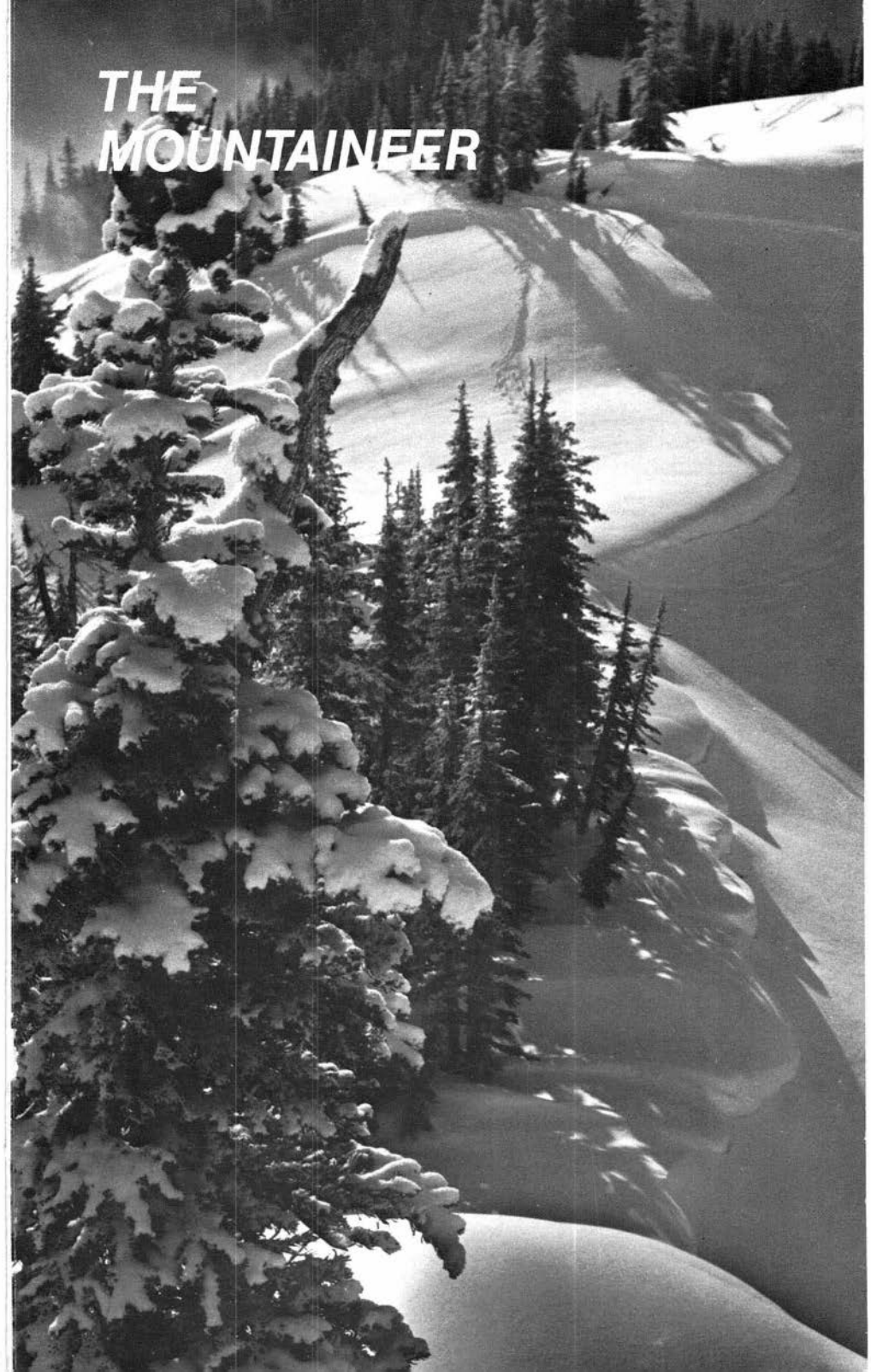
THE
MOUNTAINEER

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Cover: On the south nose of Naches Peak *Anton Nieberl*

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Editorial Committee

Writing, graphics and photographs should be submitted to the Editor, The Mountaineer, at the address below, before January 15, 1982 for consideration. Photographs should be black and white prints, at least 5 x 7 inches, with caption and photographer's name on back. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced, with at least 1½ inch margins, and include writer's name, address and phone number. Graphics should have caption and artist's name on back. Manuscripts cannot be returned. Properly identified photographs and graphics will be returned about August.

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THE MOUNTAINEERS
Purposes

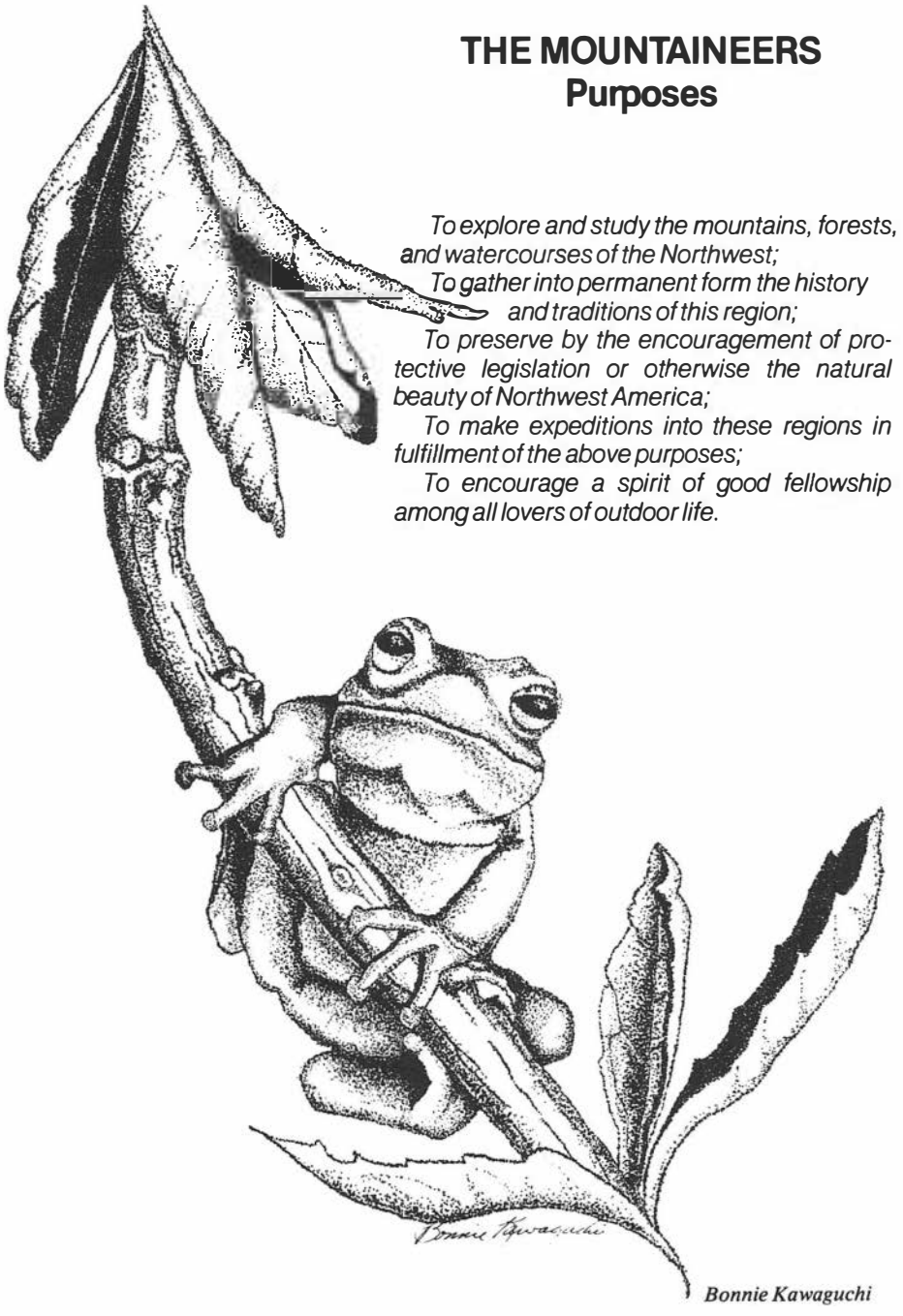
To explore and study the mountains, forests, and watercourses of the Northwest;

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

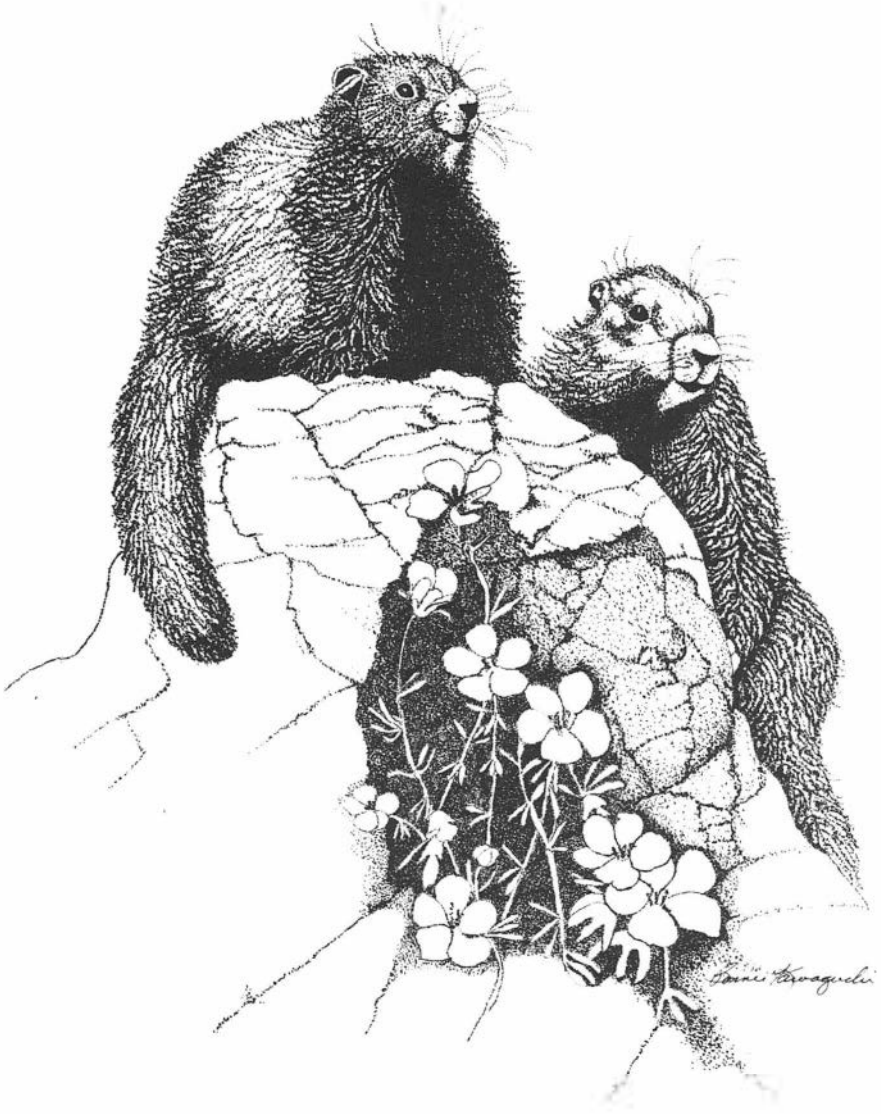
To preserve by the encouragement of protective legislation or otherwise the natural beauty of Northwest America;

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

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



Bonnie Kawaguchi



Cascade Marmot *Bonnie Kawaguchi*

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Fond Memories of a Once-Beautiful Mountain

L. Frank Maranville

The beauties of Mt. St. Helens were legendary, and the mountain was many things to many people depending upon their viewpoint. As a climber my contact with the mountain was mostly "up close," but I shall never forget the lovely view from the north side of Spirit Lake while boating with my wife-to-be in the spring of 1945.

My climbing experiences on Mt. St. Helens started in August 1941. While living in Vancouver, Washington four of us, all novice climbers in our early 20's, decided to climb the mountain one weekend. Our inquiries elicited the information that "it's a breeze," and that "you can do it in a couple of hours." Allowing that we might be a little slower, we started up from timberline at 11 a.m. immediately encountering the pumice-pebbled lower slopes where we "slid back two steps for every one gained." Warned off the heavily crevassed Dog's Head route by the ranger, we crossed the lower Forsyth Glacier and hiked to the base of the Lizard. Here, three of us at a time ate lunch while the fourth kept watch for the rocks which came humming by our heads every few minutes from the top of the Lizard. By the time we and our rented alpenstocks reached the top of the Lizard it was apparent that everyone else was coming down, and we turned back at 4 p.m., well below the crater rim. The next day we were all suffering from severe sunburn, and one of our number was in the hospital (he had worn shorts and a T-shirt). That was the end of mountain climbing for half the group, but the remaining two of us organized a successful climb the following year. That time we left a dance in Portland at 2 a.m., drove up to the mountain and started our climb at sunrise.

In the next 39 years I was to climb St. Helens about 20 times more, usually as a spring conditioning climb. Most of these climbs were with Frank Heuston of Shelton. Before completion of I-5 and the paved road from Spirit Lake to timberline, a climb of St. Helens took the better part of a weekend, especially early in the year when the dirt road to timberline was blocked with snow. More recently it has been accessible as a long one-day climb from the Puget Sound area. A Memorial Day conditioner became traditional with us, and we introduced a lot of people to mountain climbing in the process, including all our own children and many of our friends and their children.

Spring climbs of St. Helens were often notable for high winds, both on the summit and on the Dog's Head. In a whiteout an inch of

rime would build up on a wand left on the false summit by the time we got back from the summit. What a relief it was to drop out of the wind behind the false summit for a bite to eat. Once on the Dog's Head we ended up on our knees for about 50 feet — no one could stand up against the fierce gusts. Another time my daughter, Nancy, then about ten, would probably have ended up down on the Nelson Glacier had someone not grabbed her. On the Forsyth Glacier we were once bombarded with small rocks and pebbles blown off the crest of the Dog's Head. Any unpleasantness of this sort was soon forgotten if there was a good glissade down the lower part of the Dog.

While St. Helens had the reputation of being an "easy" mountain, challenging routes could be found. A smooth highway early in the spring, the Forsyth could be something else late in the season. One year in August, Frank and I took a party straight up the gut for practice in glacier travel and routefinding. About even with the top of the Dog we ran into a wide crevasse which crossed the whole glacier. Rather than give in and exit to the right, Frank rappelled down 50 feet into the crevasse and stemmed up behind an ice flake on the other side while I delayed him by flipping the rope over the flake. The rest of us crossed by Tyrolean traverse, with the usual problems at the upper lip of the crevasse.

The convenient size and relatively smooth symmetry of the mountain permitted a freedom in choice of routes which was uncommon in the Cascades. We frequently climbed multiple routes simultaneously to accommodate different levels of climbing ability. For example, starting at the base of the Dog's Head, we once did the Forsyth, Dog's Head and Shoestring routes with the three parties meeting on the summit. Another time, Dick Vanderflute and I left the rest of the party at the bottom of the Dog and climbed in an upward spiral across the Forsyth, above the Little Lizard, across the Leschi, above the Big Lizard, across the Loowit, above Goat Rocks, across the Wishbone, around the fluted upper west side and up to the summit from the south to join the rest of the party. This was my first contact with the strip of ice running N/S just west of the main crater rim. I wonder if it could have been contained on the west by the rim of an older, larger crater.

In the winter, even in good weather, the few hours of daylight cut into one's safety margin. Luis Stur (of Stur Chimney on Mt. Heyburn fame) visited Frank in November of 1966, and we climbed St. Helens on a beautiful clear day by crossing under the Dog's Head and ascending the Nelson Glacier, with some interesting routefinding among the crevasses. Spectacular columns of yellowish smoke from burning slash were visible from the summit to the south, and

we started our descent to the north, just west of the Lizard down the Loowit Glacier. About 200 feet down, the firm snow turned to hard glare ice which continued for over 3000 feet downward. We descended the whole distance without stopping, our lives literally depending upon all crampon points biting in on each step down the 35° slope. With sore knees and thigh muscles we quickly hiked on out, reaching the car just at dusk. Luis was impressed, and Frank and I were very careful thereafter to keep our crampons well sharpened!

Today the Lizards, Goat Rocks and the Wishbone are all totally missing, along with the summit and many other once familiar landmarks. Last summer, ice from the lower remains of the Forsyth, Nelson and Shoestring Glaciers was still visible at the crest of the east rim of the present crater, where the May 18 eruption neatly sheared off each glacier. The mountain may, or may not, continue its rebuilding process. It may regrow to even greater heights, or it may remain a burned out hulk like Broken Top in Oregon.

One thing is certain, however: climbing in the Cascades will never be the same again. St. Helens, we'll miss you as you were.

Bonnie Kawaguchi

Lake Annette. Elevation 3800′ *Probably by Rodney Glisan. Courtesy of Annette Wiestling Platt*

May 17, 1913: Looking up Humpback Creek — Annette Wiestling Platt and Elisabeth Wright Conway *Courtesy Annette Wiestling Platt*

The Naming of Lake Annette

Annette Wiestling Platt

The boots! They were still in the window!

For a week, each day on my way home from school, I had stared at the tempting display of outdoor equipment, the main feature of which for me was a pair of women's boots, high-laced, of pale leather. I had stared each day and turned away. What was the use of boots with no place to wear them?

But this day was different. The evening before, my friend, Elisabeth Wright, had telephoned to say that she and her father and a friend of his were going into the Cascades "somewhere near the Mountaineer Lodge." Would I like to go, too?

Would I? I had accepted almost before the words were out of Elisabeth's mouth. Now here I was, savings collected, all ready for the big moment. I opened the door of the store, went in, and in a few minutes came out with a large brown paper parcel in my arms.

Life was never to be the same again. I was about to realize a passion for the mountains which has never left me.

As I took the cable car for home that day, I couldn't know that my beautiful boots were made of elk-hide, that they would reject waterproofing with vigor and leak like sieves. I was ecstatic. Nor could I have guessed that on the trip the next day I would follow a stream to its source and have a lake named for me. Lake Annette or Annette Lake. I have seen the words on maps several times, but I still can scarcely believe that I really have a lake named for me.

This is how it happened.

We met at the depot of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway early the next morning. The party consisted of George E. Wright, Elisabeth's father, Seattle attorney and dedicated mountaineer, Hugh Caldwell, also mountaineer, later mayor of Seattle, Elisabeth and me. The date was May 17, 1913.

Elisabeth and I were dressed as befitted young girls in their teens in long skirts which came fairly close to the ankle. Just right to soak up water, collect ice crystals or brambles. It wasn't until 1917, when I had officially become a Mountaineer, that Mrs. Joe Hazard, dear Hazzie, lent me her bloomer pattern.

I can remember nothing of the trip up on the train. Perhaps I was a little overawed by the adult company. Later, when I rather frequently went by train to the stopping-off point for Snoqualmie Lodge, I greatly enjoyed the time en route — the hiatus between last-minute pack-

ing and departure, and arrival — the gradual climb of the train, rock ridges, snow, the mountains.

The four of us left the train at Rockdale. From there we took a trail by the railway tracks, doubling back on the way we had come. I vaguely remember crossing a creek which by the 1917 Mountaineer map would have been Olallie and then, after walking a short distance, we came to Humpback Creek.

Here my cherished boots began to leak, foretelling a dim future for them. I also remember very clearly at one point climbing a slippery, partly snow-covered bank, finding some bushes to help pull myself up, and taking hold. Devil's club! As I write this I have just telephoned to Elisabeth and we have had another good laugh about the trip.

I understand the present route to the lake parallels Humpback Creek but doesn't follow it. That day we followed the creek to its source, a gradual climb, and then came the climax — the supreme joy and excitement of being roped to others for the first time and going out on the frozen lake.

Tom Conway, Elisabeth's son, has very kindly supplied snapshots taken by his grandfather of Elisabeth and me in full regalia looking up Humpback Creek, and of the two of us roped together on the lake, with Hugh Caldwell behind us.

I think the order of the roping was why the lake was named for me. I, the least experienced, would have been behind Mr. Wright, the leader, with Elisabeth behind me, and Hugh Caldwell in the rear.

I can remember Mr Wright saying to me as we stepped onto the lake, "Annette, you are the first white woman to set foot on this lake." Possibly he was joking. With Snoqualmie Lodge not far away, there may have been a number of trips to the lake before that day. I took his remark seriously, and perhaps Mr. Wright remembered this when he sent in my name for the lake.

We went a short distance across the lake, roped in this way, and then stopped. The condition of the ice was perhaps uncertain. But before we turned back we looked all around us.

It is here where dream may take over reality. I have the remembrance of a frozen turquoise waterfall across the lake, too far away for us to reach it. This frozen cascade has remained in memory as perhaps a dozen scenes in mountaineering have, pictures to return to.

Does anyone know of a frozen waterfall on one of the steep banks of the lake? This may have been fantasy but the picture is there, the high point of this, my first trip to the mountains.

The pace back down the way we had come was steady. Perhaps it was getting dark, and we had the train to catch. On the way back to

Seattle we went into the dining car. I remember lights being on inside the train, the dark rushing by outside, a rose on the table.

I have never returned to Lake Annette. I would love to see it again. Perhaps I shall. Now my thanks to the two mountaineers who took me there, and especially to Mr. George E. Wright for sending in my name for the lake.

And to my friend of many years, Elisabeth, Mrs. Raymond T. Conway of Portland, Oregon: Hail, again, Elisabeth.

Footnote: The US Geologic Survey made application for the name of Lake Annette to the US Geographic Board on October 10, 1919. It had been officially adopted by the USGS in 1918, but needed the approval of the board.

Turtle *Bonnie Kawaguchi*

Near the Top of the World, The Victoria and Albert Mountains

Dave Adams

It seems as though it is getting harder all the time to find virgin peaks, at least in the areas that are somewhat accessible and that most of us know about. I can tell you with some degree of certainty that at 80° North latitude few peaks have been climbed. With the exception of some areas on Baffin Island, Ellesmere and Axel Heiberg are largely unexplored. The maps with their 500-foot contour intervals and 1/250,000 scale are not very flattering to the landscape, and photos are hard to come by.

Steve Trafton and Al Errington, both students of arctic history, both with three previous arctic expeditions, decided on visiting some of the arctic historical sites combined with doing some climbing. They asked Don Goodman, Martin Waller, Brad Albro, and Bill Davis to join them.

The group landed in Resolute Bay, N.W.T., on May 14, 1981. There was a bright blue sky and 0° F. upon landing at Resolute. Frank Hunt, of the Polar Continental Shelf Project, met us in the lobby of the airport. We piled gear and people on two trucks and headed for the barracks we would stay in as guests of the P.C.S.P. Frank was very helpful to us throughout our expedition, having provided us with a shortwave radio. As one of their many arctic stations, we would report daily position, weather and usually brag of how many summits we had climbed that day. Frank would occasionally give us news such as the eruption of Mt. St. Helens on May 18. We had a sense of not being too cut off from life outside, but were still very aware that we were pretty close to the top of the world.

The Victoria and Albert Mountains are a group of peaks that jut out of perennial ice near the center of Ellesmere Island at 80° N. May 16 found us cramming everything we could into the twin engine Otter chartered to land us on the ice. The farther north we went the better the weather got. As we crossed over the southern part of Axel Heiberg Island, mountains started coming into view through the thinning clouds. Below were frozen fjords, sharp mountains and endless glaciers.

We crossed Eureka Sound and landed for fuel at Eureka. Inhabited only by a few people, it is used mainly as a refueling spot for airplanes going to various places around the arctic. It is one of only a few places north of 80° that is manned the year around. After refuel-

ing, it was only 45 minutes flight to the Victoria and Albert Mountains. The sun was still high when we landed on what is known as the Mere De Glace Agassiz Ice Cap. When we landed at 2:30 a.m., the pilot was still able to take a sextant reading to give us our location. Later we found this location to be 25 to 30 miles off. Being as close to the magnetic north pole as we were was no help to our compass readings. In the course of a few hours the compass, untouched, would range as much as 10 degrees. After much discussion, a location was settled on, later proven correct. Camp I was established at 80° 12' north latitude and 76° 50' west longitude.

On May 17, the first day on the glacier, the skiing and climbing were beautiful. The team climbed two peaks together. For the most part the glacier was covered with a hard windblown surface, very fast for those of us who had to date not done a lot of skiing. We quickly adjusted our techniques to the snow. We often covered as much as four miles in less than one half hour.

Within two days the party had climbed five peaks and had some very good skiing. Everyone was fired up to do some more. We felt that splitting up and doing different things in groups of two or three would keep things lower key. On the fourth day of our expedition we moved camp north about five miles below a new group of peaks. Pulling the sleds was really work when you consider each held 150 pounds of food, fuel and gear. Pulling on a slight uphill grade with the sun to our right was most tiring. On side of us would freeze and the other would bake with the air temperature at about 15° to 20° F. When the wind blew, your whole body would freeze.

Camp II gave us four new peaks to climb, all beautiful steep snow and ice ridges with some exposed rock here and there. At this point we started finding out some of the unusual characteristics of the mountains this far north. We ran into crevasses on sharp ridge crests that would run across the ridge. We found crevasses right on the very summit of many of the peaks we climbed. These crevasses usually had rime ice built up two to three feet thick on each wall.

On May 24, Camp II was moved three and one half miles to the north over a 6,000-foot pass. Before us were a new group of peaks we were anxious about. The next day was a long one and three more peaks were climbed. In the next few days the total peaks climbed had risen to 17. Of the 14 days spent on the higher glacier, only one day had been in a storm. Some very beautiful conditions.

On May 30 we started down the glacier 45 miles to the d'Iberville Fjord. Just as we left our last higher camp we descended into a thick cloud that we did not leave for several hours. By the afternoon, the group had skied 14 miles before running into a heavily crevassed area. It had been snowing on and off for most of the day and the light

was just so that it made it almost impossible to see the little irregularities in the snow covering a crevasse. Before we knew it the whole group was in one of those areas where there are cracks everywhere. It was dead silent, not a breath of wind, and with a dark cloudy sky overhead. Now and then someone would punch a ski through the snow into a deep black hole. Everyone would hear the tinkle of little bits of ice falling under the surface just as if it were under his own feet, even if the person punching through was 100 feet away. Sometimes nobody would be moving and the sounds of little chunks of falling ice under foot would intensify each person's fear of what was ahead. Cautiously and slowly we moved ahead leaving this area behind.

Camp VI was made 16 miles down glacier from the last camp at 4,000 feet on the d'Iberville Glacier. The snow had changed consideralby and was now much wetter and heavier. The next day only minor crevasse problems were encountered. The sky was still cloudy, and it was snowing lightly now and then. The main flow of the glacier had necked down to about two miles across. The snow had firmed up and skiing was much easier. The next two days were spent working our way down the glacier. At the end of the glacier we had a 100-foot lower to solid ground, one minute on glacier, the next standing on flat ground. It was quite a new feeling. Traveling without a rope was a joy. Now there was a new and different concern: polar bears. Though we never saw any signs while in the fjord, each person had to be alert. We began to see signs of arctic hare and fox. Grass started showing through holes in the snow, and it was the beginning of arctic spring.

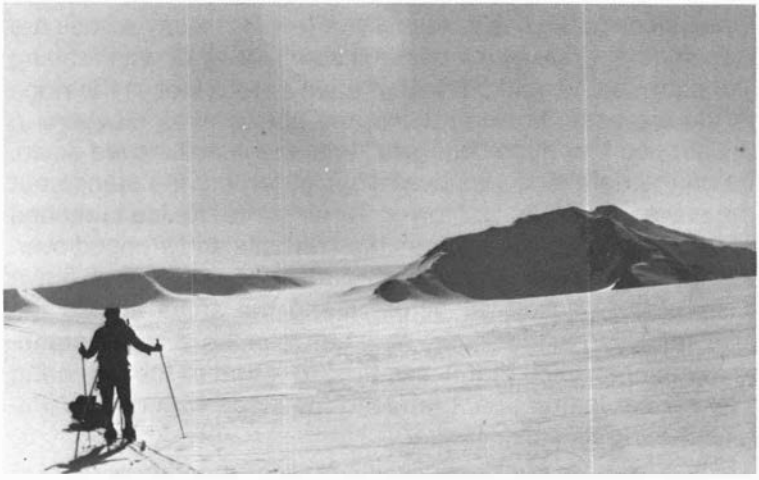
The hills north of us provided us with some interesting exploring. The rocks had by this time mostly melted out, and here we saw little patches of red and green lichen. Small shrubs never grew more than two inches high. The blistering cold of the winter would break rocks and frost would wedge them apart to look like a line of fallen dominos. Climbing higher to about 2,300 feet, the hills crested out and we started to see arctic hare. These critters grow to an unbelievable size. Big ones can stand up over two and one half feet tall. Instead of hopping they run on all fours, and to gain extra speed they run on their hind legs.

After two days of exploring in this area it was time to move on to historical Beechey Island. The Otter picked us up mid-afternoon on June 6 and four hours later left us at Beechey, 74° 43' North latitude, 91° 39' West longitude. After setting up camp on the fjord, first priority was examining the obvious relics that could be seen: four grave markers on the beach, weatherbeaten and barely readable. Now it was time to be especially alert for polar bears. No one would travel

alone and, always, when a group went out to explore around they would take one of the two "big guns" we had brought. We skied down the beach one half mile to the remnants of Fort Cumberland, shelters built by the men of the ill-fated Franklin expedition. At Cumberland, only a few boards and a mast pole remain. Many plaques have been placed there commemorating Franklin and his men.

June 8 was spent in a storm and on the morning of June 9 and one hour before the Otter was to land, a lone polar bear was sighted on the beach about a quarter of a mile away. He kept his distance and a very careful eye on us, as we did on him. It was an exciting end to an expedition we will all fondly remember for the rest of our lives.

On Mt. Pullen Peak #9 (6,850 feet) *Dave Adams*



Brad Albro hauling sled between camps I and II *Dave Adams*

The Ice Pit

John Rutland

There are rare days in the Pacific Northwest when the sun sparkles on mountain meadows. The air seems cleaner and the pace is exuberant. As I scurried along the alpine trail with 50 other climbers from the Seattle Mountaineers on our way to an ice climbing practice on the glaciers of Mt. Baker, I was eager to be off with my pack and on to the ice.

By one o'clock we gathered on the boulder-strewn edge of a glacier to begin cramponless ice technique practice. My rope partner was a vivacious lady I had met for the first time that morning as we were picked up by our driver for the trip up from Seattle. She was a good 70 to 80 pounds lighter than I. That didn't matter much since I wasn't going to fall.

The leader suggested we tie in with a bowline-on-a-coil to save time and the inconvenience of seat harnesses. The ice ridge we began climbing rapidly narrowed to a "knife edge" with substantial crevasses on either side. The adz of a Sumner can blast a step with a single blow on a thin crest. I relished the excitement as the ice flew apart into a thousand pieces. We moved swiftly. The lead changed when we reached more solid footing.

My partner chopped steps up a 60° slope and walked between two standing cockleshells of ice six to eight feet high. When she got to the other side she said she didn't want to lead any farther but that I could if I wanted. Beyond the ice gap between the semi-circles the ice dipped steeply to a deep crevasse. A few feet away across the crevasse another ridge of ice began. I saw that by down climbing seven or eight feet I could get within three or four feet of the ridge across the crevasse. Looking down, the bottom was nowhere in sight. I chopped four huge "buckets" to stand in as I moved down. The ice on the right side was overhanging, forcing the stance out over the crevasse as I moved lower. Turning into the ice I reached behind to chop a large step across the crevasse and stepped over. The new ice ridge was easy going. My partner began to climb down in my steps but backed off before doing the splits across the crevasse, returning to the secure spot between the slices of standing ice. Someone yelled that it was time to return to the gathering place for further instruction. I retraced my steps with disappointment at not being able to go farther.

As I exited from the cockleshell passage I saw another climber at the edge of a crevasse below. His rope partner looked like a Viking

on the ice above, long blond hair blowing in the wind. An ice axe had been knocked into a crevasse by the rope. It lay on a ledge where the sides of the crevasse came together about 15 feet away. From where he stood the crevasse narrowed from slightly more than shoulder width at head height to what looked like boot width at my feet.

"Why don't you go get the axe?"

"I might slip in the crevasse," came the voice of reason.

From the distance, "An axe fell in the crevasse. Well, go down and get it."

One foot pressed the far wall of the crevasse then the other foot. It was an easy stem down to the edge of the crevasse.

"John's gung-ho, he'll get it."

My partner asked me wait while she got into a secure position. Since I wasn't going to fall anyway I didn't see any reason to wait. I quickly stemmed across the open chasm to the ledge where the axe lay. Suddenly the medium had changed.

The ice was no longer the shalely, ragged material I had been chopping. It seemed as hard as diamond with a film of light grease over it. Maybe you have felt block ice straight from the freezer on a hot summer's day. The ice was solid white. It was everywhere in front, behind, above, below, to the right. The only way out was back to the left the way I had come. As I drew closer to the fallen axe, the crevasse narrowed. The heat from my body seemed to melt a thin film of water wherever it contacted the ice. The longer I stayed in a position the more precarious it became. My foot landed on the ledge with the axe; it sloped outward. I didn't want to go farther.

I changed hands with my axe and raked up the fallen axe with the pick. It was a Hummingbird, one of the finest ice tools modern technology has created. The pick drooped sharply to a tubular point. I shifted the head of my Sumner back to my left hand. The tip of the pick was pinpoint sharp. I held the heads of both axes with thumbs under the adz and fingers curled over the heads so I could use the picks as daggers.

In the close quarters of the crevasse the picks of the axes refused to penetrate the hard ice. Suddenly I realized my position was delicate. I yelled, "Up belay." I was thinking, "Get another hand on the rope. My partner is too light to hold me in an unanchored standing belay." But the words only came out "up belay." This time louder and with a begging tone in my voice. I wondered if the people above ever realized what "up belay" meant.

Sometimes the newspapers report that a climber has died in a crevasse. Probably people think that he slipped or a snow bridge collapsed and he fell a hundred feet to a sudden and dramatic death. Such a death must be rare. By the nature of glacial creep, crevasses

are frequently narrower at the bottom than the top. Their walls are not vertical but curved and sloped. The wall is smooth but not flat; it is like suncups with worn vertices, a miniature roller-coaster in which the body substitutes for the coaster cars, and there is only one direction of travel. Many crevasses are filled with deep, clear, cold water.

Theslide down the ice has begun before the climber realizes what is happening. The ride is sudden. The mind may not work. If it does it thinks, "I'm going." The pelvis lodges between the cold, wet, hard walls. The climber kicks, he tries to twist his feet against the walls of the crevasse. The edges of the soles of the boots are abraded as a friction purchase is sought on the ice. With no more than an inch or two to thrust the pick, an axe won't even scratch the ice. A couple of minutes of sustained effort is enough to convince you that struggling. It must be like the feeling of an insect caught in the web of a spider.

"OK, you guys, pull me out." I may have been a turkey for falling into a crevasse **and** not being able to get myself out. But I'm quite safe since there are 50 people up there.

"Someone fell in a crevasse."

"Oh, we'll be back when we get our crampons on."

"We're trying, John!"

"The three of you can't pull me out of here??!!!?" I could die in here.

The victim struggles with every conceivable effort. He has been trained to think that concentrated effort will achieve results. In my case, the bowline-on-a-coil rose to directly below my rib cage. Breath became very short. My sternum still hurts from the pressure of the knot between the walls of ice. Exhaustion is rapid.

I clawed ferociously with the Sumner and the Hummingbird. (My doctor says that I injured a nerve leading to my right hand.) I remember the hand becoming numb and then before I realized it the Hummingbird slipped from my grasp. I watched it bounce against the wall and fly through a dark hole where the crevasse narrowed 15 feet below me. I didn't hear it bounce again. I turned to the Sumner and replaced the wrist loop.

Once the victim ceases to struggle he lays his head on the ice and the cold becomes noticeable. The testicles are pressed firmly against the body-heated, melting ice. They draw deeply into the crotch and ache, the most intense pain felt. A victim not struggling doesn't suffer much, the cold is noticeable but not painful.

Hypothermia must sometimes kill quickly. I would have slept very soon. My thoughts? Not of my sins, not of family or friends. Rather briefly, why do I choose to come to places like this, I could die here,

wet and cold causes hypothermia, if I'm stuck hard I could freeze before even 50 people could get me out, ease up the rope under my ribs, I can't breathe, I want to die here and rest.

Any time a climber ceases to believe he can save himself by his own efforts he deserves to die. To stop fighting is to give up. **Unroped,** stuck in a crevasse, and exhausted, the desire to sleep must be overwhelming. "When I wake up rested I can logically think up the right placement to work my way out of here." Or, "I want to stop thinking, it's over, asleep nothing will hurt."

"John! This is the field trip leader. We're going to get you out of there. I can't see him." A loop of a red rope appeared above.

"Can you reach this rope?"

I grasped it with both hands and pulled. I didn't budge. More of the red rope came down. I put it behind my neck and under my arm pits. But really that was only feeble thinking. With the Sumner attached to my left hand the rope could not possibly have gone under my left arm pit in such close quarters. Perhaps it was good the Hummingbird had fallen. At least the rope was under the right arm pit.

I grasped the Sumner by the ferrule and raised it as high as I could.

"Can you see my ice axe?"

"Yes."

"Grab it and pull me out."

Very calmly, "I can't reach it, John."

"Move the red rope to the right."

I was being sucked under the ledge the leader was standing on. It was only dark underneath. Its bottom was at shoulder height. To have gotten a foot on it initially would have been enough to get out under my own power, but now the ledge was the principal obstacle. To slide beneath the ledge where the rope around my waist was pulling me would make it very difficult for the haulers to raise me.

"Move the red rope to the right." Any fool would know that command would be misinterpreted. I expected to see the red rope move left and it did.

"Like this, John?"

"No, the other way!" You imbecile!

The red rope moved. My body lifted. The rope pulled my right arm up. Two thoughts — keep your right arm down! — Keep away from that ledge with your feet! I struggled with everything I had to assist the haulers and to keep away from the ledge. The smooth ice gliding beneath my abdomen felt good. My foot was on the ledge but not beneath it, on top of it! I walked up the ten degree slope to where the ice flattened. The wind hit me. I felt warm but exhausted. My breathing was more rapid than a sprinter's.

"I want to lie down on the ice." A coil of rope was thrown down. I collapsed on it. Someone shoved another coil under my legs. Someone said they needed the rope under my legs. I told them to take it.

My breathing rapidly slowed. My down shirt was soaked. My shorts and underwear were drenched, my legs covered with ice water and a little blood. The wind blew. As my breathing eased I realized how cold and wet I was. I jumped to my feet.

"I gotta get warm."

"John, Chris has got his crampons, he's going down on your rope. Wait for him to get tied in."

I danced.

"Hurry up, Chris, I'm cold." He took forever.

I ran back the ridge to my pack. My rope partner had trouble keeping up on the narrow ridge. No wonder I was in a frenzy to get warm. The other 43 people were gathered at the packs. I untied from the rope and dived for my pack. A friend walked by, "Somebody fell in a crevasse. Who?"

"I-I-I did!" I should have had better sense. Tacitly my friend seemed to agree.

WHY DID IT HAPPEN?

It is a rare accident that is the result of a single mistake. Let me recount the chronological sequence with some explanation. The leader suggested we tie on with the bowline-on-a-coil to save time and the inconvenience of harnesses. After gasping for air with half my lung expansion, I'll never use that method again except in a pinch. A climber set his axe down where it could be flipped into the crevasse by the rope. I had too little experience on ice. I believed I could stem a crevasse; but I was ignorant of the quality of the ice just out of reach of the direct sunlight. I didn't give my belayer a chance to set up a reliable anchor. This mistake is perhaps less pardonable than the others. It endangered two lives. When I fell, my partner was in a depression in the ice. I jerked her off her stance and into the next depression immediately adjacent to the crevasse. If she hadn't stopped me, the two of us would have been in the crevasse, who knows how far down and how tightly wedged. Wasting energy clawing at impenetrable ice was also a mistake.

The major errors were mine. Thankfully I wasn't punished for them. I was only shown the character of the consequences of major errors on ice. Everyone who frequents the high places should come so close. Knowledge of the contingencies under which we play might change our style. For me at least, it won't change the game. Cheers and roses for the people hauling on the rope!

It Pays to Keep Going!

Helen R. Nieberl

It happened in the Pasayten Wilderness on an outing sponsored by the Retired Rovers. We were sitting around the campfire on Lost River, swapping yarns, when one of the group told of meeting a young hiker on the way in from Billy Goat Corral trailhead. He asked her, "Where are all of those white-haired people with backpacks going? Do you think it's all right for them to be going into the Wilderness?"

We laughed at his naiveté and at the stereotype of older people it reflected. Then for fun we began to share data about the years of experience in hiking, backpacking, and climbing we had accumulated. We learned that members had to their credit anywhere from a mere three years to a fabulous 67 years of hiking activity. The average was nearly 30 years each. Some of us confessed that we had started hiking and backpacking in our 40's and 50's. We took a census of our ages and came up with a range from 37 to 77, with a median of 60 years.

We were happy to be out there, backpacking, studying nature, hiking and climbing. We were aware of our personal commitment to "keep going." Individuals seemed to have a positive attitude toward their abilities and to be experiencing a joy in their continued physical activity. The consensus was "it pays to **start,** and it pays even more to **keep going!**"

Chipmunk *Patsy McCutchan*

Tunnel Creek High Country

L. Frank Maranville

A story has circulated among oldtime Mountaineers about an attempt by the Duke of Abruzzi to make the first ascent of Mt. Constance while in Seattle on his way to climb Mt. St. Elias in 1897. The duke was said to have turned back after encountering the "green hell" of North Tunnel Creek. The story may be apochryphal, but is quite believable to anyone who has traversed that valley!

Mac McCleary and I have made some 20 hikes and climbs into the high country at the heads of the various branches of Tunnel Creek in the last five years, and have managed to involve a somewhat larger number of our friends and fellow climbers in the process. It all started with a desire for a shorter route in to the Warrior Peaks, and the east side of Mt. Constance. A 1975 traverse through Crystal Pass and the Warrior-Brave Col was shorter than the guidebook approach to the Warriors, but from it we could see logging roads in Tunnel Creek that looked even closer.

In February and May of 1976 Mac, Tom Weston and I scouted a route up North Tunnel Creek (NTC), and on June 5, Jim Wilson and I tried to do a one-day ascent of The Brave or North Warrior by way of NTC, the left side of Crystal Creek and the Warrior-Brave Col. We reached the bottom of the col by 10:30 a.m., and could easily have completed either climb under normal circumstances. Some spectacular avalanches of day-old snow, however, forced us to abort the climb on this occasion.

Mac and I were back on June 26 for the second ascent of The Squaw via the chute which angles up the mountainside to the right of Crystal Creek. The first ascent party, nine years earlier, used the Climber's Guide approach for Mt. Constance, Route 6. We continued over to The Papoose (a probable first ascent, as there was no cairn) and, after some discussion, descended the snow chute to the valley on the northwest (between Warrior Arm and Alphabet Ridge). This proved to be a very fortunate choice and the descent, through territory new to us, went rapidly down to the junction of the tributary creeks of NTC, where we lost an hour in the jungle before getting back on track.

On July 4, 1976, Mac, Tom and I returned, packing up the descent route of the previous weekend to the open upper valley between Warrior Arm and Alphabet Ridge, which we promptly christened "Bicentennial Basin." We started to climb Curiosity Peak the same day,

but got rained off. Next day the weather was outstanding, and after a beautiful, leisurely climb of North Warrior, we returned to Shelton.

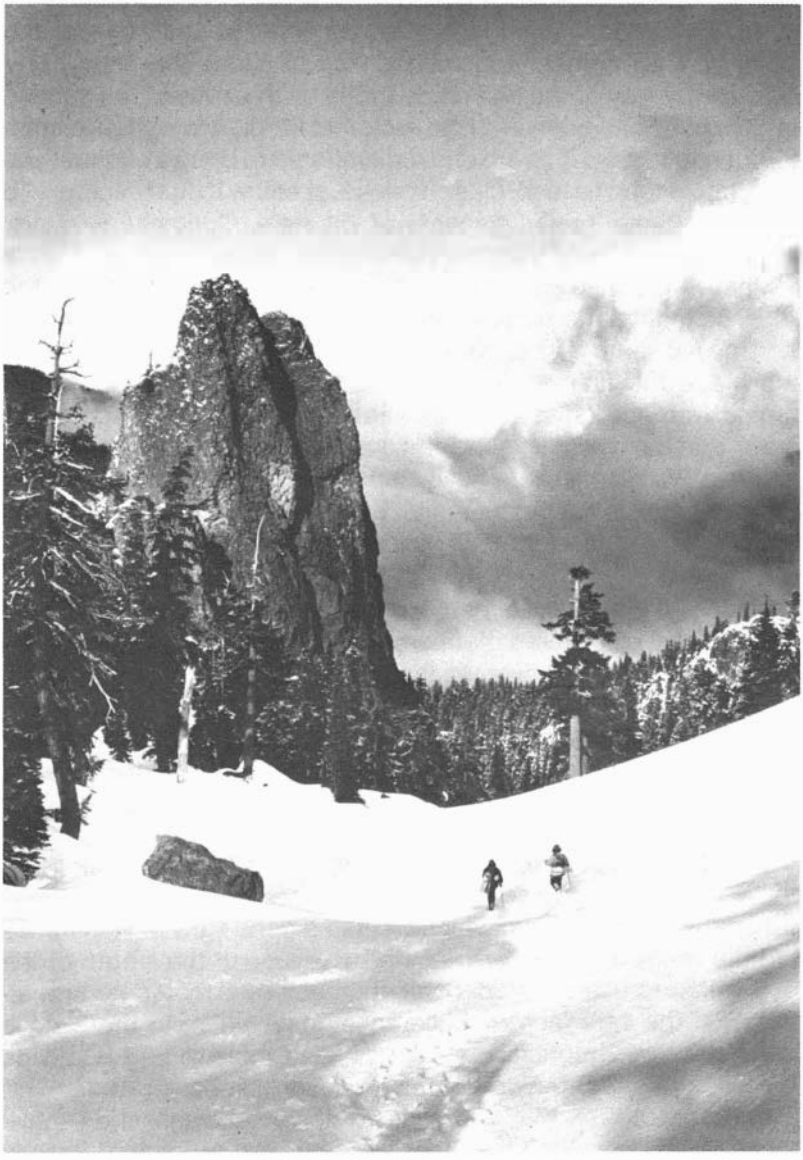
In spite of our glowing descriptions of the joys of Bicentennial Basin, we were unable to get another party back there until June 16-17, 1978, when Mac and I took Mike Lonac, Mike Gaffney and Jim White in. They immediately rushed over to climb The Squaw and Papoose by way of the NW chute (firsts by this route). The second day, the two Mikes, Jim and I did Alphabet Ridge. We looked at Infinity, but had to pass it up (no one remembered to bring a codline!), so we climbed the one lead, class 4 peak just below it (first ascent) and named it Finite Tower. Ascents of Etcetera, Curiosity, Ex-Spire, Why, Zee, and Cloudy followed by the whole party.

Meanwhile, Mike Lonac exuberantly climbed every bump on the ridge, including one someone had christened No Letter Spire! We then moved south from Cloudy to the lower north ridge of N. Warrior, and made the first ascent of a prominent gendarme which we named War Club (class 4). On the third day, all five of us climbed The Brave, and the two Mikes and Jim continued on to climb S. Warrior, while we two old men got a head start on the trail out. Mike Lonac led another party in to Bicentennial Basin a month later, and Mike Gaffney did the same in 1979, exiting via Warrior Saddle and Constance Pass.

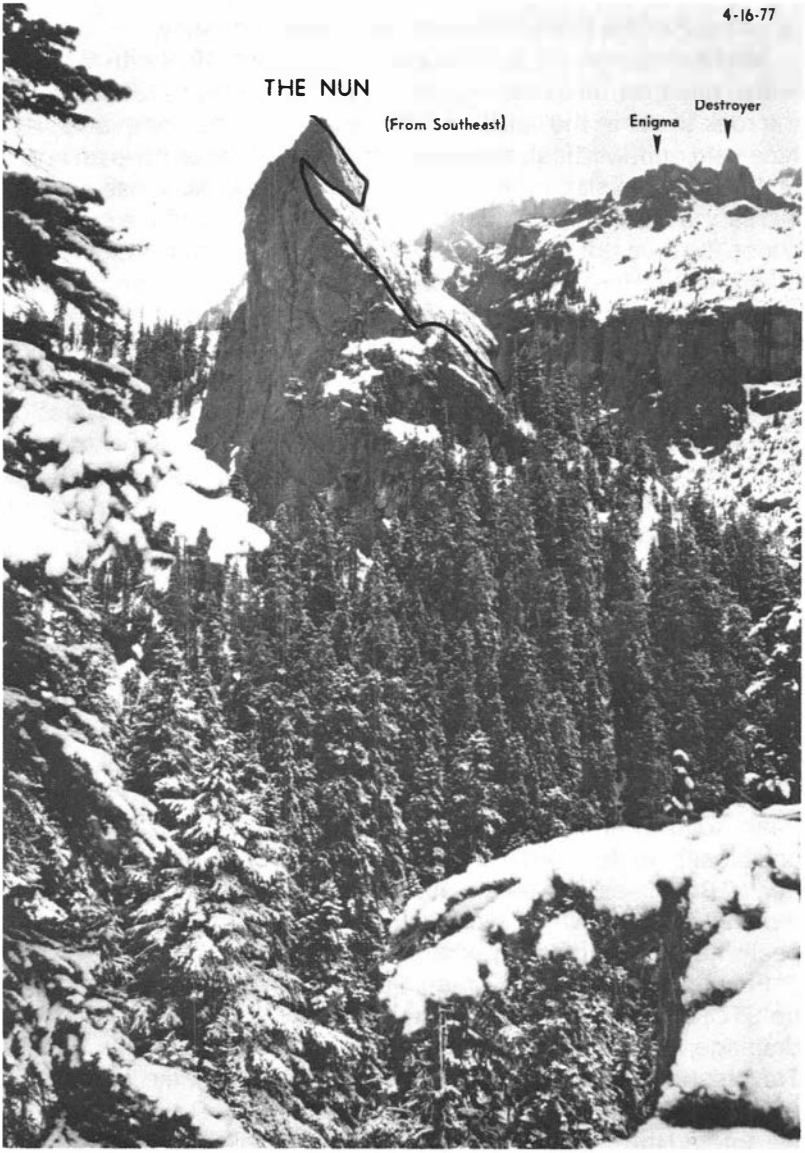
Meanwhile, another dimension had been added to our Tunnel Creek saga. I discovered that Lorna Dayton, a colleague of my wife in the Shelton school system, is the daughter of A. E. Smith of Mt. Constance fame. She generously loaned me the photographs and papers connected with her father's first ascent of Mt. Constance. Our already planned climbs on the east face of Mt. Constance were then extended to include identification of the route of the first ascent from Smith's photographs.

On July 2, 1976, Mac and I hiked up South Tunnel Creek (STC) above the shelter and scrambled to the crest of the Tunnel Creek divide at Peak 5900, from which we had a good view of Constance and the valley before it. We decided, because of the length of the NTC valley, to use the guidebook approach up STC for our first attempt on the east face of Constance. Meanwhile, to the SW we could see three impressive peaks on the Dosewallips-STC divide that looked like worthy winter or early season climbs.

On April 16, 1977, Mac, Jim Wilson, Steven Estvanik and I snowshoed up STC to climb the highest (6,350 feet) of the three peaks mentioned above. We passed above and to the left of an impressive rock tower in the valley and turned up into a cirque on the east side of our objective. Halfway up this cirque we climbed 200 feet up the steep east face, then started a rising traverse on the south side of



The Nun from the SW, April 16, 1977 *L. Frank Maranville*



The Nun from the Southeast, April 16, 1977 *L. Frank Maranville*

the peak to the summit. There was no summit cairn, and at Steve's suggestion we named it April Peak after the month of the climb. The two peaks to the east looked quite formidable from the north and west, and we also caught our first sight of an impressive rock tower at the head of the Tunnel Creek divide across the valley.

After exploratory hikes in February and April of 1978 with Mac and Frank Heuston, Jim Wilson and I returned on May 6, 1978 to climb the rock tower in the valley mentioned above. The south and west faces are quite vertical, and the north and east faces have an apron of 45-55 degree slab in the midsection, which in May was covered with snow. Having some doubt about the stability of the snow, we chose the east ridge, which we followed to a pine at the base of the summit cliff. Here we had the option of exposed, high angle pillow basalt or a downward traverse inside a shallow moat at the top of the slab apron. Jim elected the latter and led out a rope length, placing four nuts in the rock cliff for protection. At this point the moat disappeared and, after I moved up, Jim made a delicate 50-foot traverse on very hard, vertical snow above the apron. From there it was snow and class 4 rock to the virgin summit. As the 5,450+-foot rock had undoubtedly been a nunatak at some time in the past, we named it The Nun. We rappelled off the west side, and immediately regretted having left our second 150-foot rope below to speed climbing. Four rappels were necessary with a single rope.

On March 23, 1979, Frank Heuston, Todd Looney, Mac and I snowshoed up the STC valley and turned left up the tributary creek entering from the SSW, 400 yards above the shelter. After crossing to the Dosewallips drainage, we traversed to the right, crossed a corniced ridge and scrambled to the summit of the easternmost of the two 6,100+-foot peaks east of April Peak. Frank suggested "Lenten Peak" for the name of that summit, and Todd and I hiked over to the one closest to April Peak on the way back, which we called "March Peak." Both peaks are easy class 2 from the Dose side, in contrast to their north faces. While no cairns were present, it is likely that these peaks have been visited by hikers from the south.

Finally, on May 26, 1979, Mac, Steve, Audrey Griffin and I packed up STC, crossed the pass at the head of the valley into the NTC drainage, and camped among large rocks opposite the Terrible Traverse (see Route 5 of the Climber's Guide). Mike Lonac had planned to be on this trip, but that was not to be. The following day we entered the cirque leading toward the Terrible Traverse (Route 5) along with a party of three Forest Service employees from the Quilcene Ranger Station. There are two side chutes to the left which join at the point where Routes 1A and 1B diverge. We took the first of these, and the USFS party took the second. Both were steep snow,

and we met at the top, finishing the ascent by Route 1B. On the descent we followed 1B, then 1C down by Point Schellin. Here we made a 120 degree left turn down a long, gentle shelf which I had spotted earlier. This led us back to camp, and on the third day we followed the creek down by the two small lakes to its mouth, and out NTC to the road where we had left a car. Another time we plan to use this route to reach the east side of Mt. Constance.

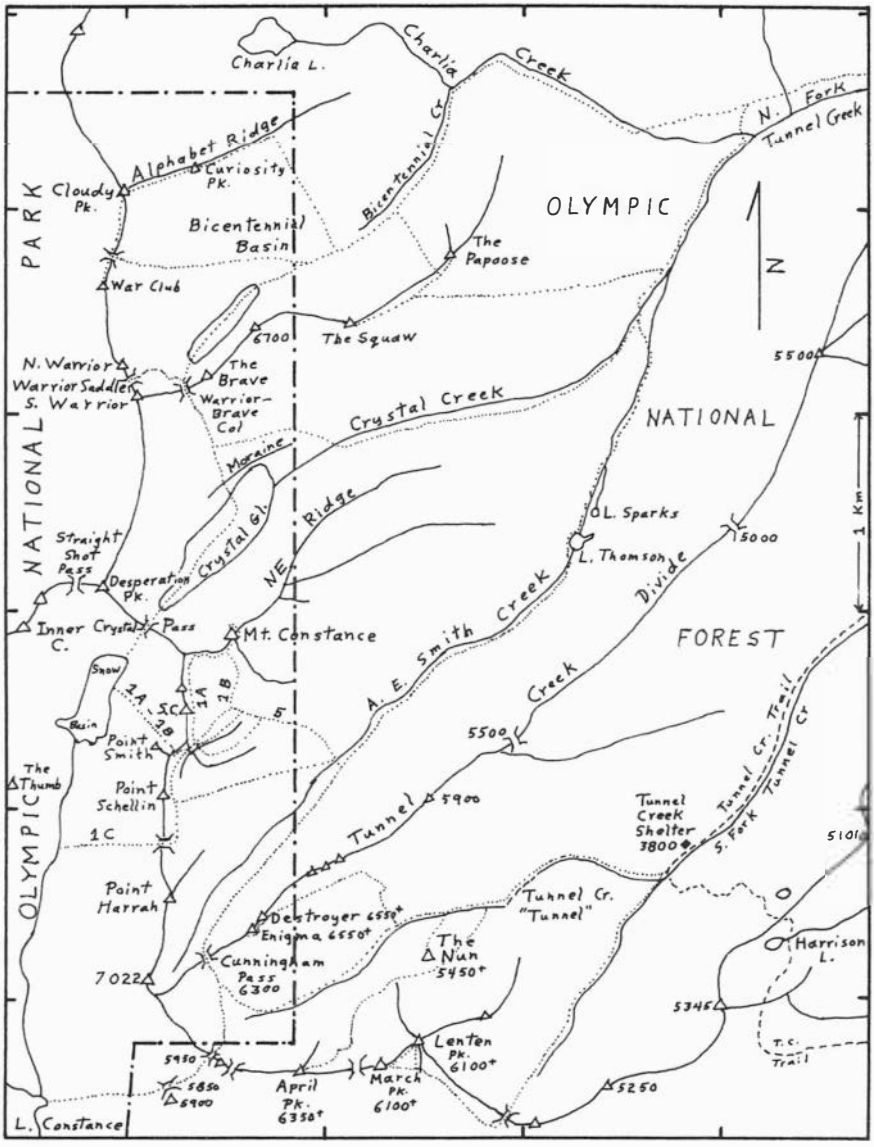
On July 7, I visited Henry Thomson who, with Harold Sparks, made the second ascent of Constance in 1922 to verify Smith and Schellin's ascent. Looking at an 11 x 14 enlargement of one of Mac's photos from the Tunnel Creek divide, he thought that both the first and second ascents were made north of the route (No. 5) shown in the Climber's Guide. We have not yet been able to match any of Smith's route photos with actual terrain. Henry was unable to locate the instructions given him by Smith for repeating the climb. He thinks that they are among his souvenirs in the basement and promised to look further. His wife said that she hopes she dies before he does, because she doesn't want to clean out that basement!

After a scouting hike to find a way up through the cliffs, Mac, Randy Nelson and I went to STC again on July 21, to climb the rock SW of the tower, and to get a better look at the rock tower itself. The light was good, and we thought it possible to get to the bottom of the open book below the notch to the NE. The hundred feet of smooth vertical rock above the notch to the SW were not encouraging. We then climbed up behind a flake to a ledge which passes under the SW notch of the tower, and over to another ledge with trees on the NE face of the other rock. I led up 20 feet of class 4 slab, then easy rock to the summit (6,550+ feet) which we called "Enigma" because of our inability to identify the summit from below.

October 13 and 14, 1979, were the dates of our first attempt on the rock tower. After two or three climbers had to drop out, we were left with only Mac, Peter Reagan and myself, and with only part of the planned hardware. All the snow was gone from the south side of the high ridge, and we packed water from the point where STC emerges from the "tunnel." The weather was marginal. We decided to try the open book, and from a platform belay point 20 feet up, Pete climbed 30 feet up a rib on the left, made a delicate downward traverse to the right, and climbed thin holds on slabby rock to the bottom of the open boo. Pete had to bypass a left-handed jam crack which led directly from the platform toward the slab, because we had no large hexcentrics along. The open book was straightforward up to a large chockstone about 130 feet above the base. At this point rain forced a retreat and, leaving our rappel ropes in place, we weathered out a wet night at our camp on a flat 300 feet below. The next morning, in

Telephoto shot of Destroyer from Lenten Peak, March 23, 1979

L. Frank Maranville



Map: Tunnel Creek High Country
(Adapted from the USGS Tyler Peak Quadrangle)

L. Frank Maranville

drier weather, we regained the chockstone with benefit of top belays from our rappel slings. This time I used the 5.4 left-handed jam crack which I found strenuous. Pete continued on above the chockstone as the open book closed in on him. After much difficulty because of our limited hardware, he negotiated a cramped 5.6 move out of the closing book onto a platform at the base of the final pitch to the summit. From there the summit looked attainable, but would take "talent." As a bonus, a ledge on the back (NW) face led to the SW notch which looked shorter and easier than the closing book route. The afternoon mists came in and we had to retreat again, breaking camp in a driving rain.

The weekend on May 31 and June 1, 1980 was to be our final assault on the rock tower. Again we lost three key climbers at the last moment, and again there was no one to relieve Pete on the tough leads. From the easy ledge leading to Enigma, we quickly climbed the 100-foot face to the SW notch (a few 5.3 moves). Once in the notch, a broad, downsloping slab took us to the foot of an easy chimney full of loose rock, which led to the platform. From the rock on this platform, Pete stepped across (gulp) to the main face, and started climbing. His first try to the left blanked out, and I suggested a route to the right. Pete was dubious because of a lip with no obvious protection, but tried. He stood in one, none-too-comfortable stance for several minutes, and finally placed a sling over a horn. With this psychological help, he was able to drive a questionable piton, and then a knifeblade which sounded good. He reached over to remove the sling, and the horn came out in his hand! As Pete remarked, the first 20 to 30-foot section is "Pin City", but after moving to the left over a rib, the remainder of the route to the summit was straightforward. Pete, Dave Bogucki and I were soon on the airy summit which we named "Destroyer." We rappelled from slings around the summit block in gray weather. Mac had camp all organized and hot drinks ready when we got back.

The next morning in intermittent sunshine, Pete and I climbed a route on the SE face of Enigma with a few 5.3 moves. A rather unsatisfactory sighting of Destroyer in the clouds with the Locke level indicated that Enigma is higher than Destroyer by a few feet.

And so concludes this series of thrilling episodes in the ongoing (we hope) saga of Tunnel Creek High Country. Be sure to tune in on next year's series to see how it all comes out. Will the geriatric climbers get their bods up in the hills for another season of climbing? Will they be able to locate the first ascent route on MT. Constance? Will Henry Thomson find the missing climbing instructions from A. E. Smith? Did the Duke of Abruzzi really try to climb Mt. Constance? Only time will tell.

Freedom of the Hills Revisited

George Heffner

The great moment had arrived. It was graduation night at the Mountaineer climbing reunion. Briefly, memories floated back of belaying in the rain and mud of the Rhododendron Preserve, rock climbing at Mount Erie, and studying *Freedom of the Hills.* There was applause, and my name was called. I stepped forward and proudly accepted my basic climbing course diploma. I felt a warm glow. Out there the mountains of Washington were waiting.

Routefinding and Devils Club

The crisp fall air was delightful. Towering above was Morning Star Peak. Its summit was to be ours. The sky was a deep blue, and a large snowfield draped the upper slopes of Morning Star. A forest of hemlock and Douglas fir cloaked the mountain's lower steep slopes. I had read Beckey's route description of traversing eastward before starting up, but it looked easier to directly ascend the lower forested slope to the upper snowfield. After all, Beckey didn't always have the best route descriptions, and any slope with trees couldn't be that tough. My enthusiasm for a direct line of ascent was contagious to most of our party except for John, a more experienced bushwhacker, who dryly commented, "You know, those lower slopes could hide a lot of cliffs." I stepped off the trail and started across a brushy field with intermittent devils club. It was bad, but three hours later things were worse. We were standing in a narrow, hold-less box canyon with the huge upper snowfield nowhere in sight. I was exhausted, and a glance at the altimeter showed we had ascended only 1,500 feet.

Later, I told a more experienced climber about our Morning Star trip and questioned him on the art of navigation. "It's not so difficult as long as you stick to the basics — map, altimeter, compass, and route description," he said. "Most climbers carry these items carefully stowed away in their packs. It's no wonder they're often off route. Carry them around your neck or in your outer pockets. That way you can check them at rest stops to continuously monitor your progress. Equally important is the backward glance and, on more complex routes, making small drawings and notes." "After all," he said, looking at me with a smile, "who wants to be a devils club navigator?"

How Not To Be "Gripped" So Often

The Olympics had never been more beautiful. A soft wind was blowing, and two mountain goats were climbing a nearby ridge. I was belaying my girlfriend, Pam, as she led up the steep 5.5 west face of the Horn. Time passed, and finally the call, "Belay on," came echoing down. I started climbing. Sixty feet up, I realized I was in trouble. I was standing on a small rock-strewn ledge clinging to tiny handholds. I looked up and couldn't see any holds. I looked down, and all I could see was exposure. The rope was tight against my harness. I felt a moist wetness on my forehead. Disjointed thoughts came and went. Who said women couldn't climb? Why was I here? My name wasn't Chris Bonnington. I was "gripped." Somehow, my mind turned to what Katie Kelso had said in a spring climbing lecture. "Climb just six feet at a time. Look down as little as possible. Climb in balance, and look for footholds. Test every hold." I concentrated, and ten minutes later I crawled onto the belay ledge. Pam's cheerful grin and voice greeted me, "A little nasty, eh? I kept a tight rope for you as I though you might appreciate it."

Bombproof Anchors

It was fall in the Teanaway. The larches were golden and lighted up the hillsides. From our viewpoint on the summit of East Ingalls, we enjoyed our eagle's perspective. Too soon it was time to descend. Ken Small, our leader, carefully instructed me. "Rappel down first and select a bombproof anchor for the second rappel." I nodded and clipped in. For the second anchor I used an enormous, embedded 3 by 4-foot flake. It looked bombproof. Two climbers and I were chatting on the ground and congratulating ourselves on "having survived another one," when Mike, my friend, unclipped from his figure-eight ring and called over, "You know, you guys rappeled off a loose anchor." I felt a tight knot in my stomach as Mike brightly continued, "The fourth climber down gave that huge block flake a kick at its top and it started to wobble."

Go Straight, Young Climber

It was the year of the mild winter. Two friends and I were climbing on the south-rib route of Guye Peak on January 3. The rock was warm and ice free. My turn to lead came, and I started upwards. The climbing was, in Beckey's words, "interesting." I placed one chock and then had to traverse fifteen feet to the left. I carefully placed a second hex and sling, and then an overhand forced me rightward before I could proceed straight up. In the midst of leading a narrow chimney, I suddenly felt the rope drag. It was infuriating. I pulled and pulled. Finally I had enough slack to climb the final seven feet to the

belay tree. Later that night, after supper, and with this iron pumping memory still fresh, I looked again at the diagram in *Freedom of the Hills* on how to make a rope run straight.

Humbleness

Sun protection, mountain sickness, dehydration, prevention, and judgement — we had talked about all of them in our mountaineering first aid course. The discussion seemed far away as our climbing party of five labored toward the top of the Fuhrer Finger on Memorial Day weekend. I was feeling strong, and the scenery on "the big R" was great. An enormous cloud bank lay below us. "This is mountaineering," I thought. Thirteen thousand feet came, and suddenly I felt a pounding headache and mild nausea. Why was I panting? Why did that climber ahead of me keep pulling on the rope? I began to hate him. The summit fever that had roused me out of bed at three that morning vanished. "Let's take a break," I called, breaking the silence. I rested, drank a little water, and somehow struggled on.

The following week, with peeling cheeks from too much sun, I read the chapters on high altitude mountaineering in *Freedom of the Hills* again and Peter Hackett's excellent book, *Mountain Sickness*. "Next time," I thought, "I'll drink more water, put on my sun protection earlier, pace myself better, and keep in mind the lassitude that often occurs higher up." I searched my memory for what I had felt on the summit of Mount Rainier. Slowly it came back to me. It wasn't the elation I had expected. Instead, it was what I had felt on the summit of many a lower peak — a sense of humbleness. Somehow I knew that, like the braided rings of Saturn, this feeling and the freedom of the hills were connected.

Beginning Winter Camping for Nordic Skiers

Charles Gustafson

This year the Nordic Ski Committee sponsored its first seminar on winter camping for Nordic skiers. The intent was to introduce more skiers to the joys of camping without bugs or mud, to the sounds of a winter's eve silence and to the possibilities of an after-dinner moonlight ski tour. The overnight portion of the seminar was preceded by a lecture/discussion in which 30 potential winter campers heard about igloo and snow cave construction, how to stay warm, how to cook, what to eat, eat, eat, eat (often considered by veteran snow campers the highlight of any trip), and other helpful hints.

With snow and weather conditions uncertain, seven of us, (three instructors and four students), committed ourselves with trepidation to what we thought might be a "character building" weekend. Meeting at Longmire at 9 a.m., we checked with the ranger regarding avalanche conditions (over three feet of snow had fallen within the preceding four days) and discussed the organization of joint party equipment. Proceeding to the overnight parking area at Narada Falls, we found the weather brilliant and snow deep for our start. Our spirits buoyed and our bloodsugar levels bursting from sweets obtained at the new bakery outside of the Park entrance, we started up the Narada Falls Trail at 10:30 a.m. After a "wax break" for the "non-skinners," we maintained a good pace until we reached the snow chute above Narada Falls. With some reconnaissance, we decided it was safe; however, we still passed across singly. Several smaller chutes further along the road were just beginning to slough in the warming sun, and we followed the same procedure. We arrived at Reflection Lake about noon and skied around the north side to a meadow located about ½ mile N. of Little Reflection Lake at 4900 feet. As we had five to six feet of snow and a spectacular view of the Tatoosh, we decided to stay. After stomping out areas for an igloo and an A-frame, we ate lunch and enjoyed the warming sun and view. From 1:30 to 5, we managed to erect two tents, dig a two-person snow cave, construct a two-person deluxe A-frame and finish a super deluxe three-person igloo. After a hot dinner and some "stove-fire" camaraderie, we all voted for a starlight tour around the lakes. We topped off a great day with a spectacular moonrise about 10 p.m. and then hit the "bags," with five persons electing to sleep in the snow houses.

On Sunday we awoke to a beautiful sunrise and rapidly rising temperatures. After quick breakfasts and organization of our gear, we all

practiced track skiing and telemarks in the fresh snow until about 11 a.m., when we spotted our first "day-tripper." This provided the incentive to break camp. With temperatures heading towards 50° F. we headed up Mazama Ridge, peaking out at 5,400 feet on the west slope, where we enjoyed lunch with a view. From our lunch spot we observed a massive avalanche which started at about 12,000 feet and ran down to at least 8,000 feet on what we identified as the Success Glacier of Mt. Rainier. We then proceeded down the ridge crest, intersecting the Reflection Lakes Trail at the saddle. We skied northwest down the trail to the road from Paradise which we followed back to the Narada Falls Trail, arriving at the cars at 4:30 p.m. 4:30 p.m.

Without exaggeration this trip had great weather, great views, great snow and excellent fellowship.

Dogwood

Patsy McCutchan

Everett Teton Expedition, 1980

Bill Iffrig

The plans and the party were formed last March. With dreams of solid rock and warm clear days to keep us looking forward to an August departure, who would have guessed that we were going to be hit by lightning, pelted by hail, splashed by rain, snowed upon, and nearly blown out of the state of Wyoming?

One of our party members, John Burchak, leased and flew a plane with three other members of the party as passengers. We departed Boeing Field at 9 a.m., August 24. After a "moderately turbulent" flight, we skidded into Jackson Hole airport in our Cessna 206, loaded too heavily with packs, ropes, hardware, and, of course, a lot of food for our planned six-day stay. Here we were greeted by the other two members of the party who had driven east earlier.

It took some doing to squeeze all our gear into the two autos for the final step to the base of Garnet Canyon. After five miles of steep trail we established our base camp at the platforms in Garnet Canyon, elevation 9,350 feet. For our first day's climb we chose Nez Perce (nay pursay); at 11,900 feet it presented an aesthetic goal in the clear, cloudless Tetons.

With four of the group on the east ridge route and a party of two going up the south ridge, little did we know that by 1:30 in the afternoon we would have been zapped twice by lightning and perched like pigeons on our packs for two hours while Thor took out his vengeance on the whole state of Wyoming. On Tuesday, feeling much more humble than when we had arrived, four of us decided on a quick trip back down to the climbers' ranch to reinforce their spirits at Jackson Hole while the two of us who had stayed up in the Canyon decided to try our luck at the standard route on the Middle Teton, something we could get off from quickly if the weather turned out like the day before. However, it went well and we were on the summit in three hours and back to the saddle so early in the day we thought we may as well climb the South Teton also.

Wednesday saw four of the party trying the Middle Teton, only to be driven back three times by lightning before calling it a day. The other team of two had planned on doing Caves Arete on Disappointment Peak, a classy looking 5.6 route, that could have been a real joy in nice weather. However, after a few quick shots from our old friend Thor, we decided we didn't want to take a chance of getting trapped on a rock ridge without an easy escape route. So we scrambled up the gully between the aretes instead and were still forced to seek the

protection of overhanging rocks to keep dry and out of the weather, three different times in a five-hour period.

By Thursday we were getting desperate to do some of the climbs we had traveled from Washington to do. Two of us headed up Cloud Veil Dome; an enjoyable rock route on the east ridge led to the summit, in weather that turned out to be some of the best we had seen. The rest of the party were off to try the Middle Teton again and this time made it in record time of two and a half hours. The conditions being such as they were all week, we found ourselves with only one day left to try the Exum Ridge on the Grand. Thursday afternoon we moved our camp up near the lower saddle, elevation 11,600 feet in order to get a good start Friday morning. After listening to the wind howl and the rain and hail pelt our tents most of the night, we woke up at 3 a.m., our planned departure time, and all agreed it would be wiser to forget the Grand and head out earlier than planned on Friday.

By this time we were all getting quite paranoid about the lightning, even to the point where we started to talk about the good old predictable, wet, sloppy Washington weather. With those thoughts it must be time to head for home, but not without taking in Jackson Hole on a Friday night. Oh, that prime rib is sure hard to take after a week of instant oatmeal and daily rations of Mountain House!

We did come away from this expedition agreeing wholeheartedly on one thing:

> If you want to get a "real charge" out of climbing, try the Tetons in late August!

Fred Rose, leader, Jim Hartman, Troy Ness, John Burchak, Nick Winslow, Bill Iffrig.

Everett Mountaineers Spring Ski Camp 1980 Yoho National Park, British Columbia

Bob Kandiko

Chocolate bunnies and jelly beans were handed out along with a week's supply of food before 15 mountaineers began the long ski up the Yoho valley on Easter Sunday. The 14-mile trip exhausted everyone, but the incredible scenery of the majestic Canadian Rockies more than compensated for the sweat and aching muscles. The sun had set as the last stragglers dragged their weary bodies into the Stanley Mitchell Cabin where a sumptuous meal of spaghetti and red wine revived even the most fatigued person. Coleman lanterns were soon extinguished and the loft filled with boisterous snoring as we dreamt about the fantastic skiing that awaited us the following morning.

Our cozy cabin, owned by the Canadian Alpine Club, was nestled at treeline in the Little Yoho Valley. The cabin had a capacity of 36, but we were the sole visitors during the first week of April. Three wood stoves and a fully stocked kitchen made the cabin especially comfortable.

Each day groups of three to six persons ventured out of the warm abode at 6,000 feet to explore the open powder bowls leading to the summits at 9-10,000 feet. Two-thirds of the participants challenged the slopes with nordic skis while the others watched in awe as telemark turns carved the whipped-cream surface. Whoops of excitement and laughter echoed through the valley while Cascade skiers raced and tumbled down powder slopes. The buoyant snow conditions made everyone look good. Smiles were ubiquitous as skiers returned to the cabin each afternoon to dry out soggy clothes and swap tales of their most memorable run. Yvonne's cooking filled even the biggest stomachs with vegetarian delights such as enchiladas and fresh vegie stir frys. Evenings were spent singing, talking, or quietly reading before heavy eyelids sent tired mountaineers up to the loft.

After five days the two highest peaks had still not been ascended due to poor visibility and high winds. On day six the skies cleared and the assault commenced. We made switchbacks up the wide glacier leading the notch between the President (10,297 feet) and the Vice President (10,059 feet). At the pass we dropped our skis and kicked steps up the moderately steep corniced ridge to the summit of the higher peak. Cameras recorded fantastic views of the entire Canadian Rockies. To the south loomed the awesome Goodsir

Towers while to the east the Lake Louise peaks of Victoria, LeFroy, and Temple dominated the landscape. The Wapta Icefields filled the northern aspect and far in the distance Mts. Columbia and Bryce were discernible. The group descended the ridge and scurried up the Vice President where T-shirts were discarded so that the radiant sun could warm (and burn) our pale Pacific coast bodies. But the lazy warmth of the moment could not hold us long from the incredible slope we had so laboriously ascended earlier that morning.

Imagine, if you can, putting on your skis at 9,000 feet and gazing down 2,500 feet of untracked powder. The President Glacier was safe enough to ski unroped and wide enough that tracks never had to cross. Telemark and downhill skiers, side by side, careened down the endless slope, carving turn after turn until legs became exhausted, forcing rest stops. One run was not enough so we retraced our switchbacks and enjoyed another run. By late afternoon everyone had experienced probably the finest ski mountaineering ever. The Canadian Rockies had lived up to their reputation.

The Stanley Michell Cabin *Bob Kandiko*

Ten of us made the trip back to the road on Saturday while the other five headed over the Wapta Icefields to the Bow Hut. This 18-mile trip was made in nine hours under perfect conditions as we crossed the continental divide at 9,000 feet and skied out to the Banff-Jasper Highway where a quick hitch took us back to the vehicles at Field, B.C. After a feast in Banff we camped in a highway pull-off and were treated to a spectacular display of Northern Lights. Spring ski camps are definitely the way to go!

Bob Kandiko, leader; Marc Bardsley, Sharon Brown, Steve Cunningham, Benny Curtis, Larry Duff, Ken Guza, Doug Jones, John Langbein, Doug Pierson, Bruce Pratt, Joe Tall, Steve Tharinger, Carol Tilley, Yvonne Yokota.

Yoho Ski Camp: looking down into Little Yoho Valley with the Vice President and President in the background. *Bob Kandiko*

Echo Lake

Silence lingers over Echo Lake.
The heavy fog has frozen the air,
solidified the atmosphere.
Leaves don't wobble in the wind:
there are no leaves left to flutter,
and the wind yielded a million years ago.

Not the tiniest trace of life,
it was all sucked down into the spongy marshes,
but for black trees with no branches
— petrified remnants of paleozoic woods —
and, most likely, some Lochness monster,
hiding under water, awaiting a human prey.

On the other strand, hazy strips open up
on the abysmal banks of hell's borderland,
as though Grendel were to growl
and step forth the fossilized forest,
athirst for blood and live bodies.
What if the beast comes. . . and no Beowulf?

The place incites to the perfect crime;
the screams of terror will scarcely echo
before being choked by the chilly gloom.
Even Conan Doyle won't find the cadaver.
Why, the mist makes away,
suddenly emerges. . . the sun!

—Yves Nievergelt

Avalanche Lilies

Hiking through avalanche lilies
I stopped to seek my former self,
the one who lived life with a flair.

No prayer would come
from my frozen heart.
The silence grew until
every flower was a prayer
perfectly united to one will,
the only reason to be.

Their prayer came to me,
in the high alpine meadow,
and I was able to go my way.

— Shirley Ruble

Lake 22

Over dead trees and past rest stops you called us.
Small waterfalls grew to thunderous ovations farther up
where snow ate at our boots
and the river leapt boulders.
Switchbacks stilled our words
and rivulets out of fernbacked rocks
teased our thirst.

A sheer granite mountain stopped us.
At its base Lake 22, snow-covered except for the edge
where a half-submerged log bathed in the sun.
A mudflat and underbrush were our table and bed.

There, like wild deer, we curled our bodies and slept.
The sun our blanket, the river our lullaby,
the trees our shade, the sky our dreams.

— Shirley Ruble

Climbing Notes

Compiled by Don Goodman

Tenpeak Mountain, Northwest Couloir

While on a traverse from Kennedy Hot Springs to Holden Village, Jens Kuljurgis, Lowell Skoog and I camped beneath the north face of Tenpeak Mtn. Climbing from the small tarn below the face, we followed 35° snow up the northwest couloir to a prominent "Y," some 600 feet below the summit. The right-hand branch, which steepened to 45-50° led to the base of the summit rocks. Working up and left, one pitch of solid rock gained the summit. This is a probable first ascent, although the summit register recorded another north face ascent on snow by a large Outward Bound group (probably on the glacier to the east of the couloir).

— G. Brill

North and South Early Winter Spires, East Side Couloirs

On May 15, 1977, under cool, cloudy skies, Lowell Skoog and I climbed the prominent couloir adjacent to the north face of North Early Winter Spire. Leaving the road near the hairpin corner east of Washington Pass, we followed the obvious avalanche chute to the base of the towering north wall of North Early Winter Spire. From here seven full pitches of 50-70° hard neve and ice led to the ridge crest. In places, the ice ribbon narrowed to two or three feet wide. Three or four inches of new snow fell during the ascent and sent spindrift scurrying down the narrow cut. A tight squeeze between the rock wall and a 15-foot high cornice finished the climb.

On May 6, 1978, after a clear, cold night Lowell Skoog and I left our car for a pre-dawn approach to the base of "True-Skoog" couloir, which lies between North and South Early Winter Spires on the east side. The first pitch was quite auspicious. With the sun beginning to strike the couloir, Lowell led up solid 60° neve through narrow, but continuous ice corridors. Above this initial pitch, however, the next four pitches went easily on 45-50° neve. The route was spectacular, with sweeping walls of vertical granite casting dark shadows on the chasm containing the couloir. We encountered difficult mixed climbing over a large chockstone about one pitch below the crest. A 25-foot cornice at the top was passed by a strenuous chimney between it and the vertical north face of South Early Winter Spire. Here

the route joins the standard route to the summit of North Early Winter Spire. These routes are probably only briefly in shape most seasons, sometime between April 15 and May 30. Beware of likely perched snow patches on granite slabs and unstable cornices; the sun strikes these routes immediately after dawn.

— G. Brill

G. Brill in couloir adjacent to N Early Winters Spire *Lowell Skoog*

Foggy Peak, North Ridge

Jon Corriveau and I climbed the north ridge of Foggy Peak on June 20, 1980. Ida Pass is best reached by the easternmost approach route. From Ida Pass drop, contour,and ascend snowfields and heather to the notch in the north ridge at about 6,400 feet. Mostly class 3-4 climbing with occasional easy fifth class moves on sound, clean diorite. Grade I, class 5.0.

— Joe Catellani

NW Twin Spire (Mox Peak), SE Face

On July 28, 1980, Dave Adams and I did a new route on NW Twin Spire in the Chilliwacks. From the NW edge of the 7,700-foot col between the NW and SE spires scramble up a prominent gully 30 feet to a belay ledge. Continue to ascend the loose gully to the left of a gendarme (80 feet, class 5).

From the top of this gully traverse right (NE) on a ledge for 40 feet then cut back left (west) for 80 feet to a prominent gully (class 3). Ascend this gully 300 vertical feet (class 3 slab) to below the NE ridge. From here we scrambled to the NE ridge, picking up the standard route. Two pitches on the NW face put us on the summit. A possible variation would be to ascend directly to the right of the summit from the top of the slabby gully (est. 130 feet of low class 5). We took 6 hours round trip from the col. This is a good route for those interested in climbing the SE spire as the route on the SE spire also starts at the 7,700-foot col.

— Don Goodman

Dragontail Peak, Northeast Tower

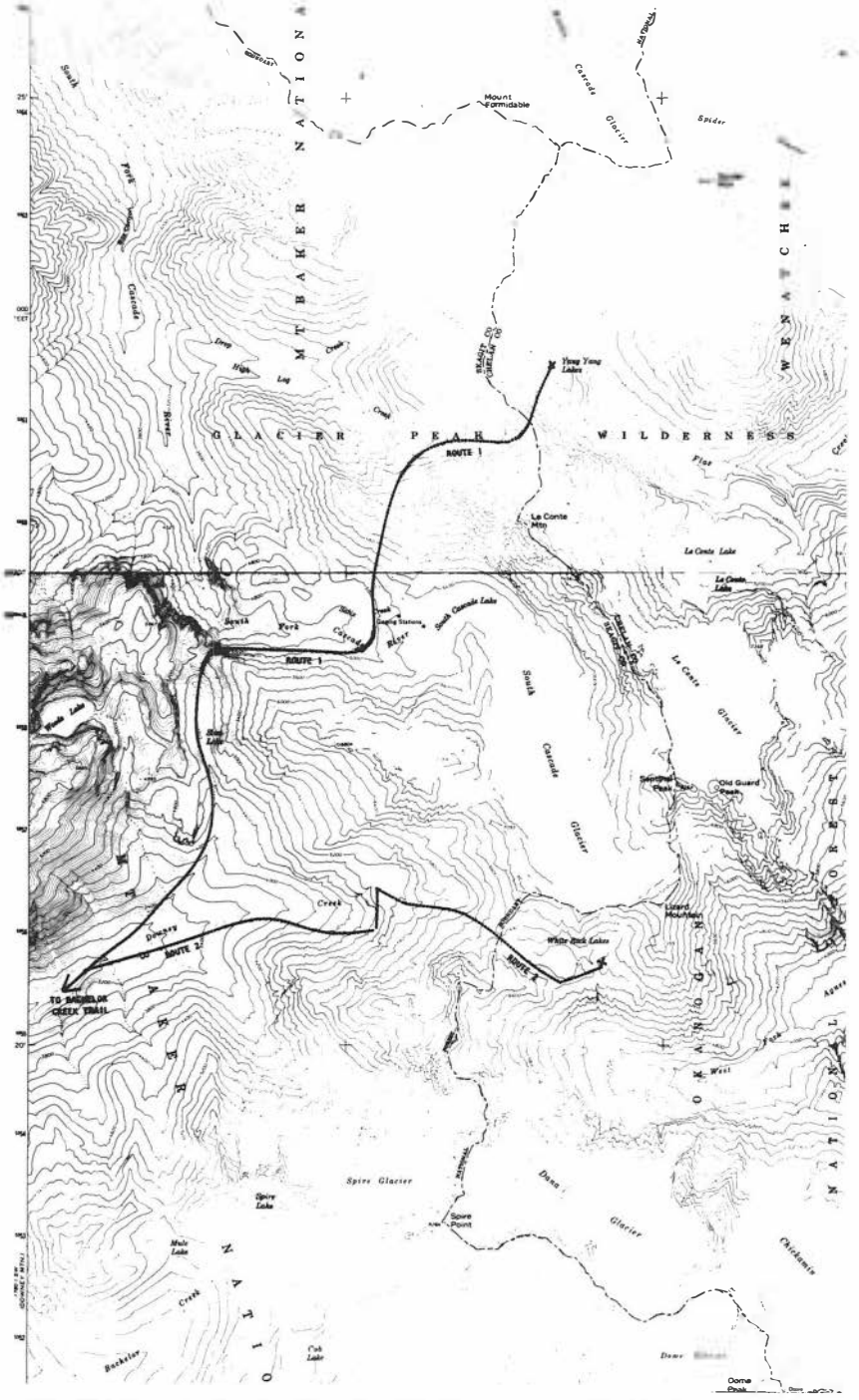
In June of 1980 Tom Michael and I climbed what I believe to be a new route on the Northeast Tower of Dragontail Peak. The route climbs the buttress east of the NE couloir and is rated Grade III, class 5.7 or 5.8.

— Brian Povolny

Escape Routes From the Ptarmigan Traverse

The popular Ptarmigan Traverse high route in the North Cascades can be a committing adventure, especially if you've been dropped off at Cascade Pass and have a car waiting for you at Downey Creek. In the case of equipment loss or failure it may be necessary to bypass certain portions of the traverse or abandon the traverse altogether. But how do you get to Downey Creek and your car? There are two possible routes; route 1 departs from the normal traverse route at Yang Yang Lakes and goes like this: 1) from Yang Yang Lakes ascend to Le Conte Pass at 6,500 feet; 2) descend the south side of High Log Creek to 5,400 feet; 3) ascend on bearing 218° T to ridgecrest at 6,400 feet; 4) descend fall line on 218° T to 5,000 feet; 5) traverse at 5,000 feet around ridge crest (south, then east), then drop into basin of upper South Fork Cascade River and cross river(s) at 4,800 feet; 6) traverse due west holding between 4,800 feet and 5,000 feet to pass at 5,000 feet; 7) you are now at the northern headwaters of Downey Creek; descend drainage down to Slim Lake at 4,605 feet; 8) continue down drainage, initially staying on north side of creek then, lower down, the south side. Route 2 departs from the normal traverse route at White Rock Lakes and goes like this: 1) from White Rock Lakes ascend to 6,600-foot pass west of lakes; 2) from pass descend on bearing 308° T to small lake at 5,600 feet; 3) follow lake outlet stream to 5,100 feet; 4) contour south down and through cliff bands at 4,800 feet; 5) once in main drainage, stay as high and south as possible until the forest is reached at 400 feet; 6) follow Downey Creek to the Bachelor Creek trail. Route 2 was followed by Paul Wagenaar and myself in 1980. Although Downey Creek is generally brushy, much brush can be avoided. Maps incorrectly show a trail up Downey Creek beyond Bachelor Creek. We found it best to be on the south side of Downey Creek below 3,000 feet. We took 10 hours to travel from White Rock Lakes to our cars at the Suiattle River. It should be noted that these routes are physically arduous and require good navigational skills and visibility. They should only be attempted after all other options have been looked at.

— Don Goodman



Map: Escape routes from the Ptarmigan Traverse *USGS and Don Goodman*

Washington's Highest 100

Mountaineer Russ Kroeker was the first person to climb the top 100 peaks in Washington State with his successful ascent of Formidable on October 4, 1980. His seven-year effort included a first ascent of Horseshoe Peak near Cascade Pass which he climbed along with Bruce Gibbs, Mary Jo Gibbs and Dick Kagel. The 100th highest peak in Washington is Flora Peak, near Lucerne, at 8,320 feet.

— Don Goodman

Winter Climbs

On January 5 to 6, 1980, Don Page, Mike O'Denius, and Jerry Crofoot climbed the southwest rib of Big Bear Mtn., located between Three Fingers and Liberty. Climbing consisted of class 3 and 4 mixed rock. Also during the winter of '80, Jack Bennett, Conny Bennet, Mike Hill, and Nancy Fitzsimmons climbed Spire Peak from the North Fork Skykomish River.

Editor's Note: Winter ascents are generally defined as ascents made during the Winter Solstice, December 21 - March 21.

Book Reviews

Ascent: The Mountaineering Experience in Word and Image. Edited by Allen Steck and Steve Roper. Sierra Club Books. $14.95 (Paperback)

The freeform style of *Ascent* pulls together tales of adventure, fiction, history, philosophy, poetry, photographs and drawings to capture a glimpse of the absurd world of climbing. The various contributions have one alternately laughing, repulsed, and wishing you were there.

Striking photographs complement Mike Graber's dynamic blend of humor and history in describing Alaska's Cathedral Spires. Dave Roberts contributes both a witty perspective of expedition narratives, in "Slouching Toward Everest," and climbing's first soap script with "Like Water and Like Wind." The Eigerwand, Black Ice Couloir, and Salathe Wall are revisited with highly personal accounts that focus on the journey of the mind rather than the route. "In the Constellation of Roosters and Lunatics" takes a zany look at the history of buildering that culminates in an epic attempt on San Francisco's Transamerica Building.

Superb photographs and drawings expand the reality and fantasy conveyed by the text and touch the reader, while additional articles continue the information, philosophy and satire.

Ascent has something for every climber and continues to surpass other mountaineering compendia in artistic quality and style.

—Joe Catellani

Solo Nanga Parbat. Reinhold Messner. Oxford University Press. $19.95 (Hardback)

By all accounts Reinhold Messner is one of the greatest climbers of all time. Certainly there are some who are better technicians on rock or ice, and others who have climbed as many 8,000-meter mountains as he has, but there are few if any who can match Messner's attitude.

Solo Nanga Parbat is a book about that attitude. It is an account of a remarkable solo ascent of the unclimbed 3,500-meter West Face of Nanga Parbat. Carrying supplies for 10 days, Messner set off alone, passing through chaotic ice falls, huge serac fields and steep rock sections before reaching the summit three days later. After sitting out a storm for one day, Messner abandoned his tent,

sleeping bag, stove and food and descended the entire face in one incredible day.

More than an account of a climb, *Solo Nanga Parbat* is an account of a voyage of self-discovery. Messner speaks of his divorce and its resulting shock and emptiness of the soul. It is then he decides on another solo attempt. "I will kill this loneliness or let it kill me." By pushing himself to his limits of physical and mental energies, Messner hopes to conquer not only the summit but also his feeling of despair. Messner transcends the boundaries of ordinary perception on his solo voyage. He speaks to unseen partners, sees men and women who guide him and hears voices that seem to comfort and calm him when he is full of doubts.

All in all, *Solo Nanga Parbat* gives us a glimpse of the complex nature of Reinhold Messner and the way he turns what most people perceive as a terrifying situation into a personal triumph. A side note: this review copy had brittle page joints and the pages tore away from the binding easily. Check your copy carefully.

—Mark A. Sandler

Shawangunk Rock Climbs. (second edition) Richard C. Williams. American Alpine Club. $14.50 (Paperback)

This edition updates the 1972 version and, as highly technical Eastern climbers have continued to put up new routes on the conglomerate faces, the book has grown to 463 pages. Only Chouinard-style back pockets will hold the volume, although rarely-used climbing packs and nearby cars are alternate repositories! The historical section concisely portrays the varied and exciting stages upon which the hundreds of climbs were performed. The geology is described and climbing and ethical considerations outlined. Routes are located precisely (the most important feature of any climbing guidebook) by clearly written descriptions or by use of the extensive collection of photographs. Climbs are grouped in chapters according to specific areas, but also are cross-indexed by grade of difficulty. This latter concept is an especially valuable one for individuals wishing to concentrate on a specific level of climbing. Future editions of Beckey's Cascade guides would do well to employ this helpful method of categorizing routes. The volume is an excellent one and, for all the reasons climbers use such books, is sure to be a success.

—Joseph R. Siebert

Climbing and Hiking in the Wind River Mountains. Joe Kelsey. Sierra Club Books. $8.95 (Paperback)

The Sierra Club has published a worthy addition to its Totebook Series of climbing and hiking guides with Joe Kelsey's new book *Climbing and Hiking in the Wind River Mountains.* Kelsey is a fine writer and the book provides a great deal of information not directly related to climbing routes. The introductory sections dealing with non-Yosemite climbing, equipment, hiking information, wilderness living and weather are particularly good.

Kelsey's literary talents are amply displayed in the chapter on the history of the Wind River Range. Kelsey starts with the Lewis and Clark expedition, discusses the Indian tribes in the area and writes with great insight and love of the "mountain men" such as Jim Bridger and Jedediah Smith who opened up the Wind River Range to fur trapping and eventual settlement. Kelsey also narrates the devastating treatment that the Shoshone Indian tribe received at the hands of the U.S. Cavalry and the U.S. government.

A subject of minor historical interest but continuing debate is the long-standing controversy concerning whether General Fremont climbed the mountain which now bears his name. Orrin Bonney, the author of another well-known guidebook to the Wind River Range, takes the position that Fremont actually climbed the peak which is now known as Woodrow Wilson. Kelsey joins the ranks of those who believe that Fremont climbed the peak which is named after him. The evidence, pro and con, is imaginative but not conclusive.

Kelsey displays the typical California attitude toward equipment which causes amusement and despair in Northwest climbers. He states that running shoes are sufficient to get you into the mountains and rock climbing shoes can be worn on most routes. He also believes that the majority of the routes can be done without an ice axe. Northwest climbers (and prudent climbers from any area) will conclude that mountain boots, ice axes and crampons are a necessary part of their climbing equipment.

The author admits his ambivalence between providing information for the climber and leaving some mystery and adventure for the climber. He believes that detailed route descriptions are inappropriate and he has concentrated on characterizing a route and giving an overall view rather than detailed route descriptions. Climbers who are interested in photographs depicting the routes and detailed route descriptions will find Bonney's *Guide to the Wind River Range* more to their taste.

The climbing routes are described by geographical area. Although the maps outlining the trails are quite sketchy, the written

trail information is quite good. Following his professed philosophy of letting each climber do his own route finding, the route descriptions of the climbs are quite brief.

This "guide" is a fine addition to anyone's climbing library. Kelsey's fine writing, the broad sweep of his interests, the depth of his research, and his knowledge of climbing make this a book which can be enjoyed by the fireplace on a cold winter's night as well as being used on a sunny summer day in the Titcomb Basin. Climbers planning to visit the area will want to supplement this book with maps and other guides, but this book will be read and enjoyed even by those who never have an opportunity to visit this magnificent area.

—Norman L. Winn

A Guide to Trekking in Nepal. (fourth edition) Stephen Bezruchka. The Mountaineers. $8.95 (Paperback)

This information-crammed book has the look of a Baedeker and a *102 Hikes* guide book all glued into one volume.

What is unsettling is that the subject is a kingdom that only a little over twenty years ago was a remote goal for travellers. Little was known of the country. Decent maps were non-existent. To trek Nepal then was to learn of the country for yourself.

Now it's all laid out for the prospective trekker, *including walking times from village to village.*

Bezruchka, a physician currently practicing medicine in Seattle, has spent many years in Nepal — much of the time, apparently, on foot to a variety of destinations around the country.

He has organized his notes on those ventures, and the result is a detailed trail guide for the major treks in Nepal. Naturally, the Solu-Khumbu and the enormously popular track to Everest receive the most attention.

But some of the lesser areas are mentioned, too. RaRa Lake, in little-visited Western Nepal, is one of these.

The early pages contain the How-to-Arrange-It sections of the book. As a medical man himself, Brezruchka devotes one chapter to health problems and how to cope with them.

The descriptions are casual but detailed. The sktech maps are helpful, but would need to be augmented with maps of greater detail for actual trekking. A novice traveller probably could digest this guide book and move independently about Nepal without too much trepidation.

Altogether, this is a satisfying addition to the world's guide books.

I wish it had existed twenty years ago.

—Alfred Stenson

Teanaway Country: A Hiking and Scrambling Guide to Washington's Central Cascades. Mary Sutliff. Signpost Books. $4.95 (Paperback)

If folks who have roamed the Teanaway area in splendid solitude find the trails a little more crowded in the future, they can thank, or blame, Mary Sutliff's first contribution to Northwest guidebook literature, *Teanaway Country*. The area offers mile after mile of outstanding hiking and views in some of the most agreeable weather to be found in the state, and the book will tempt many to come again and again to explore its reaches.

The guide covers in relative detail the area bounded by Ingalls Creek on the north, Interstate 90 on the south, Highway 97 on the east, and Lake Kachess on the west. Sixty-two hikes and scrambles are described, as compared to eight trips for the same area described in *102 Hikes*. Although the book is separated into two sections, trail hikes and off-trail scrambles, many of the trails require a bit more navigation skill and adventuresome spirit than the well-beaten paths of such places as the Alpine Lakes Wilderness Area. It is this aspect that will appeal to the more experienced mountain enthusiast.

Each section of the guide is divided into three areas according to the appropriate USGS or Green Trails map. All three maps are shown together in theintroduction for general orientation purposes, and portions of them, showing only the pertinent features, accompany the descriptions of the hikes in each area and are quite helpful. Each trail description includes mileage, elevation gain, highest point attained, map, and the best time of year for the hike. The flowers and birds that may be encountered are mentioned, as well as such features as old mines, good campsites, the availability of water and, of course, always the views. In addition, combination and loop trips are suggested for more strenuous days and for the backpacker.

In the introduction to the Scrambles section, the author explains her system of classifying trips according to the level of difficulty. This system should be useful to those new to the area or to the sport of scrambling. The description for each scramble begins with the round-trip mileage, elevation gain, highest point, and class of difficulty, and includes mention of the various problems that may be en-

countered such as steep snow and loose rock. I hope the author's frequent warnings about the need for an ice axe and care in regard to loose rock will be taken seriously and will serve to discourage those who don't yet have the necessary skills to scramble safely.

The major disappointment of the book is the poorly reproduced photographs. Fortunately, most of the photos are "view" shots as opposed to "route" shots, so they aren't a critical aid to reaching a destination. Perhaps they serve to pique the curiosity, but they contribute little else to the usefulness or enjoyment of the book.

Aside from the photographs, the book is quite a good first effort. Mary Sutliff knows the area well, and she catches you up with her enthusiasm for its many charms. She has organized the information well, and packed it into a book that is small enough to take along in the pack. It is a worthwhile addition to the library of any adventuresome hiker, but is especially recommended for the rain-soaked Western Washington mountain freak. The sun really does smile often on the Teanaway Country.

—Trudy Lalonde

Exploring the Olympic Peninsula. (third revised edition) Ruth Kirk. University of Washington Press. $7.95 (Paperback)

Ruth Kirk's knowledge of the Olympic Peninsula, its rugged, unspoiled mountains and seashores, its human and natural history, is unsurpassed. My husband and I have used the first edition (published in 1964) virtually as a bible to guide us in exploring the trails and seashores. So it was with great anticipation that I opened the third revised edition, eager to see what changes she had made and whether she had retained the features of organization which made the first edition so valuable.

Kirk did not disappoint me. Every section has been carefully updated. In the preface, she writes "since time lies gently here, the fundamental validity of this book written in the 1960s remains intact; some updating is needed, however, as the 1980s open." She then enumerates the major changes: the replacement of the Hood Canal Bridge with a ferry system, the building of an increasing number of houses and campgrounds (though she notes that roads and trails have changed little), and the requiring of licenses for digging clams together with a reduction of limits.

She has updated the Road Guide to note additions to scenic drives, and in that section she now omits all mention of industrial tours (a welcome change). Under What To Do, she has included some fairly recent additions to the list of museums, such as the Makah Cultural Center in Neah Bay. Map 3 has been corrected to

show "trail only" from Mukkaw Bay to Shi Shi Beach and Point of Arches. A helpful addition to the Trail Guide section is the category of beach hikes. She briefly describes the regulations regarding required backcountry permits and tells where they may be obtained.

All in all, the revised third edition of *Exploring the Olympic Peninsula* is a definitive coverage. It retains the virtues of the first edition and makes the necessary revisions fit into the same number of pages as before. This guide "for the eyes and the feet, and also the mind" is still lightweight and fits nicely into a pack!

—Helen R. Nieberl

A Guide to the Trails of Badger Creek. (revised edition) Ken and Ruth Love. Signpost Books. $4.95 (Paperback)

This unpretentious booklet with its attractive yet low-key cover is a detailed guide to the roadless area located in the eastern part of Mt. Hood National Forest. The authors assert that in Badger Creek "East does meet West," Kipling to the contrary. Elements typical of the west side of the Cascades intermingle with those typical of the eastern Oregon desert. For example, one may see a dry-country lizard and a Pacific salamander living within a few yards of each other. Or, within a two-mile span, a hiker may go from the higher elevation Douglas Fir/Grand Fir community to the lower elevation pine/oak community.

The book describes a network of trails totaling more than 100 miles. Included in the introduction is a gentle reminder of the "code of conduct" for hikers and backpackers, stressing the kind of behavior that will preserve the wilderness characteristics of the area. It seems to me that in 1981 even stricter guidelines must prevail than when this was published (in 1979), especially in regard to using camp stoves rather than burning natural wood.

The map section is useful, and the trail descriptions give points of interest as well as distances. Flower identifications are carefully noted and illustrated with black-and-white drawings.

Especially interesting to me was the information that the weather in this region is more benign than on the west side of the Cascades in regard to rain. The lesser snowpack permits a longer hiking season. Even higher elevation trails are almost totally snowfree by mid or late June. But thunderstorms can brew in the afternoons, and winds may bluster across exposed ridges, so rain gear and warm clothing are still useful.

The booklet is lightweight and could easily fit into a pack.

—Helen Nieberl

A Sierra Club Naturalist's Guide to the Deserts of the Southwest. Peggy Larson. Sierra Club Books. $5.95 (Paperback)

A Sierra Club Naturalist's Guide to Southern New England. Neil Jorgensen. Sierra Club Books. $14.95 (Hardback), $9.95 (Paperback)

A Sierra Club Naturalist's Guide to the Piedmont. Michael A. Godfrey. Sierra Club Books. $19.95 (Hardback), $9.95 (Paperback)

When I reviewed the *Sierra Club Naturalist's Guide to the Sierra Nevada* last year, I looked forward to reading others in the series. Did the high quality of this excellent compendium of Sierra Nevada natural history reflect a special interest the almost 90-year old club would show for its "favorite" area of original concern? Would this quality and detail be maintained in succeeding volumes?

All volumes are superb in their ecological coverage of the areas in concern. The interrelationships between plants, animals, and their physical environment are stressed quite consistently and most gratifyingly. Excerpts from each of these volumes could well be used as general "readings in ecology" without reference to the particular region described. How refreshingly different from the old way of viewing the landscape by cataloguing individual species of plants and animals!

But these books are called, and their compact size indicates they are to be used as, guides to specific regions. And it is here that their consistency falters.

My favorite region, the desert, suffers most. Thinnest of the volumes, *Guide to the Deserts of the Southwest* is a futile attempt to describe a very large area, a huge range of physical environments, and an enormously varied population of uniquely adapted plants and animals. Additionally, several chapters are devoted to subjects such as: Planning Desert Exploration and Enjoyment; Man, Heat, and Dehydration; First Aid; and Desert Survival Skills. These include everything from relative merits of sleeping-bag fillers to the problems of Mexican car insurance and gasolines!

What little space is left to describe individual species is well used, however. The illustrations, line and stipple, are particularly pleasing. And the forword, by Edward Abbey, is worth the price alone. So, buy this volume for its ecological viewpoint, and go to any number of other guides to the plants and animals of our fascinating deserts for more detail.

The unifying ecological overview gets an exceptionally thorough treatment in the *Guide to Southern New England.* Almost half the

book looks at general forest ecology, half at specific forest and other communities — concentrating primarily on trees and shrubs. The remaining few pages cover the mammals, birds, reptiles, and amphibians of southern New England.

The Sierra Club's latest guide, to the Piedmont (the region between the eastern coastal plain and the Blue Ridge Mountains), may be one of the best. Similar to the Sierra Nevada guide, it strikes a nice balance in its very complete and much-appreciated ecological overview without sacrificing too many individual actors in the biotic communities. Annotated lists of animals take as many pages in this volume as the descriptive coverage does in the southern New England guide, but in addition there are pages of well-written text on the animal life (including insects and other invertebrates) for each of the habitats described.

Like the Sierra Nevada guide, this has an error right at the beginning of the first chapter. Repeated references are made to the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, when the always separate and distinctly different U.S. Geological Survey is clearly meant. The geologic cross section that follows is not noteworthy. With this, and the even worse cross section in the Sierra Nevada guide in mind, it is very depressing to think that only professionally-trained geologists seem to have a real grasp of what geology is all about. It is particularly depressing because most professional geologists are such abysmally poor writers!

The Sierra Club Naturalist's Guides are all well-written and eminently readable. Together with appropriate additional literature, each represents the current state-of-the-art in naturalists' interpretation of our regional wildlands.

—Marvin A. Pistrang

Weathering the Wilderness: The Sierra Club Guide to Practical Meterology. William E. Reifsnyder. Sierra Club Books. $8.95 (Paperback)

One ought to take a clue from the title of this book. It isn't going to provide many thrills. Weathermen have been handspringing for years just to attract attention; there are far better places to go for entertainment than a "practical" guide to this most banal of subjects. Still, first impressions and easy joking aside, this is a useful book. The author, a Forest Meteorologist at Yale, approaches his material as if two lessons may be learned from it. First, the "sensible" outdoorsman will want to know about wind, temperature, and cloud changes in order to avoid unpleasant or even dangerous run-ins with

the elements. Second, the "curious" outdoorsman will want to know about weather for the sake of knowing about weather. The same applies here as with other subjects; a certain inside knowledge adds to the experience of the beast. Pleasure may be derived, however obtusely, from looking out over a mountain sunset and being able to declaim with authority, "Aye, Charlie, warm front coming in. Rain by morning."

The book is divided into two sections. The first, roughly half as long as the second, covers general principles. It is made up of five chapters — one each on the general forces at work in the air around us, the behavior of important air masses, the development of fronts and storm systems, the dynamics of certain local "microclimates" (such as those associated with mountains, deserts, and seashores), and the mitigation of weather hazards. The discussions of annually migrating high and low pressure areas, cloud progressions usually preceding frontal systems, and effects of rising or subsiding air on surface winds are especially useful. The most interesting parts of the first section, however, come in the chapter on "microclimates." Here the author explains such local phenomena as cold air pockets and the hot chinook of Santa Ana winds that blow off the eastern slopes of many western mountain ranges.

The second section is devoted to regional climatologies. Eight separate chapters seek to give an indication of what an outdoorsman might expect if he planned a trip to eight regions of the continental United States. One chapter concerns the Olympic Peninsula, another the Cascades. These chapters are sub-divided by season. Because the author's discussion here maintains its objective distance, possessing little local color, the chapters are less appealing than those of the first section. The best information they contain may be found condensed in a series of charts and graphs.

This is a puritan book. It is written for those on the lookout for essences. The prose is dry, the format sparse. The author does not even pretend to mold his material into a "story." On the whole, however, it provides a solid introduction to weather patterns that would prove an asset for any outdoorsman.

—Dave Moffat

The Great Canadian Outback. Robert Janes. Douglas & McIntyre, Ltd. $19.95 (Hardback)

Geologic writing constitutes a body of literature that is still embarrassingly poor. Any halfway decent book popularizing geology

would be a welcome addition: to discover and read *The Great Canadian Outback* is pure joy! Robert Janes is not only a geologist with experience in industry, research, and teaching, but more importantly, he is a writer with the ability to transmit his knowledge and understanding of the geologic processes that produced the Canada of today.

Interspersed with his eminently readable geologic story are lyrical comments on other values of wildlands. In a discussion of limestone caverns and solution weathering, there are words for the crimson sumac and wild geese, while a half page is devoted to a picture titled "Fungi reflect the quiet of the small campground at the Warsaw Caves."

Janes portrays many of the scenic spots of Canada, in equally beautiful words and pictures, in what seems to be a disconnected series of individual vignettes. In doing so, however, he has cleverly covered the entire gamut of geologic processes, in a thoughtfully-chosen procession leading inexorably to plate tectonics, the great unifying view. Very readable, lucid explanations follow one after the other throughout the book. I cannot remember being "held" by a geologic text of this quality — well, not since Nigel Calder's *The Restless Earth.*

"Canada in Retrospect," the final page, is a minor classic: "To senselessly destroy this record, to paint graffiti on the rocks, to leave garbage on the mountain top, or ride motorcycles over the dunes, is an affront to a dignity too few of us know. . . . Can we not reuse more of what we have, and make better use by causing less waste? Can we not simply use less?"

A most unusual and precious book on "geology," indeed.

—Marvin A. Pistrang

Nature Drawing: A Tool for Learning. Clare Walker Leslie. Prentice-Hall, Inc. $9.95 (Paperback)

I'd like to recommend this book to all who are interested in sketching from nature. Its richly varied illustrations can send you out for a walk or suggest new approaches to your own drawing. There are works in many media from many hands, including students, professionals and masters such as Audubon and Dürer. Styles vary from suggestive to precise, from quick sketches to finished works of art. The excellent quality of the reproductions allows study of the artist's technique (except for an occasional half-tone which I'd like to see larger).

Drawing is viewed as an enjoyable way to focus our attention on nature, to simply sit and watch. The author assumes an interest in nature, and gives beginning exercises for getting moving with pencil on paper. She is an experienced teacher who encourages experimentation and learning by doing. There is general how to draw information along with help on the special problems of drawing from nature. Chapters include materials, methods, plants, animals, birds and keeping a field notebook.

For those who need scientific accuracy or illustrations for publication I'd supplement *Nature Drawing* with the excellent book by Seattle artist and educator Phyllis Wood, *Scientific Illustration*.

—R. Hammerly

Backwoods Ethics: Environmental Concerns for Hikers and Campers. Laura and Guy Waterman. Stone Wall Press. $6.95 (Paperback)

There was a popular song a short time ago called "The Times, They Are A-Changin'." The times are indeed "a-changin'" and, unfortunately, the backcountry has not been immune to these changes.

The subject of this timely book is "clean" (or minimum-impact) camping. With increasing numbers of the population heading for the hills to get some of that "wilderness experience" they've heard so much about, the environment has sustained a tremendous impact. Wildflower-strewn meadows have been trampled and rutted with "herd tracks"; dirt trails have either been compacted into concrete or torn up by lug-soled boots; campgrounds have been devastated by tent trenches, numerous fire pits and rings; and firewood has become an endangered species. This book is intended as an educational tool for checking or even (dare I say it?) reversing this destructive trend.

The one criticism I make is that the book is much longer than it needs to be. There is only so much to say about minimum-impact camping and hiking. The authors have 30-35 pages of good material but, because they are writing a book, have felt compelled to expand it to 170 pages. The book is fairly entertaining to read, but if you're interested only in low-impact wilderness use, or don't have that much time to read, you can safely read only Section II, "The New Ethic," and be assured of getting the gist of the book's message.

The first chapter in Section II gives a good overview of what clean camping is all about, including 30 tenets and nine obstacles. Subsequent chapters cover comparison of Vibram-soled boots with the

lowly . . . ugh! . . . sneaker for hiking footwear, low-impact camping (which includes a complete set of instructions for sleeping in a hammock), low-impact cooking (with the conclusion that although far more romantic to set around a roaring fire than a roaring Optimus 111B, cookstoves are better for the environment), and the last chapter is devoted to the pros and cons of taking Rover along on your outings.

The rest of the book is given over to discussions of such things as the hiker, desirable backwoods environment, and the spirit of wilderness, most of which is entertaining but has no direct bearing on low-impact tramping.

Anyone planning to spend much time this year in the mountains might do well to read through at least Section II.

—Bill French

Going High: The Story of Man and Altitude. Charles S. Houston, M.D. Charles S. Houston, M.D. and the American Alpine Club. $10.00 (Paperback)

This book, unfortunately, is not likely to appeal to a particularly wide audience. The author has oversimplified some altitude-generated bodily processes, too much so for his fellow physicians, yet in some other places it becomes too medically technical for someone without an LPN background to follow.

Beyond that, the book is basically what the title says it is: the story of man and altitude. Dr. Houston covers very thoroughly the history of man's encounters with high altitude beginning with Noah's ark running aground atop Mt. Ararat.

He next describes the biomechanics of the cardiovascular (heart/lung) system, then devotes a lengthy chapter to the four different types of altitude sickness. After another hefty chapter on acclimatization, he closes with a discussion on cell processes as they relate to altitude.

As often as we like to get outdoors and up into the higher elevations, most of us are basically uninterested in the physiological reasons we might come down with altitude sickness. Most of us are not concerned, really, with the hows and whys, but more with the treatment. For these people, a mountaineering first-aid book (or course) is in order; for those people who are interested in all the physiological and biochemical reactions (and lack thereof) associated with altitude sickness and/or the history behind it, this book should cover it nicely.

—Bill French

Mountain Sickness: Prevention, Recognition and Treatment.
Peter H. Hackett, M.D. American Alpine Club. $4.50 (Paperback)

Many physicians pose as experts on altitude illnesses, but few have had the vast experience that Peter Hackett has. His peripatetic nature has led him to many of the highest mountain ranges of the world, but more importantly he has for a number of years been the Director of Medical Research and Medical Director of the Himalayan Rescue Association. His station has been located in the small village of Pheriche at 14,000 feet in the Khumbu region of the Nepal Himalayas. In addition to seeing many trekkers come and go, he has seen many therapeutic modalities for altitude illness wax and wane. He has also been the principal investigator in several landmark clinical trials to test the efficacy of various treatments.

In *Mountain Sickness,* Peter has undertaken the difficult task of trying to write a handbook that addresses both the mountaineer and the physician. He has succeeded superbly. This clearly written book is laced with experience, common sense, and convincing research evidence. It is not obfuscated by medical jargon, nor is its mesage to the medical profession lost in simplistic explanations geared to non-medical individuals. There is invaluable information in the handbook for anyone who takes forays to the mountains.

In case anyone who goes to altitudes is foolish enough not to read this handbook, there are a few points worth emphasizing and commenting on. This book is succinct; there is no padding, so it must be read carefully — an easy one- to two-hour venture (depending on how hypoxemic one is). It is also a book dealing with the complex of symptoms of acute, not chronic, mountain sickness (AMS). AMS, therefore, is experiences by the lowland native who sojourns at altitude for days or weeks, not someone who has lived for years at altitude. Although Peter draws largely on his experience in Nepal, this fact does not detract from its relevance to all high mountains. He does not address himself specifically to the unique altitude problems of the small group of climbers who attempt fast, alpine ascents of moderate to extreme altitudes. This select group is in too much of a hurry to read anyway and would not want to add the additional weight of the book (4.5 oz.).

Peter has also successfully negotiated the dilemma of writing about medications in a way that is informative to all audiences. He is essentially a conservative but not nihilistic therapeutist and clearly covers the possible benefits and risks of taking any drugs at altitude. For instance, the risks of morphine and Lasix outweigh the benefits except in a rare medically supervised situation. Perhaps my even more conservative approach would have me warn against the

use of two Lasix tablets for routine peripheral edema. In someone with normal kidneys, one tablet may find one urinating in the breeze all day or night and collapsing in a pile from dehydration. Diamox is nicely discussed, although one side effect is neglected. The drug can cause carbonated beverages, especially beer, to taste metallic and bitter. (A mild headache on Rainier is well worth a few good beers afterwards — you set priorities.) Sedatives for sleep are discouraged, and recent data provide convincing evidence that they may be truly detrimental. This point, therefore, is worth emphasizing.

Peter divides AMS into mild, moderate, and severe, emphasizing that the first and third are easy to identify but the second presents the mountaineer with the difficulty of deciding whether to slow climbing, descend, or continue; i.e., as in most overlap syndromes the trend is not always apparent initially. He also talks about fluid balance and retinal hemorrhages.

Although he did not intend this handbook to cover all of mountaineering medicine or survival in the wilderness, he has given some very sound advice in some more general areas, especially related to prevention. For instance, graded ascent, a luxury for most weekenders, is certainly wise for the Himalayan trekker. Avoidance of excess salt and water loss from perspiration by "dressing-down" during exertion seems obvious, but is superb advice. Most climbers overdress, oversweat, and get wet during the day, then suffer from being wet, cold, and dehydrated at night — all of which may dispose one to AMS — a simple but important bit of advice.

In summary, this handbook is excellent. To keep it portable and pertinent, it is not filled with color photos, diagrams, or much humor; but as mentioned earlier, it is an extremely successful attempt at addressing audiences of climbers, hikers, and physicians, even those who think themselves experts. A helpful short bibliography is provided.

—Robert Brown Schoene, M.D.
Dept. of Medicine, Respiratory Diseases
University of Washington

The Life and Adventures of John Muir. James Mitchell Clarke. Sierra Club Books. $7.95 (Paperback)

When I mentioned to a friend that there was a book entitled *The Life and Adventures of John Muir* that should be reviewed, his head tilted to one side, his eyes closed, and he gave me a mock snore. His prejudice toward biographies can, I think, be excused; we all have had to wade through a biography of someone at some point, and a good many of us found most of them to be relaxing enough to put us to sleep. Not so in this case; this biography is quite different.

The difference is that Clarke's book is composed almost entirely of Muir's own statements, feelings, emotions, and senses. You gain an intimacy with Muir that is conspicuously lacking in other biographies.

Starting with Muir's birth and boyhood, the narrative progresses through his vocations and avocations as wanderer, geologist, ecologist, explorer, husbandman, and activist. You gain insight into Muir with each page by watching him grow and mature. You share his wonder and euphoria in the Sierras, his excitement in the exploration of Alaskan glaciers, his disappointment and discouragement with the slow destruction of the wilderness he saw taking place, his psycho-physical need for the healing power of wilderness solitude.

Muir's interests were no less varied than the out-of-doors itself. As an inventor, he designed and constructed clocks to assist him in scientific observations. He also invented an altimeter that operated on a barometric pressure principle.

He was the first to conceptualize a massive ice sheet which once covered Yosemite Valley. When he published this theory, it enraged the authoritative Josiah Whitney who wondered "what a sheepherder would know about anything," and proceeded to nit-pick the report to death. Muir was also the first to explore several inland fjord-type glaciers in Alaska, accompanied by Indians, their dog, and a missionary.

Despite his extensive explorations, including scores of first ascents in the Sierra Nevadas (none of which he ever took credit for) and even a trip around the world, he is best known for his formation of the Sierra Club and for his never-ending fight for formation of national parks and forests.

I highly recommend this book. It's about an ordinary man with ordinary experiences — who, in truth, was an extraordinary man with extraordinary experiences. Be prepared to see at least a little — but more likely a lot — of yourself in John Muir.

—Bill French

Where the Clouds Can Go. (third edition) Conrad Kain. American Alpine Club. $17.50 (Hardback)

Starting from a life of poverty in Austria at the turn of the century, one of North America's outstanding mountaineers describes his adventures in the Alps, Corsica, New Zealand, Siberia, and Canada. Kain caught the admiration of many mountaineers past and present for his independent nature that enabled him to succeed despite formidable obstacles and the doubt of others.

Kain is as masterful a storyteller as a mountaineer. In "The Millionaire Guide" Kain hires a guide incognito so he can "play the gentleman himself" and agonize his guide with clumsy manner and awkward questions as so often had been his lot. "Dynamiting a Glacier" is a humorous account of how fate drives awry man's attempt at contriving nature's splendor. Bits of Victorian language and philosophy spice the text, notably Edward Whymper's campfire talk at the Alpine Club of Canada's summer outing. Conrad laid down the methods by which a guide (or Mountaineer leader) might hope to maintain the confidence of a party:

"First, he should never show fear.

Second, he should be courteous to all, and always give special attention to the weakest member in the party.

Third, he should be witty, and be able to make up a white lie on short notice, and tell it in a convincing manner.

Fourth, he should know when and how to show authority; and, when the situation demands it, should be able to give a good scolding to whomsoever deserves it."

Attimes the text drags; accounts of guided climbs on small peaks in the Alps seem much the same. Perhaps the biggest disappointment is that Kain tell us only what he did, without mention of the thoughts that inspired and accompanied those actions. The accounts of the first ascents of Mt. Robson and Bugaboo Spire suffer the most from superficial treatment and leave us hungry for more insight on Kain's thoughts during these classic climbs.

Where the Clouds Can Go does a good job of storytelling but leaves us in the dark about a man we'd like to know much better.

—Joe Catellani

Avalanche Lily

Bonnie Kawaguchi

Mountaineer Outings 1980

Type	Dates	Area	Leaders
Alpine Scramble	May 15-21	Teanaway	Mary Sutliff
Alpine Scramble	June 26-29	Dosewallips area, Olympic National Park	Bob Dreisbach
Alpine Scramble	Aug. 16-24	Elysian Fields Traverse, Mount Rainier National Park	Frank King
Backpack	July 20-26	Crater-Devil's Dome Loop, North Cascades	Mike Kirshner
Backpack	Aug. 2-9	Northeast Olympics	Joe Toynbee
Backpack	Sept. 6-14	Pacific Crest Trail	Tom Mogridge
Backpack	Sept. 6-14	Glacier Peak Wilderness, Pacific Crest Trail	Liz and Dave Werstler
Bicycle—Foreign Outing	June 13-July 6	Germany, Austria, Switzerland	Fran Dauelsberg
Campcrafters	July 26-Aug. 10	Mt. Rainier-Gypsy Trip	Jean and Tom Tokareff
Climbing	July 26-Aug. 3	Bacon-Triumph Traverse	Frank King
Climbing	July 22-Aug. 3	Northern Selkirks British Columbia	Bob Kandiko
Foreign Outing	May 13-31	Britain, Scotland	Maggie Cornell
Foreign Outing	July 11-Aug. 1	Austrian Alps	Paul Wiseman
Naturalists	July 30-Aug. 5	Hart's Pass	Verna Ness
Naturalists	Aug. 9-19	Wallowa Mtns. Oregon	Bob Dreisbach
Retired Rovers—Backpack	July 12-20	Pasayten Wilderness	Bob Dreisbach
Retired Rovers—Car Camp	Aug. 16-23	Wallowa Mtns.	Jim Wasson
Retired Rovers—Cruise	Sept. 7-13	San Juans	Jim Wasson
Summer Outing	July 26-Aug. 8	Banff National Park	Byron Clark

Devil's Dome Loop Backpack

Our group of 12 Mountaineers left Seattle at 7 a.m. July 19 and arrived at the trailhead close to noon. The temperature was in the mid-70's and rising when we started on the trail. We crossed Ruby Creek (East Bank Trail) and hiked three miles along the creek until reaching the Crater Lake trailhead and the Pasayten Wilderness boundary. After a grueling 7.5 miles and 3,800-foot elevation gain we arrived at Crater Lake at about 7 p.m.

Sunday, July 20, was a lay-over day. We climbed the northeast ridge of Crater Mountain for beautiful views of Jack Mountain, the North Cascades and east to the Pacific Crest trail and Pasayten Wilderness. The weather was warm with a slight breeze, and the mosquitoes were ravenous.

We woke up Monday morning to a beautiful clear sky and broke camp at about 8:30 a.m. in order to reach Devil's Park shelter by 11 a.m., our Monday night camp. The shelter is situated in a small grove of trees in a parklike setting, with meadow and stream nearby. Some of our party stayed on the ridge above until nightfall to escape the hordes of mosquitoes. That day's hike was 6.5 miles, 800-foot gain.

Tuesday was partly cloudy and windy. We found out later that Mt. St. Helens had a small eruption on this day. We broke camp and were on the trail by 8 a.m., traveling along Jackita Ridge. We had lunch at Devil's Pass. Mid-afternoon we arrived at the basin below Devil's Dome to find a wonderful bathtub which we all tried out. There were no mosquitoes on this day due to the wind, and we hiked seven miles with a 600-foot gain.

On July 23, we woke up to clear skies and no wind. We climbed Devil's Dome (great views) and then lost a mile in elevation (7,400-1,900 feet) to Ross Lake. We camped at Rainbow Point and went for a cold but refreshing swim in Ross Lake. Total mileage was 13.3 miles.

Thursday we left Rainbow Point at 8:30 a.m. We stopped for a swim at Ruby Arm and then hiked on to the cars for a total of 9.5 miles, following the East Bank trail on Ross Lake.

Mike Kirshner, leader; Trudy Ecob, Hazel Hale, John Ligon, Bob Murray, Bonnie Scott, Dick Searing, Allen Sykes, Don Tjossem, Sharon Tjossem and Chris White.

Alpine Scramblers Outing—Teanaway Area

Some of the nicest snow scrambles in the Cascades are centered in the North Fork Teanaway River area, and the best time to do these peaks is usually in May. The idea behind this outing was to cram as many peaks as possible into a week in mid May.

The group left Seattle early on the morning of May 14. The plan was to car camp on the North Fork Teanaway at 29 Pines Campground for the first five nights, and do day trips from there. On Monday, May 19, we planned to pack in to a base camp up Negro Creek for scrambles from there. Everybody knows that the sun *always* shines in the Teanaway so we were disappointed to find it was raining on May 14. The leader quickly decided to do a lesser peak than the one originally planned, and the group ended up doing a minor summit above Jungle Creek called Johnson Mountain. At 5,220 feet, Johnson was plenty challenging for a rainy, fog-shrouded day. By the time we were back at camp, the sun had arrived and quickly dried us out. The next day the weather was better, and we went up Bean Creek to Bean Peak where it snowed. We went down the north side of Bean in steadily improving weather, and most of the group then climbed Bill's Peak above Fourth Creek. Great glissading down from Bill's Peak was the highlight of the day. We headed back to the cars and to camp by way of Beverly Creek. One of the best parts of this trip was the delicious dinners each night in camp. Two or three different people were in charge of each evening's meal and they were all great. People really outdid themselves.

The third day we tackled Fortune and the South Peak of Ingalls. On the south peak we discovered and used the infamous "Suicide Gulch," named by pessimistic participants. It went on and on to the summit even though the summit was hidden in fog. Again there were great glissades and tired hungry people heading back to camp.

Saturday, May 17, was a bright, sunny day. We were joined by some guests for the weekend, and the whole group headed up Hawkins Mountain. Beautiful views and more glissades made for a very satisfying day. That evening we all piled into the cars and headed for Mineral Springs for a steak dinner and a night on the town.

Sunday was a most unusual day. In camp at 29 Pines, as we were leaving for our scramble of Earl Peak, the leader said to one of the others, "I wonder what those booms were? Maybe St. Helens?" "Ha, Ha! Just some loggers on a sonic boom" was the answer. We went on with our trip. The day was somewhat overcast and from the summit it looked as if a rain storm was moving in from the southwest. However it didn't feel like rain and on the way down we noticed a

slight smell of sulfur in the air. As we descended we began to get a little nervous and apprehensive. When we reached the cars we quickly turned on one of the radios. The only station we could get was Yakima and they were really in a panic. We had no idea how bad the situation might be. We held a conference and decided to call off the rest of the trip and see what we could find out in Cle Elum. There was a very fine layer of ash on the cars we'd left at the campground. All the other campers were gone except for one couple who lived in Ellensburg and who decided to stay. They had no idea what the situation was elsewhere. As we drove down the valley the ash deposits became greater. The cattle in the pastures seemed unaffected, but the birds were acting strangely, and we saw an eagle sitting on a fence post alongside the road. At the entrance to I-90 the road was blocked and state troopers wearing masks pulled us to a halt. When they'd talked to us and found we wanted to get back to Seattle, they let us through and we headed home. We were the only cars on the road — a very eerie feeling! By the time we reached Easton, the dust had diminished greatly and we were no longer stirring up clouds of it. My VW van was beginning to run hot but we got over the pass and down to North Bend without problems. We stopped at North Bend for something to eat and to hear all the news before returning to Seattle. It was a most unusual ending for a Scramblers outing.

—Mary Sutliff

Mary Sutliff, leader; Dick Searing, Madeline Johnsen, Trudy Ecob, Tom Merritt, Neil Hunt, John Monsen, Tryne Reinsma, Ira Shelton, Linda Rantala. Weekend guests were: Cindy Sutton, Gary Westerlund, Denny O'Callaghan, and Gene Sutliff.

Backpack—Glacier Peak Outing

On September 6, 1980, the first weekend of High Hunt in the Glacier Peak Wilderness that year, our group of nine Mountaineers set out on a week long backpack. We entered the wilderness via the Suiattle River Trail. The day was warm and pleasant with the crunch of dried leaves underfoot and the spicy scent of autumn in the air. We made camp that evening near the junction of the Miner's Ridge Trail, over nine leisurely miles from the trailhead. In the late afternoon the sky began to rapidly cloud up, and by evening rain came, along with gusty winds.

On Sunday morning the rain had abated somewhat, but it was still cloudy and cool. We hiked up the side of the ridge, leaving the forested valley for the less protected heights. Shortly after half of the

party had reached the ridgetop, near the Miner's Ridge Lookout, it began to rain vigorously. In the cold and inhospitable weather we were soon moving again, hiking towards Image Lake and our night's camp.

Set in a cloud-draped bowl, Image Lake was not very impressive at first sight. It is not a large lake and is surrounded mostly by meadow and grassy ridge, dotted with alpine fir and mountain hemlock clumps. No camping is allowed at the lake. Finally reaching the backpack camp, located about a quarter of a mile below the lake, we set up camp. It was a cold and damp afternoon. After sunset, however, the clouds dissipated and a clear cold night set in.

When the group awoke early Monday morning it was still clear, breathtakingly so, with the dazzling spectacle of icy Glacier Peak rearing high above darkly forested ridges and the deep gash of the Suiattle Valley. Climbing above the lake made it evident why Image Lake is such a popular destination. There were also views of Dome and Sinister Peaks and Canyon Lake, all detailed in the pure air.

Our route that day proved a strenuous one, past the Glacier Peak mines, across Miner's Creek on an abandoned stretch of the Pacific Crest Trail, to Buck Creek Pass. The forerunners of our party stumbled to our destination after 4:30 p.m. and set up camp. Our campsite was situated in a grassy meadow near the Triad Creek Trail.

Tuesday was a well-earned lay-over day. With the perfect weather still holding, four of the party, Karl, Linda, David and Liz, hiked up the High Pass Trail towards Mt. Cleator and Triad Lake. The views of the surrounding country were remarkable.

On Wednesday we hit the trail early, galloping down the Triad Creek Trail, dodging mud wallows on the way, to come out on the floor of the upper Suiattle Valley. We had received conflicting reports of the river crossing and after some disagreement had decided to attempt it. The valley was an unusual sight — a wide rock- and debris-strewn gash surrounded by dark forested walls, rising up to snow capped heights. The crossing consisted of two small wet logs leaning on a huge log that jutted into the river. Water level was low and we crossed without incident. It was a quick walk through the silent forest until reaching the smaller gash of Dusty Creek, a place with much evidence of past natural violence and flood.

The trail was again an easy trot, soon joining the Pacific Crest Trail one mile above Skyline Bridge. We made camp that night at Vista Creek, a charming place of sun and dappled shade and a boisterous glacier-fed stream. Thursday we hiked over the upper valley of East Fork Milk Creek and a small camp near rushing streams, huckleberries, rocks and heather.

Soon after rising on Friday morning we made a decision to hike out as the weather was very socked-in. We quickly packed up and hit the trail, hiking down many bone-jarring switchbacks to the junction of the Milk Creek Trail. As soon as we left the Pacific Crest Trail, the quality of the trail rapidly deteriorated into muddy bogs, knee-twisting rocks and slimy logs. It was difficult to completely appreciate the really lovely valley in the present weather, and with the trail churned up into a lovely mess by hunter's horses. It was with great relief that we crossed the Suiattle River on a sturdy bridge and soon arrived at the trailhead, completing a trip of 58 miles and 10,000-feet gain in six days.

—Liz Werstler

David Werstler, leader; Kristie Duchscherer, Gerald Erichsen, Michael Hyman, Lyle Neighbors, Linda Rantala, Karl Seemann, Brent Spillsbury and Liz Werstler.

Backpack—Northeast Olympics

Our party of ten backpackers gathered at Deer Park campground on Blue Mountain on Saturday, August 2, 1980. The trip plan was to make a 45-mile loop, returning to Deer Park the following Saturday.

We started out in a discouraging drizzle, but conditions had improved by the time we dropped 3,200 feet in four miles to our first campsite alongside of Grand Creek. The elevation loss encouraged some party members to pack in fancy food for dinner on the first night.

Sunday morning dawned clear, with clouds moving in around noon, a weather pattern which was to persist throughout the trip. Noon found us at Falls Shelter, five miles up the Greywolf River. From there we climbed two miles to a campsite featuring a gigantic boulder.

The next morning was spent climbing through a beautiful alpine area to our lunch stop at Greywolf Pass. After admiring the view and enjoying the sun, we then dropped 3,000 feet into the Dosewallips River Valley and then hiked four more miles to Dose Meadows, our campsite for two nights.

During the day on Tuesday some members of the party visited Hayden Pass, while others hiked into Thousand Acre Meadow.

Wednesay morning started with a steep but short climb to Lost Pass. From there the trail contoured around the headwaters of the Lost River and then climbed to Cameron Pass, a stark rocky and snowy place. Our camp that night was in Upper Cameron Basin, a spectacularly beautiful spot.

Grand Pass was our lunchtime destination on Thursday. A large, sleek goat, whom we christened "Big George," looked us over as we arrived at the pass and then permitted us to dine while he cooled off on a nearby snowbank. Our camp that night was in a pretty meadow on Moose Lake.

On Friday morning our route followed Grand Valley via Grand Lake, and then through Badger Valley (no badgers, but plenty of marmots) and climbed to Hurricane Ridge. Camp this night was planned for Roaring Winds Camp, but due to a lack of water on the ridge six members of the party pushed on to Deer Park while the other four made do with melted snow at Roaring Winds. Hurricane Ridge, however, compensates with views for what it lacks in water.

By noon, Saturday, the party left Deer Park for home with memories of a beautiful and enjoyable trip.

Joe Toynbee, leader; Larry English, Virginia English, Dick Hayek, Jim McBride, Karen McBride, Irene Peters, Bev Toynbee, Dave Werstler and Liz Werstler.

Bicycle Outing—Bavaria and Environs

Not that it hadn't been done before, and probably many times by many people, and in the rain, but something made this trip unique. To our surprise, even the natives blamed the unseasonably bad weather on *our* mountain. Weather during our first week resembled Seattle's "cloudy with occasional clearing." Our three-week trip started on June 13. Ten mountaineers left Seattle with cartoned bicycles and arrived June 15 via London at the Frankfurt airport. Here we reassembled our bikes, changed to riding togs, and found our way to the youth hostel with the help of a friendly German guide.

We stayed in only one other hostel on the trip, preferring the nice gasthauses and pensions. These comfortable overnight quarters always provided breakfast with our overnight fee, all had garages for bicycle storage, and usually their main floor housed their restaurant where we often ate our evening meal. Lunch generally consisted of bread, lunch meats and fruits from grocery stores.

Our journey began on June 16, as we headed down the Main River Valley into the Odenwald (forest). Of particular interest were the occasional castles and fortresses atop several of the hills. Our guide from the previous day had suggested this less hilly route. A bit of early confusion helped day one turn out to be our day of greatest mileage. The 84 miles with pannier-laden bicycles allowed us a good night's sleep in Wertheim, meeting place of the Main and Tauber Rivers.

Following the Tauber on day two, we turned onto the famous Romantic Road. The colorful medieval houses of half-timbered structures with ornamentation and some exterior paintings were wonderfully interesting and scenic. Bad Mergentheim, one of many cities with a spa, was our home the second night. Rothenburg was where ex-mayor Nusch's feat of drinking 3½ quarts of wine in one draught to save the city from destruction at the hands of Colonel Tilly in 1631 was reenacted on the hour from the window of the Councillors Tavern. We walked atop the wall around the city and again the next evening in Nordlingen.

Traffic was heavier on the Romantic Road, and we eventually were able to turn off for stretches. But we were pleased along the entire trip to find courteous drivers accustomed to giving bicyclists room in passing. In fact, billboards displayed a cartoon indicating cars must pass bicycles with at least a distance of one meter between.

After losing half the party in the early morning of the fifth day, and knowing the evening stop was Augsburg, population 212,000, we made a decision. We began waiting for all members when we turned at an intersection. Foreign signs on non-major roads and the chance that the route may need changing necessitated this conclusion.

We continued on to Munich via the very thought-provoking, if not disturbing, museum at Dachau. Following merrily on a bicycle path paralleling our route, suddenly we found our road heading over an autobahn, as our path split, heading either way perpendicular to our direction. We decided bicycle paths were for those who knew their network.

A lovely layover day in Munich, sightseeing the Glockenspiel, Residenz, museums, Olympic Park and finalized with "ein grosses Bier" to "oompapa" music, reinvigorated us for our next week's journey. The rain, which had threatened and had visited most nights, really dumped on us as we rode south through 10 miles of Munich and on to Garmisch. The following gorgeous day, train and tram sans bicycle, took us to the top of Zugspitze (9,722 feet), Germany's highest mountain. This was a glorious highlight.

Leaving Garmisch at 1:30 p.m. we almost immediately ascended our first pass, Ettal, at 2,704 feet. Four of us detoured to Linderhof castle, one of three built by King Ludwig II. Afterwards we bicycled quickly through colorful tourist-filled Oberammergau (where, time not allowing, we missed the Passion Play) to a little farm gasthaus at Steingaden. The next day we cycled from Füssen to Neuschwanstein, King Ludwig II's most famous castle. It was here that tears of laughter came to the eyes of two ladies who saw us dressed so peculiarly. Helmets are not used by bicycle tourists in Europe.

Stocking hats, shorts, chaps, long johns, leg warmers, orange vests and other vivid color indeed were unusual sights. On the road to the castle a frightened deer (we trust not from the clothing) ran through our train of bikes. He brushed the shoulder of one, but our bicyclist remained upright, only slightly unnerved.

Day eleven took us into Austria. The gorgeous sunny morning ended in a downpour as we climbed into the Alps. The next morning at Warth, a winter ski resort, the mixed snow and rain was not a welcome sight. With 1,000 feet to climb to Flexen Pass (elevation 5,795 feet) the rain ponchos collected a light covering of snowflakes. The ride down was slightly easier than expected, as long tunnels with sidewalks and opened air windows provided needed shelter. What a delightful sight was a little Tirolean coffee house at the highway intersection! No one complained at $1.17 for coffee (the rate at most places). In fact, our wonderful group showed real strength and marvelous humor as a result of our ordeal. Rain continued as we accidentally headed onto an autobahn and were gently told how to exit by a kind policeman.

Liechtenstein was wet and tourist-filled.

Northern Switzerland was more expensive and nearly equally wet. We encountered our first flat on day thirteen and fixed three more before journey's end. (Our only other bicycle problem occured on day one. A loose crank was fixed in a bicycle shop with a great bang from a hammer. Hmmmm!) Our route by the Bodensee was flat again. From Romanshorn we headed to Schaffhausen. Although the rain cleared beautifully by evening, one member, refusing the evening trip to the massive Rhein Falls, declared he'd seen "all the water I want to see today."

During the day, as we pedaled, we had noticed many people standing on the street, in their doorway and at their windows. Many called to us, "pump, pump." Cars came by with speakers. One in our group spoke German quite well and helped us considerably as we acquired accommodations and other information. However, the car loudspeakers were too garbled. Eventually, policemen insisted we get out of the street, and suddenly, in a flash, perhaps 100 or more bicyclists raced past from the opposite direction. The exciting bicycle race was past, but too fast for us.

Day fifteen took us back into Germany and the gentle but long hills up and down into fertile valleys. This was the Schwarzwald. Again we saw farms and farm houses, but the big barn-like structures were distinct from the more delicate alpine structures of Bavaria. Hazy weather in St. Georgen turned into a cold rain again on the 16th day as we arrived in Freudenstadt. As we all once again met for dinner, (a delightful habit formed early in the trip), we decided un-

less there was a weather change, the party would take the train to Heidelberg. Snug in the train the next day, the sky continued its lashing as the rivers displayed their swollen banks.

The final two days, including a carnival at Eberstadt, were spent riding back to Frankfurt for a last nostalgic view of lovely Germany. Early morning, before the long flight home, we spent in a reverse nine-mile trek on the bike path to the airport. The total trip mileage in 17 days of riding was 842 miles with a daily average of 50 miles.

—Fran Dauelsberg

Fran Dauelsberg, leader; Bodo Alvensleben, Joe Berling, Pierre and Jeanne Cornelissen, Herman Groninger, Don and Jan Hoke, Bob and Mike Rosen.

Campcrafters—Gypsy Trip Around Mount Rainier

Gypsies, as you know, travel in caravans in assorted ways and have a wonderful carefree time. This summer the campcrafters came in trailers, campers, tents and vans. Forty-four campcrafters hiked a total of 1,326 miles and climbed a total of 239,850 feet in a 14-day outing from three base camps, all with fantastic views of Mt. Rainier.

The first camp was based at Crystal Mountain Billiken Lodge. This was by far the most luxurious 'camping' we have ever experienced. Day hikes were made to Palisades Lakes, Chinook Pass to Crystal Lake onto Crystal Base, Summerland, Naches Loop and Dewey Lake, Silver King and Silver Queen, Burroughs Mountain, Sunrise and Lake Tipsoo trails, Ohanapecosh, and rides up the chair lift to the Crystal Mountain roundhouse. This was the perfect week for wildflowers, and on each hike the flowers seemed more beautiful, more abundant and in more variety than the day before. The weather was hot and sunny and much too warm for a "fire" at our evening songfest and recounting of adventures.

Cedar Park, just outside the Longmire entrance, was our second base. In this camp our group was all together and had the advantage of a large fire circle, electrical and sanitary hookups, hot water and showers and a big pile of firewood. The first day we walked the Paradise wild flower trails in a heavy mist of low clouds, played cribbage and "bikini," drank a lot of coffee and saw all the films in the visitors center. On the following days of clearer weather we went to Reflection, Louise, Snow and Bench Lakes, Pinnacle and Plummer Peaks, Lake George and Gobblers Knob, Skyline Trail, Indian Henrys, Van Trump Park, Longmire Trials and Rampart Ridge, and the evening "beaver watch." Here, the flowers were even better: more, deeper

colors, and the marmots were busy cutting and drying them for winter. We saw at least 37 goats in the Van Trump Park. At our third base at Ipsut Creek was this sign:

"Congratulations!

You've found the Carbon River Ranger Station! If
you thought you were driving toward Paradise, Yakima
or almost anywhere else, you are lost!
But don't despair!
You are here.
Welcome to a VERY SPECIAL PLACE."

And, indeed, we had a very fine camp, and the wild flowers were superb as seen on our hikes to Green Lake, the Carbon River Trails, Mowich Lake and Spray Park. We attended the rangers' evening campfires and films after our own campfire. One morning we woke to find a light sprinkling of ash on our camp. A nightime rainshower had dampened the ash so that it did not blow around.

—Thomas Tokareff

Jean and Tom Tokareff, leaders; Bill and Doris Adcock, Lloyd and Mary Anderson, Dewey Engeset, Connie and Louise Grimes, Alice Haaheim, Anita and Chuck Karr, Mary Lines, Bill and Kerry Little, Ed and Mary Lowry, Charlotte and Maury Muzzy, Harold and Polly Monson, Edrie Marquard, Dick and Kay Paterson, Bob and Elsie Rinehart, Marjorie Reynolds, Wilma Rosenow, Shirley Ruble, Nell Slade (guest), Harriet Tiedt, Norm and Phyllis Turay, Jim and Nell Wasson, Blanche and Hub West, Norm and Barbara Welsh and Margie White.

Everett Summer Climbing Camp—Northern Selkirks, British Columbia

The Everett Mountaineers seem to have the gods' blessings with regard to weather for their summer camps. For the second year in a row we had 14 days of perfect weather as we explored and climbed in the majestic Adamant and Sir Sanford ranges in the Selkirk Mountains. There were only seven of us this year, which made for much solitude and companionship in the comfortable Fairy Meadows Cabin. Barry Holmes dropped us in the meadows in his Bow 206 helicopter on July 22.

It seemed like home as we unboarded the windows and hooked up the gravity-fed water system and settled in for a comfortable stay. Conditions were not as good for climbing this year as there was a lot of fresh snow on the alpine faces but we had no trouble finding enough objectives to keep us occupied.

After spending eight days in the Fairy Meadows Cabin we traversed the Gothic and Adamant Glaciers to relocate ourselves at the

Great Cairn Hut. The stone hut holds five climbers and is situated on a glacier bedrock that was covered by 100 feet of ice as recently as 1940. It was breathtaking to gaze at the Silvertip Glacier which used to cover this site but now has retreated almost a mile.

The grand finale of the trip was a successful climb of Mt. Sir Sanford which towers as the highest peak in the Selkirks at 11,580 feet. From its lofty summit we could view countless smaller ranges which have probably been visited only a couple of times. The following day we retraced our steps to the Fairy Meadows Hut and then headed down Swan Creek for the hike back to the cars.

A mistake by the trusty leader resulted in the worst bushwhacking we had ever experienced. We struggled through seven-foot Devil's Club and 15-foot slide alder for 12 hours for a net gain of three miles. Unfortunately, darkness arrived before we found the cars, thereby forcing a bivouac on a 60° slope in a downpour. The fire burned all night and five hungry and chilled climbers finally filed into Smitty's Pancake House for an overdue noontime breakfast. It sure was easy to laugh about it over ot coffee and fresh toast!

—Bob Kandiko

Bob Kandiko, leader; Carol Jacobs, Bill Kuhn, Wayne Laabs, Lorelei Seifert, Maurice Wilkinson, Yvonne Yokota.

Foreign Outing—Austria, The Dolomites

On July 11, 1980, twelve climbers and seven hikers gathered at Sea-Tac Airport to start the 21-day Mountaineer outing to the Italian Dolomites and the Austrian Alps. We arrived in Innsbruck, Austria, late on Saturday, July 12.

Sunday morning we arranged our gear for the mountains. Later, we went to the railroad station to change money and gather lunch material for the following week. Then we boarded our private bus which would take us to Rosengarten, Italy, our first hut (2,339 m) in the Dolomites. A gondola lift carried us through the mist to the hut. After dinner, the climbers had a chance to become acquainted with a sample of vertical rock of the Dolomites which has attracted many famous climbers. It also was an opportunity for the guides to evaluate the climbers.

Monday morning the real world of hiking and climbing began. The climbers filed up the trail which would lead them to the top of Rosengarten Mountain (2,981 m). The hikers followed the same trail more slowly and, in some instances, with more apprehension as they clambered over rocks and picked their way over hardpacked snow and ice.

The first destination was Santner Pass (2,741 m). As the hikers reached the summit, they heard the singing of a group of men from the Italian army who came up the climber's path. Their harmonious song was most enjoyable. After lunch, the hikers dropped down to Gartl Hut (2,621 m) at the base of the Vajolet Towers (2,813 m), then continued straight down to our second night lodging at Vajolet Hut (2,243 m). The climbers came later from the cold, cloudy summit of Rosengarten.

Tuesday, the climbers returned up the trail to climb one of the Vajolet Towers while the hikers made their way on a longer but more leisurely trail back to Rosengarten Hut. This trail offered a variety of views of lovely valleys and alpine flowers as well as some rather tedious scree. The lunch stop was at Rotwand Hut (2,282 m). Dark clouds were rolling in as they reached Rosengarten just before the climbers returned by way of Santner Pass.

Wednesday, rain cancelled a practice climb, so we slid down to Kärer Pass (1,758 m) to our waiting bus. The ride via Cortina, Italy, where we had a brief stop, surpassed expectations of alpine scenery. The road, which went up and down, up and down, passed through alpine villages nestled among rolling green hills and forests without undergrowth. There were several ski areas which suggested lots of winter activity. We arrived in the clouds at the Auronzo Hut (2,320 m) in the Sesto area of the Dolomites.

Thursday morning promised a better day. The surrounding mountains appeared through the clouds. We all started hiking up the same road, but the climbers soon branched off to climb Grosse Zinne (2,999 m).[1] The hikers continued along the trail which followed the base of a ridge. Our lunch stop was at Büllete-Joch Hut (2,528 m) where we had excellent views of two massive mountains, Zwölferkofel (3,094 m) and Elferkofel (3,092 m). It was finally time to break away and follow the trail down to a brilliant blue lake spotted with ice cakes, then up to Locatelli de tre Cime Hut (2,405 m) or Drei Zinnen Hut, depending on whether one prefers Italian or Austrian terminology. After a snack and some photography, the hikers joined the crowds returning to the Auronzo Hut along the other side of the ridge. The climbers soon showed up, having bagged another summit.

Friday, our last day in the Dolomites, was a perfect day for the climb of Paternkofel (2,746 m). The hikers took another trail back to

1. Ours was one of the largest parties of Americans ever to complete this long class 3-4 rock climb. Some climbers did turn back part way up this peak. There were 18 in our party.

Locatelli de tre Cime Hut. Climbers and hikers met at the hut along with hoards of people taking advantage of the gorgeous day. The trail followed a beautiful waterfall and creek down into the valley.

The Dolomites had lived up to the climbers' expectations of challenging rock. It was solid rock with many good hand and foot holds, chimneys and as many as 6-10 pitches on one peak. All of this was interspersed with enough exposure to make it both exciting and frightening.

Saturday morning we were refreshed and ready for our guided tour of Innsbruck. The tour started at the famous ski jump where the 1964 and 1976 Olympics were held. In the same area we visited a building which contained a life-size model of a panoramic view of the battle of Bergisel of 1809. The building is constructed so that daylight enters indirectly, giving an amazingly realistic impression. We also visited the old part of town where many historic buildings are located.

Sunday afternoon we boarded our bus for Vent in the Austrian Alps. This time we managed to hit real rain as we hiked into our first hut, Martin Busch (2,501 m). During the night the weather worsened. A storm blew in and dropped six inches of snow.

Monday morning climbs were cancelled because of weather. So, climbers and hikers hiked to Similaun Hut (3,019 m). This was not the most comfortable of huts, but there were some Austrians who helped the evening pass quickly with their songs.

A healthy wind blew away the clouds during the night resulting in a sparkling clear day with a stiff breeze. We had to remind ourselves that it was July 21 as we looked over the group of bodies bundled in warm clothes standing in deep snow. A group of climbers went to climb Finailspitze (3,516 m) while the hikers headed for Bellavista Hut (2,842 m). The wind was too strong so the climbers were unable to add Finailspitze to their list of summits. Bellavista lived up to its name and we all enjoyed the view as we soaked up sun on the porch. This area is where many international ski competitors gather for summer ski conditioning. The scene could easily have been mid-winter.

Wednesday morning, the climbers slid out of the dormitory in the dark to get an early start for the Weisskugel (3,526 m) climb. At a more civilized hour, the hikers dropped down into the valley before starting the ascent to the final destination, Brandenburg Hut (3,272 m). This hut is perched on a rock outcropping with a sweeping view of the surrounding mountains. The sunset and sunrise were a delight for photographers.

Thursday was another brilliantly sunny day, so many of the hikers joined the climbers to gain the summits of Fluchtkogel (3,500 m) and

Kesselwand Spitze (3,414 m). Everyone met at Vernacht Hut (2,766 m) for our last night in the mountains.

Friday we took off early to take advantage of the hard snow. The climbers joined the crowds climbing Wildspitze (3,772 m).[2] The hikers skirted its base and descended to the Breslauer Hut (2,840 m) for lunch. Soon after we made our way down to Vent either on foot or by lift depending on the state of the feet. The Vent Hotel was a marvelous place to end our mountain experience.

Our bus picked up up Saturday morning, and we toured through the Tyrolean countryside on to Füssen, Germany, and Neuschwanstein. From there we continued to Salzburg, Austria, where we attended some concerts for which we had made previous arrangements. Our tour also took us to Berchtesgaden and Munich with its famous Glockenspiel and Hofbräu Haus.

On Thursday, July 31, we bid farewell to two of our fortunate companions who still had time to spend in Europe. The rest of us caught a late afternoon flight to Copenhagen where we spent the last night of our trip. All too quickly it was August 1 and we were back in Seattle.

—Pamela Pritzl and Ruth Miller

Paul Wiseman, leader; Sandra Bordin, Inez Burkhard, Nardia Burkhard, Hugh Campbell, Gini Harmon, Madeline Johnsen, Sally Little, Patricia McDowell, Dennis Miller, Ruth Miller, Dean Mills, Peggy O'Conner, Gudrun Olsen, Michael Piepkorn, Shelley Piepkorn, Pamela Pritzl, Carol Reibman Roberts, and William Zauche.

2. This snow and glacier climb of Austria's second highest mountain was technically only a crampon walk. It afforded a fine view of the mountains we had climbed.

Naturalists' Outing — Hart's Pass

The Naturalists' four-day outing to 6,200-foot Hart's Pass (about 20 miles northwest of Mazama, Wa.) was well worth the time and effort.

Besides our expected exposure to graphic geological displays of pointed peaks and glacier-carved valleys with rock walls and meadows of mountain flora, we experienced climatic changes which proved a test of our mountain mettle.

Our first morning we drove and hiked to Slate Peak Lookout at 7,300 feet to view peaks as far as 15 miles distant, in Mt. Baker and

Okanogan National Forests and the Pasayten Wilderness. The Hart's Pass campground, valleys and the Pacific Crest Trail, areas we would travel, all lay at our feet for our perusal. Our first hike was Silver Lake Trail, northward into the Pasayten Wilderness. A combination of talus slopes, meadows and stream beds offered a varied array of flowers to study. Our attention to the details at our feet delayed us, and we never reached the lake. Suffice it to say we enjoyed a lunch while basking in sunshine near a cool mountain stream with mossy rocks and saxifrages, buttercups and alpine fireweed in abundant display. After returning to the cars, part of the group drove to camp while others opted to hike the Pacific Crest Trail (PCT) back to the campground to view more flowers including white bog orchids, Tofieldia, bronze bells, and monkshood.

Day two we hiked south on the PCT toward Tatie Peak. The weather failed to cooperate. We hiked in rain, wet vegetation, and rare sunny moments. Wind and dense fog finally deterred some of the hikers who turned back. The others continued to the saddle below the peak, quickly ate and returned before becoming too chilled. Geology and flora were seen all along at close hand. Of special interest were red willow herb or broad-leaved fireweed growing in rocky niches, the yellow daisy-like golden fleabane, and the endangered *Elmera racemosa* in beautiful display at trailside in talus slopes.

A chilly evening was spent in our cozy canopy, sharing and studying, and also listening to a botany student who visited us from the ranger station, telling of her study of *Castelleja* and alpine flowers of the Pasayten as part of a Natural Heritage program.

Day three, Sunday, began with clouds. Some of the group left Hart's Pass. We remaining four decided to hike north on the PCT to Windy Pass. The trail gently ascended to meadows of yellow, red and white heather, and a profuse display of scarlet painted cup with silvery-leaved antennaria. It then traversed along the side of Slate Peak to Buffalo Pass with views of the West Fork Pasayten River valley (17 miles north to Canada), thence on to Windy Pass. Here we enjoyed no wind, a lazy lunch, and a sunny siesta in fields of painted cup, lupine, and pedicularis. Before returning, we looked west to Barron, a private mining area with buildings and mine openings visible.

Day four was departure day. While fog engulfed us on this misty, moody morning, we took a short hike to a meadow east of camp. As the fog lifted, Tatie Peak was revealed, beckoning a return visit. So two returned to camp, packed a lunch and hiked a quick trip on a previous trail to the saddle with clear sunshine and viewing all around — Ballard Mt. and Azurite Peak seemed close enough for us to reach out and touch. We returned to camp and left with a good

feeling of time well spent and a conviction to return some day for more exploring and roaming.

—Ruth Munson

Verna Ness, leader; Kathleen Gillman, Cort Green, Carl Munson, Ruth Munson, Evelyn Peaslee, Kathe Stanness, and Jane Stevenson.

Flowers seen at Hart's Pass area August 1 through 4, 1980

Achillea millefolium	Yarrow
Aconitum columbianum	Monkshood
Agoseris spp.	Mountain dandelion
Anemone drummondii	Drummond's anemone
Anemone occidentalis	Western anemone
Antenaria spp.	Pussytoes
Aquilegia formosa	Columbine
Amica latifolia	Broadleaf arnica
Caltha leptosepala	White marsh marigold
Campanula rotundifolia	Bluebell
Cassiope mertensiana	White moss heather
Castilleja spp.	Indian paintbrush
Delphinium menziesii	Larkspur
Elmera racemosa, var. puberulenta	Elmera
Epilobium alpina	Alpine fireweed
Epilobium latifolium	Broad-leaved fireweed, or Red Willow herb
Eriogonum umbellatum	Sulphur eriogonum or buckwheat
Habenaria dilatata	White bog orchid
Haploppapus lyallii	Lyall's haploppapus
Heracleum lanatum	Cow parsnip
Heuchera cylindrica	Alum root, Roundleaf
Hydrophyllum capitatium	Ballhead waterleaf
Lewisii columbiana	Columbia lewisii
Lupinus spp. (inc. Lyall's)	Lupine
Mitella pentandra and trifida	Alpine mitrewort
Mimulus lewisii	Lewis' monkeyflower (red)
Parnassia fimbriata	Fringed Grass of Parnassus
Pedicularis groenlandica	Elephanthead pedicularis
Pedicularis racemosa	Sickletop pedicularis or lousewort
Penstemon davidsonii	Davidson's penstemon
Phacelia sericea	Mountain or silky phacelia
Phlox diffusa	Spreading phlox
Phyllodoce empetriformis	Red heather
Phyllodoce granduliflora	Yellow heather
Polemonium pulcherrimum	Jacob's ladder, Skunk-leaved polemonium
Polygonum bistortoides	American bistort
Potentilla fruticosa	Shrubby cinquefoil
Ranunculus eschscholtzii	Snow buttercup or subalpine buttercup
Rhododendron albiflorum	Mountain azalea or white rhododendron
Saxifrage bronchialis	Spotted saxifrage
Saxifraga ferruginea	Rusty saxifrage
Sedum spp.	Stonecrop
Silene parryi	Parry's silene
Stenanthium occidentale	Bronze bells or western stenanthium
Tofieldia glutinosa	Tofieldia
Valeriana sitchensis	Mountain valerian
Veronica cusickii	Cusik's veronica
Viola purpurea	Goosefoot violet

Wallowa Mountains Car Camp

The Retired Rovers conducted a carcamp in the Wallowa Mountains of Eastern Oregon from August 16 to August 23, 1980. This is an area of 10,000-foot peaks, deep glaciated valleys and dozens of sparkling alpine lakes. With one wet exception, beautiful weather was enjoyed on long hikes to Aneroid Lake, up the Lostine and Hurricane Creek valleys and up Mt. Joseph. A gondola ride was taken up 8,000-foot Mt. Howard where trails were followed through an inch of new-fallen snow to magnificent viewpoints. A one-day excursion took us down the gorge of the Imnaha, then up and up for 24 miles through rolling parkland to Hat Point where we gazed into America's deepest canyon at the Snake River, glistening in the sunlight over a mile below.

—*J. E. Wasson*

Earl and Ruth Gebhart, Eddie and Betty Miller, Harriet Tiedt, Marg Reynolds, Bea Buzzetti, Mary Lines, Margaret Gulstad, Virginia LaPre, Jim and Nell Wasson, George and Louise Miller, Stan and Louise Newell, Bernice Bonner, Mary Louise Brown, and Beverly Dawe.

San Juan Cruise and Camping

The announcement in last year's Annual of the imminent demise of the Retired Rovers' flagship, the *S.E.S. Propeller,* was in error, though assuredly only to the extent of being premature. Anyway, on September 7 she did manage to float some 24 Rovers to a camp beside beautiful Fossil Bay on Succia Island for a week of leisurely rambling around the many bays and inlets on that island, plus visits to Matia and Stuart Islands plus a visit to Friday Harbor on San Juan. With the weather generally cooperating, the famed glories of the San Juans were enjoyed by all — except Nell Wasson. She broke her leg on a steep and slippery bit of trail on Matia.

—*Jim Wasson*

Bill and Doris Adcock, Bea Buzzetti, Marg Reynolds, Joan Kuban, Maury and Charlotte Muzzy, Dick Howell, Elsie Burkman, Bob and Creta Pollock, Harriet Tiedt, Margaret Gullstad, Elena Maleanu, Kathryn Curry, Marg White, Florence Culp, Jean Earl, Henry and Jean Kyle, Tom and Joan Pemberton, Jim and Nell Wasson, and Peggy Grasse, cook.

Summer Outing – Banff National Park

From July 27 to August 8, 1980, 57 Mountaineers camped at Castle Meadows Group Campground located on the north side of Bow River Valley, a few miles east of Castle Mountain, and about midway between Lake Louise and the city of Banff. The campground, which had just been opened in 1980, has excellent, secluded facilities for large groups. The area assigned to the Mountaineers was about five acres of meadow and forest with separated tent sites, each holding up to ten tents. Permanent buildings with concrete floors included two log wall cook houses with wood stoves, a large wash building, latrines, and a bear-proof food storage locker. In addition, there were two campfire circles with benches, individual fire pits at the tent sites, and a parking area at the edge of the campground. Extensive open meadows allowed many views of surrounding peaks. The Canadian Rockies' reputation for poor weather didn't affect the activities very much as the entire first week was sunny and the second week had some rain but also several fine days.

A booklet, "Castle Capers," was prepared by some of the members for a banquet in Seattle, and a few excerpts from it will best describe the outing. Virginia LaPre says:

"This was my first summer outing, and my first time at Banff National Park, and I enjoyed every minute. Trips were great and varied; we saw lakes, flowers, rivers, streams, mountains, glaciers — and goodness knows, rain. Not too much rain, but I suppose it depends on whom you ask.

"Of course, trips weren't the whole of it. There was the food — and the fun at the campfire, time for flower study, friendships, and playing bridge when it rained.

"We had a guest who gave us the low-down on bears; the land use policy of the Lake Louise townsite; and how Banff began at the hot springs. Seems like Banff Hot Springs provided the incentive for the establishment of Parks Canada. Also the hot springs provided the incentive to refresh our hikers after a long trail-showers included."

The Hagens are amateur botanists. Harry writes:

"It was a little disappointing to find that quite a few flowers were past their prime and already in fruit. Most of the heathers, both red and white, were gone. A few western anemone were found near Eiffel Lake, but the majority of the other anemones had gone to seed. Wild strawberries were found and eaten with gusto. . . . The best floral displays were reported at Larix Lake on the Sunshine Village plateau and at the approach to Helen Lake near Dolomite Pass. We went to twin Cairns Mountain to look for arctic-alpine types of

View northeast from Sentinel Pass *T. M. Greene*

plants and were rewarded by finding the very small alpine forget-me-not, the odd-shaped loco weed and the diminutive *potentilla ledebouriana.*

"The outing was memorable in that it gave Maxine and me two 'firsts.' At Consolation Lakes we found and identified, for the first time, the nagoonberry or dew berry as it is sometimes called; and on the Bow Glacier Falls trip we identified, also for the first time, the alpine bearberry."

Barbara Vance gives this account of the trip she led to Bow Glacier Falls:

"Bow Lake is an ultarmarine gem and its setting includes some of the mightiest peaks and glaciers in the Canadian Rockies. Its source is a tiny rockbound lake fed by the Wapta Icefield, and from it gushes Bow Glacier Falls, a cataract some 70 metres high, whose feathery lower reaches belie the starkness of the immediate surrounding country. About 2.7 miles of branching trail, skirting Bow Lake and ascending briefly but abruptly alongside a deep limestone chasm, connects Bow Lake with its falls. A huge chockstone spans this chasm and the more adventuresome may wish to crawl atop although the trail never actually crosses the chasm. The rock had al-

ready tumbled into place when the first exploration party, that of Thompson, passed this way in the late nineteenth century. The hiker rapidly passes into less hospitable country where paintbrush and fireweed give way to sedum and lichens holding their own on the boulders of glacial moraine.

"From the foot of the falls, the hiker can look back toward the trailhead just off the Icefields Highway and can spot rustic Num-ti-Jah Lodge on Bow Lake, an area that often enjoys sunlight when Bow Glacier Falls is under bad weather blown off Wapta Icefield and its tongue, the Bow Glacier."

Garth Ferber didn't mind the weather on his trip to Eiffel Lake, as he explains:

"On Wednesday, August 6, 1980, seven of us set out under partly cloudy skies for Eiffel Lake. The 3.5-mile-trip included good views of the Valley of the Ten Peaks and Moraine Lake. On arrival at the lake, Mike Sagi, Wayne Phillips and I decided to continue two miles to Wenkchemna Pass, while, under steadily darkening skies, the others called the lake far enough.

"From the lake, the trail rises very gradually to a rockslide, switches, and traverses to the pass. Although it was raining as we left the lake, by the time we arrived at the pass we found ourselves in a snowstorm. With nothing to do but get cold, we promptly turned around and headed down.

"On our return the fog lifted a bit, and we could watch dozens of small-to-medium-size fresh snow avalanches cascading down the faces of the peaks. We just had to sit and watch the snow, which made us slightly late getting back to the car. Nevertheless we returned to camp just in time for dinner."

The outing chairman also had his turn at leading daily trips and says this about Hamilton Lake:

"Fifteen of us left camp under uncertain skies for the 40-mile drive west on Trans Canada Highway to Emerald Lake in Yoho National Park. From the parking lot a trail ascends mostly through wooded slopes 2,800 feet in about 3.5 miles to Hamilton Lake, elevation 7,000 feet. The lake is a small tarn of clear water enclosed by rocky shores in a hanging valley between Mt. Carnarvon and Emerald Peak. We arrived at the lake shortly after noon with everyone trying to find a comfortable spot on the hard rocks with shelter from the cool wind. Lunch tasted good, but under the waning sun it was too chilly to linger very long.

"The most striking features of the area are the tremendous folds and curves of the sedimentary strata on the sides of Mt. Carnarvon across the lake. After lunch Jack Hossack led the group around the west of the lake to talus slopes below Mt. Carnarvon which have a

Wenkchemna Peaks and Larch Valley from Sentinel Pass, Banff National Park
T. M. Greene

Haddo Peak from Saddleback *T. M. Greene*

fantastic array of rock fragments in countless sizes, shapes and colors. . . ."

The Hamilton Lake party thought it would be great to have a hot shower at one of the Yoho National Park campgrounds before returning to Castle Meadows. However, as they were "foreigners" from Banff National Park, no reasonable amount of persuasion would convince the local ranger to allow this use of his domain. Adversity can produce surprising results, and at campfire that night Nedra Slauson gave the first performance of her newly composed 'Shower Song':

Yo-ho, Yo-ho, to showers we will go
With soap-on-a-rope and lots of hope, Yo-ho, Yo-ho.
Yo-ho, Yo-ho, the warden says, "Oh, no,
It's perfectly clear you won't wash here.
To Banff you go. . . . ho, ho, ho, ho!"

Each day at least three trips, similar to those just described, were scheduled. To keep all this activity going required good food: a hot breakfast, trail lunch, and then a hot dinner. Renita Peres provided it all. One of the younger members, Cathy Sagi, gives her impression:

"If I were a storyteller, I could tell tales of wondrous foods eaten in far-away Banff. The adventures were not all in the mountains, but also down on the picnic tables. Cooked to delicious perfection was the roast turkey dinner with all the trimmings. Remember the hot clam chowder and soups after a long hike; the delicate ambrosia; spicy zucchini; tangy cabbage rolls; and cool melons. No wandering hiker ever came back to a hamburger like Renita's.

"Remember how much you managed to eat? Only a magician could bring forth scrumptious loaves of bread from those ovens of antiquity. Most delightful of all was the savory chicken teriyaki dinner, served at the end of our adventures in Banff."

—Byron J. Clark

Roster Banff National Park Outing 1980

Committee: Byron J. Clark, Harry W. Hagen, Jack Hossack, Garth Ferber, Renita Peres, William T. Shervey, Howard Stansbury; **Members:** Ruth Abelson, Elsie Burkman, Bea Buzzetti, Glenda Carper, David Carter, Shirley Chamberlin, JoAnn Chrisman, Joan Clark, Myrtle Connelly, Marian Cooter, Anne Creamer, Florence Culp, Richard Erwood, Bob Ferber, Peggy Ferber, Trudi Ferber, Sid Gould, Tom Green, Jerry Green, Chester Grimstead, Joan Groom, Maxine Hagen, Mary Hossack, Ruth Ittner, Julie Johnson, Jaquie Karon, Barry Kirkeeng, Virginia LaPre, Dino Lemonides, Helga Marceau, Warren McClintick, Muriel McClintick, Mary McKeever, Barbara Nichols, Wayne Phillips, Malcom Post, Barbara Post, David Powell, Tom Reynolds, Ruth Rockwood, Clara Sagi, Mike Sagi, Cathi Sagi, Frank Shaw, Harriet Shervey, Patricia Stansbury, Helen Strom, Chuck Tass, Steve Tass, Barbara Vance, and Tami VanDyke.

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Vice President ..... Errol Nelson
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Treasurer ..... Joe Toynbee

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Committee Chairpersons—1980 Term

Advisory Committees

Financial Advisory ..... Joe Toynbee
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  Editorial Review Committee ..... Peggy Ferber
  Director ..... John Pollock
Club Publications ..... Fay Pullen
  Managing Editor, Bulletin ..... Paul Robisch
  Managing Editor, Annual ..... Christa Lewis

Outdoor Division

Chairman ..... Kristian Erickson
Alpine Scramblers ..... Dave Enfield
Backpacking ..... Liz and Dave Werstler
Bicycling ..... John Derrig
Campcrafters ..... Tom and Jean Tokareff
Canoe and Kayak ..... Dave Lee
Climbing ..... Jeff Snow
Family Activities ..... Mary Ann Cameron
First Aid ..... Tom Hudson
Mountain Rescue Council Representative ..... Peggy Cummings
Naturalists ..... Rodger Illingworth
Nordic Skiing ..... Pat Stokes
Outings Coordinator ..... Dick Erwood
Retired Rovers ..... Jim Wasson
Safety ..... Gary Griffith
Ski Mountaineering ..... Chuck Loughney
Snowshoe ..... Roy Ellis
Swingles ..... E. Neal King, Tom Merritt
Trail Trips ..... Walt Entenmann
Trails Coordinating ..... Ruth Ittner
Trails Maintenance ..... Archie Wright

Indoor Division

Chairman ..... Royce Natoli
Annual Banquet ..... Howard Stansbury
Art ..... Jane Stevenson
Dance ..... Paul Bergman
Dinner Meetings ..... Evelyn Nickerson, Peggy Enderlein
Membership ..... Royce Natoli (Acting)
Museum ..... Noreen Edwards

Photography ..... O. Phillip Dickert
Players ..... Betty Jensen, Nancy Jacobson

Property Division

Chairman ..... Daniel Solomonson
Kitsap Cabin ..... David Squier
Meany Ski Hut ..... Ray Nelson
Mt. Baker Cabin ..... Dan Riccio
Snoqualmie Lodge ..... Robert Youngs
Stevens Lodge ..... Eleanor Rolfe

Conservation Division

Chairman ..... Norman L. Winn

Administrative Report

Compiled by Clint Kelley

The Mountaineers membership grew by 347 during the year to a total of 10,867 at the end of December 1980. Of these 8662 were General, 1236 in Tacoma, 525 in Olympia, and 444 in Everett.

An *ad hoc* committee has been doing a thorough review of the present Club By-Laws, planning proposals for the 1981 Election Ballot. Amendments passed in 1980 have removed the Club requirement of member-sponsor signatures on applications for membership and the defined total vote base for approval of By-Law amendments.

An excellent new film, "Climbing Country," has been completed to replace the older film, "The Mountains Don't Care." It has been in part supported by a donation from the Joan Malory Webber Memorial Fund. The Mountaineers has agreed to sponsor the proposed Ultima Thule Expedition to climb Mt. Everest from the north, via China, in 1984.

An extensive remodeling of the Clubroom Auditorium has been completed. This includes improved ventilation, lowered ceiling, more uniform lighting, well distributed speaker system, a new projector and screen, and improved museum display. A Clubroom *ad hoc* Facility Requirements Committee is studying the near term space needs as a guide for action when the present downstairs leases are terminated and the Club acquires that space for remodeling and expansion. The Pike Street LID was started and essentially completed during 1980, providing new sidewalks and street surfaces in the Clubroom area.

Conservation Division

The Conservation Division undertook a variety of activities this year. For convenience, they are divided into several categories.

Field Trips. In cooperation with the Naturalists Committee, the division scheduled a hike in the Perry Creek area which was part of the proposed Boulder River Wilderness Area. The division also sponsored several trips to McNeil Island in cooperation with the Naturalist Committee and these trips were extremely popular and informative. A field trip was scheduled to Greenwater Lakes in the proposed Cougar Lakes Wilderness and a later trip was scheduled in the Kettle Range Proposed Wilderness Area.

Bulletin Articles. The division prepared numerous bulletin articles to inform the members about various conservation topics, including recycling, Tiger Mountain, energy conservation, forest management, Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie forest plan, Cougar Lakes wilderness and the Hells Canyon National Recreation Area.

Policy Statements. The division prepared letters on various policy issues for the President on the following topics: Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie Timber Management Plan, Forest Service-DNR land exchange, Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie 1980 timber sales, Mt. Rainier backcountry regulations, a letter to the legislature re Hart Lake State Park, Hells Canyon National Recreation Area management plan, Pacific Northwest National Scenic Trail, Stehekin Valley Comprehensive Plan, and State ORV update.

General. In addition to working with other committees and divisions within the club, the Conservation Division actively cooperates with other conservation organizations such as Sierra Club, Washington Environmental Council, and the Audubon Society on topics and projects of mutual interest such as the Forest Service and Parks Service management plans and state and federal legislation affecting wilderness areas.

The Conservation Division encourages all members of the club to attend the monthly Conservation Division meeting and participate in its activities.

Indoor Division

The **Indoor Division** committees provided Mountaineers with exhibits for viewing, entertainment and information, and activities for active participation.

The Mountaineer **Annual Banquet** was held on Saturday, October 25, 1980, again at the Washington Plaza Hotel. A sold-out crowd listened and looked as Ira Spring presented "40 Years of Mountain Photography."

President A.J. Culver gave a "State of the Club" report. The results of the club election were announced and the Mountaineer Annual Service Award went to Normal L. Winn in recognition of his many accomplishments for the club.

The purpose of the **Art Committee** is to provide changing exhibits in the clubrooms. Each month a new artist is asked to share his or her sensitivity and response to nature's world. Each exhibit requires hard work, as well as talent and time. The medium is often photography, oil, acrylics, watercolor, and pen and ink.

The Committee would like to encourage members to share their talents. We also welcome artists outside the membership of the Mountaineers to participate. The Club offers an opportunity for a wide audience to view and appreciate the visual art displayed on its walls.

It is our intention that, through the eyes of the artist, the viewers will enjoy what they see, and take the opportunity to reflect on the reasons for participating in Mountaineer activities.

Exhibitors for 1980, their dates, and the media they worked in were: Ramona Hammerly, January, watercolors, etchings, pen and ink; Rick Ellis, February, photographs; Crisse Bennet, Joan Reeves, March-April, watercolors; John Cannon, Bill Booze, May, underwater photography; Ray Nichols, June, photos; Mary Dolan, July, oils; Mark Bergsma, September, photos/poetry; Gary Benson, October, photos; Lou Berkley, November, photos; Gail Summerfield, December, watercolors. There was no exhibit in August because the auditorium was being repainted.

Members and guests at the **Dinner Meetings** saw programs of climbing Nanda Devi, bicycling through Malaysia-Japan, a romantic cruise in the Mediterranean, rafting down the Colorado, as well as the Peoples Republic of China. Over 500 people attended last year.

Folkdancing continued to be a popular activity with many Mountaineers. Large dances were held twice a month, with the third Friday dances continuing through the summer. The annual special dance at Kitsap Memorial State Park in June is a favorite activity with both folkdancers and play-goers. Three ten-week dance class sessions were given at both beginner and intermediate levels.

Information Meetings, sponsored by the **Membership Committee,** were held each month during the year and were well attended. Updating of the slide-show was completed. Some committee representatives presented equipment demonstrations which proved popular with new and prospective members.

With emphasis on our Club Motto, the **Museum Committee** commemorated the Mountaineers' Birthday with the exhibit, "75 Years of Mountaineering," 1906-1981. The membership enthusiastically greeted the Committee's efforts.

The **Photo Group** presented several entertaining programs. Dawa Norbu Sherpa, an experienced trek and climbing leader from Kathmandu, Nepal, was our special guest showing film and slides of the Nepal area. "Epic of Iceland," a presentation by Mountaineer member Larry Weimer, illustrated the many contrasts found in this country.

Although other Mountaineers are aware of the **Players** a few brief weeks each spring, the cycle for a particular production spans more than a calendar year. Before one play closes the committee members and chair for the next one have been nominated and the budget prepared. Many people meet for several weeks considering scripts appropriate for the unique outdoor theater.

Potential directors submit resumes and interviews follow. After the director is chosen, other staff are selected. Publicity, props, set and costume design and construction and other responsibilities are assigned and specific planning is underway.

Finally, in early March auditions are held and the cast is set. Rehearsals are held two or three times a week at the clubroom for the next three months. Several spring weekends are spent at Kitsap preparing the theater and rehearsing on the stage.

With an army of ushers, ticket takers and security people assembled, the rhododendrons blooming on schedule and the show is ready to go.

The 1980 production was Merideth Willson's *The Music Man.* It opened the weekend of Mt. St. Helens' second eruption. Newscasts were advising people to stay home. The magnificent early spring weather was followed by downpours testing the stamina of players and audience alike (an improved drainage system for the stage is essential). Audiences were enthusiastic and the season ended in black ink.

In addition to *The Music Man,* the year was filled with theatrical ventures. A Broadway musical review, *A Story Theater* and a melodrama toured the ski lodges. In the fall a large group performed *Under Milkwood* in Everett and Seattle. A Christmas musical was prepared for nursing homes, The Childrens Home Society and several Mountaineer groups.

Maintenance

Several gabians were placed along the bank of the creek to insure against further washout of the road to the theater. Significant progress was made toward enlarging the backstage facilities. Also several supports were made to replace deteriorating theater seats.

The year was rounded out with some splendid social events. A Valentine's potluck, a Saint Patrick's party, the awards banquet, the annual picnic, a hay ride, the Halloween party and the Christmas Greens Gathering. It had been a remarkable, full year.

Property Division

Meany Ski Hut started with a strong workparty season; in other words, there was a packed lodge each weekend and abundant willing workers. The ski season looked promising as there appeared to be a zooming interest in Meany shown by many newcomers and oldtimers alike. All expectations were washed away by rain and lack of snow. However, the few weekends Meany did open the skiing was superb.

The workparty season was very productive. A tool shed was built to house tractor parts. The study area was moved from the end of the Third Person's Dorm to a small area taken off the Women's Dorm. Bunks were added to the former study room so that Meany's sleeping capacity remains the same.

New tracks were put on the Bombardier and many modifications were made to the Thiokol. In short, the Thiokol was stripped and repainted; a new shift linkage was installed; a new instrument panel was fabricated; and a new transmission was added. All of this required much creative adaptation of the whole Thiokol system by some brilliant minds.

Concrete steps were poured near the kitchen door and a concrete sidewalk was put in from the front steps to the basement.

In addition to the usual fall maintenance and upkeep, much of the hill was brushed this season and a new bridge was placed across Tombstone Canyon.

With all ready and waiting, Meany Ski Hut anticipates a super season for the year to come.

(In order to have the lodge reports reflect the skiing season, rather than the chronological year, most lodges will present their winter of 1980-1981 reports in next year's annual.)

Outdoor Division

Despite occasional clouds of volcanic ash over some areas of the Cascades, the **Alpine Scramblers** had an exciting, successful season in 1980. A total of 158 scheduled scrambles provided enough variety to satisfy nearly everyone. The midweek trips continued to be very popular.

The Alpine Scramble Course again provided training to many in the techniques of non-technical, off-trail travel. There were 200 participants. Unlike previous years, no instruction in camping was presented; all field trips were one-day outings. One of these, summer ice axe practice, was cancelled due to the layer of abrasive ash on the snow in the Castle-Pinnacle Basin. At the Scramblers' Reunion in November 113 diplomas were presented.

Three multiple day outings were sponsored during 1980. The first was a series of scrambles in the Teanaway area during May. The second explored the Dosewallips area of Olympic National Park in late June. The third was a traverse on the north side of Mt. Rainier during August.

The Alpine Scramble Committee extends their thanks to all the Mountaineers who volunteered their assistance as lecturers, field trip instructors and trip leaders.

Backpackers hiked many miles in 1980 season. Thirty-eight trips were scheduled and twenty eight were completed, with an average seven persons per trip. Fishing and photography were enjoyed by many.

Fifth annual Backpack Workshop was held in April. One hundred thirty people took the course, designed especially to acquaint beginning hikers with the skills and equipment needed for comfortable overnight camping.

Four outings five days or longer were taken. The Crater Loop trip attracted 10 people who enjoyed the good weather but not the bugs.

In the Olympics, 10 people ate their way through the range. The Glacier Peak outing drew nine people who prayed it would stop raining. The fourth outing attracted only two.

The 36th Annual Climbing Program in 1980 was one of coalition of philosophy for the Seattle Mountaineers. Several questions which had arisen in previous years were formally answered with stated policy by the **Climbing Committee.**

> A reaffirmation of commitment to an open climbing program was published. Competency and attitude related standards were stated to be the only ones which would

be applied in evaluation of performance of climbers, students, instructors, and leaders.

Improved quality of instruction was actively pursued by the organizers of the three climbing courses, which are aimed at different skill levels of climbers. Additional training in teaching techniques was provided and an effort to introduce only proven climbing techniques was made.

Handling negative reports was a topic that was considered. Straight-forward, deliberate confrontation of problem areas was found to provide a meaningful educational experience for all those involved.

No longer are extensions to climbing courses given routinely. The Climbing Committee published notification emphasizing the importance of completing requirements within course deadlines.

There was an extensive seminar program including ice, friction, "unclean," big wall, and crack climbing. Leading on Class 4 and Class 5 rock, use of chocks, aspects of avalanche safety, and crevasse rescue were topics included for examination by interested climbers.

Climbing in the Cascades and Olympics in 1980 was hindered by the unusually rainy summer and by the eruption of Mount St. Helens. Several traditional climb routes were blown away, and climbers were reluctant to drive to nearby climbing areas because of the destructive effect of the volcanic ash on vehicles.

Mountaineers enjoy exploring the outdoors with kids, and interest in the **Family Activities** group continued to grow in 1980. During the year, 30 day hikes were planned to destinations in town, along the Sound, and in the mountains. Routes and mileages were flexible to adapt to the ages and interests of those participating, and the emphasis continued to be on the pleasurable experience rather than the reaching of specific destinations.

In addition to day hikes, there were many other activities planned for families. The group enjoyed 10 visits to Mountaineer lodges throughout the year. Winter visits were planned around snow activities, while stays in the spring, summer and fall utilized the lodges as bases for day trips in the surrounding mountains. Most lodge visits were for single overnights, although once again, many families spent up to a week at Mt. Baker Lodge in July and August.

Special excursions were planned to Kitsap Cabin in March, May and December. The group participated in Easter and Christmas parties at the cabin and also enjoyed the Players' production of *The Music Man*.

Other activities included overnight backpack trips, mid-week hikes, summer evening picnic outings, bike rides, canoe trips, and car camping explorations.

Highlight of the year was another successful Christmas Party held at the Clubroom in Seattle in December. This event is fast becoming a tradition, with games, entertainment, and a visit from Santa on the afternoon agenda. Over 150 persons were on hand for the 1980 event, which included entertainment by the Players.

Family Activities continues to appeal to Mountaineers who want to enjoy the outdoors with children. Most participating are parents, grandparents, aunts or uncles accompanied by children ranging in age up to 12 years. However, a significant number of single persons without children also enjoy Family Activities for outdoor experiences at an unhurried pace.

Twenty-four standard and two refresher Mountaineering Oriented First Aid courses were sponsored by the **First Aid Committee** in the past year. Over 500 students were graduated this season. The program received some notoriety when first aid students and their "victims" were photographed during a simulated rescue experience. These photographs and an interview with committee member Clint Kelley were published in the monthly magazine of a local health maintenance organization received by 200,000 people in the Puget Sound Area.

The committee would like to thank the many instructors, assistants, and volunteer victims who have contributed many hours to the MOFA program.

Four **Foreign Outings** were conducted in 1980. Paul Wiseman led a 27-day hiking and sightseeing trip to New Zealand and Fiji in January and February with 24 members participating. He later led a 22-day hiking and climbing trip to Austria in July. Nineteen members participated and the climbers made nine summits. Maggie Cornell led a group of 11 members on a 20-day walking tour of England's Lake District and the Scottish Highlands in May. Fran Dauelsberg led a group of 11 bicyclists on a 24-day tour of Germany during June, covering a distance of over 800 miles. All trips were very successful.

The **Naturalists** have had a successful year with activities scheduled most weekends and some summer evenings. They have varied in scope, including easy to strenuous hikes, car camps, cabin weekends, backpacks, summer outings, and, for the first time, a cabin-based snowshoe weekend. Our primary emphasis continues to be botanical with birding and geology as other main fields of interest. Other aspects of nature are also covered on an irregular basis, limited only by the availability of knowledgeable leaders. A number of trips were run jointly with the Conservation Division.

The evening lecture programs continued every month, except in August, on subjects relating to our various areas of study and to special events, such as the eruptive sequences of Mt. St. Helens, which were discussed by Dr. Craig Weaver of the USGS and visiting scientist in geophysics at the University of Washington. Workshops on moss identification were held at the clubroom and at the Kitsap Forest and Rhododendron Preserve, where preliminary planning for a nature trail began in November. The trail maintenance work party on the Beaver Lake Trail has become an annual project.

Nordic Skiing continued to attract considerable interest from members of The Mountaineers during the 1979-80 season. One-hundred-ninety-four members enrolled in the Nordic Skiing course, which again consisted of four lectures and a one-day field trip. Of this number, 50 graduated.

During this past year, two new activities were introduced into the Nordic Skiing program. First, a new category of tour was introduced: Nordic Ski Mountaineering. These tours tackle more difficult terrain, using standard nordic gear plus climbing skins. Second, a seminar in telemark turns was offered. This was well attended on two separate week nights in the Snoqualmie Pass area.

The 1979-80 touring season was busier than any to date, with over 120 tours offered. These included a broad range of ability levels, from Easy through Advanced. Of these tours, 19 were overnight, 15 were Nordic Ski Mountaineering and five were mid-week. Our season started early in December and finished up in early June. We look forward to an even better season next year.

The **Retired Rovers** continued the range of activities successfully inaugurated last year:

CLUBROOM AT NOON monthly get togethers were especially popular with attendance reaching up into the sixties.

TRAIL TRIPS suffered somewhat from bad luck with the weather, but enjoyable hikes were held to Fuller Mountain, Echo Lake, Snow Lake, Grass Mountain, the Olympics and other areas.

URBAN RAMBLES included Discovery Park, the Locks and Shilshole, Bellevue Parks, the Udub and the Boeing Everett plant.

BACKPACKS were taken to Mission Ridge and French Creek as well as the outing to the Pasayten Wilderness, a week long with four participants over seventy and four over sixty.

OUTINGS to the Oregon Wallowas and the San Juans are covered separately.

The **Ski Mountaineering** committee organized a full program of day and overnight trips during the 1979-1980 winter season. Many Mountaineers enjoyed the 39 tours that were completed. The committee also conducted the Ski Mountaineering course in which 28

persons were enrolled. Six persons graduated from the course in 1980.

The **Snowshoe** program consisted of the Winter Travel Course and a full schedule of Snowshoe tours as in past years. In addition, the Snowshoe Committee sponsored a very successful leadership seminar emphasizing the special problems associated with winter activities.

The Winter Travel Course enrolled about 120 students with about thirty percent completing the program. The students and many other club members enjoyed over 130 tours requiring varying degrees of ambitiousness. The committee thanks all those members who gave of their time and energy as instructors and trip leaders during our 1979-1980 season.

On March 28 the **Trails Coordinating Committee** hosted the second annual program/discussion "What's Happening to Trails" with both Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie and Wenatchee National Forests participating.

Ruth Ittner attended a Dispersed Winter Recreation Symposium at the University of Minnesota February 27-29, 1980. Since Ruth is a non-snowmobile member of the Snowmobile Advisory Committee to State Parks and Recreation Commission and a former member of the Winter Recreation Advisory Committee concerned with the administration of Sno Park, she was able to help this area benefit from the experience of other areas in dealing with the rapid growth of dispersed winter recreation (ski touring, snowmobiling, snowshoeing and winter camping). In order to address the problems of nordic skiing, a Washington Nordic Ski Federation was established. Mountaineer members participated on the committee for the formation of a Washington Nordic Ski Federation and The Mountaineers joined as an organization.

Ruth Ittner served as a member of a work group which assisted the White River Ranger District in the development of an environmental assessment and design plan for a proposed Evans Creek Off Road Vehicle Area. A number of Mountaineers participated in the sound measurement tests taken at both Florence and Tolmie Peaks in Mt. Rainier National Park. The project has been approved by the Interagency Committee for Outdoor Recreation. The plan as developed reflected our concerns and provides for monitoring.

Liaison between the Conservation and Outdoor Divisions continues to be significant. The Outdoor Division participated in the Mountaineer portion on Alpine Lakes Management Plan Environmental Assessment; initial steps in development of Pacific Crest National Scenic Trail Comprehensive Management planning for the Mt. St. Helens Volcanic Area; review of Wenatchee's Trail Management Plan.

Outdoor Division members participated in a hiker survey conducted by the Institute of Governmental Research in cooperation with the Department of Interior's Heritage, Conservation and Recreation Services (HCRS) nationwide trails assessment. The results of the survey were useful in determining the perceptions of types of trails needed in the State of Washington priorities as well as problems. The drafts of the Nationwide Trail Study will be reviewed and commented upon as soon as it is available.

A State Trails Advisory Committee (STAC) was reactivated by the Interagency Committee for Outdoor Recreation at a meeting in September 1980. STAC is composed of representatives of all major trail user groups, government agencies and land owners. It is concerned with problems relating to trails and policies of federal, state and local governments which affect trails. Ruth Ittner, Trails Coordinating Committee Chairman, was requested to represent hikers.

Mountaineer members continued to assist in the development of TUIS, an automated trail user information system being cooperatively developed by Mt. Baker, Snoqualmie National Forest, Pacific Northwest Region of the National Park Service and the University of Washington. The system will improve the service provided by the Joint Forest Service/Park Service Information System (located at 1022 First Avenue; 442-0170) to the Seattle Metropolitan Area. The new system has been under development for three years. During the summer of 1981 it will be tested and evaluated.

Work parties were organized for **Trail Maintenance** and construction in Darrington, Skykomish and Cle Elum ranger districts. Several other districts indicated that they would accept volunteer help, but the low level of participation prevented a larger schedule. About 40 people signed up for six work parties, but rain cancelled three of them, so the actual amount of work performed was minimal. The Whitechuck Bench Trail, which the Backpackers have been constructing for a few years, was extended about a mile but still is far from being complete.

It has been announced by the Forest Service that funds for trail maintenance have been reduced 25%, and for construction the cut is 90%. Some districts have indicated that they have trails which have disappeared because of no maintenance and low use, so a decrease in funds should speed this process. There is certainly a need to expand this activity in 1981.

The **Trail Trip** program has experienced an expanded program this year (1980), with slightly over 260 trips scheduled and an average participation of 12 to 14 people. Of these, about 200 were on weekends, about 60 midweek, a dozen owl hikes and a few so-called

"Late Birds' " trips. We also participated in several National Forest Service planned and supervised trail maintenance parties. We conducted a leadership seminar in March with enthusiastic participants. Although about 20 leaders carried the bulk of the load, over 60 people led one or more trips.

Many a mountaineer has his/her first club experience on a trail trip. Occasionally someone comes inadequately and/or inappropriately clothed and/or equipped and therefore our trip leaders need also be instructors, too. Another problem needs to be resolved: last minute cancellations and no-shows. This latter problem can raise havoc with our car-pooling, ride-sharing system and we will have to become more severe with offenders. One trip had to be cancelled because no one wanted to drive and on several trips a few people could not go because there were not enough rides available. With the rise in gas prices this could become an ever increasing problem.

In the coming year (1981) we plan one or two "Beginners' Specials" each month which will be short, close-in, easy trips, planned specifically for instructional purposes. We also plan more trips in the same area on a given weekend so as to encourage car camping. See you on the trail!

Publications

The **Editorial Review Committee** continued to select manuscripts for publication from among those submitted and solicited, and to direct and supervise the editorial content of publications by **Mountaineers • Books.**

Nearly 100 projects were considered by the committee. Of these, approximately one-third were rejected on the basis of quality, or as inappropriate in our line, or not economically feasible. Others were not completed by the authors, or in the case of rights purchases, agreement was not reached with the primary publisher.

Nine new titles were in hand by the end of the year, and seventeen were in various stages of production. Authors are continuing to work on eighteen more, and other projects are still being reviewed.

Revised editions of *103 Hikes in Southwestern British Columbia, Snowshoeing,* and bestbelling *Fire and Ice* were completed, as well as reprints of the classics *Everest: The West Ridge, Men Against the Clouds,* and *Tatoosh.*

New titles included *Switchbacks* (regional history), *Mountaineering and Its Literature* (bibliography), *High Mountains and Cold Seas* (biography), *Bicycling the Backroads of Southwest Washington* (regional guide book), *The Last Step: The American Ascent of*

K2 (expedition account), and *Many People Come, Looking, Looking* (travel).

Mountaineers • Books has also undertaken the distribution of "Pacific Northwest Wildflowers (Washington) Endangered Plants," a poster published by the Naturalists Committee and The Mountaineers Foundation, and the "Wonder Lake to Muldrow Glacier" map, a companion to the map of Mt. McKinley, both published by the Boston Museum of Science.

Although as the publication program expands, more submissions of international interest come our way, an analysis by subject, based on the list as of September 1980, indicates the largest single category by far is still regional guidebooks. The Editorial Review Committee intends to continue to recommend for publication a mix of subjects, and of original, imported and reprint titles, and will periodically review the list to maintain a desirable balance. However, the Editorial Review Committee does not feel it prudent to set arbitrary quotas, but will continue to evaluate each project on the basis of its own merits and how well it fulfills the purposes of The Mountaineers.

The **Mountaineers • Books Management Board** for 1980 consisted of Dick Barden, chairman, Ron Jones, secretary, and A.J. Culver, Peggy Ferber, Jim Sanford and Joe Toynbee. This group carried out its function of generally overseeing the Mountaineers • Books publishing program.

No significant changes were noted in **The Mountaineer** (Bulletin), except in the position of Managing Editor. Kristian Erickson replaced Paul Robisch in that role in the fall. As the club grew in members and activities, more 24-page issues (five) appeared. The 16-page issue may become a thing of the past!

The **Annual** was again bound with the **Roster.** The book was evenly divided into 152 pages for each part! A sketch of long-time Mountaineer Wolf Bauer, an article on climbing in Iceland and descriptions of trails of the Teanaway and close-in Tiger Mountain were some of the highlights. There was the usual nice selection of art work. For the first time, an index was included which complements the new 1967 to 1980 index.

Everett Branch

The Everett Mountaineers had a successful and active year. Twenty-eight of ninety basic climbing course students graduated. In Alpine Scramblers, twelve of the thirty-five applicants completed the course.

Of the eighteen hikes planned by the hiking committee, only two were cancelled. The smallest group consisted of five, the largest, twenty.

Longtime mountaineer Herman Felder died. A memorial was started with The Mountaineers Foundation.

The March meeting was held at Floral Hall. Formal business was dispensed and good food, friendship and song became the order of the day.

A successful cross country and ski mountaineering camp was sponsored by the Everett Mountaineers in the Yoho National Park of British Columbia in April.

Bill Iffrig was again elected chairman at the June meeting. In spite of a cool, wet summer the basic and intermediate climbers were active. Several groups did the north and west ridges of Mt. Stuart, summer climbing camp was held in the Adamants of B.C. in July, and the Teton Range was the site of a six day outing in August.

The annual Salmon Bake held in October will long be remembered as the hottest as we sweltered in 80 degree heat.

A recognition program was started for children of mountaineers who accompany parents or guardians on official hikes and climbs. A certificate will be given for each peak and a patch for obtaining twelve of fifteen peaks.

An *ad hoc* committee was formed to investigate the possibility of obtaining the Mt. Pilchuck ski lodge as a Mountaineer cross-country ski lodge. Unfortunately, in the end the Forest Service withdrew their offer and the idea fell through.

Snow and ice didn't keep an enthusiastic group from attending the annual banquet. Art Wolfe kept us spellbound with his slide presentation of wildlife throughout Washington and Alaska. Pins, patches, and certificates were awarded to those qualifying. Special recognition went to the children of Jim Brown, Mike Beeman and Larry Hughes who were the first recipients of our new youth award.

Olympia Branch

The Mountaineers' southernmost branch experienced its usual high degree of activity and success during the past year.

Barb Pearson and Zella Matthews single-handedly organized a canoe-kayaking course composed of four classroom sessions and four pool sessions. Eleven students started the course and five have finished all requirements.

Undaunted by winter weather, many Olympia branch members participated in cross-country and snowshoe activities. Linda Stretz' skinny skiers scheduled thirteen trips, each with a different leader and with an average attendance of ten. Mac McCleary scheduled several snowshoe trips with largest attendance of 23 and an average of approximately eight. Interest in more family snowshoeing was expressed and is planned for next year.

The 1980 version of our basic climbing course was quite successful under the chairmanship of Kerry Lowry. Forty-eight students registered and 21 successfully completed with an additional three students completing from 1979. Mt. St. Helens interfered both with field trips and experience climbs; however, these obstacles were overcome by Kerry and her crew.

The hiking-backpacking course was also quite successful after a complete update and re-design by co-chairpersons Leighton Pratt and Karen Rings. Numerous hikes were scheduled by Betty Pensula as were climbs by Chub Foster.

Bicycling got a real boost with Sue Ritter. Evening rides took place two evenings a week — Mondays for the relaxers and Wednesdays for the "Breaking-Away-ers."

Socially, there was considerable variety. Quarterly potlucks found us visiting Europe with Paul Wiseman, Peru with Rick Powell, Mt. Robson with Fleet Ratliff, and Makalu with John Roskelly at our annual banquet.

The Annual Banquet was also the occasion for Ray Bednar and Tom Irwin to receive their Six Peak Pins. Other awards went to Arlene Mills and Linda Stretz (Snoqualmie 20 Peakers); Gloria Ford, Bart Burns, and Frank Maranville (Olympic Peak Pins); Arlene Mills and Bernice Sundstrom (Olympic Trail Patches).

More importantly, perhaps our losses should be chronicled and recorded. The Mountaineers and the Olympia branch in particular have sustained two real losses this year. Ron Seibold and his family and Mt. St. Helens were all lost on May 18. Both the mountain and the family will be sorely missed and mourned by this branch.

Tacoma Branch

This year the Tacoma Branch concentrated its efforts on some needed repairs on the Clubhouse. Under Burton Johnson's supervision and hard labor, the walls sport a bright new color and the kitchen received a pick-me-up also. Along with new tables, the branch bought caddies for both tables and chairs. What a help they have been!

Irish Cabin, the topic of much discussion the past few years, is now gone. A system of committees is being set up to deal with the issues concerning the property and its best use for the Club in future years.

A series of seminars on safety, leadership, and map and compass for hikers and backpackers started the season. Stew Wright organized his committee to schedule hikes for all interests: family outings, overnights, backpacks and bus trips. A trip to Leavenworth in October was added to the regularly sponsored bus trips and proved to be quite enjoyable. Hiking, backpacking, and trekking awards joined with the Alpine Travel Course certificates for one large, well-attended banquet this year.

Also well attended this year were the Branch's special events: Mountaineer Fair, Salmon Bake and Thanksgiving Dinner. At the Annual Banquet in October, John Lynn was presented with the Service Award and the Branch was introduced to Art Wolfe, professional photographer. His wit and photographs entranced all who attended.

Raccoon *Bonnie Kawaguchi*

THE MOUNTAINEERS
(A WASHINGTON CORPORATION)
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

FINANCIAL STATEMENTS

SEPTEMBER 30, 1980

VLBO VOJTA, LEW, BOYD, OLOFSON & COMPANY
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

V. Frank Vojta
Kenneth H. Lew
Kenneth A. Williams

To the Members of
The Mountoineers
Seattle, Washington

We have examined the statement of assets, liabilities and fund balances of The Mountaineers as of September 30, 1980 and the related statements of income, expenses and fund balances, and changes in financial position for the year then ended. Our examination was made in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards and, accordingly, included such tests of the accounting records and such other auditing procedures as we considered necessary in the circumstances.

In our opinion, the financial statements identified above present fairly the financial position of The Mountaineers at September 30, 1980 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.

Vojta, Lew, Boyd, Olofson & Company

Seattle, Washington
November 24, 1980

1006 AURORA AVENUE NORTH, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98109 (206) 283-8905

The Mountaineers
Assets, Liabilities and Fund Balances
September 30, 1980

Assets

Current Assets		
Cash		$ 161,631
Certificates of deposit Note 6		57,018
Accounts receivable — trade Note 1		215,488
Inventories Note 1		332,112
Prepaid expenses		69,423
Deposits		117
Investments in money market fund		8,901
Total Current Assets		844,690
Investments		
U.S. Savings Bonds — at Cost		1,074
Property and Equipment Note 1	$393,817	
Less accumulated depreciation	235,406	
	158,411	224,697
Land	66,286	$1,070,461

Liabilities and Fund Balances

Current Liabilities		
Accounts payable		$ 98,504
Accrued royalties		40,626
Payroll and business taxes payable		3,310
Note payable — bank Note 6		4,675
Current portion of long-term liabilities		3,681
Rental deposits		500
Total Current Liabilities		151,296
Long-Term Liabilities Note 5		6,425
Total Liabilities		157,721
Fund Balances		
General Fund	$315,474	
Mountaineer Books Fund	497,180	
Permanent Building and Improvement Fund	6,653	
Permanent Fund	19,055	
Property Fund	2,607	
Seymour Memorial Fund	2,726	
Mountaineers Safety Education Fund	728	
Mountaineers Life Membership Fund	7,809	
Tacoma Branch	31,734	
Everett Branch	12,321	
Olympia Branch	16,453	912,740
		$1,070,461

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

The Mountaineers
Statement of Income, Expenses and Fund Balances
For the Year Ended September 30, 1980

	General Fund	Mountaineers Books Fund
Income		
Dues and initiation fees Note	$157,808	$ —
Life membership fees		
Committee operations — net	22,052	
Sale of books	22,624	835,953
Gross rentals — club buildings	11,900	
Interest income	2,716	2,318
Miscellaneous income	516	4,863
Income allocation Note 4	88,544	(88,544)
Total Income	306,160	754,590
Expenses		
Cost of books sold	14,637	307,093
Salaries	62,102	102,106
Publication of Annual, Roster and Bulletin	32,852	
Office	28,481	16,766
Postage and shipping	5,544	3,714
Payroll and business taxes	8,729	14,578
Promotion and advertising		27,390
Election expense	3,622	
Conservation	3,990	
Seattle and Tacoma Club buildings	27,412	
Bad debts		
Royalties		130,722
General expenses	10,585	63,677
Donations		
Total Expenses	197,954	666,046
Net Income	108,206	88,544
Fund Balance		
Balance September 30, 1979	238,096	408,636
Transfer of Fund balances	(30,828)	
Balance September 30, 1980	$315,474	$497,180

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

Other Funds (Note 4)	Tacoma Branch	Everett Branch	Olympia Branch	Interfund Transactions (Eliminations)	Total
$ 1,918	$ 6,413	$ 2,145	$ 2,979	$ (76)	$171,187
2,060					2,060
					22,052
		253	135	(14,813)	844,152
	3,810			(4,800)	10,910
1,331	1,144	467	1,196		9,172
25	996	262	200		6,862
					—
5,334	12,363	3,127	4,510	(19,689)	1,066,395
			176	(14,813)	307,093
	2,773				166,981
					32,852
	1,051	336	55		46,689
					9,258
	270				23,577
					27,390
					3,622
					3,990
	5,441				32,853
					—
					130,722
76	437	442	1,181	(4,876)	71,522
		420	250		670
76	9,972	1,198	1,662	(19,689)	857,219
5,258	2,391	1,929	2,848	None	209,176
3,492	29,343	10,392	13,605	None	703,564
30,828					—
$39,578	$31,734	$12,321	$16,453	$ None	$ 912,740

The Mountaineers
Statement of Changes in Financial Position
For the Year Ended September 30, 1980

Sources of Working Capital		
Net income		$209,176
Add items not requiring an outlay of working capital		
Depreciation	$25,454	
Loss on abandonment of Irish Cabin	324	25,778
Working capital provided from operations		234,954
Proceeds from note payable		10,500
		245,454
Applications of Working Capital		
Purchase of property and equipment	44,759	
Increase in investments	60	
Reduction of long-term liabilities	4,075	48,894
Increase in Working Capital		$196,560
Changes in Components of Working Capital		
Increase (Decrease) in Current Assets		
Cash		$ 53,233
Certificate of deposit		47,343
Accounts receivable — trade		94,439
Inventories		25,021
Prepaid expenses		39,948
Deposits		(330)
Investments		8,901
		268,555
Increase (Decrease) in Current Liabilities		
Accounts payable		51,504
Accrued royalties		17,239
Payroll and business taxes payable		1,158
Current portion of long-term liabilities		2,094
		71,995
Increase in Working Capital		$196,560

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

The Mountaineers

Notes to Financial Statements

September 30, 1980

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 weighted average 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 $25,454.

Income Taxes

Income taxes have not been provided for as the organization is a non-profit corporation under Section 501(c)(4) of the Internal Revenue Code.

Note 2 — Special Use Permits

Mt. Baker and Stevens Lodge are built on leased U.S. Forest Service Land.

Note 3 — 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
Seymour Memorial Fund
Mountaineers Safety Education Fund
Mountaineers Life Membership Fund

Note 4 — Allocation of Mountaineer Books Fund Profits

On June 7, 1979 the Board of Directors adopted a policy whereby commencing with the fiscal year ended September 30, 1979, one-half of the net profits of the Mountaineer Books Fund shall be remitted to the General Fund in four quarterly installments to be applied toward the cost of other Club publications. The allocation for the year ended September 30, 1980 amounted to $88,544.

Note 5 — Long-Term Liabilities

	Total Due	Long-Term Liabilities	Current Portion
12% unsecured note payable to Seattle-First National Bank due in monthly installments of $349 including interest.	$ 9,917	$ 6,425	$ 3,492
A contract payable due in monthly installments of $113 including interest.	189	—	189
	$10,106	$ 6,425	$ 3,681

Note 6 — Note Payable — Bank

A 10.614% note payable to Cascade Savings and Loan Association due January 11, 1981, secured by $10,000 certificate of deposit with Cascade (interest at 8.614%). Certificate of deposit also matures January 11, 1981.

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!

In Memoriam
1980

Herbert N. Anderson
William Anderst, Jr.
Miriam Burgie
H. L. "Bill" Cross
Herman Felder
Joan Firey
John G. Gill
Stan Jensen
Edith Klemich
Robert W. Martin, Jr.
Linda Dixon
Honorable William O. Douglas
Calvin Philips, Jr.
Jerrold L. Pruitt
Bernard Rich
Minnie J. Schoenfeld
Mrs. Beulah Stevens Scott
Barbara Seibold
Ron Seibold
Mrs. Thomas S. Shinn
Col. Clarence E. Sperry (ret.)
Robert Walker
J. Clyde Wiseman
Sophia M. Wolfe
James N. Young

STAN JENSEN (1935-1980)

On June 27, 1980, the Seattle Mountaineers lost one of its good friends and one of its most ardent climbers. Stan died of leukemia, an illness he did not know he had until two days before his death. Three days before he died, Stan and his wife, Marilyn, were making plans for climbing in the Southern Pickets in July, a backpacking trip in the Paysaten Wilderness with their daughter, Annie, and another climbing trip to the Wind Rivers in August.

Stan was born in Mabton, Washington. He attended the University of Washington in the 50's and received a degree in Electrical Engineering. In 1969 he graduated from Western Washington University with a master's degree in Mathematics. Stan took four years of post-graduate study at the University of Minnesota (1969-73). Stan and Marilyn returned to the Seattle area every summer for mountain climbing.

Stan joined the Mountaineers in 1960, graduated from the Intermediate Climbing Course in 1961 and served as Climbing Chairman in 1963. In May, 1963, Stan climbed Mt. McKinley. In June, 1963, he led an experience climb of Mt. Stuart where he met Marilyn Howisey, his wife to be. Stan and Marilyn were married Aug. 1966, honeymooned in the Northern Pickets, and together climbed Mt. Waddington in July 1968. In 1970 Stan took Marilyn back to climb Mt. McKinley. They were stopped by storms at the 18,500-foot level.

Stan's climbing career spanned 20 years and included numerous new routes and first ascents. The skill Stan was most proud of was his route-finding ability. Stan and Marilyn climbed and visited in many places in the United States but the Northwest was where he did most of his climbing. He made many winter climbs and his ongoing goal was to climb all of the Irish Cabin peaks in winter. He made the first winter ascent of Mt. Shuksan.

Stan's interests included all aspects of nature: bird-watching, mushroom and flower identification and skin diving. These interests, along with mountain climbing, took him to Mexico, the Grand Canyon, the Everglades, the Great Smokies, the Tetons, Big Bend National Park, Bryce and Zion National Parks, Hawaii, and in 1979 on a three-week climbing/trekking trip to Peru.

A daughter, Annie, born Dec. 7, 1976, was a source of great joy to Stan.

Stan's family and friends will remember him for his quiet humor, his gentleness, and his rational approach to living. Thoreau's credo was also Stan's: "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately — to front only the essential facts of life and see what it had to teach, and not when I came to die, discover I had not lived."

—Franklin R. King

The Mountaineer Climbing Code

- A climbing party of three is the minimum, unless adequate prearranged 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 text books of recognized merit.
- Behave at all times in a manner that will not reflect unfavorably upon. . . mountaineering.

The Club Standards

All members of The Mountaineers, in order to attain the Club's purposes — "to explore, study, preserve and enjoy the natural beauty of Northwest America" — in a spirit of good fellowship shall subscribe to the following standards.

1. To exercise personal responsibility and to conduct themselves on Club activities and premises in a manner that will not impair the safety of the party, or prevent the collective participation and enjoyment of others.

2. Private property must be respected.

3. To enter the "outdoors" as a visitor, leaving behind no debris, environmental scars, or other indications of their visit which would reduce the enjoyment of those who follow.

4. To minimize the environmental impact on the outdoors by using campfires only in properly designated areas and extinguishing completely after use; conducting human sanitation and washing away from watercourses; and carrying out all solid waste brought into the outdoors.

5. The use of alcohol and other drugs or medications, when incompatible with Mountaineer activities because of their effects on ability and judgment, is prohibited on club activities and premises in which such use would affect the safety of the party or impair the collective participation and enjoyment of others.

6. Pets, firearms, or any other item(s) which will impair the safety or enjoyment of others shall not be brought on Mountaineer premises or takn on Club activities.

7. To obey all applicable specific regulations of governmental agencies which affect Mountaineer activities and property.

8. To obey those specific regulations imposed by the Board of Trustees, Branches and Divisions of The Mountaineers, which are necessary to implement the above.

Those Mountaineers who deviate from this philosophy and from the specific Club regulations may be subject to the disciplinary procedures of the Club, including expulsion.

The Mountaineers Service Award Recipients

Acheson Cup Awards:

1922	A. E. Smith
1923	Wallace Burr
1924	Joseph Hazard
1925, 1926, 1927:	
No Award Given	
1928	C. A. Fisher
1929	Charles Browne
1930	Harry R. Morgan
1931	H. Wilfred Playter
1932	Margaret Hazard
1933	William J. Maxwell
1934	Herbert V. Strandberg
1935	Marjorie V. Gregg
1936	Laurence D. Byington
1937	Clarence A. Garner
1938	Arthur R. Winder
1939	Linda M. Coleman
1940	Ben C. Mooers

Service Plaque Awards:

1942	P. M. McGregor
1943	L. A. Nelson
1944	F. Q. Gorton
1945	Leo Gallagher
1946	C. G. Morrison
1947	Charles L. Simmons
1948	Burge B. Bickford
1949	Lloyd Anderson
1950	George MacGowan
1951	John E. Hossack
1952	William A. Degenhardt
1953	Mary G. Anderson
1954	T. Davis Castor
1955	Mrs. Irving Gavett
1956	Mrs. Lee Snider
1957	Walter B. Little
1958	Joseph M. Buswell
1959	Roy A. Snider
196;	John Klos
1961	Harriet K. Walker
1962	Harvey H. Manning
1963	John M. Hansen
1964	Paul W. Wiseman
1965	Mrs. Polly Dyer
1966	John R. Hazle
1967	Victor Josendal
1968	Richard G. Merritt
1969	Morris C. Moen
1970	Jesse Epstein
1971	Ruth Bartholomew
1971	Wallace Bartholomew
1972	Paul Robisch
1973	Stella Degenhardt
1974	John M. Davis
1975	Max Hollenbeck
1976	Frank Fickeisen
1977	Neva L. Karrick
1978	Robert N. Latz
1979	Joan Wilshire Firey
1980	Norman L. Winn

Life Members

Albert A. Alleman
*Andrew W. Anderson
*Lloyd Anderson
Shaaron A. Anderson
Ted R. Anderson
Thomas E. Austin
*Fred E. Ball
Archie N. Blakely
*Hannah Bonell
Scott D. Boone
Billie Jean F. Brown
*Charles B. Browne
*Douglas M. Burckett
*Wallace H. Burr
*Mrs. Wallace Burr
Clifford D. Cameron
Mary Ann Cameron
*Albert Carlson
*Elvin P. Carney
Bruce H. Carroll
*T. Davis Castor
Patricia Cavanaugh
David L. Claar
Patti Polinsky Claar
*Leland J. Clark
*C. G. Crook
Florence Culp
Allen B. Davis
Ken Davis
John S. Day
Charles DeHart
Donna M. DeShazo
*Elizabeth Dickerson
Bartley Dobb
*Florence F. Dodge
John E. Edison
Fred Epps
Helen Falter
*Helen Lucus Felder
Paul Ferrier
Sheri Fike
*Floyd E. Franklin
Duane E. Fullmer
Antonio Gamero
Edith G. Goodman
Linda Grass
Robert H. Grass, Jr.
Warren Hall, M.D.
*Mrs. Emily Harris
William E. Hauser
*Charles Hazelhurst
James L. Hicks
*A. H. Hudson
*Mrs. A. H. Hudson
Robert M. Latz
*Mrs. George MacGowan
*Mrs. William J. Maxwell
*John W. McCrillis
Robert R. McInturff
Edmond S. Meany, Jr.
Thomas W. Miller
Mrs. Harry Morgan
*Mrs. C. G. Morrison
Hunter Morrison
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Morris Moen, 1965-67
Jesse Epstein, 1967-68
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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. Tyee 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

(Ten — At Least One in Each Area)

Constance-Greywolf Area

Angeles (6,465)
Deception (7,778)
McCartney (6,784)

Elwha Area

Christie (6,177)
Seattle (6,246)
Queets (6,525)

Skokomish-Duckabush Area

Fin (5,500)
Washington (6,255)
Stone (6,612)

Olympic-Soleduck Area

Appleton (6,140)
Carrie (7,020)
Tom (7,150)

Dosewallips Area

Anderson (7,365)
La Crosse (6,417)
Elklick (6,517)

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
AE	Alpine Travel Equivalent
BE	Basic Climbing Equivalent

2. Awards

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

Clubroom, Staff and Information

Seattle Clubroom: 719 Pike Street, Seattle, Washington 98101

Business Manager ..... Howard Stansbury
Accountant ..... Isabel Walgren
Librarian, Publications Assistant ..... Verna Ness
Secretaries ..... Jeanne Goings, Jan Onstott
Activities Sign Up ..... Wendy Campbell, Rimona Gale

Clubroom Business Telephone: 623-2314
Sign Up Telephone: 622-0808
Open during week, 8:30 - 5:00
Saturday, 10:00 - 2:00

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bio. = biography
c/n = climbing note
draw. = drawing
o/r = outing report
photo. = photograph
port. = portrait, painting or photograph
rev. = book review

Subjects are listed in CAPITAL LETTERS.

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