusters joined for the affair on that warm evening.

The route was over two beautiful passes in the Blue Mts., with cloudy weather to prevent sunburns. We landed in windy Unity. The next morning some prepared breakfast in a phone booth. Wind and rain in the night had the tents billowing, but the evening setting of a lake amid hills of sage, with uneven clouds in the sky, resembled a scene from a western movie. The next day we climbed two more passes, making a total of 10 passes in Oregon, and at last to welcome flat land. Sage changed to crop land, and we arrived in Nyssa, and our first interview by a local paper. The picture taking routine at the Snake River took us into Idaho, after completing 664 Oregon miles.

**IDAHO:** The chosen route through Idaho made it one of the loveliest states we visited. Though we were losing one member, her two-week vacation ending, we were anticipating gaining 31 bicycle Mountaineers joining us for a two-week outing. They would arrive at the Boise campground by chartered bus. Meanwhile we pedaled through fields of potatoes, sugar beets, wheat, corn and lettuce, to Caldwell, then Boise.

A day gained in Oregon allowed us an unplanned layover in Boise. Day 15 brought the eagerly anticipated arrival of the bus, 2½ hours later than scheduled, and riders, crated bicycles, heaps of gear, poured forth. The hot, treeless grounds resembled a refugee camp, with 23 brightly colored homes-away-from-home, and a mass of bodies reassembling pedals, seats and handlebars. Many finished the day touring and shopping in Boise. Additionally most of the cross-country troupe cleaned chains, derailleurs, and freewheels, a ceremony that lessened in frequency as the trip continued. A two-minute hail storm during dinner preparation sent everyone scurrying to tent shelter.

The next day arrived cooler as we moved east. Our new company was quickly forced into shape as we immediately climbed 1,078 feet to Lucky Peak, summit 3,784 feet. Many historical markers telling of gold mining in the mid-nineteenth century gave excuse for welcome rest. Historic Idaho City made a final stop before the last ten miles to camp, where a saddle-sore bicyclist lay peacefully, fully clothed, in the cold campground stream. The close unit cycling pattern of the smaller group through Oregon changed with the larger party number, which spread for miles along the route. We tended to see one another only if we arrived at second breakfast, travelling in the middle of the mob. Campsites had tripled in number each night.

On the next day (17) two summits were conquered before we reached Warm Springs Campground, where we saw the Mercer Island Cyclermates briefly before they moved on. This was leader Fran Call's fourth year of cycling across the USA with junior high school students. We saw them again three days later in Ketchum.

The meadows of the Stanley Basin, with the Sawtooth Range as background, and pastures of cows, horses, and sheep, remain scenic highlights of the trip. Our camp the following morning at Little Redfish Lake was a chilly 22° F with frost covering tents and bikes. A lovely restaurant in Obsidian, seven miles beyond, agreed to open early for the shivering and hungry crowd. The final and most beautiful and highest — 8,701 feet — summit in Idaho was Galena. In Ketchum — town of tourists, tennis, and trinkets, summer resort and winter skier's paradise — nearly three-quarters of our group dined together on yummy prime rib at the well-known Pioneer Saloon. How spoiled we were becoming as we joined the two-week trippers in more and more restaurants!

The tailwind we had enjoyed into Ketchum was intensified as we left, making it only comfortable for riding; the wind was so strong it was difficult to stand. That evening we arrived at Craters of the Moon National Monument. Some rode on to Arco, while others braved the windy campground, helping one another stake billowing tents. The

wind had subsided the next morning and those remaining took the seven mile Craters of the Moon loop road, observing lava caves and formations, and the delicate plant life growing from the hard rock. The 18-mile downhill ride to Arco took barely an hour. The following day's ride over flat terrain was made interesting by visiting an atomic power plant, and watching three buttes on the horizon grow larger, then disappear behind us. Eventually we arrived in Idaho Falls, the scene of a serious flood three weeks earlier. Here we sent home one cyclist who had become ill. Onward into a headwind, and we arrived in the foothills of the Tetons. Soon another cyclist, with a severe sunburn, headed home. Our final Idaho evening was spent in Calamity Campground, well named for both the campground and the mosquitoes, the latter of which made for our record hasty departure the next morning. A hungry and noisy skunk added to the camp excitement by visiting all sites during the evening. We completed 484 miles in Idaho.

**WYOMING:** We headed north into Jackson, then Teton and Yellowstone Parks. The magnificent Tetons shone in full glory in the beautiful sunshine. In two days from Ketchum to Idaho Falls we had descended 1,210 feet. Here in two days from Teton Village we gained 1,590 feet. Many of us cycled three miles to the Jackson Hole Ski Area, where a tram carried us to 10,440 feet, for views of the Grant Teton Mt. and her majestic neighbors. We entered Teton National Park via the Franklin Roosevelt two-mile gravel boulevard. We visited the lodge and stopped before all the information signposts, finally camping near the northern entrance. The early departure the next morning enabled us to see moose crossing the road.

We continued into Yellowstone National Park, crossing the Continental Divide three times before nightfall. Although another of nature's exceptionally scenic spots, Yellowstone was marred for us by the virtually nonexistent shoulders, combined with heavy traffic and recreational vehicles that were too wide and too numerous. The cross country travelers spent a fourth layover day at Old Faithful, sleeping for two nights in the only real beds we had on our 83-night trip. Sadly the two-week vacation for our friends had ended. After a six a.m. breakfast and three hours of goodbyes they were on their way to Livingston, Montana, to ride home via Amtrak. They had churned out a total of 31 flats (13 by one person), two broken pedals, one broken front derailleur, two broken spokes, one broken axle, one broken chain, one cone and hub problem, and one case of "crotch crickets." Ten claimed to major problems. Meanwhile the rest of us toured the park, some by bike, some by bus, and others apparently in their dreams.

Day 29 we pedaled up and out of Yellowstone, passing a small bear,

and then Sylvan Pass, 8,530 feet. The Absarokas, a series of interestingly jagged and colorful hills, led our descent into hot country and dude ranches. The second breakfast menu now included grits. Through the tunnel into Cody, a potentially dangerous situation, our way was lit by an accommodating motorist. Only one saw the famous Cody Fourth of July Rodeo. The others, sound asleep in their tents, were awakened by the fireworks at 11 p.m. There was the next day for a two-hour raft trip down the Shoshone River. The hot weather through Cody and Basin turned cool as we entered Ten Sleep Canyon, then pulled up our highest summit, a seven-mile 4,000-foot ascent to Powder River Pass, 9,666 feet, in the Big Horn Mts. A six-mile gravel stretch followed, then a fun 7% down grade, complete with truck turnouts for brake failure.

During the next two days we followed our home town friend, Interstate 90, which was legal for bicycle traffic in Wyoming and South Dakota. We passed sage, sunflowers and rolling hills, and, along the wide shoulder, dead rodents, a snake and an antelope. Our last night in Wyoming we camped in a city park, our third and similar and not recommended experience. As before, drinkers and late night strollers kept our sleep at a minimum. Our 601 miles in Wyoming was the last of the three states in which we spent 12 nights.

**SOUTH DAKOTA:** It seemed as though South Dakota did not welcome our arrival, as we crossed her border to be greeted by narrow shoulders, very hot weather, plenty of hills and heavy traffic. The grueling day caused one of the party to leave us at the nearest airport for a flight home. However the layover day at Custer in the Black Hills seemed to refresh us. An interesting, narrow, but nearly traffic free back road through rock pinnacles and spires, with glimpses of a buffalo herd and some burros, was enjoyed en route to tourist-packed Mt. Rushmore. As we left Mt. Rushmore, we encountered our first rain while riding, so there was a scramble to locate unused ponchos. The storm was hard, but over fast, and we cautiously braked down the steep slippery highway from Mt. Rushmore. A chain wheel injury requiring stitches in a leg reduced our enjoyment of the famous scenery. As we continued through the state we often traveled on freeway shoulders. Service roads paralleling the freeway were taken when available. They were often more hilly, but nearly traffic free. Corn, oats, pigs, cattle and the oddly rolled hay became familiar sights. A water shortage made payment necessary for showers. The much advertised Wall Drugstore had free water. Thunder and heavy, short rainshowers were with us for two days. We continued into the very beautiful eroded formations of the Badlands. We had a cool, but rather windy day to climb the four small

passes in this national monument. A second, and last, injury requiring stitches occurred just before the Badlands, when a tire caught in a cattle grating.

Day 42 in Murdo we reached our half point in time, but would not reach our mileage half way point until four days later. Chamberlain provided us with layover day six, and a picnic on the Missouri River highlighted the sultry day. Our only total group sing-a-long occurred on the way to Mitchell, home of the famous Corn Palace, and anyone listening would understand why it only happened once. Headwinds, humidity, a bumpy road and more traffic than expected, took us into Sioux Falls, and our last evening in South Dakota. Many felt by day's end it might be possible to fall asleep while biking. An even 500 miles completed our journey through South Dakota.

**IOWA:** Friendly Iowa was the birth state of one of our bicyclists and although she had not returned for 30 years, we were treated royally by her friends. Gifts of watermelons, corn, desserts, fruit drinks and milk were showered on us. We became instant celebrities when five local newspapers asked for interviews. The ever-present smiles and friendly waves seemed to enliven the otherwise monotonous fields of corn and soybeans, with occasional storage corn cribs, and little pig houses. After six or seven miles along roads heading always north-south, or east-west, we would reach another town. The high water towers, first sign of an oasis among the fields, were always a welcome sign of our progress toward food and drinks. Few roads had shoulders and the many towns meant plenty of traffic. Weather was fairly consistently humid and hot. After passing Marshalltown there was the happy meeting with the father of our family of four, joining us for the balance of our tour to the east coast. He was amused to learn what pack rats his two sons had become. These "sweeps" collected the most interesting items along the roadway: a wedge for splitting wood (found useful on one occasion), a hammer, lost glasses belonging to one of our members, two long C.B. antennas, and 42 of the necessary 50 7-Up cans that when stacked, were patterned to make the face of Uncle Sam.

Eastern Iowa proved hillier, and the crops of the uneven land became more sparse. Due to the greater mileages planned through the relatively flat state we tended to spread out more, so the leaders marked turns with chalk. This required concentration as the marks could be easily missed. We enjoyed a brief ten-mile stretch cycling with the Skunk River Bicycle Club from Ames, training for a special scheduled ride across Iowa. The long stretch of gravel and tar into Lake Hannan State Park was followed by a refreshing swim. The next day we visited the Amana Colonies, possibly too commercialized today, but

made interesting by a lovely couple that allowed us to visit their home. Our longest day, a century (101 miles), was unexpected. The day began in thick fog, changed to head winds, and continued with much humidity. A plan to sleep later the next morning was impossible with our habit of arising at dawn. So we cycled to Fort Madison where we shopped and were interviewed for the eleventh time. After 547 Iowa miles, we crossed the Mississippi River into Illinois.

**ILLINOIS:** Reaching Nauvoo, home of the Mormons before migrating west to Utah, we continued to Breezewood Campground, where we received sad news. One cyclist had left the group to spend two days with friends in Des Moines. As he was returning to join us, he stopped for lunch, and a truck smashed his bicycle, ruining much of his gear. He was not injured, but decided to return home.

For 12 miles we cycled south along the scenic Mississippi River, with swarms of May flies hindering our view. At Quincy we were treated to a huge picnic luncheon, preceded by a welcome which



"Look at it this way: on an average you are getting better than 200 miles per flat"

*Dale Martin*

included a coke wagon, and interviews by the local paper and two television stations. Relatives of one of the party had planned a reception, concluding our visit with a Mississippi boat trip. Following this royal entertainment we crossed the state line into Hannibal, Missouri for a lay-over day. Visits into this town of Mark Twain's youth were only slightly dampened by a rainstorm, which began a pleasantly cooling trend that lasted the six remaining days in Illinois. We shared the final day of a three-day Bicentennial celebration in Pittsfield, the nation's Pork Capital. Their parade featured a Pork Queen, a dubiously flattering title

for the young lady wearing the crown. From Pittsfield we headed more south than east as we followed the Illinois River, noting homes built on stilts, due to recurrent floods. A small ferry carried us to the east side of the river, and quite by accident we were fortunate to visit the Koster Archeological Site. College students were spending the summer here, unearthing artifacts dating as early as 10,000 B.C.

Otherwise the rather flat and somewhat uninteresting landscape began to wear on us. A day with an early morning headwind brought a few rumblings of homesickness. The three youths in our group fished, but to no avail, in lovely Lake Murphysboro State Park, and boated the next night at Horseshoe Lake State Park, in the brown water, thick with cypress trees. In southern Illinois a few of us encountered ticks, not seen since Idaho. Hills increased again, and after 414 miles traveled in Illinois, we crossed the Ohio River and continued into Kentucky.

**KENTUCKY:** Our first day in Kentucky was a refreshing change, with warm sunshine, and streets lined with stately brick houses surrounded by neatly manicured lawns. Corn changed to tobacco, and trees of varying shades of green appeared, mostly locust, mimosa and magnolia. We had hoped to use county roads in this densely populated state, but found them generally unmarked, necessitating many stops to inquire for directions. Finally a young motorcyclist escorted us to our campground near Paduka. The manager arranged an interview with the local newspaper, and assisted us in purchasing ingredients and preparing the local favorite of catfish and hush puppies. The following day a pleasant rural road developed into gravel, then rocks, then boulders, ending in a private driveway. A return of two miles put us on our road again. There was remarkably no other total group routing error on the entire trip, a tribute to fine leadership.

On Day 63 the notorious hills of the east began. In appearance these short hills were most deceptive, but groaning knees and leg muscles told the tale at day's end. The 9,000-foot passes of the western mountains did not prepare us for this three-shift-finger-shuffle on the gears, and the top condition necessary for the chain and derailleurs. In Kentucky we found the private campgrounds a second choice to the five superior state parks we used. Their settings were impressive, always with ice facilities, a homey lodge, and recreational programs. One night we went to their regional dance class, which also included square dancing. Twice outstanding musical plays were presented, with elaborate settings and costumes. At night the ever present crickets and frogs, not to be left out, provided the background hum. Man's best friend, but biker's worst enemy, had generally not bothered us this trip, but in Kentucky and West Virginia when the roads passed close to

homes, we were amused at the abundance of hound dogs. They barked shrilly and ran aggressively toward us, but would fall on their chins at the slightest reprimand.

Haze turned to fog and beads of moisture appeared on our arms and clothing. A few days began very cold indeed. Some leaves started turning color. A layover day was spent at Mammouth Cave. It was always difficult on layover days for us to sit for any time and keep our eyes open. We seemed to need to keep muscles working and air blowing into our faces. Other stops of interest included two of the homes of Lincoln's youth, Stephen Foster's "Old Kentucky Home," the home of Henry Clay, historic homes in Frankfort, Lexington and Churchill Downs, and horse farms, with a special tour to view the statue of the famous Man-of-War.

After the only hike up a hill too steep to ride, we turned to fewer county roads and more state highways. In eastern Kentucky we encountered the abundance of beautiful butterflies, and tortoises, locally called terrapins. A man was seen dragging a dead copperhead snake down the road, attached to a string and stick. He had killed it on his front porch. So many of the poorer homes had posted signs, "Yard Sale." Most depressing to our active group was the abundance of people just swinging contentedly on their ever-present porch swings. We passed into more of the same as we crossed the state line into West Virginia, after pedaling 620 miles in Kentucky.

**WEST VIRGINIA:** The hills of West Virginia indeed were pretty with the thick green tree growth. But the roads were too narrow, and the coal trucks "zinged" past, often causing our party to pull off the roadway to permit traffic to pass. For the first time since Wyoming we had summit signs, crossing Mts. Drawly, Lew's 1,370 feet, and Sewell 3,170 feet. The appearance of poverty continued in this hilly country as we passed shacks with porch swings, outhouses, chickens, pigs and hound dogs. About five wild rocky miles took us into lovely and serene Forks Creek Campground.

The next morning after 1 ½ hours the last of us again reached the main road. We tried to pedal, puffed like steam engines, finally fell off, and could barely push the bikes as we walked. In Amsted we spent another day of needed rest, visiting Hawk's Nest State Park, and cleaning chains and derailleurs for the final time. Two especially nice happenings occurred in Amsted. Two members who had left us in Iowa to visit friends, rejoined, to our surprise, and went on to finish with us. And our group planned and prepared the evening meal of tacos together. Near the end and maybe a little tired, it was nice to know we were still a family. And the typical dessert of a half gallon of ice cream, shared

between two.

The crowded campground at Greenbrier State Forest luckily had one small space for us. A fair was in town and sites were filled. We laughed as we pitched our tents, wall-to-wall, and prepared dinner on the gravel parking space. One member after visiting the rest room in the dark said it was no problem finding the group. She just listened for the snoring. Immediately the next day we attempted to visit ultra-ritzy Greenbriar Inn, capacity 1,100, and room rates from \$100 to \$125. Our shorts and scraggly appearance received frowns, and signs let us know we were only acceptable on the lower level, coffee shop and souvenirs. The short distance through West Virginia ended after 217 miles.

**VIRGINIA:** At last on Day 77 we finally reached Virginia. With sadness we knew that the long weeks of excited planning, preparation and care-free cycling was ending, and all too fast. Our last long and strenuous climb took us up the Blue Ridge Parkway. The day was hot and humid, but the parkway with views of the valleys below was gorgeous. Elevation signs by the many viewpoints showed altitudes ranging from 2,130-3,126 feet. We had passed, and briefly toured Lewisburg, West Virginia and Lexington, Virginia, planning to spend our final layover day in Charlottesville. After a 1,000 foot elevation loss we arrived in this city, where we added more non-cross country mileage to our creaking bicycles, visiting historical spots. Favorite on the list was the Monticello home of Thomas Jefferson.

Roads on Days 80 and 81 were flat, riding time was short, weather was humid, and darkness in the evening came too early. Both days began in fog, with a red sun poking through around 10 a.m. The last day arrived much as the others. We arose, had breakfast, packed our bikes and "hit the road" in the same manner as always. Second breakfast in a drugstore was rather awful that morning. A diversion to the Berkley Plantation was our only attempt to prolong the end. And on to Williamsburg, city of our last campsite, where we sat and relaxed. We finished assorted plans for our brief stay in the east, and our return to our homes. Fortunately tents were dry through the next day, as gear needed to remain packed without the daily airing. There was no celebration. We either lacked energy, or simply no one made plans. We had a strong feeling of accomplishment and satisfaction. It was enough. The following day we would complete 384 miles in Virginia.

**THE INEVITABLE END:** Our last day together, with unloaded bicycles, we pedaled 13 miles along Colonial Parkway to Yorktown. We poked toes in the Atlantic, 4,430 miles from the Pacific dip, over which we averaged 60 miles daily. Returning to Williamsburg for a quick tour,

then an Amtrak ride to Arlington, Virginia. Here we parted, one flew home, 20 were met by friends, the others toured Washington, D.C. by rented car for four days. One member who had joined us at the start, after cycling 1,000 miles in California, Arizona, and Utah, and visiting national parks en route, continued cycling the east coast south to Florida, after the group outing ended.

Through the miles we accumulated 52 flat tires, 20 apiece for two people, 49 broken spokes, 17 for one individual, five new tire rims, two axle problems, one broken freewheel, four derailleur breakdowns, two broken fixed cups, and one broken chain. We were interviewed 14 times for newspapers, twice by television.

Perhaps the special reward was the reaffirmation that people everywhere in the U.S.A. are wonderful, as they share their homes, food and information, and that America is indeed beautiful.



"Just normal wear after 4,000 miles"

*Dale Martin*

The Cross-Country Finalists: Walt Carson, Leader; Jerry Blanchard, Win Carlson, Fran Dauelsberg, Betty Kniep, Bev Schlegel, Jeff Schlegel, Kurt Schlegel, Lori Schlegel, Bernice Tillson.



Mountaineer cyclists in Quincy, Illinois



San Josef Bay

*Frank O. Shaw*



Rock slabs and Mt. Stuart (9,470 feet) at sunrise, Alpine Lakes area

*Ed Cooper*



Reeds in Nada Lake, Alpine Lakes area

*Ed Cooper*



Eagle, Silver Lake, North Cascades National Park

*Bob and Ira Spring*



Mountain goat, Olympic National Park

*Keith Gunnar*



Silver Lake and Mt. Redoubt, North Cascades National Park

*Bob and Ira Spring*



Peaks in North Cascades National Park, from  
summit of Sahale Mt. Left: El Dorado Peak; right: Forbidden Peak

*Keith Gunnar*



White bark pine tree, Mount Rainier National Park

*Keith Gunnar*



Bernard Joseph Bretherton, with his "collecting gun"

*Walter W. Bretherton,  
courtesy Alice Bretherton Powell*



Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Patrick O'Neil, at  
the Presidio, San Francisco, California, 1912

*Photo courtesy Mary Floyd Kegg*

## Sleuthing in the Past\*

Robert L. Wood

When one writes about the history of an event such as mountain exploration, he need not, of course, concern himself with the men's lives during the years prior to and subsequent to the adventure. However, including such data adds another dimension that will satisfy the curious reader who would like to know where the explorers lived, what kinds of activities they engaged in, when and where they died, as well as details about their families.

But where does the historian find information about the lives of the explorers? If he can locate them, first or second generation descendants are often the best source. However, establishing contact with the relatives may require a good deal of tedious detective work because they often have other names and may live in places having no connection with the explorer.

One can find great satisfaction in corresponding with and/or interviewing children, grandchildren, nephews and nieces of noted explorers. Usually the relatives can supply the writer with details about the man's life — and, most important of all, photographs. Almost invariably these people display tremendous enthusiasm and interest in the project; they are, in fact, delighted to learn that someone is writing a book "about grandfather's exploits." I have yet to locate a relative who has not expressed considerable interest — unless, per chance, letters that were directed to people I thought were family members, and which were not answered, did in fact go to relatives.

Where does the historian search for clues that will lead him to the family, or to elusive bits of information that he needs? This is the question most often asked, and the answer is: the sources are many.

Perhaps foremost among them are the history, reference, and genealogy departments of the regional libraries; also historical societies near and far (especially the ones in areas where the explorers are known to have lived). The writer will carefully check the census rolls, accounts in old newspapers, and perhaps the records of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, if the explorer was an immigrant. If he knows the

\* Editor's note: The research described was done by the author in preparation for *Across the Olympic Mountains: The Press Expedition, 1889-90* and for *Men, Mules and Mountains: Lieutenant O'Neil's Olympic Expeditions*.

date of the man's death and where he died, he should be able to obtain a copy of the death certificate from the State Board of Health. This may contain information leading to relatives. If not, he will check the newspapers of that date for an obituary because it is likely to provide valuable family data, listing survivors and where they lived at that time. Then he will begin the possibly extended task of attempting to find the survivors.

City directories are a valuable source for locating relatives. One can sometimes track a person for years through the directories, then no longer find him. Perhaps he died or moved away. But in the process, the searcher may find reference to other family members who can be traced to the present day. Occasionally, he may succeed in locating two or more branches of the same family, the different branches having lost touch with each other through the years.

If it is known that an explorer attended a certain college or university, it may be possible to obtain records from the school. They can be very helpful as they often contain family data.

Military records are available from several sources. The most important one is the Old Military Records Branch of the National Archives and Records Service. Other sources are the United States Military Academy, the Official Army Register, and the Adjutant General's Office. The National Archives can also provide copies of soldiers' pension records, which almost invariably contain pertinent information about their families.

When I was writing my books about the Press Expedition and Lieutenant O'Neil's explorations, I utilized the foregoing sources to obtain information about the lives of the men. Perhaps the methods used can be illustrated best by citing a few examples. Let us start with Charles A. Barnes, the Press Party's topographer.

### **Charles A. Barnes**

The expedition account published in 1890 by the Seattle Press gives a few details of Charles A. Barnes's life prior to the Press Party's memorable trek across the Olympics. However, at the time I began writing the book, I knew nothing about his life afterward.

I had noticed on maps of the Olympics a Barnes Creek that flowed into Lake Crescent. Although I suspected the name might have some connection with Charles Barnes, I had no definite proof. I did remember, however, having seen reference to a Barnes family in *The Story of Port Angeles*, a book by Lauridsen and Smith. According to this book, the first land office patents to homestead locations on Lake Crescent were

issued to Sarah P. Barnes and her son Paul. Other sons mentioned were Ed, Pierre, and Horace. The name Charles A. Barnes did not appear. I concluded, therefore, that he was unrelated to this family.

Some time later, while checking newspapers of the 1890s, I ran across an item in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* that referred to a Pierre Barnes. He was identified as a brother of Charles Barnes of the Press Expedition. This caused me to recall the reference to the Barnes family in the Lauridsen book. Upon rechecking the matter, I noted that Pierre Barnes was named as one of the sons of Sarah P. Barnes. Obviously Charles Barnes was another son.

The book also stated that after their pioneering days on Lake Crescent, Sarah P. Barnes and Paul had moved to Seattle. Acting on impulse, I picked up the current Seattle telephone directory and looked under "Barnes." The name "Mrs. Pierre Barnes" stared me in the face. She lived on Capitol Hill, only a few blocks from my own residence.

I later interviewed Mrs. Barnes, who was then in her 80s, and she not only provided photographs of Charles Barnes and group pictures of the Press Party but also related details of her brother-in-law's life. He had died prior to publication of the Lauridsen book, therefore had not been mentioned in that publication.

### **Dr. Harris B. Runnalls**

Dr. Harris B. Runnalls, who hailed from Puyallup, Washington, was the physician who accompanied the Press Expedition. However, he was called home, due to his wife's illness, before the party had penetrated very far into the mountains.

In August, 1966, while camped in the Olympics, I gave a campfire talk on the Press Expedition to the Olympic College Campcraft Workshop. After I had concluded the lecture, Mrs. Bettie Dunbar asked me a question.

"I went to school in Puyallup," she said, "with a girl named Shirley Runnalls, whose father was a doctor. Do you think they could be the same?"

I told her that I thought it more likely she was Dr. Harris Runnalls' granddaughter, but it was almost certain to be the same family. Mrs. Dunbar told me that the girl was now Shirley Fager. As soon as I returned to Seattle, I went to Puyallup. True enough, the doctor who accompanied the Press Party was her grandfather. Her father, the doctor's son, had been a physician also. Again, like Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Fager provided me with photographs and details about the life of her grandfather.

## Joseph P. O'Neil

When I began writing a book about Lieutenant O'Neil's expeditions in the Olympics, one of the first things I wanted to do was to locate relatives of O'Neil. I needed an obituary of O'Neil, but I did not know when and where he died. However, Robert Hitchman suggested that I check the New York Times Index. He felt that O'Neil was important enough that his death would have been reported in that newspaper. Once this date was found, I could then obtain the obituary, which would probably contain details as to survivors.

I did find a reference to O'Neil's death in 1938 in the index. I then wrote to the United States Military Academy at West Point for information, and they sent me an obituary from the Army and Navy Journal. According to this obituary, O'Neil was survived by his wife, a sister, and a half-sister. The half-sister, Mrs. Frank Keller, resided at Fort Benning, Georgia. Because of this address, I inferred that she was probably married to an army officer, and upon checking the Official Army Register did find a Colonel Frank Keller listed. Again I wrote to West Point, and they sent me an article about Colonel Keller, who was deceased. The story mentioned that he had a daughter and son. The daughter was married to an army officer, Lieutenant Colonel Robert M. Blanchard. The Blanchards' children were also named.

Checking the Official Army Register through subsequent years, I noted that Robert M. Blanchard had been promoted to brigadier general, then later retired. However, his son, Major Robert D. Blanchard, was listed as still on active duty.

Through the Retired Officers Association and the Adjutant General's Office I obtained the address of Major Blanchard. In response to my letter, he sent me the address of his mother, Ann Keller Blanchard. I then wrote to her and she sent me a picture of O'Neil as a brigadier general, as well as information about various details of his life. She also provided the addresses of her brother, Frank Keller, and a cousin, Patricia Trippet, who could furnish additional information. During the course of my writing the O'Neil book, I had many occasions to write Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. Keller, and Mrs. Trippet. The latter called my attention to the fact that Mrs. O'Neil had a favorite niece, who very likely had information that I needed. Through probate records in Portland, Oregon, I was able to locate this niece's daughter, Mary Kegg, and she very generously provided photographs and documents relating to the Olympic exploration.

The obituary I received from West Point indicated that O'Neil had attended the University of Notre Dame, and from that school I obtained a great deal of data relating to O'Neil's life at the university.

### **Bernard J. Bretherton**

Bernard J. Bretherton was a naturalist with the 1890 O'Neil expedition. During the early stages of writing the O'Neil book, I came upon an advertisement for taxidermy by Bretherton in an 1895 issue of the *Oregon Naturalist*. He was then living at Newport, Oregon. I wrote to the Lincoln County Historical Society and eventually received a response from Chandler Brown of Salem, Oregon. He stated that his mother, Alice Powell, was Bretherton's niece, sent me her address, and indicated she could provide family information. She was then about 85 years of age but expressed great interest in the project and related much valuable family history.

Another side of the family was located through a different source. After Bretherton died in 1903, his widow remarried. Mr. Hitchman gave me the address of her daughter, Margery Bell, who was then living at Oak Harbor, Washington. Mrs. Bell provided the addresses of Bretherton's daughter, Barbara Grady, and his son, Ted Bretherton, as well as the addresses of several of his grandchildren.

### **James Robb Church**

According to O'Neil's official report of the 1890 expedition, the party was accompanied by a doctor named "J. Church," who had recently come to the Pacific Northwest from Washington, D.C. This was all the information given regarding him.

O'Neil participated in the Spanish-American War. One day, when I was reading a book about the war to gain background information, I came upon a reference to a medical officer named "Bob Church," who had served with Roosevelt's "Rough Riders." According to this book, Church hailed from Washington, D.C., had been an outstanding football player at Princeton, and had been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroism in the war.

I was immediately struck by the thought that he might be the same doctor who accompanied Lieutenant O'Neil through the Olympics. Both physicians were named Church and both came from Washington, D.C. Later, when I received expedition photographs from the National Archives, I was almost positive this was the case. In one of the pictures a man identified as Dr. Church wore a sweatshirt with a big letter "P" on the chest. Surely, I thought, that must stand for Princeton.

I then wrote to Princeton and the university archivist replied: "James Robb Church, Princeton '88, is your man." He enclosed a biographical sketch from a university publication that left no doubt that the doctor in the war was the same Church who had been with O'Neil in the

Olympics. Some time later I obtained from Princeton an extensive file of documentary material relating to Church, and I also obtained his widow's pension application file from the National Archives. However, I was never able to locate the family.

### **Louis F. Henderson**

According to an obituary in the Special Collections Department at the University of Washington, Louis F. Henderson, the botanist who accompanied O'Neil's 1890 trip, died in Tacoma, Washington, in 1942. The obituary stated that he was survived by two daughters. One, Mrs. Charles A. Strong, lived in Tacoma at the time of his death. I began checking Polk's city directory for Tacoma, beginning with the year 1942. For several years afterwards Charles A. Strong was named. He then disappeared, but his widow was listed for several more years. Then she no longer appeared.

However, Charles A. Strong was noted as a member of Strong and MacDonald, a construction firm. This company still existed at the time I made the inquiry (1968), and the firm's president, A. Stuart MacDonald, was listed in the telephone book. I wrote to him, and he sent me the address of Mrs. Strong, who was then living in San Francisco, as well as that of her daughter. The latter turned out to be Jean Walkinshaw, wife of Walter Walkinshaw, an attorney whom I knew from my work as a court reporter.

In this instance, my research had gone full circle. When I began seeking information about Henderson, I had no idea he was related to someone I knew.

### **Harry Fisher**

Private Harry Fisher, Company G, Fourteenth Infantry, was one of the soldiers who accompanied Lieutenant O'Neil's 1890 expedition. Because Fisher wrote a detailed account of the exploration, I was particularly interested in learning facts about his life. Eventually I obtained, through the Old Military Records Branch of the National Archives, military records containing information about his life in the service. Unfortunately, I was not able to trace him beyond the summer of 1892, and did not locate any relatives.

Lieutenant O'Neil refers to the soldier, in his official report, as "Private Fisher, Company G." No first name is given. The soldier himself used the name "H. Fisher" on his manuscript about the expedition and as the byline for several articles he wrote for the *Oregonian* in 1892. It seemed strange that he used only the initial. What did "H" stand for?

I thought I had found the answer when I ran across an article in the *Oregonian* describing a banquet given the explorers by the Oregon Alpine Club after the exploration had been concluded. "Private Henry Fisher" was listed as one of the guests who attended the festivities.

Several months later, however, I discovered that his name was not Henry but Harry. This came about when I searched microfilms of the Registers of Enlistments, United States Army, for the various enlisted men who had been on the O'Neil expeditions. Harry Fisher had enlisted in Company G, Fourteenth Infantry, on August 13, 1889, at the Presidio, in San Francisco. The record gave considerable information — his place of birth, age, physical description, occupation, and marital status. It also noted that this was his second enlistment, and indicated he was discharged on October 15, 1891, at Vancouver Barracks, per Special Orders, Adjutant General's Office.

Some time later the National Archives called my attention to the regimental returns of the Fourteenth Infantry, available on microfilm. Upon checking the returns for the summer of 1890, I noted that "Private Harry Fisher, Company G" was listed as one of the men who was absent from the post, exploring the Olympic Mountains. This was confirmation that I had located the correct Fisher in the Registers of Enlistments.

I then returned to the Registers of Enlistments and searched for the record of Fisher's prior enlistment. I was unsuccessful, but did find where one Harry Fisher had enlisted on September 13, 1883, in Company F, Fourth Infantry. However, the description of this man was different; he did not appear to be the Fisher who had enlisted in the Fourteenth Infantry in 1889.

How could I clear up this mystery? Perhaps I should obtain copies of the actual enlistment papers. More than likely Fisher's 1889 enlistment papers would indicate when and in what regiment he had previously served. I therefore wrote the National Archives for copies of these documents. When I received them, I noted they contained the following comment regarding prior service:

"Last served in Hospital Corps, U.S.A.  
Dishonorably discharged, August 3, 1889,  
name of James B. Hanmore, 15430-PRD-1891."

The mystery was deepening. I could do nothing but direct another inquiry to the National Archives, regarding "James B. Hanmore, 15430-PRD-1891." After a long wait, I received a reply stating this referred to an 1891 file in the Principal Record Division, Adjutant General's Office, regarding Fisher's prior service under the name James B. Hanmore.

When I obtained a copy of this file, the mystery was solved. I correlated the information contained in the investigative file with the data obtained from the Registers of Enlistments, and the following facts became evident.

The real Harry Fisher enlisted in the Fourth Infantry at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on September 13, 1883. James B. Hanmore enlisted in Company B, Fourth Infantry, at Fort Omaha, Nebraska, on October 5, 1883. Fisher arrived in Fort Omaha on October 9, but two days later was assigned to Company F and sent to Fort Niobrara, Nebraska. The two soldiers served at their respective posts until July 2, 1886, when units of the Fourth Infantry from Fort Omaha and Fort Niobrara joined forces in Fremont, Nebraska, to travel together to Fort Spokane, Washington Territory. This post was reached on July 11, 1886.

On December 13, 1887, Fisher and Hanmore were transferred from their respective companies to the Hospital Corps. Each completed his five-year enlistment and was honorably discharged at Fort Spokane — Fisher on September 12, 1888, Hanmore on October 4, 1888. Fisher did not reenlist, but on November 2, 1888, Hanmore reenlisted for five years, to serve in the Hospital Corps. He was sent to Fort Bridger, Wyoming Territory, and served at that post until May 7, 1889, when he was transferred to Fort Douglas, Utah Territory.

Shortly after arriving at the Utah post, Hanmore was court-martialed for drinking while on duty, and on August 3, 1889, he was dishonorably discharged at Fort Douglas. Ten days later he showed up at the Presidio in San Francisco, where he enlisted in Company G, Fourteenth Infantry, using the name Harry Fisher.

The fraudulent nature of this enlistment was not detected for more than two years, and while serving as "Harry Fisher," Hanmore participated in Lieutenant O'Neil's 1890 expedition in the Olympics. About a year later, the real Harry Fisher returned from a trip to England and visited the Adjutant General's Office, stating that he wished to reenlist. He fully identified himself and on September 9, 1891, reenlisted. However, the A.G.O. then discovered, to its embarrassment, that its records indicated Fisher was still in the army, presently on duty at Vancouver Barracks. The A.G.O. ordered an investigation, and in due time suspected that Hanmore was the culprit. When the commanding officer of Company G, Fourteenth Infantry, confronted "Fisher" at Vancouver Barracks, the soldier admitted that he was really Hanmore. The officer then recommended, as did the regimental commander, that the soldier be dismissed from the service, and on October 15, 1891, per order of the A.G.O., he was summarily discharged for "having enlisted under false pretences."

After his discharge, Hanmore apparently retained the name "H. Fisher." He spent the winter of 1891-92 on the Queets River, and the summer of 1892 prospecting in the Snoqualmie Valley. Here his trail vanishes.

As stated at the beginning of this article, relatives of the explorers expressed great interest in the fact that a book was being written about events in which their forebears participated. Most of these people — at least those who are first generation descendants — are elderly. In fact, during the nine years that elapsed between inception and publication of the O'Neil book, nine of the people I corresponded with passed away. Eight of the nine were relatives of the explorers — five daughters, a son, a nephew, and a niece. They were, of course, the people who, more than anyone else, would have enjoyed reading the book. Regrettably, they did not live to do so, but they did help to preserve a segment of Pacific Northwest history, thus preventing it from becoming irretrievably lost.



Western Bailey Range

*B. J. Packard*

# Aconcagua 1976

John N. Yaeger

Members of the Seattle Mountaineers' 1976 Aconcagua Climb left Seattle on January 25, after several planning meetings and conditioning climbs on various mountains in the Pacific Northwest. Our party was ten men strong, the remainder of 31 interested people who attended the first meeting of this climb. Members were: Vern Ainardi, leader; Fred Hart, assistant leader; Julian Anderson, Glenn Brindeiro, Pete Lambach, O. Philip Dickert, Jim Corbin, Norm Benton from Cresswell, Oregon, Anton Karuza and myself. Like many climbs, not all members knew each other prior to the event. Small groups of us had climbed with each other at one time or another, but well developed friendships in our group of 10 were limited. Our common goal of climbing Aconcagua had brought us together, and the human interaction on our climb proved to be an education for all of us.

With our layovers and time differences, two days were consumed in getting to Mendoza, Argentina. Bob Wachtin, our Seattle travel agent, did a fine job of arranging air transportation. Glenn's homework paid off when we arrived in Mendoza and found our Argentine liaison, Oswaldo Brandi, there with a small bus and several friends to help with our bags. Oswaldo had been instrumental in making land arrangements on several of Mountain Travel's South American trips.

High altitude freeze-dried food was brought from Seattle. Approach rations and low camp food was obtained in Mendoza at the local markets. Breakfasts throughout the climb were to be hot cereals and beverages. Understanding the availability of food we were accustomed to, to be costly, we were not concerned about the small differences in our diets. We were in Argentina and would do as the Argentines did, including eating *Nestum* for breakfast. Lunches were small but sufficient, consisting of Milano salami (several kilos too many considering its grease content), gouda cheese, fruit bread and hard candy. A large ham, and sacks of potatoes, onions and lentils comprised our evening meals on the approach. Camp II denoted high altitude and no freeze dried until then.

The police and military clearances were long and tedious. Oswaldo was invaluable with his knowledge of the procedures. Three

days in Mendoza were used for obtaining food, fuel and permission.

On the morning of our fourth day, Oswaldo had a bus at our hotel, which we loaded and took to Punta de Vacas. Here we met our muleteer and his family. The following morning saw us on the trail to base camp at 13,500 feet. For three days we walked over the parched ground, paralleling the silt-laden Rio de Vacas. On the third day, we turned up the Rio Rilincho and faced our greatest elevation gain in the shortest horizontal distance. The days were warm and nights cool. Tempers flared and the good old ham was almost gone, thank goodness; time for a change. Our steady evening stew was becoming more firm as we were losing patience with the potatoes, between the altitude and our failing stoves. The windblown grit dirtied our fuel and began to plug our stoves.

For climbing purposes, the Polish Glacier (our route) does not begin until 19,100 feet. Receding drastically, the ice is full of neve' pentantes and probably at least 3,000 feet below the main glacier. Half out of interest and half for the camera, we all spent a bit of time in the ice spires, but soon realized the best way across was to avoid them entirely. Our plan was to climb the equivalent of 1,000 feet a day. Taking two loads between sites and a move on the third carry allowed camps to be 3,000 feet apart. At various stages of the climb, we all had our bout with "Montezuma's revenge," some lightly and others severely. Wishes were to get high, and return to our familiar freeze dried food. While ferrying loads to Camp I, our 3rd and final stove ceased functioning. We had one Phoebus stove left as a spare. It was now painfully obvious that to support ten men above the snow line, we needed more stoves. Various members volunteered to go out and fetch them, but it was Vern who went, and he saved the party. While Vern was out, the remainder of us were carrying loads to Camp I and finally establishing it three days after arriving at base. By this time two climbers were severely weakened by a combination of altitude and intestinal problems; another had already left due to his inability to acclimatize at all. Anton and I were mentally affected by the new snow and poor weather. Our comrades were as irritable as we were, and a nice little tour of Patagonia was sounding better and better all the time. It was after our second carry to Camp II (19,100 feet) that Anton and I decided to leave the climb and see the Fitzroy area. New stoves were not yet on the mountain and we saw little reason to stay. Meeting Vern on our way down, we were convinced our strength would be needed in the event of an emergency. Vern had just made about 90 miles round trip in roughly four days and had two replacement stoves: another Phoebus and a small Bluett.

Once again having three operative stoves, the complexion of the climb had changed, this time for the better. The three of us left base for Camp I, spent a night there and headed for Camp II the following morning. For Anton and I, the carry was routine, but it was the first time for Vern. While he was at a lower elevation procuring stoves, we were carrying loads and acclimatizing well. For Vern it was his first time to 19,100 feet and he was visibly affected. We arrived just on the toes of a two-day blow. It would have been a great time to rest up except for the racket of our tents in the wind.

When a clear morning dawned, Vern and Phil headed back to base to aid with their acclimatization. Fred, Glenn, Pete and Anton headed for Camp III, Norm, Julian and I lay over another day. (Jim was, no doubt, having the time of his life at Mardi Gras in Rio de Janeiro.) The advanced team found the snow very deep and it was due to Pete's perseverance that a route was put in to firm snow, allowing a cache to be placed just below Camp III. The second carry found the remaining seven climbers going all the way to our high camp at 21,000 feet. It was between Camps II and III that we had our first passage over the Polish Glacier proper. From Camp II we had a gradually rising traverse to a 45° ice slope. Several leads in this large ice gully put us to Camp III, a fine camp spot with a magnificent view. On a whim, Norm, Julian and I headed for the summit, fearing the weather would not hold for many more days. We climbed a few hundred feet to the ridge top overlooking the south face. We caught the last rays of the sun, saw the mountain's shadow many miles in the distance and re-evaluated our position. Not being adequately prepared for a bivouac, having little food and no down gear, we headed back down. Camp III already was overcrowded with four men in an Omnipotent, so we continued to Camp II. Midnight found us back at camp and for all practical purposes, totally expended.

Tuesday, February 17th was a rest day for three of us, and a summit day for the four remaining high on the mountain. Talking to Fred and Anton on their descent, we could see their thirteen hour trip from Camp III to the summit and back was well worth it. In spite of their crowded bunk space, frozen boots and candy for breakfast, they were smiling. Our team was a success, four members had topped out and so far there were no problems that we had not been able to overcome. Ten men had succeeded in supporting a team of four summit members.

The three of us found the upper camp in good shape, with food left for us. A bite to eat and we turned in to our bivouac gear, a bit leery of the incoming weather. Norm and Julian were cold most of the

night and did not want to set out in the morning at the risk of their feet being frostbitten. Feeling the best I had for the entire climb, I shot some film and started for the summit. The cold was seeping through my clothes so I moved quickly and did not resume photographing until the sunlit ridge top. The elevation gain was moderate after attaining the crest and the walk to the summit was like nothing I had ever experienced before. Time was no longer a factor in my life and the weather of yesterday's afternoon may as well have been of another world. I was unconcerned by anything other than the mountain under my feet. Everything had been forgotten, all cares vanished. The pain and personality conflicts earlier on the mountain were nothing more than lines from a Tennessee Williams play. I passed swale after swale on the ridge, then it became evident by the aluminum cross that the highest point, at 22,835 feet, had been reached. Anton and his group had summited on Tuesday, a separate Mexican group had achieved the summit via the standard route on Wednesday, and I made it on Thursday. Quite a bit of activity on Cerro Aconcagua on three consecutive days. The Mexican flag and the dated business cards blended in well with the additional clutter on the summit: numerous crosses, old ice pitons, lightening rods (?) and a strange contraption that could pass for a geodesic dome skeleton at lower elevations. My grand feelings and solitude were well above the clutter. I returned to Camp III shortly after noon and the three of us descended to Camp II. Friday, Camp II was pulled up and carted down the hill to Base. Saturday morning, right on schedule, Oswaldo was at Base Camp with the mules. We spent a long day hiking out to Refugio Gonzales, but were well rewarded by a delicious "asado," a freshly butchered sheep, slowly roasted over low coals. An early start on Sunday assured the anxious ones of catching the 3 p.m. bus from Santiago, Chile, to Mendoza, Argentina.

# The Trees Of Time

Thomas M. Jenkins



*Pinus arista* group on slope of Mt. Evans

Sue Marsh

At the base of the long sloping east flank of 14,172-foot Mt. Bross in the Mosquito Range (high above Alma, Colorado), lies exposed, appropriately named, Windy Ridge. On its crest, with roots locked in the earth, lives a scattered stand of bristlecone pine, the *Pinus aristata* Englemann. In the sixteen Colorado counties where bristlecone are found, none are more spectacular than those on Windy Ridge.

The bristlecone pine lives in a world of wind, a world in which it has learned to adapt to its high altitude environment. Other trees also living at or near timberline under similar conditions of stress (including limber pine, Engelmann spruce, and oneseed juniper) develop similar growth characteristics of "wind timber" or *Krummholz* (crooked wood). They become bent, gnarled, and stunted from the combination of these stressful conditions: wind, erosion, intense sunlight, limited moisture, sparse foliage, and a short growing season. But few become as pronounced or as ancient as the bristlecone

pine. A 700-year-old bristlecone may be only three feet in height and only three inches in diameter. There are bristlecone in the Mt. Goliath Natural Area near Mount Evans that are from 1,500 to 2,000 years old but not over twelve feet in height.



The little known *Pinus aristata Englemann* of Colorado is found in 16 counties at altitudes ranging from 8,200 to 11,700 feet.

Sue Marsh, from a photo by Thomas Jenkins

Many factors contribute to the adaptive, slow growth rate of the bristlecone pine, but perhaps the most important single factor is the eternal wind. Its desiccating quality restricts the growth of foliage, reducing the amount of tissue the crown of the tree must sustain, and although the windward side of the tree often dies, a narrow strip of nourishing bark on its leeward side preserves it. Its needles, over the centuries, have become progressively smaller and increasingly waxy in order to minimize transpiration. Its resultant slow growth rate has produced a hard, resinous wood, almost impervious to disease.



Detail, *Pinus arista*, Mt. Goliath area, Colorado

*Sue Marsh*



The world's oldest living organism, the bristlecone pine, is a paradox. It survives because it adapts, both yielding to and defying time. In eastern California and Nevada there are bristlecones, living and producing seeds, almost 5000 years old.

*Sue Marsh, from a photo by Thomas Jenkins*

On Windy Ridge, at an altitude of 11,500 to 11,700 feet, the bristlecone pine defies the relentless torrents of air. Throughout winter and summer, particles of ice and sand wind-driven at incredible velocities bombard the bristlecone, killing, decorticating, and polishing its windward surface (in this case, the west-facing side because of the prevailing west wind). Even in winter, near and beneath the trees, there are patches and corridors of bare, windswept ground which is never covered with an accumulation of snow. Yet nearby there are hard-glazed, sculptured snow drifts patterned by the wind currents. Through it all the amazing bristlecone remains, moribund but persistently alive.

Misshapened by wind and time, in some cases bent almost to the ground, and in a few instances with roots exposed, tom from the protective rocky soil, the bristlecone pine survives on Windy Ridge. They resemble mythic creatures, halloween apparitions, dancing scarecrows. A few are completely dead yet remain standing or leaning in skeletal silence. Most are resolutely alive despite the minimal seed-producing foliage on their labyrinthine of dead limbs. Twisted and convoluted into asymmetrical patterns, they are both grotesque and beautiful.



On Windy Ridge, the desiccating quality of the wind sets into motion a chain of responses: reduction of foliage, decreased photosynthesis demand, slowed growth rate. The result is a hard, disease-resistant wood that survives the high altitude environment.

*Sue Marsh, from a photo by Thomas Jenkins*

# THE DECLINE AND FALL OF BACKPACKING

by  
**Harvey Manning**  
Illustrated by Dale Martin



Editor's note: Space limitations prevent publication of this entire story. Omitted chapter numbers and titles have been given to indicate the scope of the original. Lengthy omissions are indicated by ellipses. As in most stories, fact blends with fiction, and the wise reader will probably not wish to attempt a separation.

## Foreword

\* \* \*

# Part One: The Spring and Summer of Backpacking

## Chapter 1 Origins of Backpacking

Most animals carry food and other materials primarily by mouth and only in small amounts for short distances. The ant aside, man is uniquely the large-load, long-distance freighter. Omitting such motive powers as wind and engines, the principal methods may be broadly separated into (1) carrying on the human body, (2) pulling (or pushing) by the human body, (3) carrying or pulling by other animals, and (4) floating on water craft.

Floating, though it produced a sport contemporaneous with backpacking, will be touched upon in the next chapter and need not concern us here.

It is doubtful early man actually towed his mate around by the hair; still, the first form of pulling baggage surely was no more complicated than that. At some point in the remote past were refined the drag methods exemplified by the travois, which only peripherally, in mountain rescue, has played any part in sport, and the sled or sledge, employed in sport to some extent by snow travelers. Invention of the wheel led, of course, to transport devices ranging from the wheelbarrow to the wagon and, notable in sport, the bicycle . . . .

In the very earliest era, and concurrently with dragging, came the hand-carry, which lingers today in the picnic basket. Though the Gauls wore trousers, to the hilarity/disgust of the toga-clad Romans, the pocket does not appear to have been common in the West until the 14th century, when it was brought from China to the edge of Europe by the Mongol hordes of Tamerlane, who largely were successful because their foes carried purses. The latter long continued in favor among the backward Scots and, together with the kilt, elicited the ribald jokes traditionally made by the English and such a mortification to Boswell.

Modern backpackers are amazed that the head-carry, in our view bizarre and unnatural, is so widespread. Many anthropologists believe the explanation of its tenacity lies in the phenomenon of the "dead-end culture," defined as one which, due to some crucial mistake (flunking Toynbee's "challenge-response" test), ceases to progress and becomes fossilized. By this theory, through random chance a

people advances from the hand-carry to the more efficient head-carry (rather than some other technique) and then suffers such diminished mental capacity it persists even when neighbors are employing donkey, wheelbarrow, or Land Rover. It is thought that, with the carrying almost exclusively done by women, here is either the explanation or the consequence of their inferior status. That is, men either perpetuate the head-carry to keep their women docile or simply feel it's beneath their dignity to point out to such dolts that other tribes have a better way . . . .

The shoulder-carry is nearly as old as the hand-carry and older than the head-carry, dating to the apeman slinging a large fish, bunch of bananas, or apewoman over his shoulder. This one-shoulder-carry evolved into various forms through employment of a stick or pole.

From Trajan's Column in Rome we learn that a legionary on campaign had a short sword (*gladius*) hanging at his right side from a belt, and in the right hand a javelin. On the march the battle helmet hung from his right shoulder. From the left shoulder hung a large, rectangular shield, leaving the left hand free to grasp the pole which rested on the left shoulder and supported at its end his foraging and cooking kit. This carrying method, familiar in modern times as that of the bindlestiff, was necessary in order to be ready for instant action with the right hand if a band of Gauls or Brigantes burst out of the bushes. However, the technique was fraught with dire consequences for the future of the Empire, for Tacitus tells us it caused the lopsided posture which made a veteran of the legions instantly recognizable; the deformity and the constant ragging it occasioned by civilians are considered by Herodian a contributing factor to the troops frequently erupting in rage and killing emperors.

Much better in peaceful situations was the two-shoulder-carry, which evolved separately in North America, where Indian women thus transported infants, absence of the wheel in the New World ruling out any kind of perambulator, and in mountainous regions of Europe and Asia.

The survival to the present of the two-shoulder-carry (via rucksack) in the Alps, amid examples all around of superior techniques, may seem a puzzle. However, here is another example of the "dead-end" phenomenon. The Romantics and their 18th-century myth of the "noble savage" to the contrary, Hobbes' glum description of the condition of man better fits mountain peasants, who are mountain peasants specifically because they have been driven out of the lowlands by competition of smarter folk. As Harry Lime observed in *The Third Man*, the Swiss, despite having for centuries a democratic

government and enjoying freedom from destructive wars, have contributed naught to European civilization but the cuckoo clock. (To be fair, he evidently was unaware of the Swiss Army knife.) For closer-to-home examples of the sort of people who make a living in the mountains, we need look no farther than the prospector, the gypo logger, and the ski instructor.

## Chapter 2 The Birth of Sport Backpacking



The practice of transporting loads of food and equipment hither and yon in the name of sport emerged only in the nineteenth century. The English started it on their compulsory Grand Tours of the Continent when, as an expression of the Romantic revolt against the Enlightenment, they made excursions into the forbidding Alps, formerly avoided by all civilized folk who possibly could. The diversion of mountain-climbing they commenced was ardently taken up by Victorians who for this reason or that — gross violations of the rigidifying moral code, as in the case of the sinister diabolist, Aleister Crowley, or boredom, as with the clergy who constituted so large a proportion of the early climbers, or things going badly at Oxford-Cambridge, as they so often did for everyone — found it necessary or desirable to get out of the country. Wealthy and cultivated Eastern Seaboard Americans, for whom the Grand Tour was a trip to England, began emulating their trans-Atlantic idols by including the Alps on their itineraries and subsequently, upon finding themselves excluded as colonials from **The** Alpine Club, forming their own **American** Alpine Club.

If intrepid enough to dare dangers of cliffs and glaciers and discomforts of the reeking hovels and vile foods of Alpine peasants, these 19th-century English, virtual masters of the world, and their American cousins who hoped to be so someday, were much too dutiful about the responsibilities of their station to retrograde absolutely to barbarism, and to carry loads needed on ventures above the cow pastures hired peasants. Thus, though superficially seeming related, the Alpine travels have nothing to do with sport backpacking; the English-Americans (and the rich and titled Germans and Italians who, as usual monkeylike, hopped on the bandwagon) carried nothing heavier than a pocket handkerchief and to the peasants the hauling was simply a disagreeable if remunerative job.

To understand the course of events in America we must look elsewhere, namely to Turner's seminal essay, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," first read at a meeting of historians in 1893. In his electrifying opening paragraph, Turner drew attention to the statement made in 1890 by the Superintendent of the Census announcing that during the preceding decade the frontier as a continuous line had ceased to exist and therefore no longer would be traced in the decennial reports. Turner went on to propound his famous thesis that Americans had become what they were by being a nation at "the meeting point between savagery and civilization," and that the American character was shaped by "a return to primitive conditions on a continually advancing frontier line."

Turner, of course, was poignantly cognizant of the nostalgia for the vanishing frontier welling up, principally among wealthy urbanites; nostalgia was **not** felt by those who had **lived** on the frontier. He perhaps was unaware that his thesis was gaining a sort of confirmation through the new phenomenon of expeditions being undertaken — for other than economic reasons, and by people who had never before been outside a city — into the remaining pockets of wilderness.

In the East the "return to primitive conditions" followed rivers and lakes. There, a canoe-centered sport was born, and wealthy recreationists hired for their equivalent of Swiss peasants the trappers and Indians who managed to survive in the "North Woods" — not because they were fond of the place but because (see previous chapter) they lacked the initiative or courage to move to the cities.

In the West the explorations took a rather different form, for Lewis and Clark demonstrated that it was unsuited to canoeing. There the adventurous doctors and lawyers, professors and teachers and preachers, hired for their load-hauling the horsepackers who served the decaying mining settlements and the newly-expanding herds of cattle and sheep. However, so wary of these rude horsemen (not without reason) were the city gentlemen they felt it prudent to probe the "meeting point of savagery and civilization" only in large groups. Thus, in 1892, was founded in California the Sierra Club, soon followed by other clubs in other cities of the West.

East and West these wilderness travelers shared something with the Semitic prophets who in a past age came out of the desert in an endless stream proclaiming new faiths. Smug in their Romantic certainty that they had been ennobled by a confrontation with Deity, and in their Puritan conviction that they had been spiritually cleansed by getting soaked in storms and broiled in sun, eaten alive by bugs while themselves subsisting on a diet that would have been disdained in the grimmest slum, they scorned as effete and decadent their friends who partook of no sport more flesh-punishing than lawn tennis and croquet and proclaimed themselves the only true Americans left. This attitude is familiar to us in the writings of Teddy Roosevelt.

In the East the cultist "return to primitive conditions" developed into the sport of woodcraft. One settled down in a canoe-supplied camp and spent the summer building log cabins, whittling pothooks, and learning from guides not only how to catch fish and shoot bear but such arcane tricks as snaring birds and rodents and stewing or barbecuing them as appropriate.

In the West, however, the outing clubs had as a second purpose the preservation of natural beauty (the temples) and the stricter mem-

bers quickly saw this required eliminating horses from the scene. The substitution of burros proving an unsatisfactory half-measure, they took inspiration from John Muir, who when driven loony by tending bands of sheep often went roaming the High Sierra with no gear but a blanket, if that, and no food but a chunk of stale bread in his pocket. Such a spartan existence being too rigorous for any but an Old Testament Muir, his disciples modified the pure doctrine with lessons from the prospectors lingering in Western mountains. These poor souls, too dull-witted to join the rush to the Yukon, in the main lacked even such amenities as burros; instead they dumped supplies in gunny-sacks, tied ropes to them, and slung them over shoulders.

Thus was born sport backpacking, uniquely American — or more specifically, Western American. Not instantly, nor even rapidly, did the innovation become popular. Rather, the packtrain recreationists looked upon erstwhile friends with horror, feeling they had stepped over the line from civilization into savagery. For their part, the backpackers, with their monastic dedication to "going light," formed a cult within a cult and treated the horsebound with the same contempt both groups accorded the citybound.

Enormous impetus was given the a-borning sport when Dan Beard imported the Boy Scout idea from England. Actually, what Lord Baden-Powell had in mind was the quite utilitarian notion of training young auxiliary soldiers ("scouts") to augment the regular military in campaigns against the Boers and Fuzzy-Wuzzies and, eventually, the Hun. Beard's genius lay in adapting the idea to the ever-growing American nostalgia for the now long-dead frontier. (And a high compliment was paid by the Communists when, in the 1930s, they organized as competition the Young Pioneers, with a program identical except for the inclusion of Marxism.) Very soon gangs ("troops") of children were canoeing or marching into the woods and blowing bugles. Because they did good deeds and were always prepared, and were trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent, and swore an oath to keep themselves physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight, they earned widespread admiration.

In the East the Scouts were woodcrafters, canoeing if possible or otherwise hiking as short a distance as necessary to get out of sight of suburbs, occupying themselves from dawn to dusk chopping down trees and making bough beds and kabobs and KYBOs, then sitting around the campfire singing until Taps.



In the West, however, though Scouts dutifully carried hatchets and hacked enthusiastically at the greenery, an increasing number of troops did so not in static camps but on the trail, emulating the heroic backpacking mavericks of the outing clubs. The sport being superbly suited to the very young, particularly those who are strong and have vowed to be obedient and cheerful, soon the Western wilderness rang with childish laughter and it grew steadily less common to be endangered by wild animals, which rarely were seen anymore.

Because of Scouting, until recently the preponderance of backpackers were under 15; few males stayed with the sport past the normal age of discovering girls. (One might suppose the founding of the Campfire Girls and the Girl Scouts would encourage boys to continue hiking, but the former spent most of their time selling mints door to door and leaders of the latter, in an era when even the suspicion of impurity could doom a female to the streets, were very cautious never to take their charges into a forest known to contain Boy Scouts.)

That a great many mature, or at least fully-grown people go backpacking nowadays may be partly explained by a nostalgia not only for the frontier but for the lost innocence of blissfully-ignorant childhood.

### Chapter 3 The Rise To a Mass Sport

Environment-conscious backpackers of today customarily denounce the automobile as the devil incarnate. They are justified in doing so by not only the air and noise pollution of cities and the psyche-scarring trauma of freeways but the infuriating jams of traffic on recreation roads leading to the fringes of wilderness. Yet perhaps up to 99 percent of present backpackers wouldn't be backpackers were it not for the automobile, which has been the greatest single stimulus to the sport.

America lacked a genuine transportation system until the automobile. Railroads served excellently well in Europe, and still do, because there they were and are intended for transportation. In America, however, they were built in the East so Commodore Vanderbilt and compatriots could water the stock and in the West to swindle Congress out of land grants. That they were not abandoned immediately after construction is owing to the fact that when the first band of scoundrels made a pile and fled to escape prosecution a second gang of crooks took over the lines and commenced getting rich plundering the peasantry, as described by Norris in *The Octopus*. Farmers of the Northwest said of the president of the Great Northern Railway, "First we had the drought, then we had the flood, then we had the locusts, then we had James J. Hill." While conducting their pirate raids across the face of the nation, the tycoons spent the absolute minimum on maintenance; in the end, the system becoming so ramshackle as to imperil human life, they dumped the passenger end of the business on AMTRAK, whose customers well know roadbeds generally are rougher than the fields beside them and whose coach walls carry such graffiti as "Grover Cleveland is a dirty old man."

The automobile dazzled Americans as the rising sun of freedom and gleefully they threw themselves into such novelties as suburban living, Sunday driving, and auto touring. As for backpacking, with cars bringing trailheads steadily closer to cities, it became in the 1920s a sport not just for occasional extended vacations but every weekend. Even many horse recreationists were converted, their beasts being so cumbersome to use they previously hadn't taken short trips. Throughout the 1930s, despite the dampening effect of the Depression, growing numbers of outing-club members and Boy Scout (and a scattering of Girl Scout) troops hoisted packs and took to the trails.

Meanwhile the automobile was generating a brand new sport, car-camping. Formerly national parks were seen more often at lantern-slide lectures than in person, but from World War I on the ambition of millions of Americans newly on wheels was to collect a complete set of decals and souvenir pillows and to fill photo albums with pictures of bears being fed, voluntarily or otherwise, by fellow tourists.

It would be all too easy to patronize these city-bred car-campers, commenting wryly that going out to get cold and wet and be frightened by noises in the night was **their** reenactment of the Daniel Boone experience. But to render them justice, a fair amount of courage was required to navigate rough, ill-marked wagon roads in a vehicle that might or might not get to and from a destination without a breakdown that could leave travelers stranded for days.

Time passed. There came paved roads, dependable cars, the Sears Roebuck wall tent, and the Coleman stove. The quality of camping was transformed, and not in every opinion for the better. If those who had been young and daring adults in the 1920s were, in their creaky middle age of the 1940s, content with placid comfort, their children, now young adults, were bored. They also were overwhelmed. In their childhood the campgrounds had been nearly vacant but now a new crowd, postwar rich and mobile, discovered car-camping; amid Coleman lanterns hung above every picnic table and portable radios blaring, stars could not be seen at night nor rivers and birds heard anytime.

Here we must express a debt to the Northwest Wildland Recreation Research Unit of the U.S. Forest Service. In landmark studies these scientists statistically established a causal correlation between car-camping as a child and backpacking as an adult. The process is inevitable in its self-evident simplicity: to recapture the excitement available to them in the 1920s and 1930s as children in car-campgrounds, as adults in the 1940s and 1950s they had to move on — away from the roads and onto the trails. Their mass migration was encouraged by the fact the backcountry seemed not so spooky as it had to their parents; everywhere they saw troops of boys, even girls, setting out packs on backs unafraid.

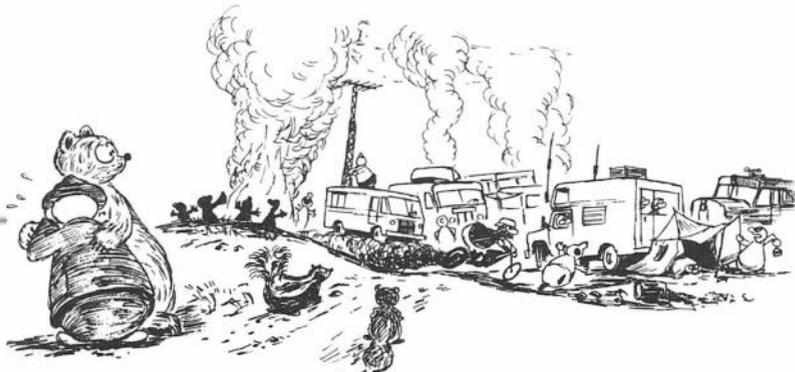
The ever-growing first wave of backpackers — outing-club members and Scouts — was augmented by this second wave of former car-campers to create in the 1940s and 1950s the First Great Backpacking Explosion. Traumatic as was the sudden invasion for old-time backpackers nurtured by empty-trail days of the 1930s, it was the popping of a paper bag compared to the Hiroshima-loud noise that was to follow.

When the GI Joes came marching home from World War II, they plunged into two recreations. One resulted in the Baby Boom of the 1940s-50s. For the other, in the postwar prosperity with its high incomes and long weekends and vacations and fast cars and smooth roads and installment-plan foolproof camping kits complete with umbrella tents and beer coolers, they — and their swarms of infants — avidly took up car-camping. Nothing better ever having been known to them, the crowding didn't bother these new campers as it did the old, who were driven onto the trails.

Now let us count off the years, bring those children of the Baby Boom to adulthood, and see what happens. Yes. As with their predecessors, they became disenchanted by car-camping, now further degraded by arrival of the Airstream and Winnebago and minibike, turning the typical campground into a cross between a ticky-tack suburban housing tract and a shopping-center parking lot, this third breed of car-camper apparently thronged the woods not for communion with nature but to escape the noise-control ordinances beginning to be enforced in cities.

Thus, in the mid-1960s, another flight to the trails, not by a handful but a horde. The first wave had been a ripple, the second a breaker; this third wave was a tsunami.

Traditionally the career of Park Ranger has attracted folk with interests in flowers and wildlife and rocks and a liking for a peaceful, nature-centered life. Since the Baby Boom of the 1940s resulted in the Backpacking Boom of the 1960s, a better qualification for the job has been a taste for law enforcement and, in Yosemite Valley, riot control.



## **Chapter 4**

### **Clothing and the Coming of the Fad**

So far we have been examining what may be called the spring and early summer of backpacking. Moving now into high summer, more and more often we must, while basking in the sun, glance easily forward to inevitable autumn.

Gather ye rose buds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying,  
And this same flower that smiles today  
Tomorrow will be dying.

The automobile lifted backpacking to a mass sport in the 1960s; other factors impelled the fourth or fad wave that struck in the 1970s, and none more powerfully than changes in clothing.

The early sport expeditionists, being city folk, had no notion how to dress for the wilds. Men adopted from prominent exemplars garments more or less suitable, such as the riding breeches of the U.S. Cavalry, wool mackinaws of lumberjacks, and ten-gallon hats of cowboys. The clothing of women, who suffered the extra impediment of modesty, was even more unwieldy. Indeed, only the sturdiest could venture in wilderness at all, encumbered as they were by veils to protect delicate feminine complexions, heavy ankle-length skirts, billowing wrist-length neck-high shirtwaists, and God knows what beneath; literature of the period is discreetly silent on the subject, though one can speculate (and be appalled) by scanning old Sears Roebuck catalogs.

The handful of females who refused to submit to iron propriety and thus be effectively excluded from the new adventure, backpacking, changed from skirts to bloomers, thus becoming, in the eyes of the multitude, fallen women, fair game for insulting propositions. Doughty and persevering rebels (in city lives, often suffragettes) they were, fit heroines for their militant modern sisters, and in the 1920s joined with men in the shift to more practical garb — men's work trousers and shirts, plus ordinary, undistinguished sweaters and jackets and hats.

In the Depression-straitened 1930s, cheapness became a prime consideration and J.C. Penney and Goodwill Industries major suppliers, so that backpacking, once the recreation of refined if unconventional gentlefolk, gained a reputation as the sport of rough-necks little if any more civilized than gypo loggers. The bonanza of dirt-cheap surplus after World War II maintained the mood, a party of

hikers then resembling a fleeing rabble of routed infantry.

Though increasingly free in city lives, the bulk of unmarried (and wishing to be) women rejected backpacking in this period, realizing it would drastically hamper enticement of males; the females on the trail were pre-adolescent, already had captured a mate, looked better in backpacking ponchos than city dresses, or didn't give a damn.

In the 1950s and 1960s, enterprising manufacturers succeeded in transforming another hangout of slobs, the ski slopes, into scenes fit for *Vogue* with the stretch pants, the bunny hat, and finally the whole added new wardrobe of apres-ski. Discerning a similar profit opportunity on the trails, in the late 1960s and early 1970s they evolved and promoted Backpacking Chic.

The hues of oldtime female hikers observed, as did those of males, the natural decency of background-blending forest-green and dead-leaf khaki. Now the wilderness suddenly shrieked with Day-Glo reds and oranges of parkas and sweaters, packs and tents; from miles away hikers intruded their presence on observers — and closer up unavoidably caught the eye. And figure-flattering knickers and gaudy knicker socks, Malibu shorts and lederhosen, halters and T-shirts, were complemented by such smart accessories as the cuty-pie hat and sweetheart sunglasses. Previous qualms eliminated, women took to the trails in large numbers. But the peacock, after all, is the male of that species; with pretty, unattached women in the wilderness to dress up for, men became no less garish.

If one imagines manufacturers were chagrined by the competing "rebel" style of the go-to-hell Blue Jean Look of ragged cutoffs and bib overalls affected by boys with long hair and girls with no bras, one imagines wrong; these jeans were not old and cheap but factory-processed at great expense to **appear** old.

Here we must step aside to call attention to another consequence, of the Baby Boom of the 1940s. Whereas in prior eras outnumbered, disciplined youth dutifully aped their elders, the center of cultural gravity dropped downward in age to the campus when the children of GI Joe flooded into schools. Moreover, this Dr. Spock generation was not one to seek elsewhere than inward for the Gleam.

And what was happening on campus? So alluring had backpackers (male as well as female) become in the wilderness, they began wearing trail clothing on campus too, to the envy of other students, a great many of whom adopted the costume and then, finding true authenticity subtly evasive, actually went backpacking to attain it.

Already the now-outnumbered and cowed over-30-and-40 genera-

tion had for security sought protective coloration of the Youth Culture, men growing beards and donning beads, women doffing bras (or if that was impractical, adopting the Poncho Look) and both trying to listen to rock and experimenting with pot bought from student dealers (perhaps their own children, in high school or junior high), the "dope" as often as not actually being mountain-shop dehydrated spinach, which nevertheless gave them a good giggling high. Now, as ever keeping a sharp eye on campus, they eagerly embraced the costume of the trail — and to "keep up with the kids," occasionally wore it **onto** the trail.

So it was that the sport spread from wilderness to campus to the entire nation; status as a fad was honored in 1974 by a cartoon in *The New Yorker* and in 1975 by a lampoon in *Mad*.

The promise having been made in the opening of this chapter not to ignore flowers of evil blossoming in the backpacking garden, it must be warned that females dressed a la mode may receive unwanted attention. It is dangerous to enter, in costume, a mountain village, where gypo loggers in caulked boots and tin pants will be at best sullen and suspicious, more likely boisterously insulting, and at worst are liable, as their grandfathers did the suffragette-hikers in bloomers, to accost female backpackers. Grimmer to report, the gypos have taken to skulking along trails during periods of unemployment, which for them fill most of the year, and thus the 1970s epidemic of backcountry rape.

The foundation of the backpacking costume, the boot, is also the central symbol of the fad.

Having in the 1920s abandoned the knee-high "rattlesnake" boot in favor of the logger's boot coming only a short way up the calf, in the 1930s backpackers, following the lead of mountain-climbers, largely moved from use of hobnails and "slivers" on soles to Swiss edge-nails or tricouni nails. After World War II the Mountain Troops brought from Italy the Bramani rubber-lug sole. Purely to shock conservative comrades with what seemed an outrageous heresy, a few climbers replaced their nails with these lugs. Not realizing it was a joke, neophyte climbers converted en masse and, after them, the backpackers, who in this period began exhibiting the slavish adulation of climbers characteristic ever since. That the shift was due to a caprice of fashion rather than reason is abundantly clear to anyone who has worn both; though lugs (now mainly the Vibram design) give better traction on rock and cushioning on trails, they are much inferior to nails on such slippery terrain as footlogs and steep heather, grass, dirt, and snow and doubtless have caused many hikers' deaths that

could have been avoided with nails.

Similarly, not one hiker in a hundred has any real use for the complexly padded and reinforced boots which were introduced from Europe in the 1950s and which in the 1960s displaced the simple old "shell" boot. Again, climbers favored the import and that was good enough for sheep-like hikers. Manufacturers and retailers were pleased by the new boot because it was far more expensive and yielded a higher profit. They virtually gave up making and stocking the traditional American shell.

From Alps to American climbers to backpackers, from peaks to trails to campuses to Manhattan Island cocktail parties, spread the "European climbing boot look," with all its connotations of "strength through joy," the north walls of Eiger and Grandes Jorasses and Matterhorn, lebensraum, blitzkrieg, and Buchenwald.

Considered "sexy," this brutal boot exuding cruelty from every seam is the concentrated essence of the costume and the fad. In contrast to the homely old shell and in parallel to the caulked boot of the logger, it serves as a **power symbol**, which is why hikers invariably buy boots far heavier than they need. Visit a mountain shop. Watch the transformation of novices. Men enter the boot department head-ducking meek and women feminine-sweet; they exit as macho-swaggering storm troopers and scowling libbers . . .



Yet the pendulum swings. In the early 1970s ecologists wept that heavy boots were tearing up meadows as viciously as bulldozers. In response, barefoot hiking became common among aging "flower children," as did helicopter rescue of barefoot hikers. Less radical preservationists renounced boots for sneakers, a trend that dismayed manufacturers until their designers perfected "training shoes" (the new name for tennis shoes) which were as expensive as boots and just as sexy in their suaver way.

## **Chapter 5**

### **Equipment and the Easing of Pain**

No matter how darling the costume, backpacking scarcely could have achieved popularity employing equipment of the 1930s and 1940s, endurable solely by those innured to pain by fanaticism or too young to know any better. As it happened, better gear was awaiting the 1960s Third Wave of pampered car-campers-turned-hikers, who doubtless would have lacked the mettle for wilderness had they been compelled to carry 1940s gear, and the 1970 Fad Wave of ignorant urbanites, who even with the marvelous modern outfits lead a precarious backcountry existence.

Through that internal contradiction ever perplexing and amusing to philosophers, always the "returners to a primitive condition" no sooner get there than they go to work building a civilization; actually, perhaps they are drawn to a simpler world precisely because it provides free scope, limited in labyrinthianly-complex cities, to devise fresh complications. The woodcrafters' childlike delight in exercise of ingenuity also was typical of early backpackers, perpetually tinkering with this item or that. However, not until the First Great Backpacking Explosion of the 1940s-50s was there a market sizable enough to permit basement Rube Goldbergs to set themselves up in viable businesses. From this period date the most famous of the backpacking manufacturers, usually men then getting along in years and sensitive to the need for less-punishing gear. Responding to their requirement for retail outlets were the first of the "mountain shops," established by people unfit for any other gainful occupation — as they were called, "mountain bums."

For obvious reasons, in no age have backpackers been happy with their packs. The Trapper Nelson, accepted with resignation in the 1920s and 1930s as the best of a bad lot, long had been known to be

dangerous to health; as the Roman legionary in retirement walked lopsided, in middle age the old Boy Scout walked with a severe stoop and the grimace of an aching back and, from cupping hands under verticals of the frame to take weight from sagging shoulders, was marked by abnormally long arms.

The aircraft industry of World War II, through revolutionizing the technology of aluminum manufacture and dramatically lowering the price, made possible the modern packframe. Everywhere in Western America during postwar years garage inventors were bending and-twisting aluminum tubing — not without hazard. Fred Miller of Lone Pine, California, is considered by many scholars the most imaginative of the pioneers; sadly, in a workshop accident he died of strangulation and his unique spiral design has found no second proponent. Instead the honor of creating today's backpack fell to Dick Kelty. Unlike the "shoulder carry" Trapper Nelson which forces a pronounced forward lean, the Kelty and its numerous imitators are "hip carry" packs which let the hiker stand upright. (Once again glancing ahead to autumn, this is far from an unmixed blessing, as will be discussed in a later chapter.)

Note must be taken here of a characteristic of backpacking manufacturers puzzling to outside observers who suppose the sport must, in compensation for its rigors, enhance in practitioners a spiritual serenity. The quarrelsomeness of the manufacturers, their incessant denunciations of each others' products, their paranoid tantrums at any criticism, their frequent treatment in mental hospitals, can be understood only by reference to the strain of religiosity in the sport and its consequent nourishment of would-be prophets, each of whom sees competitors less as commercial threats than as wicked men, virtual agents of Satan. Fortunately (or not?) the uproar of combativeness surrounding manufacturing is quieting now that firms built to prosperity by the original innovators are being bought out by octopus-sprawling conglomerates which view backpacking purely and coldly as a business proposition, no different from making breakfast food and pocket calculators and overthrowing South American governments.

Yet if older companies are behaving with ruthless dignity, newer ones are frenetically aggressive. Not Dick Kelty himself escapes their fury. He is scorned as a bungler and impostor by zealots of the "hip-hugger" packframe, whose padded arms swing forward to grip the hips, making, it is claimed, the first true hip-carry pack. These worthies have been notably quiet, though, since recent publication of an article in the *Journal of Orthopedic Surgery* reporting that at least two rep-

representatives of this design cause atrophy of the sciatic nerve and permanent crippling.

Newly out of home workshops and crying for attention are such novelties as the pack which carries a load in front of the body as well as in back, placing the hiker in a sort of giant birdcage, and another, appealing to woodcrafters, which can be disassembled to improvise camp chairs, tables, cots, and toilet seats. The wheel has been re-discovered and put to use in a "pack" towed behind the hiker, who wears a yoke; a variant supplements muscle power with a small gasoline engine. The Balloon Pack, which removes all weight from the hiker's feet (including that of his own body) except enough for boots to maintain contact with trail, could with certain ballasting precautions prove practical in areas lacking trees and wind; however, enthusiasm was dampened in 1974 when the most eager experimenter, David Clinch of Phoenix, was swept from the rim of the Grand Canyon and disappeared in a thunderhead.

Another serendipitous spin-off from World War II was the sharp drop in price of nylon, providing the first genuinely rainproof shelter light enough to haul long distances. The nylon tarp was an instant hit and perfectly satisfied veteran backpackers. However, the new recruits of the 1950s, accustomed to the night-long car-campground glare of Coleman lanterns, tended to be afraid of the dark; they were not really comfortable in the wilds until, in the late 1950s and early 1960s, lightweight tents were developed that both kept out storms (and spooks) and did not, by being too waterproof, quickly become saunas.

After World War II the wool bag in which 97 percent of backpackers previously slept (or tried, since nobody ever was really warm at high elevations — or at low, except in summer heat waves) yielded to the down bag, removing a principle component of the wilderness ordeal. But (again that uneasy glance forward) we now see coming the end of the Down Era. First, down clothing has become a sudden fad not only for climbers and hikers but skiers, hunters, fishermen, sailors, winter joggers and cyclists, and backyard gardeners, vastly swelling the demand. Second, the peasants who formerly ate big old geese and sold the down as a byproduct have, in these years of the "revolution of rising expectations," developed a preference for tender young geese which provide inferior down. Thus the price of down is skyrocketing and the quality plunging. As publicized by the recent scandal which compelled one of America's largest mountain-shop chains to close its doors, many of the "down" bags on the market in fact employ chicken feathers disguised by skillful artisans in factories

of Formosa and Hong Kong. Though an important benefit of Detente is the protocol negotiated by Henry Kissinger under which the Soviet Union agrees to supply, in exchange for wheat, a guaranteed amount of Siberian goose down, the down bag, sorry to say, is on the way to being, as it was in the 1930s, a garment of the rich. Fortunately the synthetic fiber, polyester, has been so improved that decent bags of moderate price are, at the moment, still available. However, for reasons explained in a later chapter, the future there is also bleak.

Oldtime backpackers were expert builders of fire, absolutely dependent on it to cook their food. In the 1950s, however, the First Great Backpacking Explosion consumed all the combustible wood convenient to backcountry camps. From necessity backpackers adopted the mountain-climbers' standby, the Primus (or as it is now called, Optimus) stove, an elegantly simple and — in practiced hands — dependable device. Yet one is reminded it was invented by the Scandinavians, who also gave us dynamite. Apocryphal though the story surely is that a major outlet for the stove once was Russia, and that Tsarist-era anarchists employed it to blow up Grand Dukes and World War II partisans to cripple Tiger tanks (it then being called the Molotov Cocktail), certainly the potential destructive power of the white gas used as fuel is chilling. Luckily, in the 1960s, just as the Third Wave was rolling over the wilderness, appeared the much safer butane stove, which, though emitting barely enough heat to cook freeze-dried meals, has, as shown by the annual accident reports of the American Alpine Club, reduced by 87 percent the incidence of backpackers being evacuated with life-threatening third-degree burns.

Backpacker cuisine of the early decades was only slightly superior to that of Vicksburg during the siege. Saving only lunch, which offered appetizing pilot bread and peanut butter, oldtimers dreaded mealtime, with its interminable drudgery of pot-stirring and agony of smoke-swallowing, culminating in the gagging down of revolting glops either half-raw or charred or both.

Again World War II was the watershed; the following years brought Kraft Dinner, Minute Rice, Instant Potatoes, two-minute oatmeal, and dehydrated spinach, so that trail meals grew easy to prepare and, after several days of semi-starvation, quite tempting. Another war, in Korea, led to another advance, as it was then judged, when the freeze-drying industry subsidized by the U.S. Army turned its excess capacity to serving the civilian market.

To be sure, initial enthusiasm for freeze-dried foods waned when clinical studies at Johns Hopkins confirmed, as some had suspected, that prolonged use causes hyperacidity, irritation of the large in-

testine, and chronic diarrhea and hemorrhoids. An even more serious blow was delivered in the Watergate aftermath by one of the lesser-noticed Congressional investigations of Nixon Administration machinations. At hearings of the Senate Agriculture Committee the president of a leading freeze-drying firm admitted he had received a large, secret grant from the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to experiment with a new method of solid-waste disposal and that what his company had been labeling freeze-dried chop suey really was the processed swill of San Diego.

If freeze-dried foods now are consumed solely by unwary beginners, wiser backpackers having reverted to Kraft Dinner, and if the self-defensive ideal of all hikers is now as it was in the late 1930s to eat the minimum necessary for survival, wilderness meals unquestionably are less nauseating than in the old days. Moreover, they are prepared with an ease that permits even artless novices of the Fad Era to avert starvation for as long as a week at a time.

**Chapter 6**  
**Books Showing the Way**  
\* \* \*

**Chapter 7**  
**Sex**  
\* \* \*

**Part Two: The Autumn and Winter of Backpacking**

**Chapter 8**  
**What Goes Up Must Come Down**  
\* \* \*

**Chapter 9**  
**The Restless Natives**  
\* \* \*

## Chapter 10 The Great Disillusion

The cabal of manufacturers and the magazines they sponsor, the mountain shops and the manual writers they subsidize, the "in service to youth" entrepreneurs commercially exploiting the wilderness and the conservation organizations crusading for its preservation, the entire Establishment with a vested interest in promoting backpacking, has succeeded in deluding millions of Americans into believing that (1) equipment has been and/or is being perfected; (2) with proper equipment properly used anyone can be comfortable anywhere anytime; (3) wilderness is safer than city or freeway; and (4) backpacking is good for you.

Ignorance is, of course, perpetuated by the monopoly of communications media enjoyed by the Establishment, which is engaged in a massive, desperate cover-up, assisted by the fact the individual backpacker suffers this bad experience and that, but has difficulty relating them to a pattern. In the next few years, however, the word-of-mouth "backcountry telegraph" will frustrate the Establishment plot; more widely the pieces of the jigsaw will be fitted together and the complete picture seen. Then will come the Great Disillusion.

This chapter will show how each of the four "axioms" is undergoing a Watergate of eroding credibility. First let us examine the ballyhooed "miracle equipment" of the 1970s.

Disenchantment with the pack is spreading as hikers discover that every ingenious feature is a potential point of failure and that the intricacy of design forbids repairs in the field, as was possible with the Trapper Nelson, and indeed anyplace but a machine shop. So far rancor has been chiefly directed at the cheap and fragile imitations, the "\$20 Kelty" from Japan and Formosa and Hong Kong. But as the conglomerates send "efficiency experts" from corporate headquarters to meddle in operations of newly-acquired manufacturing firms, and as they delete "minor" reinforcements and speed up assembly lines, not even the famous brand names can be trusted. Increasingly encountered on a trail is the grim hiker carrying broken pack in arms or towing it behind on an improvised travois.

That the European boots worn because they are "heavy" are too heavy is demonstrated by the incident in the summer of 1973 when five Californians, accustomed to dry Sierra trails, making their first trip to the Northwest, became stuck fast in black Cascades muck.

Fortunately other hikers came by before they sank completely from sight and Mountain Rescue was able to lift in a derrick by helicopter and extricate them.

As discussed earlier, the Primus is the only stove that boils water and the butane the only one not suicidal for a novice. Yet despite the problem being recognized as a scandal for years, at present the best solution the manufacturers have been able to offer is a stove with the fuel tank (white gas) separated from the burner by a 10-foot pipeline and requiring, to maintain pressure, constant operation of a small tire pump.

Flashlights never work more than sporadically except in daylight and quit absolutely during night hikes in storms. First-aid kits are more dangerous to the average hiker than injuries; physicians say more people are killed by snakebite kits than snakes. Compasses fail because they notoriously are not idiotproof. A 1974 National Park Service survey found 38 percent of the hikers interviewed didn't know the magnetic declination of the area they were in, 13 percent were correcting for declination in the wrong direction, 23 percent didn't know what declination was, and 17 percent couldn't tell the north end of the compass needle from the south. The so-called "essentials" urged on gullible beginners by mountain shops in collusion with Mountain Rescue are the equivalent of Mothers Day — a means to sell when there is no valid reason to buy.

As they did with the equipment of downhill skiing and then of cross-country skiing, manufacturers striving for the highest possible unit profit have systematically elaborated equipment in order to justify raising its price. Their efforts to drive the poor man out of backpacking have been reinforced by those of the Arabs and Japanese.

In gouging the American automobilist, the Arabs also gouge the backpacker, driving up the price of articles made from petroleum — neoprene lugs, foam sleeping pads, nylon tents and tarps and parkas, and the host of items using polyethylene and polyester. Polyester-filled sleeping bags, the poor man's last hope short of reverting to the wool bags of the 1930s, already are as expensive as down bags were in 1970 and are going up, up, up.

Finally, as gear grows more expensive it becomes more worth stealing — and more frequently is.

The second "axiom," that true comfort is possible in the wilderness, is being exposed as a myth as more and more hikers travel to unfamiliar areas and encounter miseries to which they are not so habituated that discomfort has been accepted. Californians visiting

the Northwest are dismayed by the annual summer-long rainstorm; having a horror of getting wet except in swimming pools, on Cascade trails they so encumber themselves with ponchos as to appear to be walking tents and in camp never stir from tents — except to don packs and ponchos again. Northwesterners visiting the High Sierra (often on the advice of physicians, to clear up persistent sinus infections and fungus growths between toes and fingers and in ears) are appalled by the ball of fire blazing in the sky day after endless day and drop like flies from heat prostration and sunstroke. Westerners visiting the East to witness the legendary rites of woodcrafters have difficulty breathing in 98 percent humidity. Easterners going West to escape the woodcrafters see grizzly bears and Indians behind every bush. Everyone visiting the Tetons is terrified daily by colossal thunderstorms. Hikers from the Lower 48 can't leave their tents in Alaska because of the mosquitoes and can't sleep because there's no proper night and return south saying, "Give it back to the Eskimos!"

The third "axiom," that hiking is no more or even less hazardous than driving to and from the trailhead, collapses under close scrutiny. Over and above hypothermia and gravity and other "beginner-killers" well-advertised by Mountain Rescue, there is a multitude of dangers the Establishment not only fails to warn against but — taking a leaf from the book of the atomic energy industry — denies exist.

In true wilderness, animals and other creatures (except the dog) rarely menace man; in the crowded Wilderness of modern America they are a mounting threat. As shown by the recent tragedies in Glacier National Park, the increase in numbers of female hikers has made the bears misogynists. Further, after years of living off backpackers' food, they are developing, as demonstrated by the two ghastly affairs in the Chugach and the Selkirks, a taste for backpackers' flesh. Once only venomous snakes needed to be dreaded but even the meek garter snake will bite, and may infect with tetanus, if it feels molested; nowadays most wildland snakes feel molested. Once mosquitoes were considered a peril solely in the Far North and in the South, but as Southerners took up backpacking in the 1960s they traveled to other regions, carrying with them germs to which they themselves were immunized but which were imbibed by local mosquitoes; in 1975 Yellowstone National Park and the Three Sisters Wilderness Area reported cases of hikers emerging from the backcountry with malaria. Squirrels, chipmunks, rats, mice, skunks, and other small creatures so greedy for man's treasure troves that they are emboldened to run across sleeping bags and faces some-

times carry rabies, as do foxes, coyotes, weasels, and bats. Transmitted by the fleas infesting small wildland animals, there have been in the Southwest frequent outbreaks, hushed up by state tourist officials, of bubonic plague. The fire ants that entered the nation two decades ago and now infest the South are expected to reach Canada in the 1980s, by which time the African killer bees foolishly introduced into Brazil should be crossing the border from Mexico.

The "noble earthquake!" in the High Sierra that so delighted John Muir a century ago would, occurring in a summer of the 1970s, slaughter hundreds of hikers, maybe thousands — and such a temblor is expected any year now. The Hebgen Quake of the 1950s that wiped out campgrounds and campers on the Madison River fortunately occurred before the high-country hiking season, as did the Easter Earthquake that devastated Anchorage in the 1960s. The latter shaking, however, loosed the tsunami that drowned a family on the Oregon coast; few fans of the backpack along the Wilderness Ocean Strip of Olympic National Park realize that small tsunamis frequently hit that beach, nor that a large one, arriving on a fine night in June, could deluge in their sleeping bags up to a thousand hikers.

Unlike the scientists who earn their livelihood building nuclear power plants, those who study volcanoes don't claim they are trustworthy. Outburst floods triggered by beneath-glacier steam explosions have swept through campgrounds and over trails of Mt. Rainier. A major eruption of Mt. St. Helens is predicted by the century's end. In 1975 Mt. Baker began spouting black clouds, causing the Forest Service to close one whole side of the mountain to travel. The entire Cascade Range is considered potentially a string of firecrackers.

According to the new theory, some Ice Ages do not require thousands of years to mature but start with a single cold storm and are full-fledged in a year. Evidence from ocean currents suggests an Instant Ice Age is impending; when it strikes, woe to the backpackers trapped in the high wilderness of the West.

Last must be demolished the "axiom" that backpacking is good for you. Infants know better; that's why, rebelling against parental torture, they awake screaming with alarming fevers when miles from the road in the middle of a stormy night. Children know better; that's why, expressing a death wish, they run about trying to fall off cliffs and into rivers. Only when eventually trained out of innate sense do people dumbly accept and numbly endure backpacking.

Again, the fact that backpackers never sleep, at most doze fitfully, usually attributed to the wilderness being too noisy, what with wind, rain, bugs, things that go bump in the night, and other hikers,

really results from the wise subconscious rebelling against the stupid conscious, telling it, "Let's go home!" Complaints of the subconscious should not be ignored; a person suffering dream-deprivation becomes psychotic in a very short time, which is why a week is the practical limit to the length of a backcountry trip without risking the permanent brain damage exhibited by members of expeditions to the Himalaya.

Ever since man got up off all fours he has been suffering chronic back trouble. How much worse, once upright, to **walk**, at every step the body weight colliding with earth, the shock reverberating up the spine to the skull!

Implications of the "Helsinki Study" completed in 1975 will not sink into the American mind until a better translation is made from a difficult language. The impact then will be staggering. Two groups of Finns were compared: those who incessantly chop firewood, pitchfork hay, run marathons, ice skate, dash around on skis chasing reindeer, and stream in saunas and afterward dive into snowbanks; and those who never leave the house at all in winter and in summer only to go to the library. Scientists found the latter live on the average 19 years longer than the former and never suffer from the senility which cripples the former by the age of 42 or after 2000 sauna baths, whichever comes first. This confirmation of the superiority of a sedentary life should be the death blow to health spas, isometrics, and jogging; surely it also will spur a thorough re-evaluation of the prevailing philosophy of American high-school education.

If walking is harmful, it is disastrous done with a load perched high on the precariously-erect body. Common sense tells us this. Smart alects that we are, common sense is not heeded. But we must heed the book, soon to be published, reporting findings of a 25-year study (sponsored by the Club of Rome and jointly conducted by the UCLA Medical Center and the Mayo Clinic) of 5000 Kelty-carrying backpackers. As is well-known, the average stature of Americans has been rising throughout this century; by the late 1990s the National Basketball Association doubtless will have its first 9-foot center. However, the investigators found that Kelty carriers have been **decreasing** in average stature.

The "bindle" of the Roman legionary caused a lopsided posture and the shoulder-carry Trapper Nelson a forward lean; the hip-carry Kelty results in an equally distinctive physique. The effect is most striking in those who began backpacking at the age of 3-5, a practice begun in the early 1950s when the Baby Boom caused a severe shortage of babysitters. Reaching maturity in the late 1960s

and early 1970s, these people have abnormally large, flat feet, exceedingly short, thick legs, ludicrously broad hips, and — apparently because if thwarted in one area the body compensates by growing in another — exceptionally long, slender necks.

If the "Kelty Report" is alarming, its news is happy alongside that now coming from obstetricians in California and Washington, respectively first and second in the nation in the number of long-time backpackers. Geneticists, having sneered at Lysenko as a charlatan, are in a paroxysm of consternation and may be expected to deny for years the evidence of their own eyes. But the plain fact is that the babies being born to the "Kelty kids," who now are reaching child-bearing age in great numbers, have the above-described physical characteristics of their parents **at birth**. What this bodes for the future will be considered in the concluding chapter.

## **Chapter 11 Preservation Purism**

\* \* \*

## **Chapter 12 Darkening Autumn**

The moment has arrived in our history to turn from the high summer of backpacking presently so bright on the land and gaze grimly into the autumn even now touching the first wilderness leaves with the sere and yellow.

In the mid-1970s only the sensitive feel the significance of the portents: the proliferation of notices tacked to college-campus bulletin boards offering for sale packs and boots and tents ("like new," "need money for surfboard," "got married"); the surge in popularity of kayaking and scuba-diving and the sudden craze for hang-gliding; and the plethora of other seemingly-unrelated phenomena.

In the 1980s the drifting away by scattered ones and twos will swell to a stampede by entire groups . . . Especially with the legalization of marijuana removing a reason for going to the backcountry, the Fourth or Fad Wavists will migrate to new "scenes" and "it will happen" golly knows where — perhaps in the snow as in the 1950s or city parks as in the 1920s, conceivably even at Sunday School

picnics as in the 1910s. Many Third or Tsunami Wavists and Second or Postwar Explosion Wavists, driven out by mobs and gypos and high prices and pain and fear and the Sierra Club, will retire to patio barbecue pits. The surviving First or Prewar Wavists will get feeble.

But though inflicting serious wounds, neither disillusion nor intolerable crowds will thrust the mortal dagger into vitals of the sport. Very simply, we will run out of gas.



It will be the 1990s that bring the failing light, the falling of the curtain, the fading of the song, the long withdrawing roar of all the waves abruptly retreating from the wilderness, and it will be the sputtering of the Big Machine and the emptying of the Great Granary that force the convulsive contraction of the tentacles of the American octopus.

By then there will be a real, not contrived, oil shortage — doubtless acutely aggravated by a flurry of atomic wars in the Mideast. By then it will long since have been conceded that even did not nuclear power plants occasionally “blowdown,” killing whole cities, they are prohibitively expensive to build and so rickety in their intricacy as to have a half-life of barely 10 years. By then the hopes placed in Western coal and oil shale will have proven false, the scarcity of water and the great distances to centers of power consumption creating a minus net benefit. Too late will come recriminations for the nation’s not having adopted in time programs of stringent conservation and emergency experimentation in utilizing energy of sun and wind.

The exhaustion of cheap energy will bring the economy crashing down. Every price of every manufactured commodity will soar, partly because of energy costs and partly because the frantic attempt to

continue "business as usual" by plowing capital into atomic power plants, huge hydroelectric projects with payouts of 200 years, and spendthrift exploration for oil and gas on the continental shelf and in the Arctic will drain off the capital required to replace worn-out "high technology" factories. No cake will there be in the American diet, and scant bread, for the energy-intensive "factory farms" that in the 1970s are the envy of the world will share the general collapse.

The Depression of the 1990s will make that of the 1930s seem a New Year's party in Fun City — that is, the Fun City, the Big Apple, that **was** prior to its worm-riddled one-hoss-shay 1970s disintegration which so overjoyed Middle Americans who supposed the bell certainly was not tolling for **them**. Having squandered their rich inheritance of easy-come easy-go resources and energy on the binge of the 1950s-80s, hungover Americans will soberly and hungrily knuckle down to longer hours of harder labor than they have known in this century.

Let us pause here to examine wilderness and near-wilderness recreation in this bleak America of the year 2000.

For all but a very few, only a memory will be the family car (and/or camper-truck or Airstream or Winnebago) and the carefree burning of 20 or 40 gallons of gas on a weekend jaunt — or 200 or 400 gallons on a two-week vacation. Car-camping will disappear, and the ORVs and motorboats and sport airplanes, and the vacation homes on the wilderness fringe.

For all but a very few, only a memory will be the long holiday weekend, the summer vacation, and early retirement — or **any** retirement or any pension.

For all but a very few, only a memory will be the "extended childhood" lasting into middle age, children living off the accumulated surplus of parents while spending the whole summer — or the whole year, year after year — "seeking their identities" and "developing alternative values." Gone, long gone, will be the counterculture communes of youths lazing around in the wilderness cooking pinto beans and making yogurt from powdered milk and harvesting miners lettuce and stealing from camps of "squares" and strumming guitars and reading *Survival in the Woods* and the *Whole Earth Catalog*, now and then hiking out to the road to pick up checks from home and the latest issues of *Not Man Apart* and *Mother Earth News*.

Together with all energy-intensive recreations, backpacking will shrivel. For most people the wilderness will be too expensive to reach. For most people there will be too little leisure for far travels. For most people the notion of doing hard labor in sport will be absurd.

Not hikers, joggers, cyclists will they be. They will get all the exercise they want, and more, in the labor-intensive occupations that will replace the energy-intensive. Children will do chores and run errands and help parents dig in gardens to grow the vegetables they cannot afford to buy from the farmers blundering about trying to relearn the lost arts of horse-plowing and horse-manuring. When the day's work and week's work is done by pick-and-shovel-wielding men and washboard-scrubbing women of the cities their idea of fun will be to sit on the front porch and swat flies.

These are the many. Yet there will be the Fortunate Few for whom the Leisure Age will linger on. Democracy discredited by the Crash of the 1990s, the powerful and crafty will seize the reins of government, which nobody else wants, and establish a fascism which makes glittering promises to the bewildered, credulous masses while concentrating the remaining wealth in the hands of the elite.

And thus there will be backpacking in the year 2000, typically as the sport of Golden Doomed Youth hysterically partying away the last afterglow of the Age of Extended Childhood. However, scarred by the misery and hatred they see in eyes of the city proletariat, stung by conscience, they will go to the wilderness for self-flagellation, stressing Spartan simplicity of equipment and diet. And with roads and trails falling into disrepair, guidebooks and maps out of date, the sport will be as torturing as in the 1930s and gain few new recruits.

In the first decade or two of the 21st century will come the deluge, the communist Revolution. It will not, of course, eliminate poverty but merely distribute it more evenly. There will continue to be a comparatively-wealthy managerial class, though now consisting not of capitalists but bureaucrats. These Savonarolas, however, will not be devoted to the pursuit of personal pleasure, as were their *fin de siecle* predecessors, but to the pursuit and extinguishing of other peoples' pleasure. Two aspects of the revolutionary ethos of the 2010s are of particular interest in our context.

First, sexual freedom will yield to a New Puritanism . . . Tales of the flagrant wildland sex of the 1970s will be, in the 2010s, as scandalizing as are mirth-provoking in the 1970s tales of the wildland prudery of the 1910s. (To be noted in the next chapter is a consequence of this association in the revolutionary mind of wilderness and sex.)

Second, the Work Ethic will be reinstated in its full 19th-century glory. From childhood chores to old-age euthanasia, Americans will be

devoted to work-as-religion, and no atheist drones will be tolerated. "Vacations" will be spent on road gangs or helping farmers get in the harvest. In spare time studying to be technocrats or bureaucrats, college students will go about in Red Guard bands harassing the populace into working harder.

A universal social condemnation of frivolity will be enforced by laws which forbid any "waste" activity. The bus service that will replace autos in the 1980s and up to the time of the Revolution will still permit some visits to national parks, will be halted. Grudgingly-given travel permits will make it as difficult for a Californian to visit Oregon as in the 1970s it is for an Israeli to visit Mecca. Lengthy journeys will be virtually impossible. In the United States, the growing provincialism and distrust of strangers will render uneasy if not perilous the passage of a person with an Arizona accent through Nebraska. Of course, the energy-intensive North (all of Alaska and most of Canada) will already have been abandoned to any natives able to remember enough of the ways of their ancestors to survive. For all their hardships being still better off than most peoples of the world, ravaged by famine and plague and continuous "little" genocidal wars fought with spears and atom bombs, Americans will not dare risk the savage revenge of foreigners, who will blame the United States for the sorry state of the planet; most Americans-Canadians (the two now one) never will see citizens of another nation except while on military duty along the Mexican border, machine-gunning "human seas" of peons trying to enter the Promised Land.

Thus the future. Perhaps the cry is raised, "It can't happen **here!**"

One recalls that at the opening of the 8th Century the kingdom of Northumbria was among the brightest stars in the small galaxy of a dark Europe. Few worried about its lying surrounded by the Picts to the north, the Scots of Dalrinda to the northwest, the British of Strathclyde to the west, the English of Mercia to the south, and, offshore to the northeast and growing year by year more melancholy, the Danes. However, in 731 the Venerable Bede wrote, "What the outcome of this will be, the next age will see." And monks who supped and prayed with Bede lived to see the longboats grate on the beach and the Danes pour out and sack Lindisfame.

What has Northumbria to do with backpacking? Guessing the impending catastrophe, Bede complained that excessively large numbers of young people were, to avoid social obligations, betaking themselves to the monasteries. So, in the 1970s, are Americans betaking themselves to the wilderness.

The longboats are at sea, the Danes will come. Early in the 21st century, almost exactly in the centennial of its birth, sport backpacking will finally die.

### Chapter 13 Deep Winter



Or will it?

Possibly not. Incredibly, the sport perhaps will survive. If the conceit may be excused, let us vault forward to the 22nd century and tell the tale from that perspective.

To begin at the beginning, the Golden Doomed Youth are not alone in the wilderness of the year 2000. Other backpackers are there. Who might they be? Let us inspect them closely.

Male and female in equal numbers, family groups, they are of three generations, one in their late 40s and early 50s, another in their 20s, and the last composed of small children and toddlers. By American standards of facial beauty they are ugly people. Compared to the American norm they are short people, the second generation shorter than the first and the third, though still children, promising to be shorter than the second. In each case the deformity more pronounced in the second generation and most of all in the third, they have abnormally large, flat feet, exceedingly short, thick legs, ludicrously broad hips, and exceptionally long, slender necks.

Yes! The oldest of the generations is the "Kelty Kids" born in the 1950s to ugly parents who met on club outings. The second generation, the first perforce having chosen mates from their own kind, is those babies who in the mid-1970s confounded orthodox geneticists. The third generation is the offspring of the inbred second. Poor grotesques! Why are they backpacking?

What else is there for them? One might suppose that in the wretched cities racked by famine and plague they would share in the camaraderie of common misery. But as mangy curs relieve torments by treeing scrawny cats, as poor whites evaluate self-esteem by kicking around poor blacks, the populace persecutes the "dwarfs." They, for brief surcease, scrimp and save for rare bus rides to the wilderness and hike the trails — dodging into brush to avoid encounters with the infrequent parties of Golden Doomed Youth. More often they gather in little groups they call "chapters" of the Sierra Club or Friends of the Earth, though both organizations were outlawed in the 1990s for protesting the logging of virgin forests in wilderness areas and national parks and the removal of every pollution control. (Yet in death they won, for skies and waters were growing cleaner with the demise of the automobile and the decay of heavy industry and industrial farming.) On free Sundays the chapters shoulder packs and rove moldering, depopulated suburbs observing the weeds and trees cracking pavement and listening to the coyotes howl.

Their home-made outfits are starkly simple; the elaborate old equipment is too precious to use and is kept in special corners of the family hovels. These "shrines" centered on relics cause neighbors to contemptuously call the dwarfs "Kelties" — a new name they proudly accept. Also in every home is a collection of the old backpacking manuals, from which by campfires the elders read aloud, explaining to rapt youngsters what freeze-dried foods were and how peanut butter tasted, describing the excitement when a Primus flared, recounting the inspiring speeches at the long-ago Wilderness Conferences, and telling of the time they saw Colin Fletcher on the trail — or somebody who looked a lot like him.

So live the Kelties, for all their outcast status less dejected than their neighbors, just as were the Roman slaves who assembled in the catacombs to practice a new religion.

But comes the Revolution. To solidify its control over the anarchic mobs the government must turn their fury on scapegoats, and among the most convenient are these grotesques who speak never of Marx or Lenin or Mao but instead of Muir and Marshall and Leopold and

Zahniser, and who moreover are suspected of going backpacking to engage in the sex orgies of the bad old past. Most Kelties are caught in the dragnets and hauled off to concentration camps to die. A few, warned in time, hurriedly throw relics and essentials in packs and on foot flee from the cities, through the ruined suburbs, past outlying farms, to the wilderness. And there they are safe.

Yes, safe! For after the Revolution no one from the shrunken circles of what passes for civilization ventures into mountains and deserts and marshlands and other wild places.

As example, let us trace the progress of the Kelties who run from Puget Sound lowlands to the Cascades. The logging industry is no longer there, having retreated from difficult backcountry to near-city forests of second-growth which suffice for a society in which even toilet paper is a rare luxury. The mining industry is no longer there, having retreated from remote, low-grade ores to the high-grade garbage dumps of the throwaway-consumerist decades. The electric and water utilities and irrigation districts are no longer there; the dams remain but transmission lines and pipelines and irrigation canals cannot be maintained by a dilapidated technology. Indeed, no exploiters at all are there — looting the wilderness demands too much high-priced energy. And no recreationists are there, the last of them, the Golden Doomed Youth, dead in concentration camps, save for those who after re-education are bureaucrats of the Revolution. No highway departments are there, hard-pressed as they are to keep open essential wagon roads between cities and farms. In the 1990s the logging-recreation roads slumped in and washed out, followed in the next decade by most of the highways, the remainder closed in the Revolution. One railroad still crosses the Cascades, at Snoqualmie Pass; the infrequent trains, which of course do not operate in winter, are pulled by coal-burning steam engines salvaged from museums.

When the Kelties arrive the mountain valleys are empty. Empty? Not quite. The Gypo loggers are there!

Horrors! Surely these ancient foes of backpackers will fall upon the refugees and steal their property and rape the women and kill them all. But what do we see? Not savage brutality. Warm hospitality! What miracle is this?

The miracle of brotherhood. Well do the leaders of the Revolution know the Gypos are the most intractable of peasants, resistant on ingrained principle to any law except that of personal survival, hostile to any authority seeking to limit their freedom. Among the first actions of the Revolution was the dispatch of the Red Army into the moun-

tains to exterminate the symbols of resistance and independence. But though decimated, Gypo guerrillas firing from ambush, stealing explosives and blowing up encampments and supply trains, exhausted the city-folk will to conquer precisely as the Viet Cong did that of America in the 1960s-70s, and far more quickly. The troops retreating in disorder, leaving their dead behind, the Gypos are resuming their normal existence.

What sort of existence is it? How do Gypos survive in a harsh climate amid unruly Nature unassisted by a high-technology civilization? No mystery. The very definition of the Gypo is the ability to scrape by with whatever means are at hand. Once he stole from national forests, then from backpackers. Now he has adapted, as he always will. Come Armageddon and the Gypo will be the last man on Earth.

The Gypos have vegetable patches and grain fields on such scattered plots as receive enough sun. In yards they keep chickens and geese, in wild-grass pastures cows and sheep, even a few horses, and in the brush and woods, goats and pigs. Fish are plentiful in rivers, game in forests and meadows, and everywhere is an abundance of wild berries and roots and greens, plus fruits of the gone-wild orchards. Nor are they utterly unaided by civilization; scavenging in deserted towns and vacation cabins meets needs for metal and lumber and glass and a varied miscellany. Such items as only can be supplied by city workshops are obtained by trading on the lowland fringes, at the frontier meeting point of savagery and civilization, with stumpranchers who overcome fear of Gypos on the one hand and police regulations on the other for the sake of middleman profits. As trade goods the Gypos offer furs from traplines, whiskey from the stills which are their Appalachian inheritance, sacks of high-grade ore hand-picked from narrow veins never economical to mine — except by a preceding generation of mountain folk in the Depression of the 1930s. Even, laboriously panning it from stream gravels, the Gypos bring to the stumpranchers small quantities of gold dust.

Not an easy life is that of the Gypo, but compared to the rest of the 21st-century world, not bad.

Kelty dwarfs seem not so repulsive to Gypos, also proverbial for ugliness, and so the two peoples mingle and intermarry, well before the end of the century becoming a single race, small and misshapen as the city refugees, tough and clever as the mountain survivalists. Their occupation they call Gypo. But because of their religion, themselves they call Kelties.

Every weekend without fail and for two weeks each summer they

perform their ritual, hoisting home-made wooden packs and plunging into the brush on such traces of trails as they and the animals keep passable. They wear homespun clothing of wool from their sheep and goats and carry sleeping bags of down from their geese. On feet are rough-crafted boots, more nearly sandals, of leather from their cows and pigs, the soles studded with bits of junk iron. For shelter they rely on the trogs formed by overhanging rocks and the lean-tos they have built of logs and cedar shakes at favored campsites. Their trail diet centers on bacon and eggs and oatmeal for breakfast, bannock and butter and honey or jam for lunch, dried beans and jerky, home-dehydrated potatoes and fresh-caught trout for supper. In valley forest or alpine meadow, beside waterfall or tarn or glacier, atop moraine or peak, they arrange the holy relics, old Kelty packs and Primus stoves, and worship in silence, their Word not in words but all around.

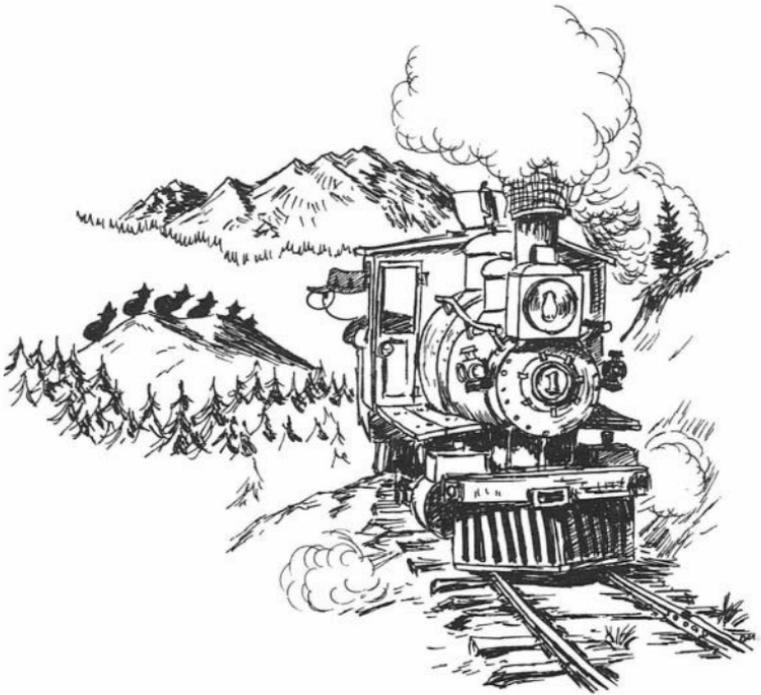
And so they are gone from America, the civilized America, which in the 22nd century is slowly recovering from the 20th century, though not as a nation but rather as discrete town-cities and surrounding farms, nominally communist but in practice feudal, small principalities separated by vast wastes of forest, prairie, and desert. Gone they are. Forgotten? No.

It is told in the towns that long long ago, in the time of the Empire, Kelties lived all over the land and were great and wise princes. During the tyranny of the Robber Barons, seeing the future more clearly than ordinary folk, they prepared for the Dark Ages by delving into ancient books, and there discovered certain secrets — the secret of infinite riches, the secret of perfect happiness, and, some say, the secret of eternal youth. Ordinary folk, too late realizing they had sinned and would be destroyed for it, envied the Kelties, but they refused to share their magic, and one night they all disappeared from towns, running away to those terrible mountains where civilized persons have not dared venture in more than a hundred years, lest they be eaten by the Gypos, monsters so fierce they defeated the heroic Red Army.

Handed down from the Golden Doomed Youth are stories of shy backpackers half-glimpsed on trails, quickly ducking out of sight but their eyes felt watching. From engineers of the cross-Cascade trains come stories of spotting, high on ridges above Snoqualmie Pass, bands of creatures that **may** be mountain goats, only the engineers could swear they walk on their hind legs. It is said that if a stumprancher leaves on his doorstep at night certain articles from the towns, and if he is careful not to peep, in the morning he may

find the articles replaced by gifts from the mountains. Sometimes the gifts include an elixir that gives the drinker perfect, if temporary, happiness — a taste of the permanent bliss reserved for the wilderness people. Once in a while, if the stumprancher has left out a particularly pleasing article, he may even find in the morning a tiny bag of gold — which it is said comes from a golden river.

Children delight in stories of the little people who live with the animals, with whom, it is said, they can converse, and also the trees and rocks and rivers, the little people who are, some of them, kind and gentle, and others, cruel and violent. No more joyous occasion is there in a cottage when, after supper of a winter evening, the youngsters sit on the floor around their mother and with bright eyes and open mouths, with hand-clapping glee and not a few shrieks of terror, listen as she tells again, for the hundredth time, the beloved old Kelty tales.



# Pacific Northwest Flora

by Three Washington Artists



Elephant Head

*B. J. Packard*



Pussytoes (*Antennaria alpinus*)

*Sue Marsh*

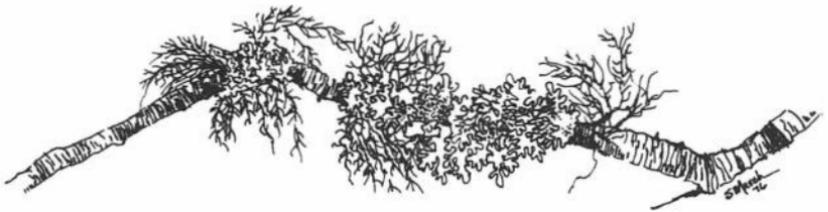


Wake Robin (*Trillium ovatum*) *Ramona Hammerly*



Veronica

*Ramona Hammerly*



Lichen on alder twig

*Sue Marsh*



*Viola flettii*

*Ramona Hammerly*



Avalanche Lily

*B. J. Packard*

# CLIMBING NOTES

Compiled by Joan Firey

## Lower Index Town Wall, "Orc Tower"

On August 1, 1976, Steve Trafton and I completed the first ascent of "Orc Tower" which is located at the right edge of the quarried area on the Lower Town Wall. The route begins at the base of the wall slightly to the left of the tower. Pitch 1) Climb small ledges and face holds to a step-across to a small horn by a fir tree (F7), ascend an A2 crack to a tree covered ledge; Pitch 2) Climb up and right on ledges to a large deciduous tree at the base of a dihedral (F7); Pitch 3) Ascend aid cracks in dihedral and above (F3), then free in chimney (F7) to a large platform at the base of the tower; Pitch 4) Aid prominent crack system on south wall of the tower to a free ramp (F7) and chimney to the summit. Grade III, F7, A3

— *Allan Errington*

## Spider Mountain, North Face

A route to the left (east) of the previous north face route ('72) was ascended in late September, 1976 by Fred Beckey, Clark Gerhardt, Greg Markov and John Yaeger. Two rock pitches at the base past a 'schrund, one on solid class 5 rock, led to a 1,500 foot slope, mainly on snow.

— *Greg Markov*

## Mt. Buckner, North Face Couloir

November brought more sun and blue skies than July during 1976. This provided Steve Doty and me the opportunity to climb a route of great charm. The couloir lies east of Buckner's north buttress and the prominent broad northwest snow face. We approached via Sharkfin Col and thence across the Boston Glacier. The morning of the 14th looked ominous as we passed the 'schrund at the base of the couloir on its right side. 1,400 feet and 2 ½ hours later we were standing on the summit as a storm rolled in. The couloir averages 45 to 50 degrees and was graced with sections of water ice. Grade II

*Van Brinkerhoff*

### **Mt. Baker, Roman Nose**

The Roman Nose, cleaver between Coleman Headwall and the Roman Wall, was ascended January 9, 1977 by Anton Karuza and Greg Thompson, for its first recorded winter ascent. The crest of the ridge was followed the entire way beginning on its west side. Ramps were followed upward to the base of a wall where chimneys or crack systems (5.6) were climbed to the crest of the ridge. Route continued on snow to east of great rock buttress to walls above. The face was climbed (5.6) again to the crest of the ridge and continued up ramps and snow fields to summit plateau. Nuts only could be used in the poor rock and only during freezing conditions. Grade II 5.6

—Anton Karuza

### **Diobsud Buttes Area**

This rugged little group above the Skagit valley west of Bacon Creek was visited September, 1976 by Carla and Joan Firey, Jim McCarthy and Irene Meulemans. Diobsud Buttes are visible north of Marblemount and quite accessible via a logging road to about 3,500 feet which is in good condition because of current logging on the hillside. A short two to three mile way trail takes you directly (!) up to the top of the butte. A benchmark 5893 is on a higher butte to the west.

We approached the area from the north, completing an eight day traverse around Bacon Creek that started from Thornton Lakes. The highest of the Diobsud Group (6,365) lies at the northern end of the group overlooking an impressive ice fall from the southern drainage of the massive Bacon Peak icefield. There was no apparent disturbance of its summit which was gained from the west via some scrambling and 100 feet of class 4 rock. This group is a miniature alpine area of considerable beauty; steep walls and gullies of great complexity make through-travel somewhat difficult. Goats frequent the area as they do Bacon Peak.

I suspect the northern part of the area has been seldom visited. Unfortunately, the buttes area at the southern end is frequented by goat hunters judging from highly visible evidence and debris. The North Cascades National Park boundary is drawn across the top of the buttes and then heads northwesterly to Mt. Watson. Though goat hunting is illegal within the park, it would be a difficult area to monitor. It is a pity that the park line is drawn on the top of ridges, allowing no protective zone to alpine regions. Candy wrappers were frequent on meadows of the most accessible butte as were pop cans on the "trail."

—Joan Firey

### **East McMillan Spire, North Buttress**

The first ascent of the north buttress was done by Doug McNair and Bryce Simons on September 18, 19, 1976. Approach to the 2,300-foot buttress was made from a camp in Terror Basin (approximate time 5 hours). The route started on the right (west) side of the toe of the buttress, slightly above its lowest point. Climbers ascend good rock until the summit area is reached, although it's often slabby and lacking in cracks. The first ascent party made one bivouac but future climbs might go faster. Minor aid was used in one spot. Thin pitons are useful due to the nature of the rock. Grade IV, 5.7 A1

— *Dallas Kloke*

### **Davis Peak, North Face Couloir**

Davis Peak (7,050) is located just northwest of Diablo. It is seldom climbed because of the 6,000-foot gain in elevation over cliffy, rugged terrain plus its unimpressive presence from the south. However, the north face, almost totally hidden from view from the North Cascades Highway, is a 1,500-to 2,000-foot wall extending about a mile in width. First ascent on the north face couloir was done on July 12, 1976 by Bryce Simons and Dallas Kloke.

To approach the face, a hike of about two miles up Stetattle Creek is required. The creek was crossed on a snowpatch followed by some bushwacking and then a 500-to 600-foot lower cliff was ascended via class 2 to 4 rock to a small glacier at 4,400 feet. The glacier was ascended up the right side to the lower wall of the west side of the north face. Two to three leads of class 3 - 4 rock reaches ledges where one can traverse left to the beginning of the couloir. The rock pitch leading into the couloir is the crux involving about 30 feet of rock climbing using two pitons for safety. The couloir is then followed mostly on 40 to 45 degree snow to the ridge crest a short distance east of the summit. The descent was made down the south side staying east of Gorge Creek. Time up and down: 14 hours. Grade III 5.6

— *Dallas Kloke*

### **Kangaroo Ridge, The Fin, North Face**

First ascent of the north face was accomplished June 23, 1976 by Bryce Simons and Dalls Kloke. From the notch between Toma-

hawk and The Fin descend a snow gully to the base of the 700-foot face. Start at the lower left end and climb two leads of poor rock to a bench with several trees. Ascend unroped diagonally right on ledges to the center of the face. Climb up 40 to 50 feet and then traverse left and up to an eight-foot tree leaning against a short overhanging wall. Use the tree for footholds to ascend this short pitch to a good belay spot above. Continue diagonally right one lead and then directly up for three more leads to the summit. The upper half of the face is solid rock with nuts and slings used for protection. Time up the face: 6 ½ hours. Grade II 5.7

— *Dallas Kloke*

### **Amphitheater Mountain, North Ridge**

A possible first ascent (first recorded) was done on September 5, 1975, by Bruce Pratt, Rick Stockwell and Betty Visco. It is an enjoyable route on good rock consisting of several short F3 to 5 pitches between longer sections of F2 scrambling. Grade II, F5

— *Bruce Pratt*



## BOOK REVIEWS

Edited by Mariann Schmitt

**Climbing in North America.** Chris Jones. University of California Press in conjunction with the American Alpine Club. \$14.95 (Hardback)

Nearly every history of mountaineering starts in the Alps and works its way to the Himalaya with a few digressions to the Andes, Alaska, and Africa. In recent years, the technical advances which have occurred on Yosemite's sunny granite have forced alpine historians to take somewhat greater notice of American mountaineering, but not much. As a result, neither we nor the rest of the climbing world have had much of an idea of what was actually taking place in our mountains and how it corresponds to events taking place elsewhere.

Chris Jones has taken a major step to remedy this situation with *Climbing in North America*, the first detailed documentation of climbing on this continent. For the most part, he follows the mainstream of climbing, tracing the development of climbing techniques and the careers of developing American and Canadian climbers from the nineteenth century to the present. His emphasis, throughout the book, is on the technical and philosophical progress of American mountaineering as opposed to simply listing climbs and climbers in order and recounting exploits.

From countless interviews, conversations, and journals, Chris has brought to life many long-forgotten or little-known incidents that form a climbers' history of mountaineering. He tells the tales of tense moments and hilarious ones, triumphs and tragedies, failures and successes which, while common to climbers the world over, are especially and uniquely our own. Beyond the actual climbing, however, he probes the social and cultural milieu of climbing, then and now.

The book is well-illustrated with some of the most marvelous photos depicting the history of North American mountaineering I've seen. It's not that they're works of art, although some of Ed Cooper's scenics are truly excellent. But, from an historical viewpoint, the snapshots included add immensely to recreating the feel of the actual climb: the Duke of Abruzzi fresh from his conquest of Mt. St. Elias (and displaying evidence of the Alaskan mosquitoes' conquest of *him*), Heinrich Harrer traversing a cornice on the south ridge of Mt.

Deborah, the Stettner brothers returning from their first ascent of the east face of Longs Peak, and even a typical 1917 Mountaineer-ipe ascending Mt. St. Helens.

Although the title implies that the events and people are exclusively North American, this is not the case. A large portion of the early mountaineering which took place in the Canadian Rockies by Swiss guides imported by the railroads for their lodges and by visiting English alpinists have been included. As American climbers have gone afield to other ranges, he traces their exploits in the Alps, the Karakoram, and the Himalaya.

As an all-inclusive documentation of all the climbing and climbing areas, the book is incomplete, by the author's design. While it is understandable that the mountains of Mexico, the Sawtooths of Idaho, the Brooks Range of Alaska, and the Canadian Monashees have been omitted because "they have contributed little to the development of climbing," I found it a little surprising that no mention was made of Baffin Island and the peaks and great alpine walls to be found there. Although not to be compared with the Karakoram or, perhaps, Patagonia, Baffin Island is less expensive to reach and has been the scene of some ascents of almost comparable severity.

In his last chapter, "Into the Seventies," Jones reflects very briefly upon the changes that have taken place in mountaineering as they are now beginning to affect not only climbers, but also scramblers and hikers, and contemplates their future impact on our heretofore unopposed freedom to travel throughout our mountains. He identifies the two issues of access and regulation as posing the greatest substantive threat to this freedom and discusses each. For example, he points out that local rock climbing areas are vulnerable to restriction by property owners forbidding climbers to cross, or climb on, their land, a situation not unfamiliar to Northwest climbers who can remember the closure of the Peshastin Pinnacles a few years ago. Jones asserts that regulated dispersion of climbers on the basis of "carrying capacity" as determined by a governmental agency intent on providing everyone with a "quality wilderness experience" will not "save" a particular mountain, but may lead to progressive deterioration of many areas rather than of a few.

He also points to the tendency towards regulation of climbers because the number of mountaineering accidents has increased, rather predictably, as the number of climbers has increased. Since many climbing areas are on public land, the agencies charged with the responsibility for that land bear the major burden for the costs of rescues on that land and are consequently developing a concern

as to who is climbing what and where, possibly with an eye towards refusing permission for unqualifieds to attempt climbs deemed over their heads. Jones suggests a greater involvement of climbers in rescue activities, a refusal by climbers to accept compensation for rescue work, and, possibly, a rescue insurance program or fund as means of avoiding possible restrictions.

*Climbing in North America* is more than a history of climbing, more than a collection of anecdotes and photos, and more than an exposition of some of the author's exploits and opinions. It is, of course, a bit of all three and more; but, the parts blend into a whole which animates the events of the past into a living history of which we, here and now, are an unfolding part. I feel it is one of the most important climbing books of the last decade and would urge any climber with an interest in the background of our sport to add it to his library.

—Sean Rice

**A Climber's Guide to the High Sierra.** Steve Roper. Sierra Club Books. \$7.95 (Paperback)

A climber's guide to the High Sierra is long overdue. Climbers from this area have used magazine articles and verbal descriptions from friends for many years when considering a trip to the Sierras. Routes are adequately described; the author provides insight into each route without a chock by chock description. This reviewer certainly agrees with Steve Roper's choices of popular and extremely enjoyable routes as well as of those routes he would not recommend.

This book is similar in format to the author's *Climber's Guide to Yosemite Valley*. My only criticism is that it is too thick and heavy. If it had been printed in two volumes, it would be a better fit for a climber's pack. All those considering its purchase should realize that this book is strictly a climber's guide, without trail descriptions. For a climber, it's well worth the price.

—Ed Peters

**Swaramandal.** Pat Ament. Vitaar Publishing. \$4.95 (Paperback)

*A swaramandal is "a rare, ancient, Indian musical instrument of ethereal beauty which, in the hands of a master, reveals the sound beyond hearing."*

*Swaramandal* follows no particular chronological sequence as Ament relates his climbs and their impact upon him; however, Ament himself becomes clearer and better defined throughout the book. The writing is choppy and achieves less of an artistic effect than Ament

might have hoped for, but I thought it was simply great because it overflows with his joy and delight in living and climbing and because it speaks so eloquently of the intensity with which he evidently feels and does everything in his life.

The photographs are much like the writing; not likely to win prizes for their artistic merit, but fully expressive of the joy, the excitement, the restless, goading urge to push on to new difficulties and accomplishments. It's all there, in a yawn from a hanging belay on Sentinel, in a view past his rack to the base of El Cap 2,000 feet below, and in the casual everyday-thing glimpses of himself and his climbing partners.

*Swaramandal* was a delight to read because it is, in a more vivid, more intense way, a mirror of the experiences shared by all of us who climb rock. Ever fall off a problem boulder and bang yourself up? Ament manages to do this, breaking his wrist in four places. How do your hands look and feel after a bout with a jam crack? Ament finds "Meat Grinder" an aptly-named route — his hands are bloody for a week after climbing it. He lives these things more fully than most of us and shares them and his exuberant pleasure far better than the usual rockjock with literary aspirations.

Who is Pat Ament? *Swaramandal* makes it a pleasure to find out.

— Sean Rice

**The Unknown Mountain.** Don Munday. *The Mountaineers*. \$6.95 (Paperback reprint)

This book, a classic of mountaineering literature, is a record of pioneer exploration of the peaks and glaciers of the Coast Range of British Columbia from 1925 to 1936. First published in 1940, it has long been out of print and copies have become collectors' items.

Don, as a journalist, wrote an exciting book of adventures that he and his wife, Phyllis, who always accompanied him, experienced on their many trips into these mountains in pursuit of first ascents. In their day there were no maps and only very vague knowledge of the vast glaciers and peaks that lay far up the inlets and fjords of the southern British Columbia coast. The lack of mountaineering equipment forced them to design and make their own tents, packs and clothing. Phyl prepared home-dried foods such as apples to help reduce the weights they had to carry 30 miles or more into the mountains. On their initial attempts to climb in the heart of the vast glacier system, they had no stove and had to carry firewood to a

camp from which they could attempt to climb the mountain. Usually a summit attempt was over a distance considered impractical today, and one which frequently kept them out for longer than 24 hours.

This is no long-winded, detailed description of exploration; rather, it is a series of rapidly moving stories which make you wish to know more of their trials and experiences. There is the gripping story of unarmed confrontation with a grizzly. There are the harrowing, dangerous tasks of getting their gear across tumultuous white-water, glacier-fed rivers, and of traversing ice-falls and heavily crevassed regions.

Their deep feelings for the mountains and for all the wondrous beauty of nature is the underlying theme throughout the book. They were both meticulous observers of nature. Phyl collected insects; they both observed and cataloged the mountain flowers. Don accurately sketch-mapped the glaciers and peaks and named most of those in the Waddington region, among others. (His sketch map of the Waddington region is included in the book.) They took excellent photos, doing all their own darkroom work. The 40 to 50 year old negatives were available for reprinting in this edition and they are often an improvement in quality over the reproductions in the original.

The title refers to Mt. Waddington, which they discovered and explored. The story of attempts on their "Mystery Mountain," highest in British Columbia, lends an element of suspense. But one's total impression is of awe and appreciation of the glory of mountains, even under the most trying of circumstances.

—Joan Firey

**The Land That Never Melts, Auyuittuq National Park.** Roger Wilson, editor. Peter Martin Associates, Ltd. \$6.50 (Paperback)

The Arctic: mosquitoes; cold, midnight sun and a six-month-long night; alpine meadows and glaciers at sea level; a land of vast panoramas and crystal air; the Brooks Range; Greenland; Siberia . . . and Baffin Island.

For the adventurous, the Arctic has long been a magnet. Since the 1953 ascent of Mt. Asgard, the Cumberland Peninsula on Baffin Island has exerted a steadily-increasing attraction for the alpine big wall climbers. The barrier has been information and access: how to get there and how to find the climbing — when, and if, you make it.

In 1972, the Canadian Government selected three northern areas for national parks in order to preserve some of the northland in as much of its original state as possible. Auyuittuq is the northernmost

of these areas and comprises about half the area of this eastern-most peninsula of Baffin Island.

*The Land That Never Melts* is a pocket-sized guide to Auyuittuq Park. It's beautifully illustrated with colored photos and drawings of the land, the wildlife, and the plants. The text describes the geological and climatic history of the land, the history of peoples who have lived there, and attempts to cover the ecological relations existing between all natural life in this rugged land.

The section on "Access" is less detailed than the "easy-way" tourist would probably like. The difficulties and general process are described, but the would-be visitor must still do his own leg-work to find out what airline services the area, exactly where commercial and charter air travel can take him, and what to do, once on the ground, to get to the choice places. This, I think, is highly desirable: nothing in the Arctic will really withstand the pressure of heavy traffic — not the land, not the vegetation, not the wildlife, and not the people. The Inuit, the native population, are in the midst of their transition to the ways of the 20th century white man: they are now settled in villages instead of pursuing their age-old nomadic life; modern rifles have enabled them to reduce game to the point where villages can no longer depend upon traditional means of sustenance; and a shift to a cash economy is breaking down the old ways of sharing.

These comments are not meant to say "turn back the hands of time" or to heap curses upon the all-defiling white man, neither useful nor valid, but to urge the visitor to walk softly and to try to learn the ways of the land before bustling in, overly-certain of his or her rightness.

Auyuittuq is a magnificent park, suitable for climbers and rugged mountain-backpackers. *The Land That Never Melts* is a most fitting introduction.

—Sean Rice

**Big Wall Climbing: Development, Techniques and Aids.** Doug Scott. Oxford University Press. \$12.50 (Hardback)

This one volume contains a history of big wall climbing around the world. It includes climbing techniques and requisite equipment as well as information about big wall climbing areas, including unclimbed walls. The book is not only about big wall climbs, it is also about notable high-wall climbers. The story of high-wall

climbing moves along rapidly through big wall climbs in the Alps, winter ascents, and notable high wall ascents in most areas of the world. Of course, one chapter is about Yosemite National Park. The author traces the development of big wall climbing in Yosemite in a manner which shows development of equipment, techniques, and climbers themselves.

Big wall climbing equipment is illustrated with sketches. There are also sketches on high wall techniques which provide information needed by the high wall climber, but not commonly known nor practiced by Northwest climbers. Doug concludes the book with a chapter about planning big wall expeditions. This covers major high wall regions around the world. For one interested in high wall climbing, this book would be a valuable addition to his library.

— Ed Peters

**In the Throne Room Of the Mountain Gods.** Galen Rowell. Sierra Club Books. \$18.50 (Hard back).

Galen Rowell is a California based photo-journalist and well known mountain climber. He was a member of the dissension-ridden 1975 American K2 Expedition, staffed largely with Northwest mountaineers and led by Seattle's Jim Whittaker. It was Rowell's unenviable task to produce a book about this, the most recent and least successful of five American expeditions to the earth's second highest mountain.

*In the Throne Room of the Mountain Gods* is a somewhat pretentious title having perhaps more than a hint of double-entendre — given the largely unpleasant experiences most of the team suffered in Pakistan. That Rowell was able to produce an interesting and readable account is to be commended, this being his first attempt at a book length work. The inside story of a major expedition is fascinating and Rowell relies heavily on team member diaries to reveal personality clashes and to substantiate the difficulties which plagued the expedition from the start. After leaving Seattle, ostensibly with the single goal of climbing the mountain, events in Pakistan conspired to fragment the team into disparate personalities. Lack of motivation, common in many large organizations — including expeditions — reached debilitating proportions. Unfortunately, Rowell does not supply us with a clear solution to this dilemma.

Weaning the book from its tendency to concentrate on internal bickering, Rowell has cleverly woven throughout an engaging narrative describing the climbing history of the mountain. In doing so, he has

saved it from becoming merely a titillating expose' — a rehash of all the rumors Northwest climbers have already shared over a beer.

Of particular interest are the rousing accounts of previous expeditions — most from another mountaineering era, nearly all of which got significantly closer to the top of the 28,471-foot peak than the 1975 expedition and whose stories provide an interesting contrast. Further, excellent chapters dealing with mountaineering on a world scale speak eloquently for Rowell's intimate involvement with the sport. Magnificent photographs, many in color, add a grand dimension to a surprisingly well written book.

It is unfortunate that Rowell was unable to report pleasurably and dramatically on an American success. Perhaps next time.

—Clark Gerhardt

**Naked Before The Mountain.** Pierre Mazeaud. \$6.50.

**The Great Days.** Walter Bonatti. \$6.65.

**My Life As A Mountaineer.** Anderl Heckmair. \$8.00.

Victor Gollancz Ltd. (Hardback)

These three books were published as a trilogy of climbing memoirs by European alpinists. The scope and the extent of coverage of these three men's lives varies greatly but the photographs are of uniformly poor quality and are only of historical interest.

Mazeaud's memoirs were the first to be published and range from his boyhood before the Second World War up to the conclusion of the ill-fated International Everest Expedition in 1971. Of the three he is the only one who does not make his living from climbing. He is a lawyer and was a member of the Chamber of Deputies until his appointment as Secretary of State to the Premier in Charge of Youth, Sport, and Leisure. His attempt to gain this post was the cause of his actions on the International Everest Expedition, or so his detractors would have you believe.

Mazeaud seems more able than the others to express his feelings and emotions about climbing, nature, and friendship. When he describes the Frêney Pillar tragedy and the death of his friend Pierre Kohlmann, his emotions pouring out across the pages, one is almost embarrassed, as if looking through a keyhole into Mazeaud's private and innermost self. (This is quite different from Heckmair's writing. In the first ten pages five of his friends are killed in three separate accidents. His only indication of emotion is the statement that he was sorry and that this brought to him the realization that climbing involved a certain amount of danger.)

Another outpouring of emotion occurs in the chapter "In Memoriam." Here Mazeaud describes his thoughts while looking at pictures of his deceased friends on the wall of his chalet in Chamonix.

Bonatti's memoirs were the second to be published and are unique among the three because they are a continuation of the memoirs which were published in his first book *On The Heights*. He begins his new book by retelling the story of the Frêne Pillar, which was the last chapter of his first book. Bonatti seems to be examining the incident anew to assure himself that he made no errors in judgment, probably in reaction to the controversy which developed in the press after the tragedy. It appears that the national press and the general public in Europe take considerably more interest in mountaineering controversies than do their counterparts in the United States.

The remainder of Bonatti's book continues along similar lines, describing increasingly more difficult climbs and the bitter controversies with his detractors. It culminates in his winter solo ascent of a new route on the North face of the Matterhorn which led to even greater controversy when the Italian government presented him with the gold medal for civil valour "for an epic undertaking which excited the wonder and admiration of the whole world and the pride of our native land." Immediately there was an uproar from those who saw his accomplishment as a senseless and useless act, and a demand followed that Bonatti should return the medal. Bonatti cites several quotations from the press, condemning and praising his climb, and then tells of his decision to leave extreme climbing to pursue other adventures around the world. One can almost see Bonatti passing a flaming torch to Reinhold Messner, who will take up where Bonatti has left off, doing even more difficult climbs and becoming entangled in even greater controversies. Events have shown that this is exactly what happened.

Heckmair's memoirs are quite different from either Mazeaud's or Bonatti's. Heckmair did his record climbs either just before or right after the Second World War, while the other two have done all their best climbs since that time. The last third of Heckmair's book describes his adventures as a guide in Africa and in North and South America. The result is closer to a travelog than anything else, although it is interesting to read a foreigner's impression of some of this country's climbing areas. An incident involving an empty beer can and a gum wrapper offers an insight into differences between American and European attitudes concerning the mountain environment.

Even though Heckmair's book does not have the emotional impact

of the other two, it is not dry. Heckmair's experiences as a young man during the depression are fascinating and often hilarious, particularly his adventure in Marrakesh. The chapter on his climb of the Eiger is interesting not so much for its dramatic impact but because of the skill with which the climb was planned and carried out. Heckmair points out that he was the first to recognize that the Eiger should be treated as an ice climb, not a rock climb. Even Heinrich Harrer and Fritz Kasparek, who eventually joined forces with Heckmair and Vorg in the successful first ascent, failed to recognize this since between them they brought only one pair of ten-point crampons on the climb.

To a certain extent all three authors use their memoirs to give their sides of the controversies in which they have been involved. Heckmair seems to have avoided most of these or perhaps they just have been forgotten. He does give an explanation concerning the supposed connection between his Eiger climb and Nazi propaganda which seems entirely reasonable. Mazeaud uses his last chapter to explain the events surrounding the International Everest Expedition. Although they are too lengthy to go into during this review, let it be said that he does present some interesting points. As stated before, Bonatti uses his entire book to discuss his controversies, but then he has already recorded many of his adventures in his first book.

Finally, perhaps the key to gaining insight into the authors and their books is contained in the dedications. Mazeaud — "To my friends who died where they chose . . .", Bonatti — "To Reinhold Messner, last youthful hope of the great tradition of mountaineering," and Heckmair, who chose not to make a dedication in his book.

—*Ed Vervoort*

**Bicycling the Backroads of Northwest Washington.** Bill and Erin Woods. *The Mountaineers*. \$3.95. (Paperback.)

Improving a good thing is difficult, but Bill and Erin Woods have done it by writing *Bicycling the Backroads of Northwest Washington*. Eagerly awaited by touring cyclists, this second publication of two-wheeled tours is packed with information. Like the authors' first book, this new guide includes maps, mileage logs, helpful and interesting tips and tidbits of information, as well as delightful Dale Martin cartoons. Its small size makes it easy to tote on a bicycle. Also, using this guide, the biker can determine the placement of hills on any given ride at a glance.

More significant to note for touring cyclists than the location of

hills, however, are: scenery, road conditions, usual traffic load, and points of interest along any one route. The Woods have carefully delineated all these things in this book. It also includes several multi-day tours as well as guidelines for combining short, separate tours into longer outings. Well-detailed maps by Helen Sherman and easy to read mileage logs are additional plus factors. For avid cyclists, *Bicycling the Backroads of Northwest Washington* is well worth the wait.

—Jean Henderson

**Men, Mules and Mountains: Lieutenant O'Neil's Olympic Expeditions.** Robert L. Wood. The Mountaineers. \$17.50 (Hardback)

1890 was a very significant year in the history of the Olympic Peninsula. In that year two parties of explorers struggled through the timber to discover just what was in this dark and forbidding area that even the Native Americans shunned. In his first book, Robert Wood detailed the history of the first exploring party in the area, the Press Expedition. Now he has turned his attention to the party of Lt. Joseph O'Neil, who explored, in the summer of 1898, all of the southern half of the peninsula from Hoodport to Hoquiam.

This excellent record is based primarily on the lecture notes of Lt. O'Neil and on the unpublished journal of Pvt. Harry Fisher, supplemented by those of other participants. The book begins with the first attempt to explore the peninsula in 1885 — an adventure which was short-lived due to the reassignment of Lt. O'Neil to Kansas.

The major portion of the book concerns the 1890 expedition. Lt. O'Neil had returned from Kansas. A major expedition was to be mounted which would include scientists from the Oregon Alpine Club, a predecessor of the Mazamas. They set out from Hood Canal at the beginning of July and for the next four months struggled to cut their way through the dense timber and undergrowth on their way to Lake Quinalt and Hoquiam. Wood's usage of quotes from the journals adds interest to the text and helps the reader to appreciate the sheer physical labor it took to get men and mules through the unexplored wilderness. Their equipment, unlike today's, was extremely heavy. Their camera alone weighed 35 pounds. One sympathizes with their hardships and shares in the excitement and joy of discovery. At the end of the book are detailed biographies of all the participants, as well as detailed maps showing all of the various routes explored. A good selection of photographs accompanies the text. The book is especially recommended for all those hikers familiar with hiking in the southern Olympics.

—Andrew Johnson

**Fire and Ice: The Cascade Volcanoes.** Stephen L. Harris. The Mountaineers and Pacific Search Books. \$7.50 (Paperback)

This is an absorbing and well-illustrated volume which brings to life both pre-historic and historic events in the geologic and glaciologic stories of 19 volcanoes along the Cascade Range, from Mt. Lassen in California to Mt. Garibaldi in British Columbia. Introductory material on the Cascade Range as a segment of the Pacific Rim of Fire includes the area's geology, geography, glaciology, climate and vegetation, scenic characteristics, physiographic extremes, early explorations and the first reported eruptions witnessed by the whites, as well as the basis of Indian legends and mythology relative to ancient eruptions. The author, a professor of geology at the University of California at Sacramento, also brings out the many benefits of volcanoes to man: high snowfields and glaciers provide glacial meltwater for lowland communities, industries, and farms; volcanic ash enriches agricultural soils; dormant volcanoes are a potential source of thermal energy; their topography offers bountiful recreational opportunities.

One chapter describes generally and graphically the operation of a typical composite volcano, from its birth as a cinder cone to its maturation into a cloud-piercing stratovolcano. A time chart orients the reader to the approximate ages of various volcanoes and dates of their past eruptions. Another chapter discusses the glacial systems on the higher peaks. Each chapter contains an extensive list of references that reflect the author's meticulous and successful efforts to bring together much fascinating information on each peak. Beginning in the south with Mt. Lassen, peaks are discussed individually by chapter. Of particular interest to the lay reader will be the relative recency of eruptions of ash from some of our popular climbing peaks.

This book is a "must read" for all who live within the physical and aesthetic influences of the Northwest volcanoes.

— *Dee Molenaar*

**Cascade Companion.** Susan Schwartz. Pacific Search Books. \$5.95 (Paperback)

Once upon a time there was no Cascade Mountain range. But Ocean grew angry with the inland people, who kept his Clouds and Rain to fill their lakes. Ocean scooped up earth to build a wall between himself and the greedy ones. We call his wall the Cascades, and Puget Sound is the hole he scooped it from — or so relates an Indian legend.

The Cascades profoundly changed the climate on their two sides, created rugged peaks and volcanoes, and gave us a recreation land seldom equaled. Knowledge of our surroundings can increase our pleasure in being there, and this book serves that purpose well, as Susan Schwartz leads us gently into a world of frozen peaks, crystal rivers, evergreen forests and sagebrush kingdoms. She explains the area's geologic history as well as the legends, and shows how mountains make their own weather.

There are secrets in the elfin forest at timberline, where winds carrying knife-edged ice crystals lash the dwarfed trees and cause them to hug the ground. But, as the author suggests, "Lift the limbs of one of these dense evergreen mounds, and you may find it sheltering a tiny meadow of fresh green plants that otherwise could only survive much lower on the mountain." With this knowledge, who now will pass up one of these trees without peeking under? Not I.

The lonely trail you hike may adjoin numerous well-traveled routes built by native residents. You may discern their packed-earth highways leading to burrows half hidden under logs. Some of the road builders may be seen, or heard, as they whistle, chatter and squeak. Birds and mammals are closely observed here, as are flora and rock formations. One-day hikes from spring back into winter, mineral deposits, the eastern dry hills, how Stampede Pass got its name — all are just a sampling of the wide range of information in this paperback volume.

The cameras of Bob and Ira Spring record the Cascades close-up and from afar, with photos on nearly every page, some historic. I would like Susan to be my companion in the Cascades, along with the Springs, to immortalize my favorite things. I almost have them here in the book in my backpack.

—*Lucille Pulmer*

**Plants and Animals of the Pacific Northwest. An illustrated Guide to the Natural History of Western Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia.** Eugene N. Kozloff. University of Washington Press. \$17.50 (Hardback)

What promises to be the all-encompassing guide to the natural history of the Pacific Northwest — a moderately-sized hard-cover book to throw into one's knapsack (leaving specialized guides at home) — turns out to have its limitations. Its range is limited to west of the Cascades, and to the lower elevations. It omits the seashore life, such as the fascinating halophytes; e.g., glassworts of the salt

marshes. What it does cover is satisfyingly thorough and adequate. Chapters cover each of the four habitats encompassed: a coniferous forest; oak woods, rocky slopes, and brushy areas; wet places; backyards, vacant lots, and roadsides. Worked into the above chapters and in a special chapter on vertebrates are enough snails, slugs, millepedes, salamanders, frogs, snakes, turtles, and small mammals—all beautifully photographed—to send the small boy (or girl) collector into fits of delight. Happily, the birds, so well covered by inexpensive field guides, take up only three pages. Most of the vertebrates included are adequately and interestingly described, with plenty of little-known tidbits.

Altogether the book is roughly 60% flora and 40% fauna. Most valuable and appealing are the color plates and pen and ink sketches, covering nearly every species described. While not of the artistic caliber of Lewis J. Clark's breathtaking plates in *Wildflowers of the Pacific Northwest*, they are technically perfect and adequate for field identification.

Were one to toss into his knapsack this guide plus the paperback Lewis J. Clark's field guides, *Wildflowers of the Seacoast* and *Wildflowers of the Mountains* (and perchance one's favorite bird guide and marine biology guide), he would be quite adequately prepared for whatever shows up on the typical Pacific Northwest outing.

—John F. Warth

**Butterflies Afield in the Pacific Northwest.** William A. Neill and D. J. Hepburn. Pacific Search Books. \$5.95. (Paperback)

This book acquaints the mountaineer with 63 species of butterflies most common to the Pacific Northwest. Delicate prose highlighted by 74 beautiful photographs makes this much more than an interpretive guide. Bits of information given on each butterfly whet the reader's appetite for more.

Each species has a sharply defined habitat, a distinct diet and individual capabilities to adjust to seasonal change. On the high ridges, at 9,000 feet, the petite Shasta Blue restricts its flight to only a few inches above ground to avoid being blown over the cliffs. At lower elevations, the large Western Tiger Swallowtail takes advantage of air currents that carry it high among the branches. The Nevada Arctic, a timberline inhabitant, has markings that camouflage it perfectly amid bark or leaves. Prismatic structure, not pigment, causes the iridescent color of the Silvery Blue.

Butterflies may appear passive in nature. But the male Satyr Angelwing chases other insects that intrude on its feeding or resting place.

A list of species by both common and scientific names is divided according to similarity of color and other physical characteristics. This simple key makes identification easy, even for the novice.

Delicate and colorful, butterflies perform on nature's stage from early spring to late fall. If one takes time to observe these lovely creatures, a hike, with the aid of *Butterflies Afield*, becomes a beautiful experience.

—Joy Spurr

**Living Shores of the Pacific Northwest.** Lynwood S. Smith. Pacific Search Books. \$9.95 (Paperback)

Like mountain hikers, most shore walkers combine the desire for exercise with other pleasures, such as bird watching, collecting driftwood, or examining rocks and pebbles.

Visual "collecting" has to rank high in these fringe benefits. Observing sea creatures is the most ecologically desirable form of taking something home from the beach: the crawling, floating, clinging, burrowing, squirting, scurrying, boring, rasping, filtering and sucking of thousands of busy beach "critters."

Lynwood Smith, a fisheries professor at the University of Washington, tells the novice marine ecologist where and what to observe. His prose is so vivid and picturesque that these denizens of the not-so-deep seem to come to life on the pages. For example, he describes a scallop escaping from its hunter, clacking along like "a pair of false teeth eating their way through the water."

The major dramas of life's minor creatures — birth, reproduction, death — occur on and under rock, and floats, on pilings, in holes and crevices, in tidal pools, in sand, gravel and mud, and in tide line debris. Seek and ye shall find. The rewards of shore creature viewing go not to the fleet but to the patient who pause and observe.

Superb color and black and white photographs by Bernard Nist, *Pacific Search* staff photographer, accompany the vivid prose.

Although basically a "key" to marine life, *Living Shores* describes, in satisfying detail and in non-technical language laced with humor, the incredible richness of our Pacific Northwest beach life. The text is conveniently grouped by types of beaches where different species can be found. A pictorial index covers front and back inside covers. There are various appendices, including one on ways to prepare edible

seaweeds.

With this "beach bible" in hand, beach walkers can share the author's obvious delight in our incredibly rich shore life.

—Ann Saling

**Quileute: An Introduction to the Indians of La Push.** Jay Powell and Vickie Jensen. University of Washington Press. \$4.95 (Paperback). \$10.00 (Hardback)

This handsome, slender package, eighty pages, is a little treasure of good things for the reader interested in the coast Indians. The text is very brief; less than half the volume. It covers the "old life," Quileute myths and legends, and the history of La Push. The three page history spans the period 1937 to the present with two sentences. This remarkable economy of words is nicely complimented by a direct clear style and by the many well-chosen and reproduced photographs. The Quileute language is described at some length with a vigorous appreciation of its comprehensiveness.

The intricacies of the bone-game are explained in such a way as to persuade the sensible reader to stay away from any high-stake venture. The book is a pleasant and sensitive introduction to the Quileute culture.

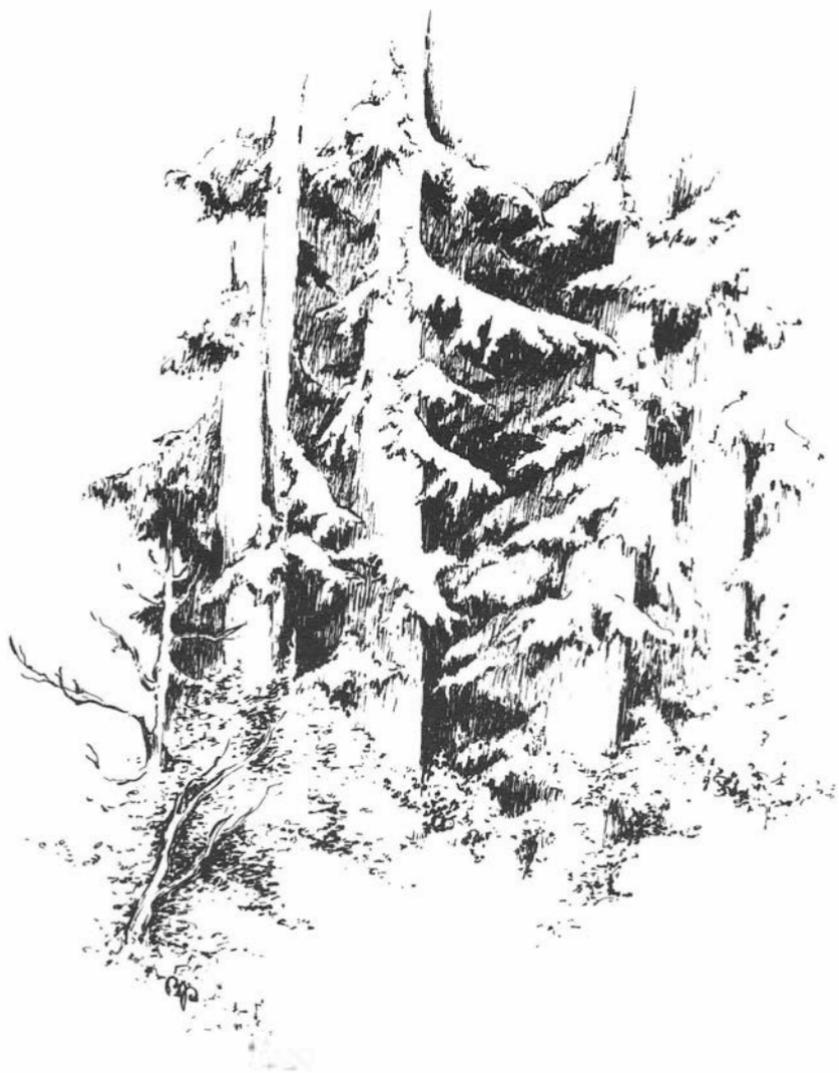
—Frank Fickeisen



# MEMBERSHIP

## Contents

	<i>Page</i>
Mountaineer Outings. . . . .	7
Compiled by Loretta Slater	
<b>CONSERVATION REPORTS:</b>	
Update on Olympic National Park. . . . .	40
Polly Dyer	
Alpine Lakes Report: Congress Acts. . . . .	47
Polly Dyer	
Forests for the Future. . . . .	51
E.M. Sterling	
Officers . . . . .	56
Committee Chairpersons . . . . .	57
Administration. . . . .	59
Financial Statements . . . . .	71
In Memoriam. . . . .	79
Good Night Song . . . . .	80
Standards and Code . . . . .	81
Past Presidents, Honorary, Complimentary, Senior and Life Members. . . . .	82
Mountain Peaks. . . . .	83
Legend Symbols and Clubroom Information. . . . .	84
Mountaineers Climbing Chairmen, 1930-1977. . . . .	85
SEATTLE ROSTER . . . . .	87
EVERETT ROSTER . . . . .	193
OLYMPIA ROSTER . . . . .	200
TACOMA ROSTER . . . . .	208



Upper Quinault

*B. J. Packard*

# MOUNTAINEER OUTINGS 1976

Compiled by Loretta Slater

Type	Dates	Area	Leaders
Backpack-Family	June 22-26	North Cascades- Stehekin River	Ruth Arnold
Backpack	July 10-17	Vancouver Is., B.C. San Josef Bay	John & Helen Stout
Backpack	July 17-24	Central Pasayten Wilderness	Dave Werstler
Backpack- Wilderness Study	July 24-31	Salmo-Priest Wilderness	Ruth Ittner
Backpack	Aug. 11-15	Glacier Peak- Miner's Ridge	Joe & Bev Toynbee
Backpack	Aug. 21-25	Glacier Peak- Spider Meadows	John Milnor
Backpack	Sept. 11-14	Mt. Hood	Mike Kirschner
Backpack	Sept. 11-19	Olympics - Six Ridge Trail	Bart Burns & Leroy McVay
Backpack Alpine Scramblers	Sept. 11-19	Entiat Mts. Chiwawa Ridge	Gene & Mary Sutliff
Bicycle	June 4-Aug. 27	Bikecentennial Trail - Astoria, Or. to Yorktown, Va.	Walt Carlson
Canoe	Aug. 8-14	Wells Gray Park, B.C., - Clearwater & Azure Lakes	Joe Tall
Car Camp - Campcrafters	July 25-Aug. 5	Mt. Lassen, Ca. - Honeyman Pk., Or.	Walt & Rosalie Miller
Climbing	July 30-Aug. 9	Northern Pickets- Traverse	Frank King
Climbing	Sept. 11-19	Sawtooth Mts. Traverse	Frank King
Climbing	Sept. 10-19	Sawtooth Mts., Idaho	Norm Winn
Foreign Outings	Dec. 20-31, 1975	Mexican Volcanoes	Max Junejo
Foreign Outings	Jan. 25-Feb. 24	South America - Aconcagua	Vern Ainardi
Foreign Outings	July 15-Aug. 6	Switzerland	Paul Wiseman

## **North Cascades National Park - Stehekin Family Camp**

June 22 we left Seattle at 9:30 a.m., driving through Cle Elum, over Blewett Pass, to arrive at 25 Mile Creek camp at 2:30 p.m. The camp was not maintained in 1976, so we spent the night at Ramona.

Tuesday morning we took the new Lady of the Lake, which left Chelan at 9 a.m. and 25 Mile Creek at 10, arriving at Stehekin at 12:30 in the afternoon. It makes the trip in a half hour less than the old boat. Car parking was a problem as 25 Mile Creek allows only 24 hour parking. Parking at the Chelan Boat Dock is free, but with limited space. The city parking lot charges \$1.00 per night. Boat fare: \$8.25 from Chelan, \$7.25 from 25 Mile Creek, half fare for children. The snack bar on the boat serves beverages, "hot dogs" and sandwiches. At Chelan we talked to some strong, experienced hikers who had come out at Prince Creek, after attempting the Chelan Crest Trail. Their report was that the streams were too high to cross, and the rattle-snakes along the trail were nerve-wracking. We had lunch in the picnic area at Stehekin, then took the 2 p.m. bus 11 miles to High Bridge campsite. Bus fare was \$1.00 for adults for any distance. We hiked the four miles along the road from High Bridge to Bridge Creek. The flowers along the road were lovely, including Calypso orchids and wild raspberries.

For two nights we camped at Dolly Varden campsite, taking short day hikes, fishing, and letting the children choose the activity. The weather was pleasant with some clouds and light showers, then blue sky and sun. The third day we walked to High Bridge and took the bus to Stehekin. After ice cream cones, we walked along the Lake Shore Trail to Flick Creek, where we spent the night; some used the shelter.

Friday we hiked back to Stehekin to take the 2:55 p.m. boat to Chelan. On our leaving day the snow had melted enough for the bus to make the complete road trip to Cottonwood Camp. Because of the snow the outing was very different from the original plans, but due to the many trails crossing the Stehekin road there was a great variety of trail choices.

—*Ruth Arnold*

Ruth Arnold, leader; Carolyn Baldwin, Robert Baldwin, John Baldwin, Richard Baldwin.

## **San Josef Bay — Vancouver Island, B.C.**

Cape Scott Provincial Park, of which San Josef Bay is a part, was established in 1973 and is a rugged coastal wilderness on the north-west tip of Vancouver Island. If a proposed club outing to the park describes the trails as "wet and brushy," be hereby warned that this is

a gross understatement. One misstep along that quagmire and an unwary hiker could be slurped out of sight forever!

John and Helen Stout planned and led our eight-day adventure to San Josef Bay which began July 10th and ended on the 17th. The party was favored with three full, flawless days of beach camping, a welcome reward in an area where the annual precipitation ranges between 375 and 500 centimeters. The beach at San Josef Bay, one of nine in the park, is a three-kilometer stretch of white sand, studded with a cluster of stacks and small islands at midpoint where it broadens to 300 meters or more at low tide. Daily pursuits consisted of hiking, beach combing for shells and driftwood, swimming, and observing sea otters where the San Josef River joins the bay.

Water for drinking and cooking was no problem if one overlooked its color, a brownish hue characteristic of many rain forest creeks along the northwest coast. The clearest of the streams was that by the Canadian Forestry Service's emergency shelter, a small log cabin structure which campers were welcome to use.

Overnight camping to and from San Josef Bay was not the problem it was feared it might be. Spaces were plentiful at Quatse Camp Ground, near Port Hardy, where the party spent a night both going and coming, and on Quadra Island to which we purposely ferried the first night to escape the hordes of tourists that usually invade Vancouver Island on summer weekends.

—*Frank O. Shaw*

John & Helen Stout, leaders; Elsie Burkman, Margaretta Leen, Helen Nieberl, Tony Nieberl, Elias Schultz, Frank O. Shaw.

## **Central Pasayten Wilderness**

Leaving the cars about 3 p.m., we hiked through nice forest and met very few people on the trail. As we crossed 5,400-foot Eight Mile Pass there were good views of high peaks to the south. Four miles after leaving the trail-head we made camp at Drake Creek. From here there was a rapid climb to 5,800-foot Lucky Pass, then along Lost River including a canyon route. Most of the trail was through an old burn and stayed high on the ridge, where there was little water, but many wildflowers and views. After nine miles we made camp at Cougar Lake.

The third day we continued about one mile north of Cougar Lake, waded across the Lost River and hiked four miles up Ptarmigan Creek on an unmaintained trail. It was easy to follow but was full of blow-downs, slowing progress. Camp was made at 6,000 feet on the edge of a snowfield, in the shadow of 8,500-foot Mt. Lago. Here a layover day was welcomed. Three members made an all-day summit climb of

Mt. Lago. The rest of the group followed the trail to Butte Pass, 6,900 feet, through a larch forest, then the ridge adjoining the Mt. Lago cirque. The north sides of the ridges were snow-covered above 6,500 feet, but the south sides were snow-free. Shellrock Pass, 7,500 feet, was blocked by a large snowfield and cornice. The trail in the valley below it was grown over, indicating that it had been seldom used in the past several years. The views from the ridges were fantastic. Early morning rain clouds had broken up and several rugged peaks over 8,000 feet were visible.

After two nights at this campsite we descended Ptarmigan Creek, making early camp at Middle Hidden Lake. The campsite was on the northwest side of the lake in a grove of large firs and spruce. The leader scouted the Stub Creek trail, hoping to find open country, and easy cross-country hiking to Dollar Watch Pass. Unfortunately the trail was only a trace through an old burn, becoming only a series of tree blazes when timber was reached. Finally at the headwaters of Deception Creek a sign indicated that a sheepway had once been located there, but the thick timber hid all indications of a passable route up the side of Dollar Watch Mt. The difficulty of this route made us consider following up the Pasayten River East Fork (ten miles and 2,700-foot gain) to Dollar Watch Pass, but the trail was not shown on the wilderness map, and there had been no marker at the trailhead. Thickening rain clouds resulted in cancelling our plans for a day hike to Tatoosh Buttes. We hiked 12 miles to camp at Drake Creek again, where we saw porcupine visitors.

A way trail went through the campsite, which some of the party followed up Drake Creek for  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile where it turned into the Lucky Pass trail, and down to the Lost River canyon. After their return the group hiked four miles with a 1,400-foot gain along Drake Creek to Three Fools Pass. This trail does not show on any map but was in very good condition. Here we found one of our prettiest camps, next to a small spring. The following morning we hiked to the high ridges above camp, extending to 8,000 feet. In the afternoon we returned to camp, packed up and hiked out five miles, over Billy Goat Pass to Billy Goat Corral.

Sunday we drove home, after stopping at Rainy Pass for a look at the condition of the Pacific Crest Trail. The streams in that area were very high, and it appeared that many of our camps would have been on snow.

—*Dave Werstler*

Dave Werstler, leader; George Daly, Mary Daly, Steve Gardiner (guest), Dave Gimmestad, Harvey Johnson, John Lewis, Nancy McConnell, Beth Normand, Roberta Roberts, Gerry Shevlin, Fred Wert.

## **Salmo-Priest Wilderness Study Area**

The Salmo-Priest study area is 35,640 acres located in the extreme northeast corner of Washington and in the northwest tip of the Idaho Panhandle. It is within both the Colville and the Kaniksu National Forests, and it is widely recognized as an area of particular interest and diversity. The proposal to set this district aside as wilderness was made at the 1971-72 U.S. Forest Service inventory of roadless areas. A decision as to whether it should be set aside is currently pending.

To observe this wilderness study area, we made camp at the trailhead on Sullivan Mountain just below the manned lookout the evening of July 25th.

Despite the lack of any established campsite, we made ourselves comfortable along the trail, and the next morning we visited the lookout. The views north from this point (6,300 feet) are superb.

The next day, in perfectly clear weather, we followed the ridge due east and north at elevations over 6,000 feet. There were few trees (much of this area has been burned), but many flowers were blooming and attracting butterflies. Beargrass and lousewort were most noticeable at first; farther on, where patches of snow remained, avalanche lilies were just finishing. The snow was a welcome thirst-quencher; the only water we passed that day was a spring a steep 400 feet below the ridge.

At nearly seven miles we left the trail and turned north to skirt a peak to our right and then, crossing eastward over a saddle (6,840 feet), found our way around a snowbank and down a steep slope to Watch Lake (6,471 feet). Watch Lake provided a beautiful campsite in a grassy meadow where heather was in bloom. Westward were talus slopes; to the north the dry, barren-looking Gypsy Peak looked down. While hardly monumental, it is the highest peak in Washington east of the Cascades and is a southern remnant of the Selkirk Range.

Tuesday was a bushwhack day as we made our way about four miles from Watch Lake down across the lush drainage of Watch Creek and along the ridge to Salmo Mountain. Lightning struck trees were an intriguing part of the scenery; *Rhododendron albiflorum* ("mountain misery") was an annoying stumbling block until we reached the more wooded knoll just south of Salmo Mountain. There we were happy to find a spring (not on our topographical map) draining down towards Deemer Creek. Finding our way up from Deemer Creek to the Salmo Mountain Road was arduous, and we reached the road barely in time to enjoy the last glories of the sunset and to pitch our tents

on a turnout not far from where a strategically placed pipe brings water from a prolific spring to the roadside.

Salmo Mountain lookout is unmanned but affords some fine views in all directions, including into Canada and Idaho. On Wednesday, after enjoying these, we made our way down the road. In two miles we came to the trailhead for the Salmo River Cutoff Trail. Now we were at elevations dropping from 6,000 feet quite rapidly to the South Fork of the Salmo River at 4,100 feet, and we encountered a marvelous variety of plant life: superb cedars along with hemlocks and yews, *Mertensia*, thimbleberry, Solomon's seal and false Solomon's seal, false azalea, twinflower, trailing rubris, trilliums, etc.

Water is no problem on this trail; there are some fine and beautiful resting spots. The South Fork of the Salmo River is wide and has a fine camping area and some good fishing spots. After lunch we passed the only other hiker we saw in all of our five day trip in this wilderness proposal area.

That evening we made camp early after crossing into Idaho (no sign on the border). We had traveled nine miles and decided not to push on to our planned campsite. The spot we chose was on a small creek which flows into the South Fork of the Salmo River. There a disused trail branches off to Canada. This was not an established campsite, and we were careful to avoid any long term impact.

On Thursday we left camp promptly and followed an often wet and muddy trail which was level at first, but then ascended quite steeply to 6,280 feet, just below Snowy Top Mountain. We were now in the only known caribou habitat within the United States south of the Canadian border, and we did see a large cloven hoofprint. We also passed fields of avalanche lilies, delphinium, and, higher up, bear-grass and sedge. Snowy Top is 7,572 feet high and looked beautiful, covered with grass and flowers, but we did not climb it because of the clouds blowing across, obscuring any view. At its foot there was a campsite which we had known about, but, while it made a good place to stop for lunch, there was no nearby water, and overnight camping would have been inconvenient.

From this point our trip was either level or downhill. We were now on the east side of the Shedroof Divide, looking down into the Upper Priest River valley lying some 3,000 feet below. The high country here was very different from that around Sullivan Mountain; instead of looking dry and burned, it was grassy, occasionally wooded, and often beautiful with fine flower meadows of columbine, delphinium, hollyhock, and beargrass. Two of us missed the obscure backward downhill turn and continued three miles out of our way south along

Hughes Ridge. We enjoyed seeing more of the wilderness study area as we walked through flower meadows with extensive views to the east the whole way.

Later we struggled with the long descent to the Upper Priest River — many more switchbacks than the map would ever suggest (by count 71) and about 250 sizeable blowdowns. This is an area of strong winds and much rain. Some compensation came from the many views of a creek cascading down beside the switchbacks. We finally crossed this creek, via a broken bridge, and shortly thereafter reached the wide but shallow Upper Priest River, which we forded to reach the established campsite on its east side. We had traveled nine miles.

Rain and time kept us from walking the four miles upriver to Upper Priest (or American) falls just south of the Canadian border. The next day, on our way out (about six miles to the road), we could well understand why the vegetation was so reminiscent of the Olympics — we were, indeed, in rain forest territory. Once again there were some very fine old cedars as well as many blueberries (and signs of bears).

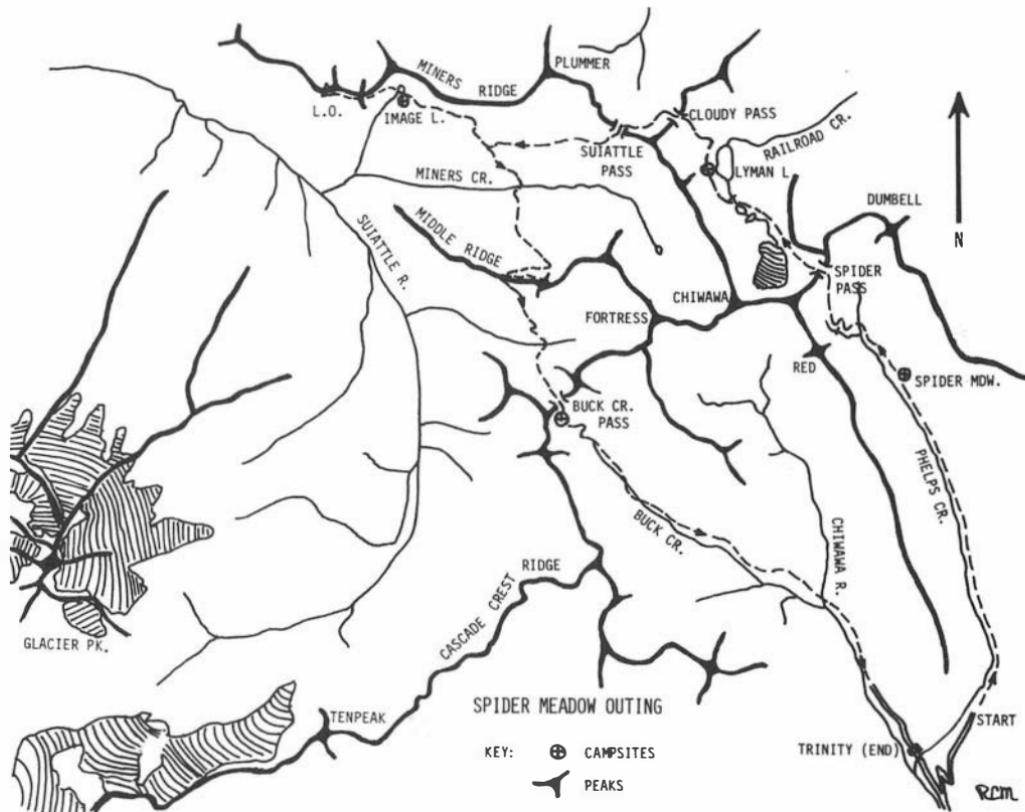
Some of this trip was arduous; as a whole it was extraordinarily rewarding. At the height of the summer we had passed two people on a road and one on a trail. We had seen a remarkable variety of scenery, terrain, and habitats in the space of only about 37 miles. We left convinced that this was an area of extraordinary diversity and richness, relatively undisturbed and ideal for future preservation as wilderness. Also, while the proposed wilderness area includes only patches of roadless areas, we felt that it should be broadened to include those areas now traversed by logging roads. Otherwise, the area from Sullivan Mountain to Salmo Mountain becomes a narrow corridor which could be threatened and reduced in its wilderness quality by excessive impact on either side of it.

—*Debby Levy*

Ruth Ittner, leader; Debby Levy, Margaret Moulder (guest), Sue Moulder (guest), Claude Sterling.

## **Glacier Peak — Miner's Ridge Outing**

The ten members of this outing met at the end of the Suiattle River road on Wednesday, August 11. The destination for the day was Canyon Creek shelter, an easy seven miles. The hard work began Thursday with a morning climb to a camp area at 5,000 feet. Because



Spider Meadow Outing

Robert C. Milnor

of the threatening weather, tents were quickly set up, and the party pushed on to the ridge crest at 6,000 feet. The magnificent 360 degree panorama, the enormous flower fields, and the view of Glacier Peak across Image Lake made the whole effort seem worthwhile.

On Friday morning the rain arrived, and an interesting but damp day trip was made to Suiattle Pass. Plans to continue on to Cloudy Pass were abandoned because of the weather. On Saturday the descent was made to Canyon Creek shelter, and a leisurely hike Sunday morning completed the return to the cars.

Total distance covered was about 45 miles.

—*Joe Toynbee*

Joe Toynbee, Beverly Toynbee, leaders; Cliff Cameron, Mary Ann Cameron, Gene Christensen, Larry English, Lillian Houston, Karen McCurdy, Barbara Pearson, Paula Robijn.

### **The Spider Meadows Outing**

The Spider Meadows Outing began on the Phelps Creek trail which is actually an old road for two or three miles. The first day's hike was very pleasant as we traveled five miles through well graded, lightly forested terrain. We camped at the Spider Meadows Camp at the low end of the meadows. Here we were surrounded by high mountain walls and could see far up on the left side of the valley the huge waterfall that we would pass the next day.

Sunday we woke up to a very cool wind since the nearby mountains blocked the sun's warmth until very late in the morning. Our hike took us along a narrow track through the meadows and up one-quarter mile into the woods at the far side. At a trail junction we took the very steep path up the left side of the valley towards the waterfall. At the top of the waterfall we took a breather and found excellent campsites overlooking the valley. (In fact, part of our group camped here the first night.) We then began an 800-foot ascent up the glacier to the 7,000 foot pass where we ate lunch and admired the view in both directions.

After lunch we glissaded and scrambled down into the Upper Lyman Lakes basin. We admired the hanging Lyman Glacier on the valley walls and the stark treeless basin. We wandered beside several small lakes to the outlet at the top of a waterfall. We crossed the outlet and took a way trail down to a well established camp beside Lyman Lake.

Monday morning we hiked half a mile along Lyman Lake until we joined the Railroad Creek trail from Holden for the moderate climb up

to Cloudy Pass. Once again we stopped to enjoy a 360 degree view, back to Spider Pass, out to Bonanza, and down the Agnes Creek valley on the other side. As we descended from the pass, the trail became steeper, and then steeper still when we took the narrow up and down way trail over to Suiattle Pass and the Crest Trail. Just beyond the pass we saw our only totally cloud-free view of Glacier Peak and several nearby peaks. The next three miles were very scenic as we traversed Miner's Ridge, looking out to Glacier, down to the Suiattle River, and at a few nearby mining relics. We even found the Lady of Lady Camp, a crude sculpture on a tree stump carved long ago by a miner.

We camped at the new campsites one-quarter mile below Image Lake. We continued to enjoy the views of Glacier and the river valley. Short trips were taken around the lake, out to the manned lookout, and up nearby ridges. The next morning we backtracked two miles along Miner's Ridge to begin a steep two-mile descent into the valley where we crossed Miner's Creek on logs. We were now hiking in a heavy forest across the valley and then up Middle Ridge. From the top of the ridge we scrambled up the old Middle Ridge trail to see Fortress Mt., the Buck Creek Pass area, and of course Glacier Peak. We then began another wooded descent to a creek followed by the climb up to Buck Creek Pass where the end of our longest day was greeted by a rain storm.

Buck Creek Pass offers a number of short side trips which few of our party saw due to fatigue and rain. We awoke in a downpour and hurriedly packed for the nine-mile trip to Trinity. The first mile was extremely steep and muddy as we hiked down Heartattack Ridge. The last miles, through alternating patches of wood and brush, were a more moderate hike. We ended our trip at Trinity only one and a half miles by way trail or three miles by road from our cars.

—*John S. Milnor*

John S. Milnor, leader; Richard Berkseth, Beverly Bourgeois (guest), Kathy Elmore, Nancy McConnell, Marilyn S. Milhous, Bob Milnor, Michael Newman, Tom Nowak, John F. Stark, Jim Wood.

## **Mt. Hood**

Bound on a week-long trek around Mt. Hood, we began in a clockwise direction from Timberline late in the afternoon. Arrival at Paradise Park at dusk and in a rapidly thickening fog, stimulated everyone to forego a much-anticipated dinner in order to put up tents, amid many grumbles, stumbles, and dropped flashlights. Dinner was a quick

raid of lunch sacks, with comments about going to bed early to get warm and to keep dry.

During the night, what had begun as a gentle mist turned into an all-out downpour. Those with inflated sleeping pads were fortunate as they were able to float; others had the questionable delight of sleeping on something resembling a wet sponge. By the following morning over half the party was thoroughly drenched and, if possible, the weather appeared to be worsening. After a quick tally of group status, it was decided to return to Timberline to regroup, dry out and reconsider the possibilities.

We spent the second night in a car camp just below Timberline, after sleeping bags and wet gear had had a good drying-out in a laundromat in Government Camp. During this recouping of strength we decided to attempt the Mt. Hood loop in the opposite direction — counterclockwise — coming out at Ramona Falls, just short of Paradise Park. One of the cars was left at the Ramona Falls trail head to facilitate the shuttle back to Timberline.

Following a good, warm dinner and a dry night, Monday morning dawned crystal clear, promising favorable weather. We started from timberline in good time, under blue skies, with Mt. Hood in full view, and with panoramic views south to Mt. Jefferson and The Sisters.

All Monday was beautiful and after an elongated lunch stop alongside a creek in the Hood Meadows area we arrived at Newton Creek for our overnight stop. Optimism reigned and all chose to set up camp on the river bar in the open. Most decided to sleep without tents to be able to enjoy the stars and an unobstructed view of the anticipated sunrise on Mt. Hood. As evening approached, clouds began drifting in, and more and more tents were quietly pitched. During the night the down-mountain wind was considerable. It managed to carry sand from the river bar into the tents and everywhere imaginable. About four in the morning the storm broke. Once again we arose to drenching rains and problems brought on by leaky and/or condensing tents. One innovative party member enjoyed the luxury of washing her face while still "in the sack" due to the conveniently-formed pool of water alongside her sleeping bag. With the rain pouring down there was little discussion over what we would do. As quickly as possible we packed up and headed back towards Timberline, for a discouraged return to Seattle.

— *Barbara Pearson*

Mike Kirshner, leader; Maurice Baum, Lois Bergman, Trudy Ecob, Nancy Haistings, Harvey Johnson, Martin Matyas, Henry Nelson, Barbara Pearson, Alex Pye, John Stark, Lucille Townsend.

## **Southeast Olympic National Park — Olympia Backpackers**

One car pool from Seattle and another from Tacoma brought eight of us gathered at the trailhead, on the South Fork of the Skokomish River.

The Six Ridge Trail was followed from Sundown Pass until the junction with the North Fork of the Skokomish River trail. After the initial climb to high country the trail gently rolls until the 2,000 foot drop to the river. After following the river for four miles the trail gains 2,700 feet to Home Sweet Home camp site, drops 2,000 feet to the Duckabush River, and then gains 1,800 feet to Marmot Lakes. After this all gains or losses are minor, except for the 1,300-foot pull up to Anderson Pass.

We had very limited views due to low clouds, until after Home Sweet Home. One good view of Lake Cushman is available just before the Six Ridge trail drops to join the Skokomish River trail.

The first few days were plagued by gentle showers in the evenings. Tuesday a hard rain caught us at Home Sweet Home shelter, about 150 yards east of the trail. Wednesday morning broke clear and sunny and good weather prevailed for the remainder of the trip.

There were no shelters on the Six Ridge Trail and camp spots were rather limited. As of September 1976 there were shelters at Nine Stream, Home Sweet Home, Upper Duckabush, Marmot Lakes and Anderson Pass. We utilized the Home Sweet Home and Anderson Pass shelters due to foul weather.

Numerous side trips were available, some trail-trips and some scrambles. These included Mt. Olson, Mt. Hopper, Mt. Steele, Mt. LaCrosse, Lake La Crosse, and Anderson Glacier. Mt. Anderson requires ropes and crampons and was not on our itinerary. Our trip ended at the Dosewallips National Park Service Campground.

—*Leroy McVay*

Bart Bums, leader; Leroy McVay, assistant leader; Alice Bond, Eloise Christianson, Josephine Cornutt, Howard Ferguson, Irwin Fox, Kay Haviland.

## **Entiat Mountains — Chiwawa Ridge**

Eleven Mountaineers met at Phelps Creek trailhead on September 11, 1976, to start a nine day trip into the Holden Quad section of the Glacier Peak Wilderness. At .2 miles up the Phelps Creek trail we turned right on to the Carne Mountain trail. This is a good but

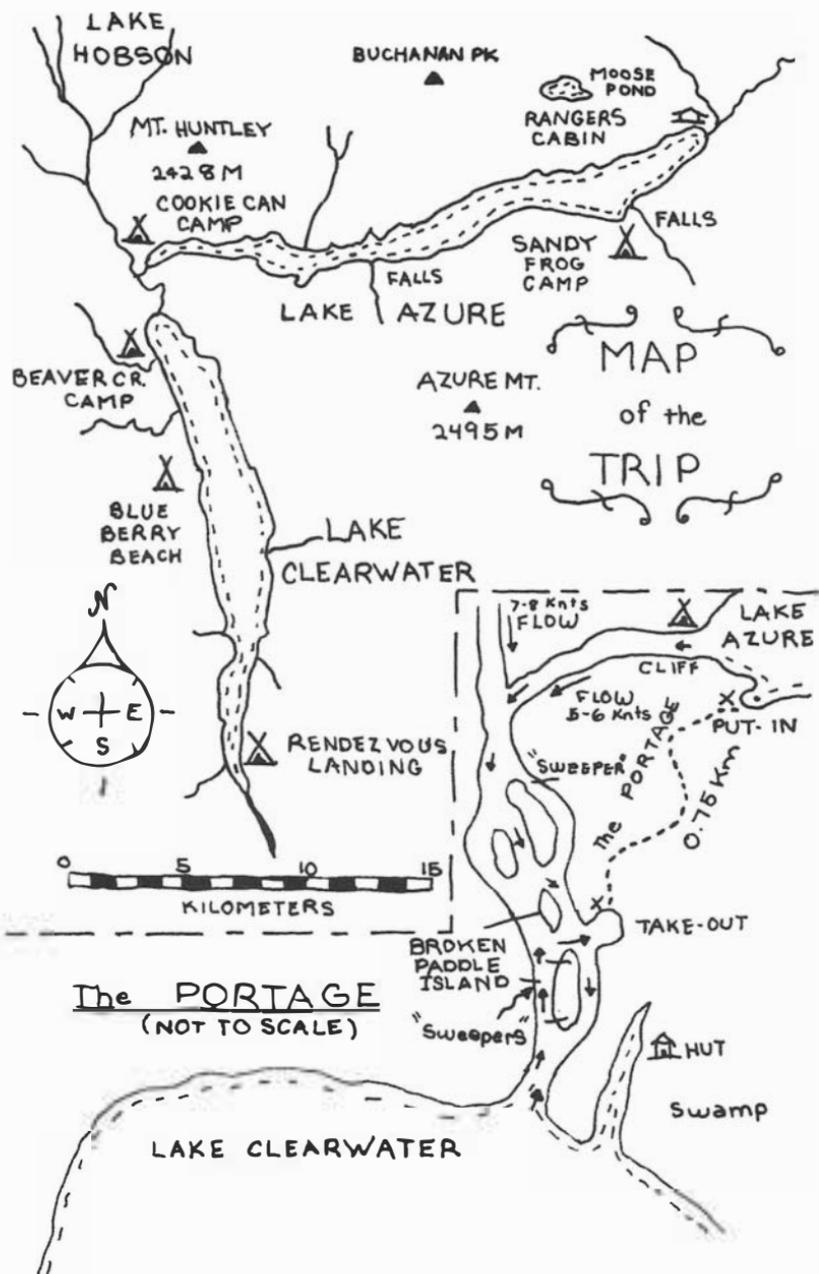
steep trail gaining 1,000 feet a mile. The first water is 2½ miles up from the junction and very welcome after hauling heavy packs upward. The trail continues up, climbs over a high pass and then begins to contour north while it gradually fades out.

The first night's camp was in a high basin on the north fork of Box Creek. The next day we climbed over a spur into the Chipmunk Creek drainage. The first of our two basecamps was reached on the morning of the second day. Bits and pieces of trail, along with good compass work and route finding, led us to a lovely basin 6,700 feet above Leroy Creek. The rest of the day was spent setting up camp and exploring the immediate area.

Saturday and Sunday the weather was overcast but improving. Monday was a gorgeous day and the group climbed Mt. Maude (9,082 feet) by way of a gully on the west side and then the south ridge. Tuesday the rains came and the day was spent in and around camp. Wednesday we again had good weather and the group climbed Seven-Fingered Jack (9,077 feet). The views from the summit were superb - Glacier Peak and the North Face of Maude were close at hand, and a great sea of peaks seemed to go on forever.

Thursday we broke camp and worked our way down into the Leroy Creek Basin, picking up the trail and dropping down to Phelps Creek. In less than .3 mile from the Leroy Creek-Phelps Creek trail junction we crossed Phelps Creek on a log and headed up the Phelps Ridge Trail. The mile from Phelps Creek to the first meadow is no doubt the most unpleasant of the whole trip. Dusty switchbacks go steeply straight up the mountain for about a mile to a small meadow and a cold stream. From there the going becomes much more pleasant. A beautiful flat meadow basin just below the crest of Phelps Ridge was reached in time for lunch and a well deserved "sack out" break. From here on the trail is vague. We cut directly west over a pass, descended a few hundred feet, and then began to contour north on obscure tread. This way eventually ran into the abandoned road leading on into Chiwawa Basin.

After a long day, camp was made on the slopes of Chiwawa Mountain on a grassy bench high above the basin. Flat spots are scarce but water and scenery are plentiful. From this high camp climbs were made of Chiwawa (8,459 feet) on Friday and Fortress (8,674 feet) on Saturday. Especially memorable was the climb of Chiwawa on a day when clouds filled the western valleys and poured over into the eastern valleys, creating a waterfall effect. On Sunday we made the long trek back down into the Chiwawa Basin, up over Phelps Ridge and



Mountaineer Canoe Trip, Wells Gray Provincial Park

Bob Dunn,  
adapted by Trudi Ferber

out Phelps Creek to the cars. We had a marvelous trip - good climbs, good weather and good companionship.

— *Gene & Mary Sutliff*

Gene Sutliff, Mary Sutliff, leaders; Ben Arp, Clint Kelley, Al McGuire, Steve Morrison, John Opheim, Judy Opheim, Art Schloss, Lynn Stearns (guest), Beth Wieman.

## **Wells Gray Provincial Park, B.C. Canoe Outing**

**Locale:** Wells Gray, a wilderness park 75 miles northeast of Kamloops, British Columbia. Two of its several lakes are connected by a navigable, though swift flowing, waterway two miles in length. The Caribou and Columbia Mountains form the eastern boundary. Varied wildlife inhabit the area. The larger animals are caribou, deer, moose, goat, bear, coyote, and wolf; smaller animals are marten, mink, beaver, weasel, and squirrel; the prominent birds are golden eagle, rufous hummingbird, and the loons. Cottonwood, willow, birch, and aspen dominate the bottomland. Forest cover of Douglas fir, western red cedar, and hemlock is quite dense at higher altitudes. Alpine fir and white spruce are on the high meadows. The area has a rain forest pattern - damp, mossy and brushy.

**Day 1**—The wet rain clouds of the night were passing away, when "Les Voyageurs", nine Mountaineers and five canoes, awoke on the southern shores of Clearwater Lake. They had rendezvoused the day before, and now stowed cargo for the paddle north. Setting a course along the westward shore the little band passed close by inlets of cold water creeks. The high-sun meal was along a brushy shore. Weathered logs driven upon a bright sandy shoal by a storm of some day past, provided seats and tables upon which to sit and eat. In mid-afternoon the canoes were caught off-shore when a dark towering cloud suddenly appeared over the mountain. The onslaught of pelting rain, mixed with half-melted hail, turned the placid lake surface into a giant pin cushion of rising water spouts. Scurrying canoes left frothy wakes as they raced for the protection of overhanging aspen along the sheltering shore. Paddling on, once again beneath clearing skies, making nine miles for the day, the encampment was made on a forested promontory where blueberries abound. Sunset colors on scattered cumulous clouds reflected off the snowfields of majestic Huntley Mt. and Buchanan Peak. The cry of the loon came across the deepening darkness of the lake.

**Day 2** — A pre-dawn drizzle gently drumming against the tent was little incentive to leave the drowsy warmth of the sleeping bag.

A leisurely departure from "Blueberry Beach" ended in a high-sun arrival at the head of Clearwater Lake. This leg of the voyage was led at one time by a pair of dancing loons, running on the water ahead of the canoes. A golden eagle disdainfully watched such a peculiar spectacle from his lofty perch along the shore. Trying to locate the portage to Azure Lake from a pencil-marked map from the ranger at the landing, several futile courses were taken: up a blind channel into the bushy depths of a mosquito ridden swamp; up a flood-swollen river as far as brawn and spirit could paddle; along the precipitous east bank of Clearwater Lake; and finally back across the windswept waters to "Blueberry Beach" for a second night.

**Day 3** — A quick breakfast before another paddle to the head of the lake. Snow-capped peaks were mirrored in calm, clear water. The stillness of the wilderness was broken only by the songs of birds and the muffled roar of distant waterfalls. Once again began the battle against the swift flowing current of the waterway to Azure Lake. This time we paddled from eddy to eddy, pausing at each to recuperate from the struggle. The party paddled farther upstream and in the lee of "Broken Paddle Island" made a ferry across a swift channel to the portage landing. The portage was a rocky and sometimes muddy track that wound up, over, down, and around a promontory carpeted with thick green moss, beneath stately cedars. Moving like ants, over and back, along the ½-mile trail the canoes and supplies were hauled. The camp was an unimproved site, near the outlet of beautiful Azure Lake, "Cookie Can Camp."

**Day 4** — Awakened by a chattering squirrel calling up the dawn, it was "good medicine" to sit beside the stillness of the lake in the rays of the warming sun, and think upon the wonders of nature's forms and colors that the "Great Spirit" has created. The quiet of the wilderness was broken as the camp slowly came to life. Rosy clouds in the morning sky had lenticular shapes, as warm moist air flowed over the mountains, portending a change in the weather for this day. Cruising easterly along Azure Lake, snow-capped peaks on either hand and majestic Mt. Robson in the far distance offered wilderness pleasures: Golden Eagles, a rushing creek plunging off a cliff into the lake, a rich brown furred mink scurrying along a rocky bank. The daily mid-afternoon storm arrived with lightning and thunder, as the wet face of the cloud pressed dark upon the lake. Following the rain, fresh fragrance filled the cool, washed air.

A pleasant campsite was selected amid assorted driftwood, spread along the sandy south shore of a bay, some 1½ miles from the head

of Azure Lake. 'No-see-ums' sought the shelter of the tent for the night.

**Day 5** — A party of five paddled to the headwaters of the lake, beaching the canoes near the ranger cabin, a one-room log hut with cedar shakes. Hike from here up a ridge from Buchanan Peak; few game trails were found travelling in the same direction. Gray hawks gave piercing cries as they dived low when intruders came too close to their nests. After numerous ups and downs, through bogs of intersecting water courses, a rocky bluff was discovered overlooking a moose pond, with a spectacular vista of Azure Mt. The lunch stop lingered only as long as the swarms of mosquitoes could be endured. The return to the beached canoes was rewarded by a refreshing swim. Back at camp a small sandy frog was evicted from the sleeping bag before retiring for the night.

**Day 6** — A small sandy frog was evicted from the sleeping bag after arising for the day. The ten-mile paddle down Azure Lake after breaking camp, ended with a gathering at the outlet for lunch and preparing canoes for the down-river run. The outlet from Azure Lake had a 5-6 knot current, with a gravel bar on the right, and deep water beside a rock cliff on the left. The distance from the outlet to the confluence with the Hobson Lake outlet was approximately ½-mile. The river, being at flood stage, had no rapids. The V of the confluence was easy to read, and the joined outlet rivers had a current of 7-8 knots. Some ¾-mile further downstream, the middle channel between the first two islands encountered is the deepest water. The channel to the left in the lower water may be partially obstructed by a gravel bar, and sweepers over a narrow passage. At the third island encountered the main channel is to the left, past the portage take-out. The course to the right has less water and sweepers on both sides.

The last camp was on a gravel bar beside Beaver Creek, on the northwest shore of Clearwater Lake. It rained throughout the night.

**Day 7** — Sodden tents, ponchos, boots, clothes and other things were dumped into bags, to be dried sometime later, somewhere else, on some sunny day. As canoes were loaded they departed one by one, the last 15 miles down the lake to the landing and waiting cars.

— *Bob Dunn*

Joe Tall, leader; Bob Dunn, Barbara Hickey, David Lee, Eleanor Lee, Mike McDowell, Dorothy Philipp, Steve Philipp, David Tall.

## **Lassen Volcanic National Park, California and Honeyman State Park, Oregon**

Superb scenery, 150 miles of hikes, flora and fauna to delight the eye, cool rivers and countless alpine lakes of breathtaking beauty, a volcanic wonderland — these were some of the highlights of the first week of the Campcrafters summer outing in California's Lassen Volcanic National Park, the last week of July.

Upon arrival, we assembled at the reserved area at Lost Creek organized campground. Upon investigating, it was discovered that Lake Manzanita campground, with modern facilities, was very nearly vacant due to the fact that in previous years its use had been discouraged due to the possibility of rock slides. Nevertheless, the main campsite was open to the public, so there were campsites for all with room to spare.

Lassen Park has hikes of one-half mile to all day in length. Most are well-marked; others are ranger-led. Some lead to lakes of unsurpassed beauty; others lead to the volcanic area at Bumpass Pass, to the Cinder Cone at Butte Lake, and to meadows of blue lupine. A stiff hike of two to three miles takes the hiker to the summit of Mt. Lassen, with spectacular views in all directions.

Hiking conditions were ideal. After driving in temperatures of up to 105°, the cool mountain air with temperatures in the 80's and below made hiking ideal. On lazy days, there was fishing in rivers and lakes, short scenic drives, swimming and sand castle building at Lake Manzanita, or boating in canoes and kayaks at the lake, with its bird life, underwater rock shelves, its lovely pink water flowers, and — wonder of wonders — no bugs!

Mt. Lassen Park is most unusual. The latest eruption occurred in 1914, spewing rocks and lava and volcanic ash for miles, and erecting a new ridge of rocks called Chaos Crags. The woods are less dense than our Washington forests, yet most trails were in and out of the trees enough to make hiking a pleasure. The first hikers to leave camp were almost certain to come upon a doe with one or two fawns. The hillsides were always blue with lupine; higher on the mountain slopes, thistle and other wild flowers bloomed in profusion. In some areas, notably at Butte Lake, the squirrels came by the dozen to beg for food and could be enticed to sit on a knee or boot.

Short drives were made to visit with a group of Indian women who expounded on native lore and showed examples of their crafts. Another short trip provided a visit with a covered wagon family who

shared biscuits made over a campfire and explained about life with early pioneers.

Breaking camp the last day at Lassen was done in a downpour, which continued all day as we drove to Honeyman State Park, Oregon, the site of our second week campout. Here, everyone in tents put up tarps, which soon became unnecessary as the rain lessened. The weather stayed cooler but pleasant. Sand dunes were the big attraction. Dune buggy riding, walking on the sands, and sand-surfing on homemade surf boards made a change of pace from our week in the mountains. Short drives took us to the north and south jetties to watch the ships and to beachcomb.

A few miles to the north, Cape Perpetua offered a museum, views of sea lions and sea birds, rock jumping, a blow hole to surpass the one in Hawaii, a stormy coastline and a chance to try wind surfing. Evenings sped by with campfires and socializing. All in all it was a varied and interesting trip — one to be long remembered.

—*Doris Adcock*

Walt and Rosalie Miller, leaders; Bill and Doris Adcock, Bob, Kathy, Donald and Bruce Bannister, Virginia Brinsfield, Dave and Marion Castor, Art and Helen Engman, Chester Grimstead, Neil and Sue Hunt, Chuck, Anita, Dale, Larry and Paul Karr, Bill and Kerry Little, Opal Maxwell, Bob and Marilyn Milhous and two children, Eileen and Gary Miller, Harold and Polly Monson, Dick and Kay Paterson, Hugo and Evelyn Rhoden (guests), Bob and Elsie Rinhart, Ruth Rockwood, Dick, Barbara, Randi, Liv, Colette, Lane, and Annett Sacksteder, Harriet Tiedt, Clyde and Elizabeth Wiseman.

## **Memories of a Northern Picket Traverse**

At last, we were on our way, after some nine months of anticipation and planning. Our trip this year would take us into the Northern Pickets, a remote and rugged area in the North Cascades National Park. Many in the party had participated in similar outings in previous years. And so, with old friends and new, we journeyed first to a rest stop outside of Marblemount, "The Gateway to the North Cascades Park."

In the morning we had breakfast at Seattle City Light's Gorge Inn. From there it is but a short distance to Ross Lake Trailhead. We packed from the road to the Lake some 400 feet below, where we embarked upon a rapid and exhilarating catamaran ride up the lake to the trailhead of Little Beaver Creek.

We sweated out some 12 miles of the trail to our first campsite at Stillwell Shelter, waging total all-out war with the flying bugs.

The bugs would have won had not cooler evening breezes cut them off to a manageable level. At this point we were only at elevation 2,400 feet, having followed the trail on a flat valley floor through old growth timber and fern jungle.

The next day was tough. We left the trail in 1 ½ miles and climbed through brush to open snowfields, heather, and rock at about elevation 5,600 feet. Unfortunately for us it began to rain while we were still in the brush, and when we reached the open ridge at 5,600 feet it was a welcome decision to camp there on the snow and stay relatively dry.

Next morning we packed up amidst the clouds and dampness and pressed on up the ridge, along the way taking on some high altitude brush, which is guaranteed to build character. We began to see the peaks of the Northern Pickets and were cheered by ever-increasing sunlight and warmth. We reached Challenger Arm (elevation 6,000 feet) and were able to dry out boots and socks amid the spectacular backdrop of the Northern Pickets. Challenger Arm juts out into Luna Cirque and commands a view of the half-circle of spires and hanging glaciers that form the Northern Pickets. We ate a cheery supper in this most scenic of all dining rooms. As we ate, we listened to the sound of tons of ice splintering off some glacier tongue and crashing down the mountain. Sometimes we could see the resulting flow of ice and rocks pouring down like a giant waterfall over the cliffs a mile or so away. The total effect was awesome and the roar of falling ice went on night and day for all the time we stayed there.

In trying to climb Crooked Thumb the next morning we were turned back by clouds above us, but even more insidious were those rising from the valleys below. By noon the weather moderated and we all started out to climb Mt. Challenger.

Four rope teams went straight up Challenger Glacier. Passing crevass after crevass, we went on up to the upper glacier, which was steep and cut with large open crevasses. Now in clouds, we passed above one crevasse and below a second, crossing the second crevasse on a snow bridge to the steep slope above. This led us to the summit of Class 4 rock — all of which was in heavy clouds. At this point one person injured himself with a serious crampon cut and was immediately attended to. In spite of this mishap all made it to the summit, including the injured climber. Here our party signed the last page of the original summit register dated from the first ascent. When we returned to camp, it was in sunshine, while "our" mountain remained shrouded in clouds.

Next day was "moving day" and our route led us down and closer to the hanging glaciers in the cirque. We dared not get too close under the ice tongues which night and day spewed forth tons of ice to go roaring down the slopes. In some places huge fans of crushed ice were formed under the cliffs below the glaciers. In areas of potential danger, we moved without stops as rapidly as possible. On one occasion we made it a point to spread ourselves apart to minimize potential casualties. Arriving at a safe place we were stunned to see a huge piece of glacier fall and splinter, its large pieces rolling down across our tracks — tracks made just minutes before. Sobered, we continued on to Luna Lake (still frozen at elevation 4,500 feet), ate lunch, and then climbed 2,800 feet to Luna Arm. There we made camp at about 7,300 feet.

Here we enjoyed one of the finest views of the North Cascades. To the right was Luna Cirque with its Northern Pickets, to the left was McMillan Cirque with its backdrop of Southern Pickets, and in front of us was Mt. Fury, the highest peak of all — lost in its jumble of spires, snow and glacier.

Coming up on a view of the Southern Pickets while climbing the last few feet of Luna Arm was especially exciting. At first all was hidden by the bulk of the Arm itself, then tops of several peaks tantalizingly came into view and with every step up they enlarged until the whole panorama of the Southern Pickets lay spread before us. Campsites on the Arm, while plentiful, were scattered over a quarter-mile area; no matter where we camped, the Pickets both surrounded and overwhelmed us.

The clouds came again and it rained. We climbed Mt. Fury in the clouds, with our four rope teams sometimes disappearing from each other. We climbed on in silence, wet, alone, and following wands set by the first team. Thus, we arrived at the top and once again got back to camp safely.

On the following day not a cloud could be seen anywhere. The photographers were up early, walking about "ooing" and "ahhing" at sparkling views of glacier rock and snow soon drenched in morning sunshine. And it was warm! Breakfast in shirtsleeves, sunscreen on before 10 a.m.! We climbed Luna Peak leisurely, enjoying the warmth, visibility and vistas of alpine blooms nestling amidst the rocky cliffs.

We were supposed to move camp and start the trip out, but no one really wanted to go. So we stayed and spent a most memorable afternoon getting suntans (read sunburns), telling stories, laughing, lolling about, and munching whatever goodies were left, while all that

time the mountains stood in splendor before us.

During supper the clouds began to form and a cloud war began over the Pickets. A relentless pressure was building from the west, and masses of clouds were created that probed and forced their way through the Pickets. Even so, at bedtime stars were out and our Picket fortress still held the clouds at bay. It wasn't until very early morning that the Pickets disappeared. The clouds — not able to overcome the frontal attack — had bypassed the peaks and had come up from the rear, via the more-accessible valley floors below.

Up at 6 a.m. and out by 8 a.m. with a long, hard day ahead. No loitering now as we packed up in the damp and fog. We must "traverse two ribs and their intervening basins and find a crucial east/west ridge which is followed to a prominent knoll. From there it is all downhill through trees and brush." When we left Luna Arm nothing could be seen, not even the nearest tent site, and it began to rain.

It rained all day. With limited visibility, we found our way by compass, map and altimeter. We went up and down, lost our way, and expended huge amounts of energy and precious time finding the crucial ridge that would take us home to the flatlands. As we climbed up and down the ridge in the drenching rain, the beauty of the spreading flower gardens could not be ignored. We climbed down wet heather and rock and went up and over humps in the ridge, rappelled when it was necessary, and finally arrived at the "knoll". From there it was all downhill — 2,500 feet — a terrible experience.

Down we went in the rain through wet brush on steep slippery slopes and through an interminable maze of cliffs. Our plan was to follow a compass bearing and eventually come out at Big Beaver Creek, then to pick up the trail on the other side. Compass bearings were forgotten as our procedure became simply to bash down thru the brush, hit a cliff, scout right and left, pick a route, bash down some more, hit a cliff, etc., etc. . . .

At 7 p.m. we were still 800 feet above the valley floor, wet to the skin and discouraged. On we went with no breaks, for night was coming on. At last the slope moderated, the terrain became flat and we arrived at a river. But which river?

A huge discussion ensued and it was decided to cross on a convenient log close by. The crossing, about 75 feet of it, was made with each person straddling the log and hunching his way across. With night coming on fast and no trail that could be found we made camp in the woods. It rained all night.

In the morning, three scouts located the trail. We packed up, trudged down the trail to Ross Lake and met the boats at exactly the

time we had determined nine days before. Our journey ended with all of us safe, with memories to last through winter and beyond; and with that certain melancholy which comes when something good has ended.

—*Frank King*

Frank King, leader; Debbie Anderson, Bill Arundell, Marc Bardsley, Betty Felton, Milan Fiala (guest), Al Hall, Joanne Lennox, Monty Lennox, Ed McDaid, Rick Munsen, John Rieman, Chris White, Karyl Winn, Norm Winn.

## **Sawtooth Mountains Traverse**

It was the start of a nine-day vacation, an outing into the Sawtooth Wilderness Area in Idaho, and it was raining a continuous downpour. In this sagebrush and pine country the clouds were low and dark, and there was wetness everywhere. Ten of us had shared a mini-bus and had taken turns driving and navigating through the night to get to Redfish Lake from Seattle. At Redfish Lake, the jump-off point, tents were set up in the rain; and with soggy spirits we ate supper and went to bed. During the night the local campground bear raided some of the packs.

The next morning we packed up under clearing skies, and by the time we started out we had bright sunshine and cloudless blue skies. The woods, the lake, rocks and plants took on a new appearance. Our trail gained altitude fast, then leveled off at the ridgetop to provide us a most pleasurable hike overlooking the lake on one side and the mountains on the other.

Camp was made at Upper Bench Lake (the highest of the five Bench Lakes). It lay in its cirque of broken rock and scree, surmounted by a pass which we had to traverse, and dominated by Mt. Heyburn to the left of the pass. Since it was only 4 p.m., five of us decided to attempt a climb of Mt. Heyburn. Three made it to the summit of the East Peak by 8 p.m., just as the sun was setting. Racing the darkness, we arrived at the pass overlooking camp before breaking out flashlights. From there it was slow going back to camp and we ate our suppers by flashlight late in the night.

The following day was the death march of the trip. It started well with all of us up and over the pass in good order. From there we made our way down about 400 feet to unnamed lakes which were land-locked (no outlet) and which had absolutely no fish. From there we climbed to a ridge just below Braxton Peak, over boulders

and up more scree. Unable to get off the ridge we went on to climb the 10,350-foot mountain with full packs. We were then able to down climb a fairly steep gully system to the basin below. In relatively good spirits we debated the merit of going down to Braxton Lake or staying high and contouring across to Upper Braxton Lake. The decision went to Upper Braxton Lake — much to our chagrin later. The route led us over horrendous boulder fields. Like ants we crawled over, around, and through the jumbled mass of boulders until we were heartily sick of them. We then found it would have been far easier to go down to the lower lake and come up to the Upper Lake on easy grass and dirt slopes along the connecting stream.

The next morning we climbed the pass above Upper Braxton Lake. From there we marveled at our route off Braxton Peak which looked impossible to accomplish. We intercepted a trail in the shallow basin beyond the pass and climbed on-trail a short distance to a second pass. From there we had good views of the entire Monte Verita-Warbonnet Ridge. Also we could look down to Baron Lakes 600 feet below. The party split, with half staying in the shallow basin on the near side of the pass and the other half going on down to Baron Lakes.

The Baron Lakes group set up camp and then climbed Monte Verita. On the way down we loitered to pick up crystals and look at fossils. Upper Baron Lake had no fish, but Lower Baron Lake (200 feet lower) had lots.

On the following day our reunited party traveled on, first via the trail, then off-trail to Upper Redfish Lakes. On the way we paused to climb Pack Rat Peak. From there we could view a full circle of jagged summits and ridges and considered the Sawtooths aptly named. We looked down to Warbonnet Lakes. Over toward the east was a large mountain made prominent by its very light colored rock, aptly named White Cloud Mountain.

The two Upper Redfish Lakes were nestled in a large cirque, surrounded by pine forest, carpeted with grass, moss, flowers, and rockeries. Before supper some of the party scrambled 200 feet to the third Upper Redfish Lake, nestled alone in a white granite cirque. Others tried fishing; however, these beautiful lakes offered no fish.

The next portion of our journey was off-trail through open pine woods, a piece of cake by Cascade standards of brush bashing. We intercepted a trail and followed it to our campsite at Upper Cramer Lake. Our camp lay below the Arrowhead — an unusual rock formation on the ridge which closely resembled an arrowhead.

In the afternoon, five of the party climbed Mt. Cramer, 10,716 feet.

From the trail it was a long scramble over boulders and scree to the top. The worst affliction was a 500-foot steep couloir leading to the summit ridge in which scree and boulders lay, defying gravity, poised to go sliding downhill with every step. Black clouds began to gather on all sides while on top. Thunder rumbled! And we hurriedly scrambled down, arriving in camp a few minutes before the violent rains came. Supper was cooked under tent shelters in the rain. It poured rain with thunder and lightning most of the night.

Next day we packed up under moody skies and a backdrop of freshly snowtipped peaks. No rain, but no sun either. Striking out crosscountry we traversed a 10,000-foot pass into Upper Hell Roaring Lakes basin. While on the pass five of us climbed an unnamed peak, 10,704 feet. The way up was over boulders, as usual, mostly in the fog. Snow began to fall when nearing the top and, while eating a hasty lunch on the summit, we enjoyed nearly blizzard conditions. Yet a few minutes later the clouds dissipated, the sun came out and we could see vistas of lakes, valleys and mountains, partly shrouded in clouds, as well as most of the route traveled the previous days.

Upper Hell Roaring Lakes were beautiful, and they take my vote as the prettiest area we saw. The lakes are small (no fish) and set at different elevations, surrounded by rocks and small hillocks with pine trees and grass. From here the Arrowhead and Finger of Fate were approximately a 1,000-foot gain, and we anticipated climbing them the next morning. However, most of the time we spent there was in fog, rain, or drizzle and it precluded any further climbing.

In late morning we left and headed downhill (about 800 feet) to Hell Roaring Lake which was a large lake (no fish). We intercepted a trail there and traveled it to the road where we packed into our mini-bus and headed back to Seattle.

—*Frank King*

Frank King, leader; Pat Dempsey, Hank Harbert, Joanne Lennox, Monty Lennox, Ann Norman, Jeff Norman, Paul Robisch, Alan Smith (guest), Chris White.

## **1976 Sawtooth Climbers' Outing**

An eager group of Mountaineers left Seattle on Friday evening, September 10, 1976, bound for Idaho's Sawtooth Mountains. Passengers and gear were loaded in and on top of a rented 15-man van. Driving all night leaves something to be desired in terms of sleeping accommodations in a van, but the compensation is an extra two days of climbing, very important on a nine-day trip. We thus were able to camp Saturday at our start-off point, Redfish Lake.

Sunday morning was crisp and clear. After a leisurely breakfast the party took the boat from the lodge down the lake to the Redfish Inlet Campground. This campground is large, attractive, and well-maintained; each campsite has a wooden table and a fireplace. In September, we had the campsite entirely to ourselves.

After quickly setting up camp, most of us climbed Grand Mogul, an impressive peak which dominates the end of the lake. Taking some advice from a local climber, one group followed the trail before cutting cross country to reach the summit. Once on the summit, we decided to try a different, more direct route back to camp — the north side of Grand Mogul — and it was *not* the route to take! Our climbing party cautiously descended hard snow and steep gullies, dodged rock fall, and survived a hazardous rappel. It was with great relief that the party got off the mountain and down to the woods by dark. That left only an hour of brush-whacking by flashlight before staggering into camp.

Undaunted by this foray, the main group of our party determined the next day to try the Grand Aguille, a prominent rock outcropping below the crest of the Heyburn Massif. After completing that climb, the party then traversed over to Mt. Heyburn via the far right scree gully where the gullies divide at 9,000 feet. The Stuhr Chimney provided good class 5 climbing, as well as a spectacular rappel. Those who participated were very satisfied at doing two fine class 5 rock climbs in one day, even though they returned to camp after dark.

Tuesday was a travel day to put the party in a position to climb Warbonnet. We took the trail to Alpine Lake, which provided a pleasant lunch break in the sun. There our path left the trail and traversed cross country over a ridge to the west of Alpine Lake. At the top of the ridge several members of the party took a little break by climbing some small but enjoyable pinnacles on the ridge. Here our outing party had its only contact with another Mountaineer outing after the two groups met at Redfish Lake, as later plans to camp together did not materialize. After shouting pleasantries across the valley, we traversed an awkward and unpleasant scree slope to another ridge, then dropped down into a beautiful valley containing Warbonnet Lake and Bead Lakes. Several members went swimming after setting up camp, providing some humorous moments for several amateur photographers.

The next two days were the high points of the outing as we split into two groups to climb Warbonnet. This spectacular peak dominates the interior Sawtooth Range and presents an exciting challenge to any climber, since there is no route that is less than class 5. After

leaving camp at dawn, the first party climbed up through the timber and arrived at the base of the rock an hour later. The good, solid rock was a joy to climb, although some squeeze chimneys in the middle of the route required some awkward and strenuous moves. Another chimney below the summit offered very marginal protection. The summit pitch turned out to be not as fearsome as anticipated. After an awkward step-across move to the summit block the climbers found fixed protection and small but adequate holds on the face. On the summit the climbers confirmed with a rock timed by a wrist watch that it is indeed a 10 second drop to the ground on three sides.

That same day, our second group climbed Packrat, Japan, and Mayan Temple, which dominate the ridge across Warbonnet and Bead Lakes. Packrat has a spectacular, smooth arete at the summit, which is descended by anchoring the rappel rope on one side on the ground while the climber rappels down the other side. The next day the groups reversed their itinerary with the second group climbing Warbonnet and the first group climbing Packrat.

Friday was another travel day back to the Redfish Inlet camp. It turned out to be a good day for traveling since rain prevented any climbing. Fortunately camp was set up by early afternoon before the heavy rain began in earnest. On Saturday we took the boat back to the lodge and headed back to Seattle via the historic mining country of central Idaho.

In retrospect, there are several thoughts which may be of interest to future climbers. September is a good time of year to visit the Sawtooth since there are no bugs, almost no people, and since the weather is usually satisfactory. One drawback, however, is that late in the year climbers are traversing scree slopes rather than snow slopes.

Although all types of climbing are available, probably climbers with class 5 experience will enjoy the area most. Our party used all chocks, except for one pin which was left in place on Warbonnet. The fixed protection on that peak and several other peaks means that clean climbing is feasible as well as desirable in this area. Although most of the pitches are not too lengthy, it is helpful to have 150-foot ropes for rappels. Rock shoes are always nice but not necessary. Advance prints of the Warbonnet quad should be obtained from USGS, although climbers should be advised that several of the peaks are labeled incorrectly on the print. Although flatlanders will take a while to get acclimatized to the higher terrain, it is possible to get in

a good deal of excellent climbing in a one-week outing, enjoying the challenge and the beauty of these rugged peaks.

—Norman L. Winn

Norm Winn, leader; Curt Garmager, assistant leader; Debbie Anderson, Greg Andersen, Les Davenport, Jim Gordon, Alan Hall, Doug Jones, Dave Kruglinski, Ken Liebert (guest), Betsy Visco.

## **Mexican Volcanoes**

The December 1975 Mountaineer Foreign Outing to Mexico almost never left Seattle, due to fog at the airport. The 14 of us finally flew to Mexico City a day late, on Saturday the 20th. The next day was spent sightseeing, solving car-rental problems, and attempting to get acclimatized. On Monday we drove to the Tlmacus Hut (complete with hot showers and gas stoves) and prepared to climb Popocatepetl.

Twelve climbers left the hut (12,500 feet) early Tuesday morning and slogged up the pumice path to 14,000-foot Las Cruzas Hut. At sunrise we were heading up the snow and ice slopes towards the summit crater. Three people turned back below the crater, and several waited at the rim, while the rest of the party circled around to the 17,887-foot summit. The weather was reasonable, and the view of the crater was fantastic. On the descent the party roped up for safety. People were very tired and feeling the effects of the altitude, and two climbers ended up spending the night at Las Cruzas Hut after some equipment was brought up from Tlmacus.

Unfortunately all had not gone well with the climbers who had turned around earlier. Back at Tlmacus two of the party noticed that another climber's breathing had a crackling sound, and that he was becoming less alert. Upon checking other signs the conclusion was pulmonary edema, and the ailing climber was rushed to lower elevation, and later taken to a Mexico City hospital where he recovered completely.

After all this excitement most of the 24th was spent lying around in the sun and recuperating. Then early Christmas morning we drove to the start of the Ixtacchuatl trail at 11,000 feet. Seven of us started up the trail at 3 a.m. by moonlight, and by dawn we were at a saddle at 14,000 feet. At this point four people turned back, leaving three climbers to trudge up to the Knees Hut at 15,000 feet. From here a short ice slope led to some easy rock and the first of four false summits. We roped up and traversed the very long summit ridge, hoping

that each false summit would be the last, until finally we reached the true summit (17,342 feet) at 2 p.m. After two quick summit pictures we began the descent, and it was three very tired climbers who finally made it back to the car at 10 p.m.

Friday the 26th we drove to Puebla, with its huge Onyx Market. The next day we proceeded to Tlachichuca, a small town below Pico de Orizaba. Here we hired Senor Reyes to drive us in his truck up the very rough road to the Orizaba Hut. This dusty trip was somewhat thought-provoking, as we well-equipped mountain climbers drove by small wooden shacks and barefoot children yelled for candy. We finally reached the hut (13,500 feet) after dark. Although not as luxurious as the Tlamacus Hut, the Orizaba Hut was very solidly constructed and quite comfortable.

At 4 a.m. Sunday 11 of us strapped on crampons and started up the ice-covered rocks of the lower slopes of Orizaba. It was very cold and windy, and two climbers turned back, due to numb toes and freezing water bottles. Dawn found us at 16,000 feet where the party stopped to put on more clothing. From here we continued up 30-degree ice slopes towards the summit crater, but we remained unroped because no one felt insecure. The party gradually split into three groups. The first group (containing advocates of both the "dash and gasp," and "slow plod" methods) reached the summit at 11 a.m., with the last people arriving about 1 p.m. On the summit (18,696 feet) we basked in the sun, took pictures, and were suitably impressed by being on top of the third highest mountain in North America. Finally we straggled off down towards the hut, with the last people getting back around 5 p.m. Here Senor Reyes drove us back to Tlachichuca, and we then returned to Puebla.

The next two days were spent sightseeing, which included the pyramids, and riding in two taxis which crashed into one another. Finally on Wednesday the 31st we flew back to Seattle, satisfied that we had been on a very eventful trip.

— *Mike Balise*

Max Junejo, leader; Bruce Byers, assistant leader; Mike Balise, Glenn Brindeiro, Nadine Byers, Paul Byers, Dave Couling, Charles Koch, Albert Koury, Dorothy Marsh, Mary Olson, John Pauli, Linda Writer, Jon Zak.

## **Hiking and Climbing in Switzerland**

This 22-day tour of the Swiss Alps, led by Paul Wiseman, began in a VIP lounge at Sea-Tac on July 15, 1976, and ended August 6 with a superb view of Mont Blanc and much of the Alps as we flew

homeward from Geneva. Between the VIP lounge and Mont Blanc were days filled with delicious meals, fine hikes and climbs, scenery, personalities, and — especially — weather.

After one very warm, humid night in Zurich, we travelled via the efficient Swiss railway system to Grindelwald, our base for five nights. There, our hotel provided us with views of the Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn and Eiger. The next day hikers and climbers together took a hike which began, as do most hikes and climbs in Switzerland, on a ski lift.

From Grindelwald First (Ridge) we hiked five miles to a peak above treeline (Faulhorn, 8,796 feet), where we found a hotel and terraced restaurant, accessible only by foot. There we had lunch before returning via the same route.

The next day was cloudy, and the rain which arrived during a hike to Kleine Scheidegg was our steady companion for the next nine days, frustrating the climbers in their attempt on the Wetterhorn and causing some of them to turn temporarily into hikers. While still at Grindelwald, most of the group also visited the Jungfrauoch via the train which tunnels its way through both the Eiger and the Monch.

At the Joch (11,333 feet, highest railway station in Europe) we stepped into a blizzard, but as we ate lunch in the restaurant built into the side of the mountain, the weather cleared enough for us to see a considerable distance down the Aletschgletscher.

After Grindelwald climbers and hikers separated for four days. The hikers set off in the rain for a family-operated inn above Stechelberg, carrying all necessities on their backs but "camping" in the Swiss manner (eating and sleeping indoors). That evening, when the clouds lifted at dusk, the stars appeared in all their mountain brilliance.

Next morning the hikers awakened to snow but optimistically hiked back down and took a lift to the Schilthorn revolving restaurant famous for its panoramic view of the Alps. Unfortunately, from the vantage point inside, the panorama extended only as far as the outdoor tables covered with a foot of fresh snow.

Since the hikers still faced three days with no pre-paid hotel reservations, and since the weather seemed determined to "dampen" their spirits, they decided to go south to Lugano. Thus came about two nights and one deliciously warm day in Italian-speaking Switzerland, where they strolled (in hiking boots) along the beautiful Lago di Lugano, visited museums, and ascended Monte San Salvatore for a genuine panoramic view (no fog or snow).

Thus fortified the hikers returned to the rain and spent one night

in a mountain hotel at Oeschinensee above Kandersteg. After a hike along the lake they ate a hot dinner and watched the Olympic games on television.

During this time four determined climbers had encountered a series of weather-related frustrations. Their original objective, the 13,642-foot Jungfrau, had to be abandoned because of the weather. They journeyed to Griesalp for a wet attempt on the Gspaltenhorn and then to Kandersteg for an attempt on the Frundenhom. Weather and poor visibility plus an uncomfortably close lightning bolt put an end to that venture, and the party descended to Lake Oeschinensee for a warm meal, unaware that the hikers were in the hotel next door.

Following this, climbers and hikers reunited for two nights and an unscheduled day in Interlaken under still-sullen skies. Then together, on July 28, we headed for Zermatt and four more days of hikes and climbs. Thankfully, from here on we generally had sunshine and blue skies. In Zermatt most of the group visited the museum and climbers' graveyard, where inscriptions ("I chose to climb") and ice-axes on tombstones carry a clear and sober message.

On the first full day there we all took a cog train to Gornergrat, then a lift to Stockhorn station, followed by a short walk to Stockhorn summit (11,585 feet), from which we viewed such peaks as the Monte Rosa, Liskamm, Breithorn, and Matterhorn — all against an almost cloudless, deep blue sky. The next day the group divided once more. Hikers took a lift to Schwarzsee (8,700 feet) and from there hiked to the Belvedere Hotel and Hornli Hut (10,700 feet) where the climb of the Matterhorn begins. Lunching on a sunny outdoor terrace they watched a string of returning climbers navigate the last hundred feet down that mountain.

While the hikers, after lunch, were posing for pictures leaning against the Matterhorn, 10 climbers, led by Dick Erwood, were nearing the summit of the Breithorn (13,645 feet). Early that morning the climbers had assembled at the top of the Trockener-Steg-Lift (9,640 feet), roped up, and proceeded directly up the glacier to the ski area serviced by a T-bar located along the west side of the Theodul Glacier.

This route proved time consuming as climbers kept breaking through the snow covering the crevasses and encountered a large crevasse system just below the ski area which required traversing a delicate snow bridge and climbing over an ice wall on the upper rim.

The party intercepted the regular route at 12,000 feet and fol-

lowed the broad highway across the snow to the summit slope. Donning crampons they ascended the last steep 1,100 feet in one hour arriving at the summit at 3:20 p.m.

The descent began at 3:45 p.m. Shortly below the summit one climber disappeared into a crevasse but was easily pulled out, and the party pressed on, anxious to make the last lift at 5:40 p.m. Only one was fast enough; two were able to stay at the Gandegg hut just above the lift; and the remaining seven were forced to descend the additional 5,000 feet to Zermatt, arriving there at 10 p.m. after a total descent of over 8,000 feet and about 12 miles. In spite of this, all the climbers were pleased to have "bagged" a Swiss Alp, and the technically easy Breithorn had instilled a new appreciation of the dangers lurking beneath the snow of a seemingly safe, skiable glacier.

Four unscheduled days followed the stay in Zermatt. Fourteen of the group started out together by hiking along a glacial moraine to Schoenbiel hut (8,660 feet) for a different view of the Matterhorn. There they slept quite comfortably dormitory-style in freezing temperatures.

This group then scattered. Several visited the beautiful village of Saas Fee, from where four hiked to Britannia hut for one night; one went to Chamonix for some climbing, and another to Paris and an elevator breakdown in the Eiffel Tower; others set out for Italy and an extended vacation. Some went to Geneva early for shopping, while some spent time in sunny Montreux. Three climbers achieved the ultimate, the summit of the Matterhorn.

After several days negotiating with the guide office, Hu Favero and Dick Erwood were finally assigned Max, who was willing to take two climbers on his rope rather than the usual one climber. They proceeded to the Belvedere Hotel at the foot of the Matterhorn spire while Dave Laster engaged a guide for the following day.

After a restless night, punctuated by the sounds of clumping boots, Hu and Dick gulped a hasty continental breakfast and began the ascent at 3:45 a.m. Soon the affable Max of the day before began to harrass the two with "What's the matter with you guys? Let's go!" and yanking on the rope.

After two and a half hours and 3,000 feet of gain, the first stop was made — to don crampons. Proceeding up fixed ropes over ice and rock, the climbers reached the summit at 7:30 a.m. A bitter wind cut short their stay, and they proceeded down amid crowds of ascending climbers and the continuous harangue of Max: "Hurry up you guys. You're going too slow. I'll hold you if you slip."

When asked what the hurry was, he replied, "All the guides do it that way." After a brief rest at Solvey Hut (13,130 feet), Dick and Hu arrived at the Belvedere about noon, very tired. Though not technically very difficult in good weather, the climb was fairly tiring at that pace, and memories of what could have been an enjoyable climb were obscured by the image of Max.

On the trail below the hut, Dick and Hu met Dave, who was on his way up for his climb the next day. The weather was good the following morning, and Dave, who lives in Europe, later wrote that his climb was successful and leisurely enough to enable him to take 3½ rolls of slides.

Negotiations with the guide office in Zermatt were very frustrating, and future climbers may be better served by working directly with a recommended guide as Dave did. However, an ascent of the Matterhorn is a very satisfying and worthwhile experience in any event.

Though only 11 of the 21 hikers and climbers were returning directly to Seattle, most of the party reassembled in Geneva for one last night together, sharing experiences of the past four days and planning a "reunion" in September. While at times the weather was against us, it proved to be only an irritation overall, and the trip ended even more congenially than it began. In the words of one climber, whose climbing friends at home find it hard to believe: "It rained, and I didn't climb the Matterhorn, and I had a wonderful time!"

—*Janet Grimes and Dick Erwood*

Paul W. Wiseman, leader; Roger L. Barrett, Lou H. Berkley, Marilyn Dempke, Gerhart A. Drucker, Richard G. Erwood, Hubert J. Favero, Janet A. Grimes, Dan L. Hicks, Janis K. Hicks, David A. Laster, Claudia J. Laster, Gerald B. Olch, Esther M. Scherman, Shirley A. Telgenhoff, Marilyn L. Thaden, Frank E. Vane, Lucy M. Vane, Lawrence D. Weimer, H. Calvert Witte, Craig E. Witte.

# Update on Olympic National Park

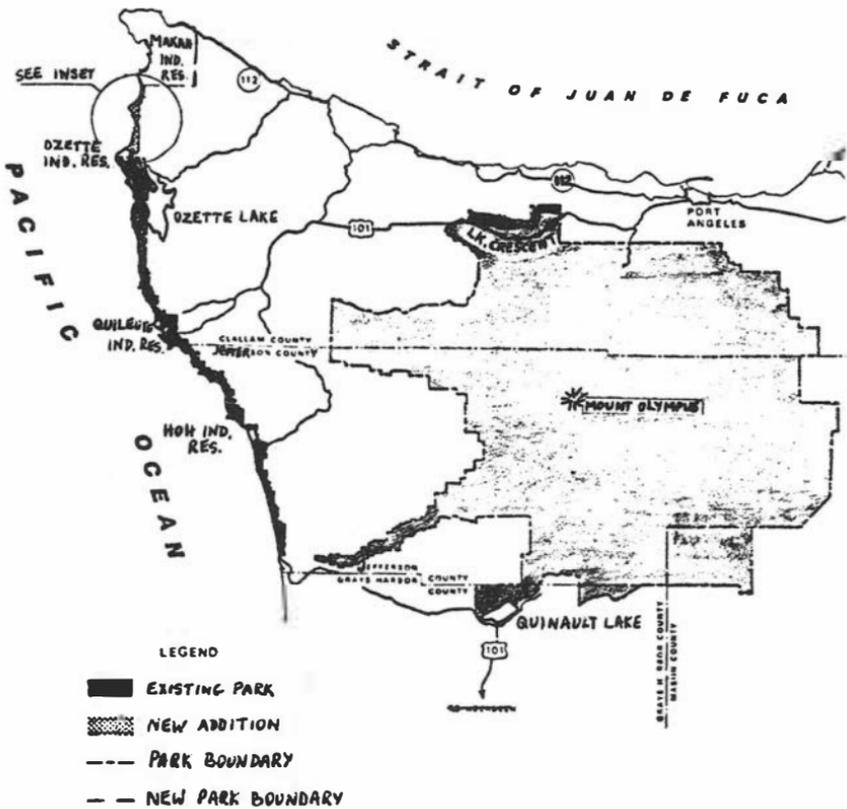
Polly Dyer

Point of the Arches and Shi Shi Beach added to Olympic National Park? — That last seven and one-half miles of nearly roadless, undeveloped Pacific coast? — And the remaining primeval-like shores of Lake Ozette, too?

It's true! It was a long-time dream, going back to at least 1938 when Congress established Olympic National Park; revived in 1953, when President Harry Truman signed the Executive Order adding the first fifty miles of coastal strip and the Queets River corridor to Olympic National Park. In 1971, it was still a dream when the Olympic Park Associates (organized in 1948 in The Mountaineers' clubroom) made a detailed study then recommended a minimum area be acquired inland from Point of the Arches and Shi Shi Beach and south to the Ozette River. Achieving this still appeared years distant, even in 1973, when the coastal addition was advocated by the National Park Service and endorsed by all conservationists in the public hearings on Olympic National Park's Draft Master Plan. At that time the conservation groups also pleaded for long-range planning that would eventually include Lake Ozette's eastern shores in the park.

Success! President Gerald Ford signed Public Law 94-578 making these prized additions to Olympic National Park. Although it was touch-and-go in the waning hours of the 94th Congress on September 29, 1976, between the good work of Congressmen Dor: Bonker and Lloyd Meeds, Congressman Roy Taylor who was Chairman of the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, and of Senator Henry M. Jackson, the bill containing the Olympic National Park additions was approved in the final hour of the 1976 Congress.

How did we get there so fast — when in 1971 and 1973 it had seemed to be so distant? Credit a tremendous amount of cooperation: in Congress, in the Governor's office, by the timber industry, and by conservationists. This final impetus had its origin in the spring of 1975 when Governor Dan Evans and his Administrative Assistant Jim Dolliver (now Judge Dolliver) looked into the state of affairs concerning Olympic National Park. Governor Evans, who has long had a personal interest in the Olympics, initiated studies of both the coastal region between the Ozette River and the Makah Indian Reservation. He then asked the timber industry, the Department of Natural Resources, and



**NEW BOUNDARY ADDITION**

POINT OF THE ARCHES

**OLYMPIC NATIONAL PARK**

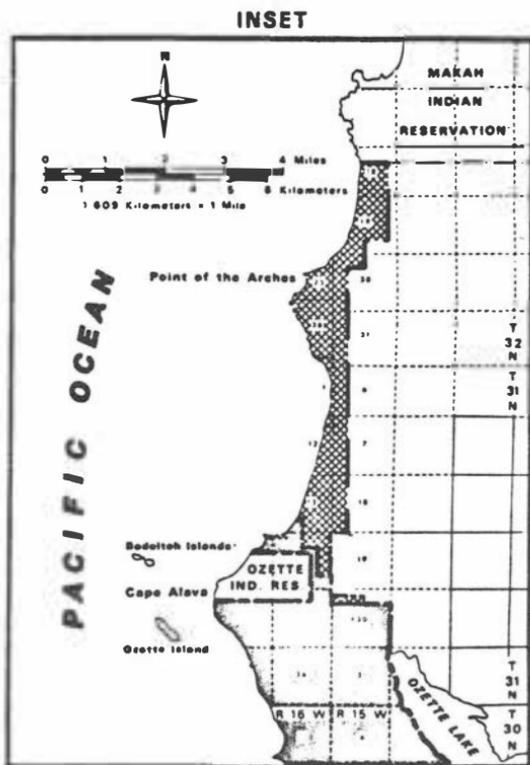
Clallam, Jefferson,  
Gray Harbor and Mason Counties  
WASHINGTON



Point of the Arches Addition, Olympic National Park

National Park Service.

Clallam County — the major land owners — for a moratorium on logging and other development in the vicinity. This encompassed an area extending several sections inland from the coast to include all of the watershed behind Point of the Arches and south to Lake Ozette as well as an area two or three sections wide east and south of Lake Ozette. The companies and the agencies honored Governor Evans' request for a



moratorium, and they were willing to have some of their lands considered for inclusion in Olympic National Park. Elliott Marks, Special Assistant to the Governor, led on his behalf the deliberations with the large land owners and the conservationists. The forest industry was represented by Wilton Vincent for ITT-Rayonier, who served as chairman for that group; Robert Witter for Weyerhaeuser Company; Herb Johnston for the Milwaukee Land Company; and Clarence Richen for Crown Zellerbach. From the conservationists were Douglas Scott, the Northwest Conservation Representative for the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, and Polly Dyer, President of Olympic Park Associates, and a former member of the Mountaineer Board of Trustees.

The discussions between the Governor's Office and the forest industry representatives continued until late January 1976, when the participants learned that the deadline to add changes to national park boundaries in the House of Representatives' Omnibus National Park bill was set for early February, with hearings scheduled soon after. This necessitated an acceleration of meetings between the groups in order

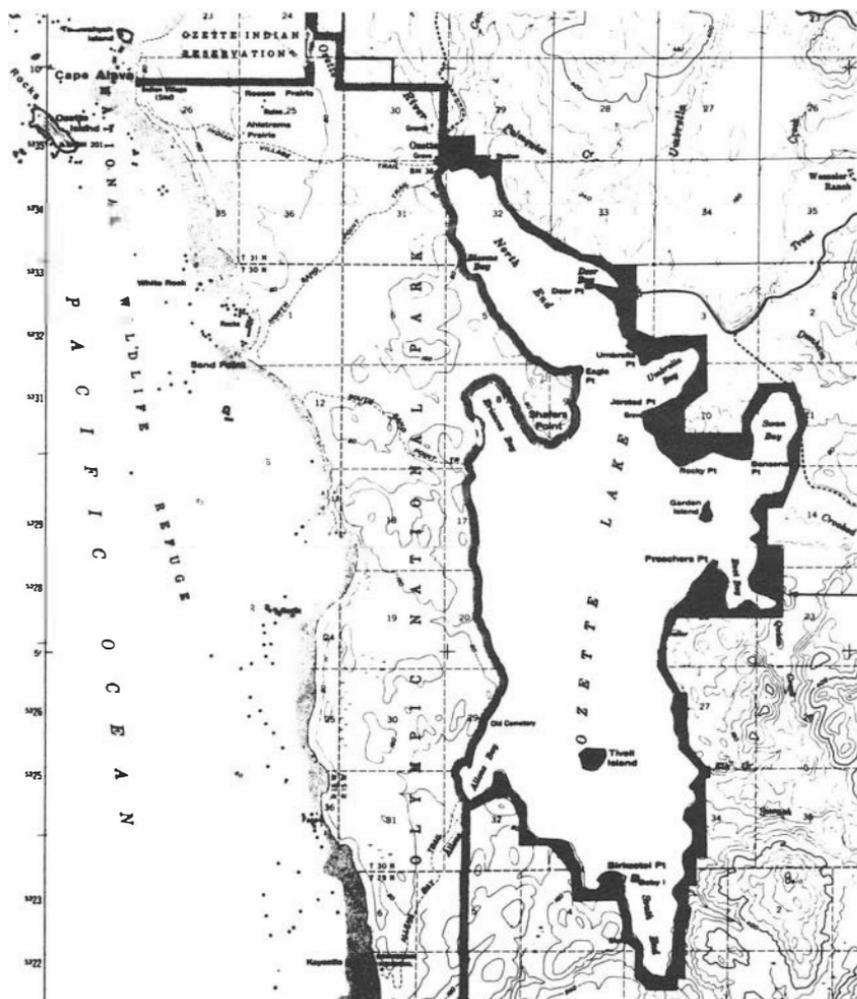
to reach a consensus on the area to be included in the legislation. Congressman Don Bonker, whose district includes Olympic National Park, had already expressed his interest in the additions and a willingness to introduce a bill. It was truly a bi-partisan effort.

Because the rigid Congressional time schedule necessitated prompt agreement on what the boundaries should be before the bill-submission deadline, the Governor's Office found it necessary to publicly announce the proposed Point of the Arches and Lake Ozette shore additions before all the owners of private land adjacent to Lake Ozette had been contacted. These people, who own approximately five percent of the shores bordering the lake, were quite understandably extremely upset. Many of them are direct descendants of early homesteaders there. Because of this special significance to them, Congressman Bonker added a provision to the legislation whereby non-corporate land owners abutting Lake Ozette may retain title to their property for their immediate families and their direct descendants. However, they are required to permit scenic easements; this means that "buildings" or modifications for their own use would not significantly change the area's appearance. The entire west shore of Lake Ozette had been protected since 1953 when it was included in the coastal strip added to Olympic National Park.

The legislation also provides a procedure to resolve the controversy over the area north of Lake Quinault and the Quinault River in the southwestern corner of Olympic National Park. In the early 1940's, 2168 acres of privately held land were added to Olympic National Park to prevent destructive logging then proceeding and to retain winter habitat for the Roosevelt elk. The Quinault is one area where National Park Service administration has been less than adequate, amounting to more than "benign neglect." Its reluctant management resulted in animosity and agitation on the part of the local people to have the area deleted from the park; many of them have moved in since the area was included in the park. The conservation organizations contend that the area retains and can recover the national park qualities that have deteriorated on some of the private holdings over the years. To settle the issue, Congressman Meeds proposed a solution, concurred with by Congressman Bonker, although he had recommended exclusion. This compromise requires a two-year study to look thoroughly at the Quinault area's public and private lands in Olympic National Park. It is to examine their continued value for fulfilling National Park purposes by retention in the park or the effects if excluded, as well as to examine the concerns and interests of the owners of these private inholdings of Olympic National Park. The study is to be impartial and conducted by an independent

consultant or firm to assure that it will be objective in considering the national perspective as well as the local interest in the area. When the report is submitted to Congress in two years, it will then have ninety legislative days for either the House or Senate to act upon it. If Congress does not act within this time, the law provides that the disputed area will be automatically withdrawn from the park.

Other changes affecting Olympic National Park in the 1976 law



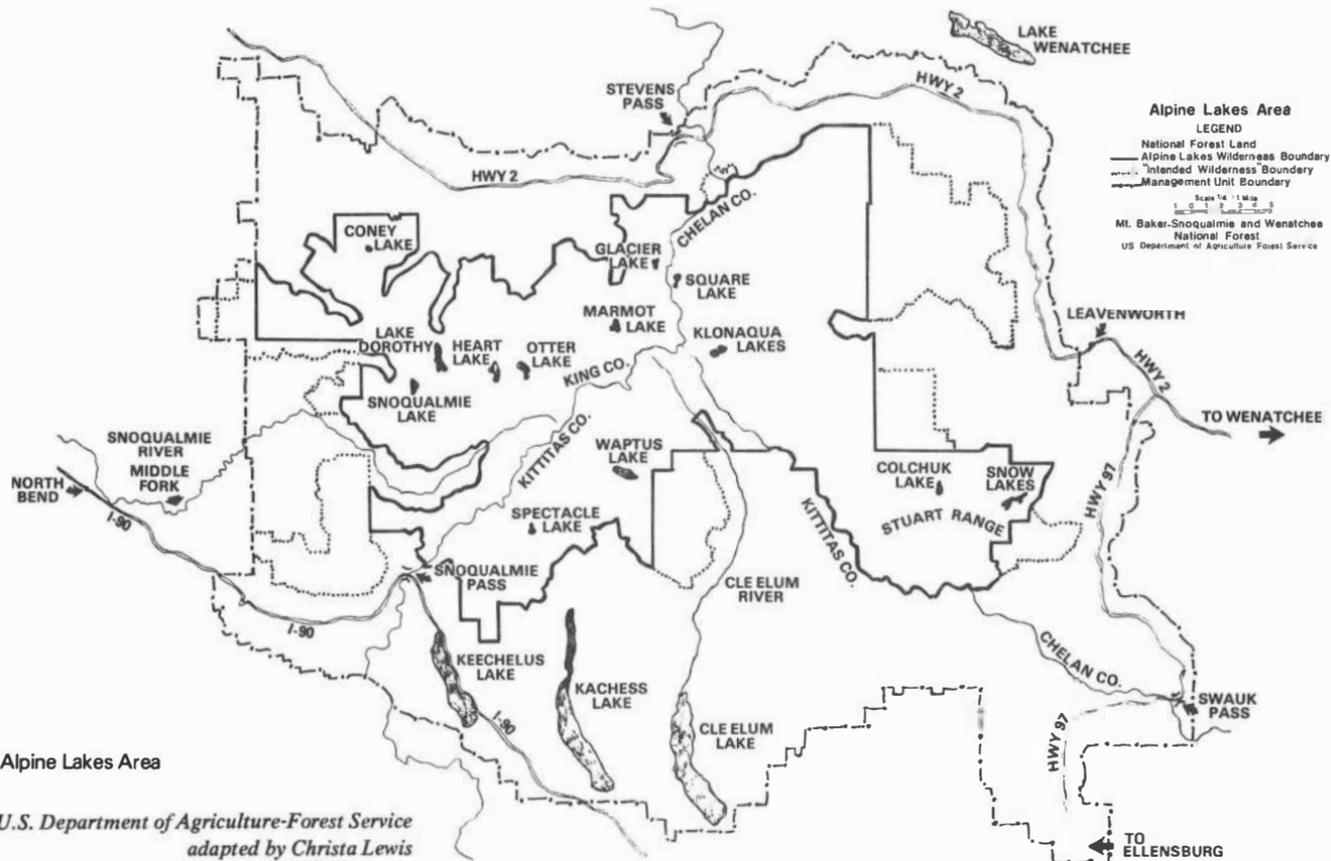
Lake Ozette Addition,  
Olympic National Park

*U.S. Geological Survey*

include realignment of the western boundary of the park to follow the hydrographic divide instead of section lines between the Hoh and Queets River; addition to the Park of the Heart of the Hills road as a parkway; and acquisition of some isolated parcels of private land.

It was the Quinault-study compromise and the special provision for the owners of small non-corporate parcels along Lake Ozette's shores that assured the major additions of the seven and one-half miles of Point of the Arches, Shi Shi Beach coast and the fringe along Lake Ozette. The conservation groups otherwise had been prepared to oppose any legislation that would have forced trading the deletion of one part of a national park for the addition of another — no matter how anxious they were to see the coastal extension. They feel strongly that each area should be considered for its particular qualifications for national park status.

This 1976 Congressional action to protect Point of the Arches, Shi Shi, and the shores of Lake Ozette also marks a major accomplishment in which the forest products industry and the conservationists were brought together to reach an agreement *before* introduction of legislation rather than disagreeing afterwards. A great vote of thanks is due especially to Governor Dan Evans and his staff, to Congressmen Don Bonker and Lloyd Meeds and Senator Henry M. Jackson and their staffs, and to the representatives of the large forest land owners for their cooperation and willingness to assure the inclusion of this precious natural reserve within the national park system "to be conserved . . . unimpaired . . . for future generations."



Alpine Lakes Area

U.S. Department of Agriculture-Forest Service  
adapted by Christa Lewis

# Alpine Lakes Report: Congress Acts

Polly Dyer

An Alpine Lakes Wilderness surrounded by a Congressionally-designated "Management Unit" to be administered by the U.S. Forest Service was enacted by the United State Congress and signed into law by President Ford on July 12, 1976:

— Sixty-two years after The Mountaineers' first outing in the area, starting by foot from Leavenworth, up the Icicle River, Eight Mile Creek, and Mt. Stuart, then north to Snowgrass Mountain and down Chiwaukum Creek - (1914);

— Fifty-nine years after The Mountaineers' first official knapsack trip when two women and two men backpacked from Snoqualmie Pass to Monte Cristo by way of Snow Lake, Deer and Bear Lakes, and Lakes Snoqualmie and Dorothy, picking up supplies at Skykomish before hiking north over Poodle Dog Pass - (1917);

— Thirty-nine years from the initial proposal and study to include the Alpine Lakes region in an Ice Peaks National Park — (1937);

— Twenty-one years from the studies by John Warth of The Mountaineers' Conservation Committee, resulting in his proposal for park and wilderness status for the Alpine Lakes — to prevent further encroachment by logging and roads into areas such as Cooper Lake, where pleas to defer logging fell on unreceptive Forest Service ears, and it and other Alpine Lakes wild country were defiled a few years later — (1955);

— Thirteen years following the formal "Proposal for An Alpine Lakes Wilderness Area" prepared jointly by The Mountaineers, the North Cascade Conservation Council, The Mazamas, and the Pacific Northwest Chapter of the Sierra Club — (1963);

— Twelve years following passage of the Wilderness Act — (1964);

— Eight years from the establishment of the Alpine Lakes Protection Society (ALPS) " . . . for the purpose of educating and informing . . . in all matters relating to the protection of the area commonly known as the Alpine Lakes Region . . . , and . . . urging the preservation of the natural beauty of that region, its land, air and waters, and all its living things, and . . . taking all necessary action to assure that this unique and unspoiled region remains in its natural condition through all the years to come for the ultimate enjoyment of future generations."

—Six years from the ALPS formal proposal for an Alpine Lakes National Recreation Area, to have a Wilderness Core with the surrounding area to be managed for developed recreation, associated commercial operations, and logging practiced in a manner compatible with outdoor recreational activities — (1970);

—Five years from publication by The Mountaineers of the exhibit format book, *The Alpine Lakes*, with text by Brock Evans and the magnificent color photographs by Bob Gunning and Ed Cooper — to increase public knowledge of the area and to gain public and political support for its protection — (1971);

—Three years from the public hearings conducted by the Forest Service on its preferred "Alpine Lakes Land Use Proposal" — (1973);

The full story of the Alpine Lakes and its legislation cannot be fully reported in this piece, but it could be the subject of a major article in a Mountaineer Annual when all requirements of the Act of Congress have been met. This includes the acquisition within three years of the private lands interspersed with federal lands in the areas shown as "Intended Wilderness" (88,050 acres), to be added to the Wilderness (303,508 acres) established in 1976; it includes the completion by the Forest Service, within two years, of a comprehensive plan for the federal lands in the Congressionally-designated "Management Unit" (520,000 acres). Although the National Recreation Area proposal was not accepted by Congress, the Alpine Lakes is the first area where Congress has especially directed the Forest Service to develop a plan to be satisfactory to Congress, and, thus, it differs from the usual Forest Service Management Units subject only to that agency's own administrative discretion.

Many, many individuals deserve recognition and credit for their devoted efforts toward securing protection from further degradation of the Alpine Lakes. Besides those mentioned in the above abbreviated chronology, Ben Hayes is foremost. President of ALPS at its inception, his calm, yet forceful, leadership was ever available, whether holding office or not; it was Ben who represented all of the conservation organizations in addition to ALPS when he gave his inspiring talk during the formal dedication ceremonies at Snoqualmie Pass in October, 1976.

The special talents of ALPS' succeeding Presidents were critical in gaining Alpine Lakes protection: Henry Steinhardt, David Knibb, Robert Ordahl, and William Beyers.

Particular mention should be made of many other ALPS members, but Donald Parks has to be singled out for his on-the-ground and on-the-map identifications of invaluable old-growth forests. On the Alpine Lakes' eastern flanks people from Wenatchee and Ellensburg led the

campaign there — William Asplund, Hal and Gloria Lindstrom, Jeb and Gloria Baldi, Bentley Kem.

A listing of everyone active in efforts to secure an Alpine Lakes Wilderness and National Recreation Area would take quite a few pages, but — to mention some who are also Mountaineers: Wally Berning, Ken Covington, Max and Joan Ice, Karyl and Norm Winn (Norm testifying as Mountaineer President before the Senate Interior Committee in Washington, D.C., June, 1976), and Mark Follett, Conservation Division Chairman.

Between the conservation organizations there was constant cooperation, consultation, and liaison: from the Sierra Club—Doug Scott (Northwest Conservation Representative), Dick Fiddler, and Dave Pavelchek; from the North Cascade Conservation Council — Patrick Goldsworthy; Friends of the Earth — Dale Jones; Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs — David Howard.

Public officials who were especially prominent in their support of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness and National Recreation Area proposal were Congressman Lloyd Meeds, whose leadership and ability to bring opposing factions together are outstanding; the Congressional delegation who supported Alpine Lakes protection at all times — Congressmen Joel Pritchard, Thomas Foley, Brock Adams, Floyd Hicks, and Don Bonker, and Senators Henry M. Jackson and Warren Magnuson. The one who had consistently opposed any protection for the region, Congressman Mike McCormack, did join his colleagues in final passage of the Alpine Lakes legislation.

The Alpine Lakes was, indeed, fortunate to have had the active participation by Governor Daniel J. Evans in seeking permanent dedication of the Alpine Lakes as Wilderness with comprehensive land use management in the surrounding non-wilderness.

A number of Washington state legislators, most members of the Seattle City Council, and King County Councilwoman Bernice Stern spoke out in favor of the conservationists' proposed Alpine Lakes legislation. Mayors Wes Uhlman of Seattle, Gordon Johnston of Tacoma, and Robert Anderson testified before the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee in support.

Major area newspapers — The Seattle Times, Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and the Ellensburg Daily Record — published editorials advocating support. And, last, but most important — the thousands of individual letters and testimony by you and others, convincing Congress that the people wanted to pass onto future generations the natural heritage of the Alpine Lakes region.

**Summary of the Alpine Lakes Management Act of 1976 (Public Law 94-357)**

**FINDINGS AND PURPOSES:** Congress found that the Alpine Lakes region contained "timbered valleys . . . snowcovered mountains . . . over seven hundred lakes," an "unusual variety of flora," and a "habitat for a variety of wildlife." It also found that the area was abundant in natural resources. The purpose of the act was "to provide for public outdoor recreation and use and for economic utilization of commercial forest lands . . . in the Central Cascade Mountains of Washington State by present and future generations . . ." The act sets up a "wilderness," an "Intended Wilderness" and a "management unit." Administration will be the same as that of the national forests and under provisions of the Wilderness Act.

**LAND ACQUISITION AND EXCHANGE:** Any non-Federal lands within the wilderness or "Intended Wilderness" boundaries will be acquired by the Secretary of Agriculture, by gift, exchange or by outright purchase. Congress intends that acquisitions of "Intended Wilderness" be completed within three years from the enactment date of this Act. Compensation will be paid to the owner, in any case, provided that the lands have not been rendered unsuitable or unmanageable for wilderness.

**WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT PLAN:** The Secretary of Agriculture shall prepare a special study of the Enchantment Area of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness, which examines such aspects as fragile environment, ease of accessibility, unusual scenic value, and heavy recreational use. The object: possible establishment of special management provisions for that area.

**AUTHORITIES OF WASHINGTON STATE:** Hunting and fishing will be allowed in the Wilderness; Washington will have civil and criminal jurisdiction over the area.

**AUTHORIZATION OF APPROPRIATIONS:** A total of \$57.3 million is authorized for acquisition of land and multiple-use plan preparation. It is divided as follows:

\$20 million: Fiscal Year (FY) 1977

\$17 million: FY 1978

\$20 million: FY 1979

\$.3 million: Multiple-use plan preparation.

The act appeared in the Federal Register, should anyone wish a complete copy.

Bill French, Jr.

# Forests for the Future

**E. M. Sterling**

In 1976, for the first time in history, Congress spelled out in detail how it wants the nation's forests to be managed. The result was Public Law 94-588, the National Forest Management Act of 1976, passed by the 94th congress. But with the adoption of guidelines, the legislators put a heavy burden on the public to oversee their implementation.

Prior to passage of a new Forest Management act, Congress had given the Department of Agriculture and Forest Service only general instructions on management of national forests. In the new law, however, the legislators spelled out specific directions, which cover every phase of forest management from land use, timber sales, waste and reforestation to roads, sustained yield and logging practices.

Under the law, specific interpretation of the guidelines was left to the Forest Service. But it directed the agency to encourage public involvement in the development of all of its actual management programs, which means, then, that the public will probably get the type of management it demands. If the public forest users ask for nothing, that is probably what they will receive. However, if users make their demands known, if they insist on close adherence to the guidelines laid down by Congress, the forests will probably be managed in a manner they desire. In other words, the new detailed law offers more of an opportunity for, than a promise of, good management, more of a way to get things done than an end result.

Congress passed the new law after a West Virginia federal district court ordered the Forest Service to cease clearcutting hardwood forests in that state. Such logging, the court held, violated an 1897 law which forbade the cutting of trees in national forests that were not "dead, mature, large growth or individually marked" and which required that all trees cut be removed from the woods.

Judge Robert Maxwell, who ruled in the case, held that the 1897 law, despite interpretations to the contrary by the Forest Service, authorized timber cutting only in the manner prescribed. Congress had specifically designated that only dead, matured or large growth trees were to be harvested and only Congress could change the rules. If practices spelled out in the old law were now inappropriate, the judge decided, then the evidence should be presented to Congress so that it could make a "reasoned judgment in the matter."

The government attempted to upset the ruling but several conservation organizations which had brought the suit won it on appeal. It appeared for a time that the conservation groups might be able to stop clearcut logging entirely throughout the nation under the old law, unless new legislation was quickly passed.

Two bills were then introduced in Congress to clarify the situation. One, introduced by Senator Jennings Randolph, a Democrat from West Virginia, proposed broad reforms by spelling out future forest practices in some detail. The second, introduced by Senator Hubert Humphrey, Democrat from Minnesota, was far less specific. After hearings in both the House and Senate, the Congress agreed on a greatly modified Humphrey bill which avoided specifics but still spelled out detailed guidelines which the Forest Service is now directed to follow.

Although introduced as the result of a clearcutting controversy, the new law deals only in part with that particular subject. The act permits clearcutting but requires that the Forest Service make a number of specific findings before starting such logging.

The agency must first determine that clearcutting is — as the law says — the "optimum" or best method for removing logs. It must also complete a "review" of the "potential environmental, biological, esthetic, engineering and economic impacts" of each clearcut sale area. The clearcuts must blend "to the extent practical" with the natural terrain, the law states. And logging must be carried out in a manner which will protect soil, watershed, fish, wildlife, recreation, esthetic resources, and the regeneration of timber. The Forest Service is also required to establish a maximum size for clearcuts. However, Congress did not give any direction in the law as to what that size ought to be.

In addition to the particular guidelines for clearcutting, the new law also lays down directions to the Forest Service on logging generally. Logging of any type, the law directs, can be conducted only where soil, slope and watershed conditions will not be "irreversibly" damaged. It also requires assurances that the logged lands can be restocked within five years and that protection is provided for streams, streambanks, shorelines, lakes, wetlands and other bodies of water. Effects of logging on water temperatures, watercourses, fish habitat and deposits of sediment are also restrained. Congress required that the "dollar return" standard not be the only one applied in making a decision on the type of logging to be permitted. In other words, if clearcutting is the cheapest and most profitable way to log a site, it does not necessarily have to be done that way.

Again, all of the decisions and all of the judgments as to what should be "permitted" or what is "irreversible damage," or constitutes

"an assurance" of protection is left entirely to the Forest Service. The agency, however, must submit its plans and decisions to public scrutiny and, theoretically at least, respond to public reaction.

Most of the Forest Service plans for logging will probably be resolved in development of land use plans for each forest throughout the nation. However, the dictates of the law in connection with such plans are often vague and open ended. The legislation directs the Forest Service to "attempt" development of plans on all forests no later than September, 1985. However, it permits the agency to continue its present management practices "until" the new plans are completed — setting no fixed deadline at all.

Once adopted, management plans would be reviewed every fifteen years. This may sound like a short and reasonable time until one recalls that most of the logging on forests of the Northwest has occurred in less than that period.

Public participation in development of the plans is required under the law. Proposed plans, however, need only be made available to the public in "the vicinity of the affected unit" and only three months before adoption, which is likely to place a heavy burden on urban groups that want to keep up with plans on major forests in the area.

In connection with reforestation, the law seems to require the Forest Service to maintain a diversity of plant and animal communities in national forests, putting particular emphasis on the diversity of tree species "similar to that existing in the region." Northwest Douglas fir and cedar in some places are now being replaced with a single species, hemlock. Again, however, the law imposes the requirement only "where appropriate and to the degree practical," leaving judgments to the Forest Service and only hopefully to public reaction.

In dealing with the rate of logging on national forest lands, the new law again both gives and takes away. On one hand, the Forest Service is ordered to limit all logging to levels which can be maintained on individual forests "in perpetuity on a sustained yield basis" — something conservationists have been seeking for years. On the other hand, however, the new law permits the Forest Service to exceed those allowable cut restraints for any 10-year period, after public hearings, to meet "overall multiple use objectives" — whatever they may be. Here, westerners again need to recall that most of the timber cut in national forests of the west was removed in little more than that time, and that industry advocates have long urged that the Forest Service permit immediate logging of all old growth forests so that new forests could be "regenerated."

In addition, the law appears to permit the Forest Service to exceed

its allowable cut limitations in any year during the 10-year period providing the decade limitation is not exceeded. In this case, the law does not specifically provide for public hearings.

And even further, the law directs the Forest Service to develop plans which will permit an increase in harvest levels based on what industry calls "intensified management practices" which include reforestation, thinning and tree improvement — allowing the increases before the results of the practices are known. For years the timber industry has asked that current logging levels be increased on an expectation that such new management practices would increase the timber yield.

The law does order the Forest Service to decrease harvest levels if such new practices are not "implemented." But it still permits high level logging for an entire "planning period" — which could run from 10 to 15 years — without implementation.

The law also leaves the door open to cutting in excess of allowable cut levels through the sale of timber damaged by fire, windblown or in "imminent danger" of being attacked by insects or disease. All such timber, the law states, can be sold "over and above" planned totals and apparently, as the law is written, in the case of insects can be logged before being infested!

Congress also turned its attention in the new law to reforestation, but here again it left several loopholes. To start with, legislators established a program for reforesting national forest lands where "land management plans indicate the need" for it, indicating that some barren land could be excluded. The Forest Service must set up a program for reviewing reforestation progress both on newly logged sites and on "backlog" sites in need of reforestation.

Congress authorized the expenditure of \$200 million for reforestation each year. However, it has appropriated none of the money. Congress has made similar "authorization" promises in the past which have not always been carried out.

In connection with waste and herbicide use, the new law orders only studies and reports. The Secretary of the Agriculture each year is directed to report on the use of herbicides and pesticides in the forest including the "beneficial and adverse" effects of that use.

Congress, likewise, asked for only studies and reports by 1979, on the use of waste wood material now being left on logging sites. The study must cover potentials for increased utilization of forest wood and review wood product fabrication facilities throughout the country. The law also directs studies of possibilities of recycling used wood products. With all the emphasis on studies, however, high waste levels on current clearcutting sites will apparently continue.

It appears under the new law that the Forest Service will be permitted to close many logging roads. The law empowers the Service to put roads "to sleep" unless there is a permanent necessity for them. Such roads, under the law, must be revegetated within ten years. Whether this will evolve into a program of non-maintenance of back-country roads or whether they will be completely closed is not clear. The law does not touch on enforcement of road closures particularly in connection with trail bike and four-wheeled vehicle users. Several roads in western forests which have technically already been "closed" by the Forest Service are still being used by such vehicles.

Obviously, the new law mandates a higher level of exposure in management of the national forests and requires official responses to a large number of important forest issues. It also affords a greater opportunity for public involvement in the management process.

However, the law imposes a much greater burden on both the public and the Forest Service to make the program work. The public must maintain higher and more continuous levels of interest in what happens in the nation's forests and assume a far greater responsibility for management practices as they are carried out. The public has not always maintained such high levels of vigilance in the past.

Only time will tell if national forest managers, at all levels, will be willing to immerse themselves in the new program.

As John R. McGuire, chief of the Forest Service wrote: "Whether forestry issues remain out of the courts (now) depends a great deal on how well on-the-ground management is responsive to both congressional direction and the needs and desires of the American public."

On-the-ground managers have often not been all that responsive in the past. It will be one of the public's tasks in the future to see that they are.

## OFFICERS — 1976

President . . . . .	Norman Winn
Vice-President . . . . .	James Sanford
Secretary . . . . .	Paul Robisch
Treasurer . . . . .	Max Hollenbeck

## BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Marc Bardsley	Patricia Abbott
Helen Engle	Michael Lonergan
Frank Fickeisen	Robert Milnor
Patti Polinsky	Robert Sexauer
Paul Robisch	Norman Winn
Sam Fry (Ex-officio)	Ruth Marcy (Olympia)
Jim Hain (Everett)	Jim Haneline (Tacoma)

## THE BRANCHES

### Everett

Chairwoman . . . . .	Dorothy Philipp
Vice-Chairman . . . . .	James Mathiesen
Secretary . . . . .	Pamela Zue
Treasurer . . . . .	Paul Lund

### Olympia

Chairman . . . . .	Ron Seibold
Vice-Chairwoman . . . . .	Gloria Ford
Secretary . . . . .	Rita Brown
Treasurer . . . . .	Rita Delzer

### Tacoma

Chairman . . . . .	Pete Granger
Vice-Chairman . . . . .	Elmer Price
Secretary . . . . .	Marg Granger
Treasurer . . . . .	Archie Blakely

# COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSONS — 1976 TERM

## ADVISORY COMMITTEES

Archives . . . . .	Neva Karrick
Budget . . . . .	Max Hollenbeck
History . . . . .	Loretta Slater
Insurance . . . . .	Wendall Hoag
Legal . . . . .	William Rives

## CONSERVATION DIVISION

Mark Follett

Alaska . . . . .	Ken Davis
Alpine Lakes . . . . .	Mark Follett (acting)
Conservation Education . . . . .	Richard Fleming
Conservation Legislation . . . . .	Emily Haig
FWOC Representative . . . . .	David Howard
Human Environment . . . . .	Laura Steinmann
North Cascades . . . . .	Larry Lewin
Olympics . . . . .	Howard Appollonio
South Cascades . . . . .	David Howard
State Lands . . . . .	Charles Dewitt
Urban Problems . . . . .	Mary Holt
Washington Environmental Council Representative . . . . .	Faye Ogilvie

## INDOOR DIVISION

Nancy Jacobson

Annual Banquet . . . . .	Howard Stansbury
Art . . . . .	Joan Firey
Dance . . . . .	Ame Svensson
Dinner Meetings . . . . .	Evelyn Nickerson
Juniors . . . . .	Allen McGuire
Membership . . . . .	Royce Natoli
Mountaineer Museum . . . . .	Ed Peters
Musicmakers . . . . .	Don Finrow
Photographers . . . . .	O. Phillip Dickert
Players . . . . .	Don Phillips

## **OUTDOOR DIVISION**

Ed Peters

Alpine Scramblers . . . . .	Mary Sutliff
Backpacking . . . . .	Cliff and Mary Ann Cameron
Bicycling . . . . .	Roger Aasen
Campcrafters . . . . .	Walter and Rosalie Miller
Canoe and Kayak . . . . .	Robert Dunn
Climbing . . . . .	A. J. Culver
First Aid Training . . . . .	Clint Kelley
Foreign Outdoor Coordinating . . . . .	Don Dooley
Mountain Rescue Council Representative . . . . .	Herman Gross
Naturalists . . . . .	Rodger Illingworth
Nordic Skiing . . . . .	Christine White
Outing Coordinating . . . . .	Curt Stucki
Safety . . . . .	Sean Rice
Ski Mountaineering . . . . .	Ted Reyhner
Snowshoe Tours . . . . .	Steven Glenn
Trail Trips . . . . .	Jerry Wheeler
Trails Advisory . . . . .	Ruth Ittner

## **PROPERTY DIVISION**

Errol Nelson

Irish Cabin Liaison . . . . .	Theo Kissick
Kitsap Cabin . . . . .	John Davidson
Meany Ski Hut . . . . .	Ray Nelson
Mt. Baker Cabin . . . . .	Frank Sincock
Rhododendron Preserve . . . . .	Leo Gallagher
Snoqualmie Lodge . . . . .	Robert Youngs
Stevens Lodge . . . . .	Van Schilling
Tacoma Clubhouse . . . . .	John Lynn

## **PUBLICATIONS DIVISION**

Stella Degenhardt

Library . . . . .	Sally Grant and Louis Ochsner
Literary Fund . . . . .	John Pollock
Roster . . . . .	Howard Stansbury
The Mountaineer (Annual) . . . . .	Verna Ness
The Mountaineer (Bulletin) . . . . .	Joyce Campo

# Administration Report

Compiled by Paul Robisch, Secretary

During 1976 the membership of The Mountaineers passed the 9000 mark. By December 1976, Club membership totalled 9,278 up 508 from the previous year; this included 7,221 in the Non-branch, 1,159 in the Tacoma Branch, 498 in the Olympia Branch, and 400 in the Everett Branch.

The Mountaineer Annual Banquet featured Willi Unsoeld relating the experiences on Nanda Devi, the highest mountain in India. The Banquet actually made a small profit, the first in many a year.

During the year the Clubroom Building at 719 Pike Street was extensively remodeled. The downstairs area (which formerly contained one of the many "elite" establishments for which Pike Street is famous — or infamous) was transformed into a commercial bookstore, a warehouse for the large inventory of the Literary Fund Committee, and a much needed new meeting room for the Club. Along with the remodeling, some needed maintenance was also completed, such as the steam cleaning of the front of the building — the first in 50 years. The result was a completely different appearance. Unfortunately, the cost of the entire project grew larger than expected. The total expenditure was over \$50,000 which forced the Club to borrow \$25,000 commercially — a departure from the usual pay-as-you-go approach.

The Forest Theater always had the misfortune of being located almost on the edge of the Rhododendron Preserve. During 1976 the Mountaineer Players fulfilled a longtime ambition by purchasing a buffer strip of 8.51 acres of the land adjacent to the theater. The Play can now go on in its "wilderness" setting. The new property will be paid for by donations from individual members and the profits of the Play. Unfortunately, this year the Players, due to adverse weather conditions, suffered a loss on "The Golden Apple" rather than enjoying the usual profit.

After many years of frustrating work, the Alpine Lakes Area was finally protected by Wilderness Status (see Conservation Division). The Mountaineers was involved throughout the long struggle. President Norman Winn received a personal communication, on White House Stationery, from President Gerald (Jerry) Ford, thanking The Mountaineers for providing him with a copy of *The Alpine Lakes*. This excellent book, published by The Mountaineers, enabled key lawmakers in Washington, D.C. to "see" the unique beauty of the

area, and helped them to understand why the area should be preserved for future generations.

In an effort to conserve fuel and money, the Clubroom building ceiling was insulated.

With the reinstatement of Life Membership Dues, the Club gained 10 new life members during the year.

Overall the Bicentennial Year was a good year for The Mountaineers.

### **Conservation Division**

The **Conservation Division** enjoyed a year of significant successes even though exclusive credit cannot be claimed for any of them. The final resolution of the Alpine Lakes issue, culminating in a bill establishing the Alpine Lakes Wilderness, surrounded by a "Management Zone," was probably the most significant achievement. After over 15 years of attempts to further protect this magnificent area from increasing encroachment by "civilization," the efforts of The Mountaineers and those of scores of other individuals and conservation-oriented organizations were culminated when the Alpine Lakes Wilderness Bill, HR 7792, was signed by President Ford, late last summer. The battle has been won, but the war is not over by any means, since now the Congress must be persuaded to appropriate the funds necessary to acquire the intermingled private lands to be added to the Wilderness, and also to provide adequate funds to manage the Wilderness and the Management Zone surrounding the Wilderness.

Another significant achievement, due in large part to the efforts of several Mountaineers, was the addition of the last remaining strip of wilderness beach in Washington State to the Olympic National Park. Congress passed the bill, sponsored by Representative Bonker, which added the Shi Shi Beach-Point of Arches ocean strip to the Park. In addition, the legislation provided for the inclusion of Lake Ozette to the Park by the addition of land on the eastern and southern shores of the Lake. Considerable credit for this effort must be given to Governor Dan Evans, without whose wholehearted support and great efforts, it is doubtful that these additions to the Olympic Park would have been possible. Credit must also be given to the large corporate landholders in the area, notably Crown Zellerbach, whose cooperation made it all possible.

An important addition was made to the Club's conservation arsenal during the year when David Howard was retained on a part-time paid basis to act as liaison with the various state agencies having

to do with environmental matters, the Forest Service and the Park Service. Dave has given prepared testimony at hearings, has prepared materials on various issues for the Division, and has given invaluable advice and counsel on various environmental issues of concern to The Mountaineers. His support is welcomed and it is hoped that he will continue in this capacity for as long as the association is mutually beneficial.

The Division was fortunate also to have acquired two new outstanding conservationists — Larry Lewin, chairperson of the North Cascades Committee, and Howard Appollonio, chairperson of the Olympics Committee. Both have made significant contributions to the Division and they are welcomed wholeheartedly. The Division looks forward to some tough battles in the new year, notably the Cougar Lakes. With the help of all Club members the Division hopes to successfully accomplish its goals.

### Indoor Division

The attendance at the **Dinner Meetings** has been gradually increasing. Throughout the year 630 members and guests enjoyed travel programs from all parts of the world — from K-2, the second highest point on Earth, to Easter Island, often called the "Navel of the Earth."

The **Membership Committee** presented twelve **Information Meetings**, one each month. A few new slides were added to the 1975 revised slide show. A decision was made to use live narration instead of a recording. This change was well received and provided a personal approach to the explanation of the activities of The Mountaineers. Those attending have many questions; thus important contributions are made to the meetings by the Committee Representatives.

This was the only information supplied by the Committees in the Indoor Division for the Annual Report.

### Outdoor Division

The **Alpine Scramblers** had an extremely successful year in 1976. Scrambles were well attended with most trips being full. One day trips seemed to be most popular; the mid-week trips gained more participants. Some of the more popular trips were Ruth Mountain, Vesper Peak, and all of the Snoqualmie area peaks.

The **Alpine Travel Course** had a record year. Over 230 students signed-up for the Course and 101 were graduated. This was double the number in past years. Much work was required of the Alpine

Scramblers Committee due to the great popularity of the Course, and success was possible only because of the help given by all of volunteer committee members, trip leaders, lecturers, and field trip instructors.

The **Bicyclists** are very proud of their 1976 accomplishments in both cycling activities and in advisory roles in local and state governmental matters that affect bicycle use.

There were a total of 55 trips which had 1,588 participants — an average of 29 cyclists per trip. Two outings were conducted: (1) Boise, Idaho to Livingston, Montana with 31 cyclists and (2) the cross-country trip with 15 cyclists. This latter outing was the longest (82 days) ever conducted by The Mountaineers. The most interesting aspect of this outing was the many opportunities afforded the participants to tell others, both directly and through the press, about the activities of The Mountaineers.

The total accumulated mileage recorded by members and guests on Club trips during the year was 130,110 — local trips, 55,919; Boise to Livingston, 19,591; and the Cross-country trip, 54,600.

Throughout the year group members have participated on the Advisory Committee to the Senate Transportation Committee of the Washington State Legislature. There has been Mountaineer member input to the Seattle City Council in their efforts to write an ordinance on the mandatory registration of bicycles. Mountaineer members from the Bellevue area worked very actively with city officials in bringing about attractive modifications in a bicycle route for Bellevue.

The 1976 **Climbing** chairperson was very surprised that after a brief wait, nothing happened — at least no miracles occurred. It was known that past chairpersons had the wisdom of Solomon, could leap large crevasses in a single bound, walk on water, and climb 5.10 bare-foot. Having concluded that these ethereal powers, like the rain, would not be forthcoming during 1976, a committee of 38 dedicated and talented climbers was formed.

There were 233 enrollees and 133 graduates (57%) from the **Basic Course**. The course fees were increased and included bus transportation to Mt. Rainier Park for Snow II practice. This reduction in vehicle parking at Paradise was most appreciated by the Park Service. Course changes included the substitution of other snow travel skills for igloo building, substitutions of the seat harness for the bowline on a coil, and beginning of a phase-out of manila practice ropes.

At any given time, there are 250-300 climbers in the **Intermediate Course**. During 1976, 80 climbers entered the five year program and 21 graduated, bringing the total number of graduates to 196. Leader-

ship skills were emphasized and the technical skills on ice and rock were upgraded substantially during the past years.

A mini-basic course, the **Climbing Refresher Course**, was designed for Basic graduates who had drifted away from climbing or were not abreast of newer techniques; 54 Mountaineers participated in this new program.

Twenty-two **Seminars** were offered. These ranged from Club-room lectures to winter bivouacs to the always popular Class 5 rock climbing series.

A growing problem has been experienced in the last few years in signing up all Club members who want to participate in Mountaineer sponsored **Climbs**. There is also strong feelings against large parties assaulting the wilderness and waiting peaks. This resulted in the scheduling of 278 climbs, more than in any previous year. The sign-up procedure was adjusted but the conclusion is that the Monday morning sign-up panic cannot be completely avoided, only cushioned.

Some **Administrative Changes** took place in 1976. The multi word-of-mouth policies governing the climbing program have been clarified and documented into the printed "Climbing Committee Policies;" the guest privilege on Seattle Mountaineer Climbs has been rescinded because of safety requirements; and a climb reservation system was tried for both the Intermediate and Basic Courses.

The Mountaineer Climbing Program, guided by the ever emerging addition of dedicated and skilled leaders, will and should be able to meet the challenges of the future.

The **First Aid Training** Program continued at high pace, again graduating over 500 students in Mountaineering Oriented Courses. A set of four classes was added during the fall and proved very popular. It is anticipated that the fall program will be expanded in future years. One instructor class was offered and one class was restricted to trip leaders.

**Nordic Skiing** expanded its activities during the 1975-6 season — its second year as an organized activity of The Mountaineers. A two-evening lecture series was held; a field trip at the Gold Creek area; a series of weekend day trips; and several weekend stays at Mountaineer Ski Lodges, plus one spring at the Mazamas' Lodge at Mt. Hood. Tours ran from mid-December to late April. Over 30 trips were completed, attendance ranging from parties of 4 to 19 persons. Again, the committee worked diligently to help make possible the fulfillment of its goal — a gradual and steady growth of the activity within The Mountaineers.

The **Outing Co-ordinating Committee** helped coordinate and publicize 21 outings of several committees of the Outdoor Division.

The **Ski Mountaineering Committee** conducted its usual training course, with 42 students enrolled. Nine students completed the rigorous requirements of the course in 1976. Forty-two ski mountaineering tours were scheduled during the season — 26 were completed, with an average trip participation of 9 persons. The cancellations were due to the usual — rain, blocked access roads, and avalanche hazard.

The **Snowshoers** had a successful year with an occasional lack of parking being the only real problem of the season. There were 25 graduates from a class of 125 in the Winter Travel Course.

The first phase of the Trail Inventory (**Trails Coordinating Committee**) has been completed although many trails still need to be field-checked. Each of the four National Forest which are presently included in the Trail Inventory provided copies to the Park Service/Forest Service Outdoor Recreation Information Center and to The Mountaineers. This copy is available at the Seattle Clubroom office. The Trail Inventory is valuable in planning activities and in commenting upon trail management, land use and off-road vehicle (ORV) plans. It has been particularly useful in studying ORV plans of Wenatchee, Olympic, Gifford-Pinchot and Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forests. As a result of working with Forest Service personnel, representatives of The Mountaineers, Sierra Club (Puget Sound Chapter) and North Cascade Conservation Council participated in the Wenatchee National Forest's management backpack trips in the Enchantments and Buck Creek Pass areas.

Over 3,000 copies of the Responsible Trail User brochure have been distributed by The Mountaineers. This brochure was also re-printed and distributed by Recreational Equipment, Inc.

There was an increase in both the number of trail maintenance work parties and the number of participants. Sam Fry, Ruth Ittner and Gene Prater are three of the nine persons serving on the Winter Recreation Parking Advisory Committee which is assisting the Washington State Parks and Recreation Commission in implementing the SnoPark Permit Program.

Ruth Ittner and Art McClish served as Mountaineer representatives on the Mt. Si Advisory Committee. The Advisory Committee report was presented to the Department of Natural Resources and Washington State Parks and Recreation staff at a public meeting in North Bend on December 6, 1976. The two agencies have the responsibility of submitting a report to the legislature on the methods of preserving

the scenic grandeur and recreational opportunities of Mt. Si and Little Si.

Work continued on the location and construction of a hiker way trail on Tiger Mountain. Possible methods of placing Tiger Mountain under public ownership are being explored.

To lay a foundation for influencing the future of trails, a Trails Finance Seminar was held. The purpose of the first in the series was to understand the process by which tax dollars are budgeted, appropriated and allocated for trail maintenance and construction in our national forests and national parks. Other outdoor organizations in the area participated.

The **Trail Trips** organization had another successful year, with 280 scheduled events, attracting about 4,000 participants.

The **Swingles** group, appealing mainly to the younger members, was the most active. Their activities included day hikes, backpacks, lodge weekends, and a Christmas potluck with a slide show. These events have been so popular that "overflow hikes" have been organized at short notice to handle the excess people.

The **Easy-Moderate** hike group had a good year, mainly with day hikes on the weekend. A successful camping/hiking weekend and an overnight stay at the Captain Whidbey Inn was completed.

The **Mid-week** hike group is now active all year. The program includes several backpacks in addition to the normal schedule of day hikes.

The **Owl** hike group, operating during the summer evenings, did their share of trail beating, weiner roasting, and star gazing.

Of the two outings scheduled by the Trail Trips Committee, the Swingles Backpack to Strawberry Mountain Wilderness Area in Oregon was cancelled due to lack of support, and the week of day hikes at Mt. Baker Lodge was poorly attended. The reason may have been due to the poor weather.

The Trail Trippers organized two weekend trail maintenance parties at Squire Creek Pass in conjunction with the National Forest Service at Darrington. This event received welcome attention from the Seattle Times and Post-Intelligencer. It was a considerable success and marks the start of an annual Mountaineer-wide effort to provide work parties to keep the trails in good condition.

The **Backpacking, Campcrafters, Canoe and Kayak, Foreign Outing Coordinating, Naturalists Committees** did not supply any information regarding their activities by the deadline.

titles already published, there were 32 titles in print by the end of 1976.

The Mountaineer **Library** was looked at in depth during the year. A new committee vigorously began upgrading the records of the material in the Library and began the long attempt to account for all material. It became painfully obvious during the year that the Library had lost substantial amounts of material, especially the outdoor magazines. Some of the magazines would be stolen almost as soon as they were put on the rack. Efforts were made to find ways to curtail the loss of books and magazines and still have them available for responsible Club members to use. New Library procedures will be instituted during 1977. The use of the Library by the members of the Club will continue to be encouraged.

## **Everett Branch**

### **Gail Crummett**

Once again membership growth has been considerable. The Everett Mountaineers supported fully all the Club's efforts in the Conservation field.

Traditional annual affairs — banquet, steak walk in the spring, salmon bake in the fall, and Christmas tour and potluck at the Lunds were well attended, as always. No rain, a big attendance, and delicious food featured a potluck held at the Steve Philipp's home near Tulalip in the summer.

The Alpine Travel Course had 10 graduates out of 26 candidates. Their summer was very busy with events held on the opposite weekends from those of the Climbing Course — it did seem that the climbers got all the good weather.

The past year was a noteworthy one for the Climbing Course. Two of Everett's basic graduates from recent years reached the summit of Aconcagua — the highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere. Much credit should be given to Pete Lambach and John Yeager for this fine accomplishment.

1976 saw the first scheduled Club climb of the newest pin peak, Mt. Chaval, located near Darrington. Successful climbs of most of the Everett Pin Peaks were made as well as the Six Majors. One unusual climb of a pin peak was a winter ascent of Liberty Mountain, a very challenging climb which required two attempts.

The Climbing Committee was very pleased to announce that 31 basic climbing students graduated out of 53 starting; one of the lowest attrition rates in memory. The committee was particularly proud of the fact that one of this year's graduates was 62 years of age, proving you are never too "young" to learn to climb.

## **Olympia Branch**

### **Ron Seibold**

1976 was a great year for the Olympia Branch with many different activities going on all year long.

Branch membership has gone over 500 with new membership inquiries being requested all the time; interest in the out-of-doors is not waning.

The Climbing Course, under Mike Lonac, had 48 student climbers of which 20 completed all the requirements for graduation. Four students from the previous year also completed and all graduates were awarded certificates at the Climbers' Potluck Dinner. Many Experience Climbs were scheduled and participation was excellent.

The Hiking Course, under Jim McCorkhill, had fewer students this year, but the Club's hikes were well attended by students as well as Club members.

The Bicycling Program was very successful with many evening rides scheduled and participation was great. The Snowshoeing trips were many and varied with many new members experiencing their first winter outing.

Some of the other main activities of the Olympia Branch included several leadership seminars; a potluck dinner, a slide show by Gary Hoyenga of climbing Mt. McKinley; the Mountaineer Players presenting 3 one act plays; a catered family picnic and a fantastic slide and movie showing of the American K-2 Expedition by Jim Wickwire at the Branch Annual Banquet.

## **Tacoma Branch**

### **Marg Granger**

Members of the Tacoma Branch enjoyed another busy and productive year, with membership stabilizing at the near-1200 level. The Club-

house shone under new paint and was warmed by many different meetings and classes encompassing everything from staid Board meetings to challenging courses in climbing and kayaking, to just plain fun activities like the Annual Fair. Local and visiting persons of distinction provided informative and enjoyable monthly meetings, tremendous photography was featured each month for armchair travelers, and as usual, the popular climbing and hiking classes drew capacity attendance.

A new location for the Tacoma Branch Annual Banquet brought complimentary comments, so Norma Schellberg's first foray into banquet-managing was an immense success. Under Tom Oldfield's leadership, a very special work-and-play weekend at Irish Cabin revitalized not only some critical portions of the building but also a concern among many that the cabin not be allowed to rot away into the duff. Gerry Dodds did a masterful job with the turkey dinners at Irish, again dispelling the myth that one must know everything there is to know about an activity before being able to organize an undertaking of that magnitude. Branch favorites such as the Salmon Bake (BettyJo Hutchinson) and the Fair (Mary McKeever) were welcome highlights for the fall calendar.

The 1975-6 Climbing Committee set a record for long-distance management of this vital portion of Branch affairs. John Young, Chairperson, came from Bremerton, as did his wife Cynthia, who chaired the Intermediate Course. Basic Chairperson, Marg Granger, and Basic Climbs Chairperson, Reuben Gable, both came from Kent. Intermediate Lectures were handled by Vashon Island resident, John Skirving, while Intermediate Field Trips brought Jay St. Charles from Seattle; Gene Felis, who chaired Winter Mountaineering, hailed from Kingston. Pacific Northwest Bell no doubt benefited, as did OPEC, and the Branch was grateful for extraordinary efforts which resulted in a high percentage of graduation by enrollees and a season nearly free from accidents.

Perhaps under the patriotic attitude generated by the Bicentennial celebration of independence, Tacoma leaders tentatively considered the pros and cons of also going independent, an idea which was prompted by some communication failures with the parent group. Although a few miscues developed as an initial reaction, the intention was to create a greater effectiveness in Branch to Non-Branch relations and, it was hoped, the new beginnings of better "camaraderie" for all.

**THE MOUNTAINEERS  
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON**

**FINANCIAL STATEMENTS**

**SEPTEMBER 30, 1976**



VOJTA, LEW & RAMSEY  
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

To the Members of  
The Mountaineers

We have examined the statement of assets, liabilities and fund balances of The Mountaineers as of September 30, 1976 and the related statement of income, expenses and changes in fund balances and statement of changes in financial position for the year ended September 30, 1976. Our examination was made in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards and, accordingly, included such tests of the accounting records and such other auditing procedures as we considered necessary in the circumstances.

In our opinion, the financial statements identified above present fairly the financial position of The Mountaineers at September 30, 1976, and the results of its operations and changes in financial position for the year then ended, in conformity with generally accepted accounting principles applied on a basis consistent with that of the preceding year.

Seattle, Washington  
January 29, 1977

**THE MOUNTAINEERS**  
**ASSETS, LIABILITIES AND FUND BALANCES**  
**AS AT SEPTEMBER 30, 1976**

**Assets**

**Current Assets**

Cash .....		\$ 93,280
Accounts receivable, trade Note 1 .....		53,763
Overpayment of Federal income taxes Note 3 .....		7,221
Merchandise on hand Note 1 .....		193,552
Prepaid expenses .....		8,353
Deposits .....		7,383
Total Current Assets .....		363,552

**Investments**

Joint venture Note 2 .....	\$ 1,396	
U.S. Savings Bonds .....	840	2,236

**Property and Equipment** Note 1 .....

Less accumulated depreciation .....	286,577	
Land .....	155,744	130,833
		66,286
		\$562,907

**Liabilities and Fund Balances**

**Current Liabilities**

Accounts payable .....		\$ 56,801
Accrued royalties .....		12,414
Payroll and business taxes payable .....		2,487
Long-term debt, payments due within one year Note 4 .....		474
Rental deposits .....		500
Total Current Liabilities .....		72,676

**Notes and Contracts Payable** —

Payments due in subsequent years Note 4 .....		22,160
Total Liabilities .....		94,836

**Fund Balances**

General Fund .....	\$175,119	
Literary Fund .....	269,095	
Permanent Building and Improvement Fund .....	(41,051)	
Permanent Fund .....	5,268	
Property Fund .....	9,121	
Haynes Memorial Fund .....	366	
Seymour Memorial Fund .....	2,196	
Mountaineers Safety Education Fund .....	725	
Mountaineers Life Membership Fund .....	1,587	
Tacoma Branch .....	29,631	
Everett Branch .....	6,446	
Olympia Branch .....	9,568	
		468,071
		\$562,907

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

**THE MOUNTAINEERS**  
**STATEMENT OF INCOME, EXPENSES AND**  
**CHANGES IN FUND BALANCES**  
**FOR THE YEAR ENDED SEPTEMBER 30, 1976**

	<b>General Fund</b>	<b>Literary Fund</b>
<b>Income</b>		
Dues and initiation fees Note 1 .....	\$ 84,843	\$
Committee operations, net .....	3,196	
Sale of books .....		272,218
Gross rentals, club buildings .....	4,900	
Interest income .....	74	2,425
Miscellaneous income .....	5,583	12
Overhead allocation .....	5,000	(5,000)
Total Income .....	103,596	269,655
<b>Expenses</b>		
Cost of books sold .....		109,801
Salaries .....	27,303	20,705
Publication of Annual, Roster and Bulletin .....	28,657	
Office .....	18,410	5,040
Postage and shipping .....	4,650	10,072
Payroll and business taxes .....	3,256	3,509
Promotion and advertising .....		18,340
Election expense .....	2,047	
Conservation .....	4,232	
Seattle and Tacoma club buildings .....	18,426	
Royalties .....		41,793
General expenses .....	4,678	7,236
Total Expenses .....	111,659	216,496
Income Before Provision for Federal Income Taxes .....	(8,063)	53,159
Provision for Federal Income Taxes Note 3 ...		8,294
Net Income .....	(8,063)	44,865
<b>Fund Balances</b>		
Balance, September 30, 1975 .....	143,012	224,230
Transfer of Fund balances .....	40,170	
Balance, September 30, 1976 .....	\$175,119	\$269,095

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

Other Funds (Note 6)	Tacoma Branch	Everett Branch	Olympia Branch	Total
\$ 2,342	\$ 3,835 (720)	\$ 1,274 (244)	\$ 1,786 (397)	\$ 94,080
				1,835
	4,114			272,218
563	560	248	389	9,014
1,560				4,259
				7,155
				-0-
<u>4,465</u>	<u>7,789</u>	<u>1,278</u>	<u>1,778</u>	<u>388,561</u>
				109,801
	2,498			50,506
				28,657
	938	123		24,511
		59	82	14,863
	305			7,070
				18,340
			97	2,144
	325			4,557
	3,710			22,136
				41,793
550	413	350		13,227
<u>550</u>	<u>8,189</u>	<u>532</u>	<u>179</u>	<u>337,605</u>
3,915	(400)	746	1,599	50,956
		149	320	8,763
<u>3,915</u>	<u>(400)</u>	<u>597</u>	<u>1,279</u>	<u>42,193</u>
14,467	30,031	5,849	8,289	425,878
(40,170)				
<u>\$ (21,788)</u>	<u>\$ 29,631</u>	<u>\$ 6,446</u>	<u>\$ 9,568</u>	<u>\$ 468,071</u>

**THE MOUNTAINEERS**  
**STATEMENT OF CHANGES IN FINANCIAL POSITION**  
**FOR THE YEAR ENDED SEPTEMBER 30, 1976**

**Financing Provided**

Net income for the year . . . . .	\$ 42,193
Add income charges not affecting working capital	
Depreciation . . . . .	15,752
Financing Provided from Operations . . . . .	57,945
Reduction of investment in joint venture . . . . .	575
Increase in long-term debt . . . . .	22,160
Total Financing Provided . . . . .	<u>80,680</u>

**Financing Applied**

Increase in investment in U.S. Savings Bonds . . . . .	51
Purchase of property and equipment . . . . .	67,958
Total Financing Applied . . . . .	<u>68,009</u>

**INCREASE IN WORKING CAPITAL . . . . .** \$ 12,671

**Changes in Elements of Working Capital**

Increase (decrease) in current assets	
Cash . . . . .	\$(25,797)
Accounts receivable . . . . .	1,356
Federal income taxes overpayment . . . . .	7,221
Merchandise on hand . . . . .	73,788
Prepaid expenses . . . . .	(1,283)
Deposits . . . . .	1,013
	<u>56,298</u>

Increase (decrease) in current liabilities	
Accounts payable . . . . .	43,328
Accrued royalties . . . . .	1,034
Federal income taxes . . . . .	(1,195)
Other taxes . . . . .	511
Current portion of long-term debt . . . . .	(320)
Rental deposits . . . . .	200
Miscellaneous payables . . . . .	69
	<u>43,627</u>

**INCREASE IN WORKING CAPITAL . . . . .** \$ 12,671

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

**THE MOUNTAINEERS**  
**NOTES TO FINANCIAL STATEMENTS**  
**SEPTEMBER 30, 1976**

**Note 1 — Accounting Policies****Basis of Accounting**

Assets and liabilities and revenues and expenses are recognized on the accrual basis of accounting with the exception of dues and initiation fees, which are recorded as income when collected.

**Accounts Receivable**

The Club is on a direct charge off method for recognizing bad debts.

**Inventories**

Inventories are stated at lower of cost or market. Cost is computed using the first-in, first-out method.

**Property, Equipment and Depreciation**

Property and equipment are carried at cost. Ordinary maintenance and repairs are expensed; replacements and betterments are capitalized. The straight line method of depreciation is being used over the estimated useful lives of the assets. The buildings are depreciated from 15 to 30 years; equipment 3 to 5 years; furniture and fixtures 10 years. The depreciation expense for the year amounted to \$15,752.

**Note 2 — Joint Venture**

A joint venture with the University of Washington Press is accounted for under the equity method of accounting.

**Note 3 — Federal Income Taxes**

The Federal income tax returns for the year ended September 30, 1973 and subsequent years are subject to review by the Internal Revenue Service. Investment credit is accounted for by the flow through method.

**Note 4 — Notes and Contracts Payable**

	Due in Current Year	Due in Subsequent Years
Unsecured note payable to Seattle-First National Bank, dated June 9, 1976 due in five years. Interest rate equals prime rate plus 1% per annum.		\$ 15,000
Due to members on ten notes of \$700 each with interest at 5% per annum, payable from certain sources of income.		7,000
Two installment contracts payable in monthly installments of \$32 and \$30 respectively.	\$ 474	160
Total .....	\$ 474	\$ 22,160

**Note 5 — Special Use Permits**

Mt. Baker and Stevens Lodges are built on leased U.S. Forest Service Land.

**Note 6 — Other Funds**

Funds included on Exhibit B under the heading of "Other Funds" are as follows:

Permanent Building and Improvement Fund

Permanent Fund

Property Fund

Haynes Memorial Fund

Seymour Memorial Fund

Mountaineers Safety Education Fund

Mountaineers Life Membership Fund

## IN MEMORIAM

1976

Edward W. Allen  
Jack D. Amos  
Judi A. Amos  
Mrs. Charles W. Armstrong  
Mrs. Carl B. Betten  
Ruth L. Corbit  
Elizabeth Walker Day  
Inez Easton  
Mrs. William T. Fraser  
Mrs. Irving Gavett  
A. E. Harrison  
John G. Hardy  
Allan C. Parker  
Elinor Sadamori  
Vernon E. Stiles  
Helen M. Stoody  
Cathy Sutliff  
Mike Swatsky  
Robert C. Wall



Black Swift above Church Mountain Ridge

*Sue Marsh*

## **Mountaineers Good Night Song**

Though like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone.

Still in my dreams I'll be  
Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Good night, we must part,  
God keep watch, o'er us all,  
where we go.  
Till we meet, once again,  
Good Night!

## **THE MOUNTAINEER STANDARDS**

1. Campfires must always be extinguished.
2. Litter, paper, cans, garbage must be burned or carried out.
3. Private property must be respected.
4. Dogs must not be brought on Mountaineer premises or taken on club activities.
5. Firearms must not be brought on Mountaineer premises or taken on club activities.
6. Lodge rules regarding smoking must be adhered to.
7. U.S. Forest Service and National Park Service regulations regarding campfire permits and smoking in the forests must be followed strictly.
8. Alcoholic beverages (including beer) must not be brought on Mountaineer premises by members or guests, or used on any club activity from the time of leaving home until return. Any violation will be grounds for expulsion from the club.
9. Guests, particularly prospective members, are welcome; however, no guest shall attend scheduled trips or lodges more than twice in any calendar year. (This does not apply to reciprocal privileges extended members of other outdoor clubs who are in this area temporarily).

## **THE MOUNTAINEER CLIMBING CODE**

- A climbing party of three is the minimum, unless adequate pre-arranged support is available. On crevassed glaciers, two rope teams are recommended.
- Carry at all times the clothing, food and equipment necessary.
- Rope up on all exposed places and for all glacier travel.
- Keep the party together and obey the leader or majority rule.
- Never climb beyond your ability and knowledge.
- Never let judgment be swayed by desire when choosing the route or turning back.
- Leave the trip schedule with a responsible person.
- Follow the precepts of sound mountaineering as set forth in textbooks of recognized merit.
- Behave at all times in a manner that will not reflect unfavorably upon . . . mountaineering.

## PAST PRESIDENTS

Henry Landes, 1907-08  
Edmond S. Meany, 1908-35  
Elvin P. Carney, 1935-37  
Hollis R. Farwell, 1937-38  
Harry L. Jensen, 1938-40  
George MacGowan, 1940-42  
Arthur R. Winder, 1942-44  
Burge B. Bickford, 1944-46  
Lloyd Anderson, 1946-48

Joseph Buswell, 1948-50  
T. David Castor, 1950-52  
William Degenhardt, 1952-54  
Chester L. Powell, 1954-56  
Paul W. Wiseman, 1956-58  
John R. Hazle, 1958-60  
E. Allen Robinson, 1960-61  
Robert N. Latz, 1961-63  
Frank Fickeisen, 1963-65

Morris Moen, 1965-67  
Jesse Epstein, 1967-68  
John M. Davis, 1968-69  
Max Hollenbeck, 1969-71  
James Henriot, 1971-73  
Sam Fry, 1973-75  
Norman L. Winn, 1975-

## HONORARY MEMBERS

Wolf Bauer  
Justice Wm. O. Douglas  
Leo Gallagher

David Brower  
Patrick Goldsworthy  
John Osseward

Mrs. Nell Haig  
Brad Washburn

## COMPLIMENTARY MEMBERS

Mrs. Joe Appa  
Charles B. Browne  
Wallace H. Burr  
Mrs. Wallace Burr  
Laurence D. Byington  
Leland J. Clark  
C. G. Crook

Elizabeth Dickerson  
Norman W. Engle  
Mrs. Irving Gavett  
Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard  
Charles Hazelhurst  
Grace E. Howard  
Preston Macy

Mrs. William J. Maxwell  
Mabel E. McBain  
Patience Paschall  
Monroe Peaslee  
Minnie J. Schoenfeld  
Paul Shorrock  
Helen W. Wilke

## SENIOR MEMBERS

Herbert N. Anderson  
Florence Benson  
Earl S. Brickell  
Mrs. Burge Bickford  
Charles C. Cairns  
Joseph M. Chybinski  
Zbigniew Czaykowski  
Dorothy Collins  
Ruth F. Cox  
Eileen B. Doherty  
John A. Dyer  
Georgia Graham

Thelma F. Gould  
Harold W. Hobert  
Mrs. Edwin Hollenbeck  
W.A. Langlow  
Karla Leland  
George P. Lindberg  
Lloyd H. Mason  
Mildred Mattson  
Howard C. McNeely  
R.E. Merrell  
Mrs. Robert Michael  
Hugh E. Mitchell

Clara Opsall  
Mrs. James Otterson  
Wilma Rosenow  
Anna M. Sedlicas  
Frank O. Shaw  
Hans W. Smith  
Robert Sperlin  
Herman Stegman  
Ferd G. Turner  
E. Gerald Volkersz

## LIFE MEMBERS

Albert A. Alleman  
Thomas E. Austin  
Billie Jean F. Brown  
David L. Claar  
Patti Polinsky Claar  
Bruce H. Carroll  
Clifford D. Cameron  
Mary Ann Cameron  
Allen B. Davis  
Ken Davis  
John S. Day  
Charlest DeHart  
Helen Falter

Paul Ferrier  
Duarne E. Fullmer  
Antonio Gamero  
Edith G. Goodman  
Warren Hall, M.D.  
James L. Hicks  
Robert M. Latz  
John W. McCrillis  
Edmond S. Meany, Jr.  
Thomas W. Miller  
Hunter Morrison  
Isabella Savery Morrison  
Arthur W. C. Nation

A. L. Andy Nelson  
Ray O. Petrich  
Sean Rice  
Paul Robisch  
Martha Rucker  
Loretta Slater  
Col. Clarence E. Sperry (ret.)  
Suzanne Faure Stewart  
A. Vernon Stoneman  
A. T. (Tom) Van Devanter, Jr.  
Wanda L. Van Devanter  
James A. White  
Paul Wiseman

## I. THE SIX MAJORS

1. Mount Rainier (14,410)
2. Mount Adams (12,307)
3. Mount Baker (10,778)
4. Glacier Peak (10,528)
5. Mount St. Helens (9,677)
6. Mount Olympus (7,954)

## II. THE SNOQUALMIE LODGE PEAKS

### (a) THE FIRST TEN

1. Chair Peak (6,300)
2. Denny Mountain (5,600)
3. Guye Peak (5,200)
4. Kaleetan Peak (6,100)
5. Kendall Peak (5,500)
6. Red Mountain (5,900)
7. Silver Peak (5,500)
8. Snoqualmie Mountain (6,385)
9. Mount Thompson (6,500)
10. The Tooth (5,600)

### (b) THE SECOND TEN

1. Alta Mountain (6,265)
2. Bryant Peak (5,900)
3. Chickamin Peak (7,150)
4. Granite Mountain (5,820)
5. Hibox Mountain (6,500)
6. Huckleberry Mountain (6,300)
7. Lundin Peak (6,000)
8. Mount Roosevelt (5,800)
9. Rampart Ridge
10. Tinkham Peak (5,356)

## III. THE TACOMA IRISH CABIN PEAKS

1. Bearhead Mountain (6,080)
2. Castle Peak (6,116)
3. East Bearhead Mountain (6,000)
4. Fay Peak (6,500)
5. Florence Peak (5,501)
6. Hessong Rock (6,149)
7. First Mother Mountain (6,540)
8. Mount Pleasant (6,453)
9. Old Baldy Mountain (5,790)
10. Pitcher Peak (5,930)
11. Gove Peak (5,321)
12. Tolmie Peak (5,939)
13. Arthur Peak (5,471)
14. Echo Rock (7,862)
15. Crescent Peak (6,703)
16. Old Desolate (7,130)
17. Mineral Mountain (5,500)
18. Second Mother Mountain (6,389)
19. Observation Rock (8,364)
20. Sluiskin Chief (7,015)
21. Third Mother Mountain (6,400)
22. Redstone Peak (5,700)
23. Sluiskin Squaw (6,990)
24. Tyeek Peak (6,030)

## IV. THE EVERETT PEAKS (Any Six Per Group)

### (a) DARRINGTON GROUP

1. Mt. Chaval (7,090)
2. Jumbo Mountain (5,840)
3. Liberty Mountain (5,688)
4. Pugh Mountain (7,224)
5. Three Fingers Mountain (6,870)
6. White Chuck Mountain (6,995)
7. Whitehorse Mountain (6,852)

### (b) MONTE CRISTO GROUP

1. Big Four Mountain (6,135)
2. Cadet Peak (7,100)
3. Columbia Peak (7,134)
4. Del Campo Peak (6,617)
5. Silvertip Peak (6,100)
6. Sloan Peak (7,841)
7. Vesper Peak (6,214)

### (c) INDEX GROUP

1. Baring Mountain (6,125)
2. Gunn Peak (6,245)
3. Mt. Index (5,979)
4. Merchant Peak (5,827)
5. Mt. Persis (5,452)
6. Spire Peak (6,100)
7. Mt. Stickney (5,367)

## V. THE OLYMPIA PEAKS

### CONSTANCE-GREYWOLF AREA

Angeles (6,465)  
Deception (7,788)  
McCartney (6,784)

### OLYMPIC-SOLEDUCK AREA

Appleton (6,140)  
Carrie (7,020)  
Tom (7,150)

### ELWHA AREA

Christie (6,177)  
Seattle (6,246)  
Queets (6,525)

### DOSEWALLIPS AREA

Anderson (7,365)  
La Crosse (6,417)  
Elklick (6,517)

### SKOKOMISH-DUCKABUSH AREA

Fin (5,500)  
Washington (6,255)  
Stone (6,612)

## LEGEND SYMBOLS

### 1. Climbing Courses Completed

B Basic Climbing  
I Intermediate Climbing  
S Ski Mountaineering  
A Alpine Travel (also Olympia  
Wilderness Travel)  
W Winter Travel (Snowshoeing)  
N Nordic Skiing

### 2. Awards

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

## CLUBROOM, STAFF AND INFORMATION

Seattle Clubroom: 719 Pike Street, Seattle, Washington 98101

Business Manager ..... Howard Stansbury  
Accountant ..... Isabel Walgren  
Secretaries ..... Jeanne Goings, Judy Hennes  
Activities Sign Up ..... Katie Kelso

Clubroom Business Telephone: 623-2314

Sign-Up Telephone: 622-0808

Open during week, 8:30-5:00

Saturday, 10:00-2:00

## **MOUNTAINEERS CLIMBING CHAIRMEN**

1930	F.B. Farquaharson	1954	Roy Wessel
1931	F.B. Farquaharson	1955	Maury Muzzy
1932	Herbert V. Strandberg	1956	Varn Denham
1933	Herbert V. Strandberg	1957	Hal Blinn
1934	Herbert V. Strandberg	1958	A.L. Crittenden
1935	Phil Dickert	1959	Bob Latz
1936	Ray Kernahan	1960	Frank Fickeisen
1937	Lloyd Anderson	1961	Harry Whippo
1938	T. Davis Castor	1962	Sherman Bissell
1939	Edward Kennedy	1963	Cal Magnusson
1940	Edward Kennedy	1964	Stan Jensen
1941	Burge Bickford	1965	Max Hollenbeck
1942	Harry Hagen	1966	John M. Davis
1943	Sidney Doyle	1967	Howard Stansbury
1944	David Lind	1968	Chuck Heurtley
1945	John Klos, Bob Snively	1969	Jack Titland
1946	Keith Rankin	1970	Sam Fry
1947	Wolf Bauer	1971	Herman Gross
1948	Cam Beckwith	1972	Sean Rice
1949	Vic Josendal	1973	Erhard Wichert
1950	Jack Gallagher	1974	Vern Ainardi
1951	Harvey Manning	1975	Ed Peters
1952	Ward Irwin	1976	A.J. Culver
1953	Jack Hazle	1977	Dick Beckenbaugh



By Morgenroth Lake

*B. J. Packard*

## ***Other publications of The Mountaineers include:***

**50 Hikes in Mount Rainier National Park**

**101 Hikes in the North Cascades**

**102 Hikes in the Alpine Lakes, South Cascades and Olympics**

Companion volumes provide complete details, maps and photos for the most scenic hikes in Washington's woods and mountains.

**Cascade Alpine Guide: Climbing and High Routes, Columbia River to Stevens Pass**, by Fred Beckey. Comprehensive climbing guide to the South Cascades, including approach routes, historical data. Over 100 pages of maps, sketches and photos with routes.

**Medicine for Mountaineering**. (Second edition) Compact handbook for treating accidents, illnesses in remote areas where no doctor is available. Emphasis on high-altitude problems. Compiled by climber-physicians.

**Across the Olympic Mountains: The Press Expedition, 1889-90**

**Men, Mules and Mountains: Lieutenant O'Neil's Olympic Expeditions**

Two highly readable, extensively researched histories by Robert L. Wood, on the pioneering explorations of the then-mysterious Olympic Mountains.



**Write for  
illustrated  
catalog of full list**



**The  
MOUNTAINEERS**

**719 Pike St., Seattle, WA 98101**