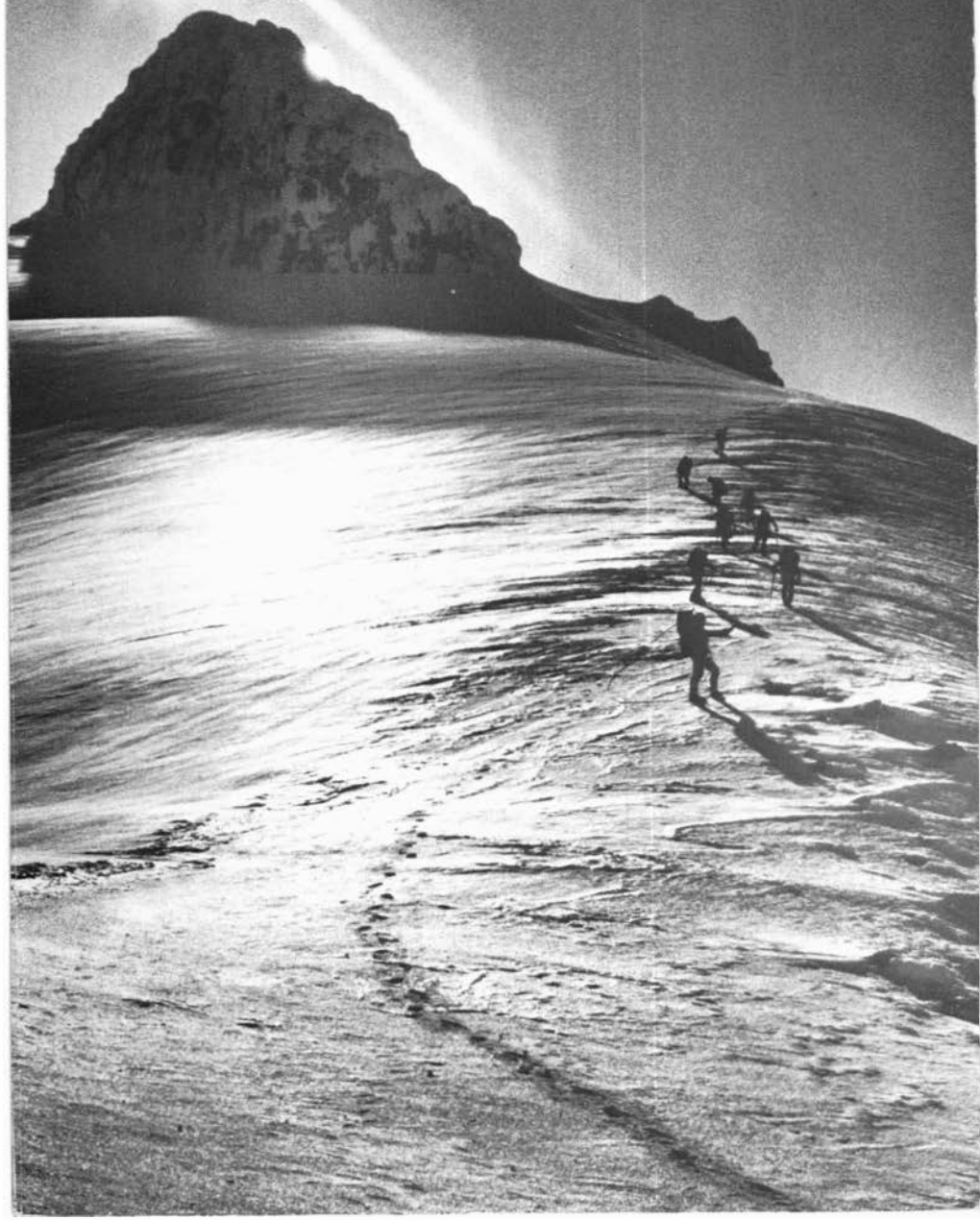


# *THE MOUNTAINEER*



In order to get a better idea of Mountaineers' response to and use of the annual and the roster, we are asking you to fill out this form and return it to:

**Survey A**  
**The Mountaineers**  
**719 Pike Street**  
**Seattle, WA 98101**

1. Do you read the annual?  Yes  No

If yes, which sections of the annual do you use or enjoy most?  
List in order of 1st, 2nd, 3rd choices, up to 6th.

\_\_\_\_\_ articles                      \_\_\_\_\_ climbing notes  
\_\_\_\_\_ book reviews              \_\_\_\_\_ outing reports  
\_\_\_\_\_ administrative report      \_\_\_\_\_ financial report

2. Do you use the roster?  Yes  No

If yes, check the box which indicates frequency of use:

- several times a week  
 once or twice a week  
 once or twice a month  
 once or twice a year

3. Would you be willing to order your annual or roster (at no extra charge) in advance by sending in an order coupon in the bulletin?  
 Yes  No

4. Would you prefer the annual and roster be bound together or separate?  
 Prefer together  
 Prefer separate

5. If you were ordering the annual or the roster, which would you prefer?  
 Prefer annual  
 Prefer roster  
 Prefer both

6. Other comments, suggestions:

# THE MOUNTAINEER

1981

Volume 76, Number 7

Published June, 1982



Cover: Sunrise on Sitkum Glacier, Glacier Peak, June 29, 1981

*Sue Stamm*

## **The Mountaineer** (USPS 366-700)

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Verna Ness, Production Editor; Lynne Carlberg, Helen Engle, Don Goodman, Georgia Graham, Sandy Gullstad, Bob Hetzel, Linda Hillman, Carol Johnson, Dave Moffat, Dwight Riggs, Kathleen Sebastian, Nedra Slauson, Archie Wright.

Writing, graphics and photographs should be submitted to the Editor, The Mountaineer, at the address below, before January 15, 1983, 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 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.*



Glacier Peak from Image Lake

*Susan Marsh*



Sub-alpine Meadows, Mt. Rainier

*Susan Marsh*

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**THE  
MOUNTAINEER**



Parade Day, National Capitol Steps, May 13, 1981

*K. Jewell*

## **Twenty Million Footsteps** (April 12, 1980 — May 27, 1981)

**John E. Stout**

How did I, a 120-pound lightweight, come to walk across North America from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic, carrying all my necessities upon my back? Did the idea blossom on December 6, 1979, at a Tacoma Mountaineers backpackers' banquet when I read a brochure that contained the invitation: "HIKERS NEEDED TO HIKE ACROSS THE UNITED STATES"? Or was the ground tilled in some obscure recess of my distant past, perhaps in a Boy Scout camp in Indiana or as I labored on my farm, seeking to be self-sufficient? Did it sprout much later, after I changed to urban living, joined The Mountaineers, and began climbing? Could it have all come together when I read the purpose of the hike, as suggested in the brochure: "To encourage more hiking trails and promote low energy recreation"? Did that purpose inspire me more than its few words suggest? Or was it a quirk of mine that always wanted a definite objective in any outdoor activity in which I participated?

Whatever the reason for my involvement, I could not resist the invitation — "HIKERS NEEDED TO HIKE ACROSS THE UNITED STATES." Consequently, I walked from San Francisco, California, to Cape Henlopen, Delaware. I still find it hard to believe that I really did it — hike more than 4,000 miles, take approximately 20,000,000 footsteps.

The American Hiking Society, then an infant organization, created HIKANATION to promote its name and message and put it on the map. The society was successful and achieved its goal, and I wish to express my sincere appreciation. In any activity as extended as this, much support is needed. Thanks should be given to all the American Hiking Society members who spent several years planning the hike, while operating on a shoestring budget; to everyone who supported it during the long days of its actual "happening"; to the many friends who encouraged me to keep plugging on. And, mostly, thanks should be given to my wife, Helen. I didn't really ask her if I could go on the hike, I just overwhelmed her with the idea. Nevertheless, she provided the moral support that sustained me; without it, I would probably never have completed the walk.

Hikanation, as planned by the American Hiking Society, was to

be a 4,147-mile coast-to-coast walk from the Pacific Ocean to Washington, D.C. Beginning at Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, on April 12, 1980, the hikers were scheduled to arrive in the nation's capital thirteen months hence. Such a walk entailed traversing thirteen states and three major mountain ranges — the Sierra Nevada, the Rocky Mountains, and the Appalachians. Later, by common consent, the hikers extended the walk from the nation's capital across part of Maryland and Delaware to Cape Henlopen, on the Atlantic Ocean.

Shortly after reading the brochure, I wrote to HIKANATION headquarters in Miami, Florida, and the memos began to come — not complete information, but a start. I did not then understand that the intention was to hike during the winter months — that seemed to be impractical. Eventually, however, I got “most of the picture” and started equipping myself. I had always been thrifty and given to “making do,” but something swept away my inhibitions with regard to spending money. Consequently, I began to outfit myself with new, lightweight equipment.

How does one “gear up” for a 13-months backpack trip? I didn't know, but I did understand how to outfit myself for a week or two, and that was a starting point. I realized I would not have everything correct at the beginning; I would just do the best I could with what I had, then adapt as the situation demanded. In order to prepare myself physically for the jaunt, I packed 45 pounds over the Burke-Gilman Trail on several occasions. Fortunately, my legs were in good shape from running.

Early in April, 1980, I flew to Oakland, California, making sure I had a seat on the left-hand side of the plane. At that time Mount St. Helens had become active but the volcano had not yet blown its top. The day was bright and sunny, and as we descended over the Bay Area I could see in a glance the territory we would be hiking across during the first week or two of HIKANATION.

I spent several pleasant days with my children and grandchildren in the Bay Area. I had some misgivings when my daughter put me on BART for downtown San Francisco; I had still more when I backpacked up the steps of the YMCA, where the hikers were to assemble, on April 11, for the first meeting. I did not know anyone in the party, thus was a bit reserved as I entered the building. But the enthusiasm was already infectious, and I felt something big and exciting in the air. I could sense it in the actions of these strangers. At a briefing session in the basement of a nearby church we started “shaping up.” Here I met Lawrence “Monty” Montgomery, the support vehicle driver, and Jim Kern, the originator of the cross-country hike. The basement was packed, mostly

with young people. They were from many states and a few foreign countries, and they had all degrees of backpacking experience — from virtually none to 2,000 continuous miles. At 68, I was the oldest member by ten years; the youngest was six-month-old Jamie Pyle. Her parents carried her, along with their backpacks, while pushing several wheeled rigs loaded with 150 pounds of gear. The party also included a 14-year-old boy who was on leave from his school in California.

General Foods was one of the sponsors of HIKANATION, and at this meeting the company gave us our first T-shirts, which proclaimed the purpose of the hike: More trails, low energy recreation, car pooling. But this was “old stuff” to me, who had been a member of The Mountaineers for twenty years.

On Saturday, April 12, I went to Golden Gate Park for the HIKANATION kickoff. Before we started walking, we listened to speeches, and we indulged the newspaper photographers and reporters who were present to record the event. Here I first discovered that I was old, when questioned by reporters as to why I was going on this long trek. I told them it was better than sitting on a park bench



“My life was simple, akin to primitive man”

*Helen Stout*

feeding pigeons. We then walked to the beach behind a bagpipe band, and I was accompanied by one of my daughters and three grandchildren.

As a ceremonial gesture, we dipped our boots in the Pacific surf, then the huge crowd made its way around the northern shore of San Francisco to our first campsite — on the oily cement of a parking lot beneath a freeway ramp. The next day at 6:00 A.M. 63 of us — the “through hikers” who planned to walk all the way to Washington, D.C. — led the group on the top deck of the Oakland Bay Bridge. Two top lanes had been reserved for our use for 3½ hours; this was the first time in history they had been closed to automobile traffic. On that bright morning, 7,000 people joined us, to photograph and laugh their way to Oakland, seven miles. For the bridge portion of the hike, I was again accompanied by my oldest daughter. The day was a long one for HIKANATION — we walked seventeen miles. My pack was overloaded, at forty-five pounds, but I was too excited to notice. Although I had attempted to do so, I had not been able to reduce the weight. We made our way through Berkeley, walking on the streets, then up into the green California hills behind the city.

Around the campfire that night we learned how the organization would work. We were to have coordinators and pathfinders in each state. We were also to have a steering committee composed of five hikers, to be partially replaced every two weeks, one of whom was to act as spokesman and work with “Monty.” The committee would meet to discuss the route, or perhaps to discipline a hiker when occasion demanded such action. The state aid system worked well in California, but not so well in some of the other states.

Upon leaving Oakland, we went up over Mount Diablo and camped on the top at 3,800 feet. Here I met a high school friend who had read about HIKANATION in the paper and had come to see me. He followed us on his motorcycle to the edge of the Sierras, frequently taking my laundry home with him and returning it clean on his next visit. Some members of the party had never backpacked before, and most were hurting from overweight packs and not enough conditioning. Moreover, the California blacktop cooked everyone’s feet, including mine. I had huge blisters where none had ever been before. The leadership came in with a flatbed truck to haul some of our gear for a few weeks until we “toughened up” and sent the excess weight home. We also acquired a one-foot-square cardboard box that served as storage space for spare food. The box rode in the 29-foot Airstream trailer. The gray van that pulled the trailer carried a 300-gallon stock tank equipped with

a rubber garden hose. This was to be our mobile water supply during the trip. We called it "Monty Spring." The van's driver, Lawrence Montgomery, was the key man; without "Monty" the trip would never have succeeded. He furnished his own equipment and time. His vehicles got battered up but he kept them always ready. The trailer was our command post for over 400 days and nights.

"Monty" was superb in his public and personal relations, despite the pressure that was on him for more than a year. His management was by objective, and our hike was not handled like a military operation, although he was a retired Air Force officer from Illinois. He was skillful in dealing with non-military people. He loaned money, gave advice, opened blisters, and brought mail. He communicated regularly with Jim Kern, President of the American Hiking Society. Jim was in Miami keeping his business going and doing the ground work for HIKANATION. So, too, was his secretary, Nancy, who kept the "HOT LINE" up to date.

The fifty mail stops along the route were scheduled to match our progress. "Monty" kept the mobile spring full and picked up our mail at the various stops. The timing had to meet any schedules we had to maintain along the way. We were to hike trails whenever possible, secondary roads next, and avoid main highways and big cities. The intention was to walk six days and resupply and rest the seventh day, buying supplies along the way, or ordering freeze-dried food or equipment replacements from a volunteer in the party. After a few weeks, several members of the party left for various reasons. Some never returned, and new hikers were welcome to join the group at any time through our Miami "HOT LINE."

The local coordinators arranged the campsites ahead of time, preferably on public property, but when local help was not available, "Monty" went ahead and secured permission for us to camp in public buildings and on farm fields, and found places for us to bathe. On several occasions permission was not granted, perhaps because the owners were suspicious. Consequently, we camped on railroad rights-of-way. Sometimes we had to spend the night on highway shoulders, where the wind from passing trucks flapped the tents and the drivers blew their horns. However, in most cases we were warmly welcomed. Often we were objects of curiosity — people drove by to view the strange "tent city" that had sprung up overnight in a field. At dusk the tents glowed like fireflies from candle lanterns as the restless inhabitants prepared their evening meals, wrote daily logs, or letters to send home. Then the next day we would be gone, leaving no trace. Our toilet was made in a



“Rest stop — dry off your feet and your boots”

*Helen Stout*

neighboring woods — each hiker was equipped with a plastic garden trowel to utilize in disposing of waste. All litter was carefully picked up and packed in the versatile van, which thus became a dumpster that “Monty” drove to the nearest dump.

I quickly learned about long distance hikers. They were a different breed of people than I had known and most of them were independent of trail leadership. My Mountaineer-instilled sense of safety was appalled because I had been in hostile country before and I knew that the wilderness doesn't care. I soon came to realize, however, that although I was not yet a long distance hiker I was as trailwise as anyone in the party. One fact that I knew from the beginning became indelibly fixed in my mind — that if anything was to happen to me during the hike, I was the one to make it happen. Although we were dependent upon one another and upon the vehicle support, the decisions with respect to coming and going were mine. I became aware, after some time had passed, that with this independent group one could not “close up” the party. Therefore I decided to “play it cool” and not let any mishap occur to myself. Perhaps I wanted to be more popular than safe, but I knew it wouldn't do any good to squawk because hikers weren't doing it right. So I said nothing. My two main concerns were to have enough stamina to do each day's hike and not get lost. Fortunately, when winter came, it was a comparatively mild one; had the weather been severe, we would have been in trouble.



Life during the HIKANATION trek was simple, akin in many respects to the existence of primitive man: make camp at night, out of the wind; place your pack on one side of the tent, sleeping bag by the door, toilet paper and trowel out; have candle lantern and stove ready, food for the evening meal selected; go to the van to get your mail, a half gallon of water, and white gas for the stove; check the route and campsite for the next day; visit other members of the party, then return to your tent, cook, sack out, write letters and the day's events in your log; sleep, arise early in warm weather, late in winter, cook, eat, break camp, then hike to the next campsite. Of course this performance was repeatedly endlessly. The distance traveled varied from eight to seventeen miles a day, depending upon where the "rest day" could be advantageously located. Hopefully, it was situated near a small town where stores, laundromat, and bathing facilities were available. Sometimes we bivouacked in a church, school, American Legion Hall, Armory, or ranger station.

After crossing the Sierra Nevada, we hiked through the high desert of the Great Basin in Nevada, sleeping among the sagebrush, watering at our van waterhole. The time was still early spring and the nights were often frosty. We entered Utah about the time summer arrived. Here we traversed the canyon country in the southern part of the state, including three national parks — Zion, Bryce Canyon, and Capitol Reef. One member became ill at this time and it appeared as if a major rescue attempt might be needed, but he walked out and had surgery in a nearby town. After he had recovered he rejoined us to finish the hike. At Bryce Canyon, one of our sponsors, General Foods, provided us with a huge barbecue. Because it was summer the weather was quite hot, but we avoided the heat by hiking at night.

Usually we walked on the left-hand side of a road. We also rested or catnapped on that side. When we resumed the march, we always went left. This almost led to my undoing on one occasion shortly before we reached Lake Powell. I stopped to rest, but the left-hand side of the road was too steep, so I lay down on the right-hand side and promptly fell asleep. When I awoke I shouldered my pack and started walking down the road, only to meet one of our women hikers who was coming the other way. After considerable discussion she convinced me I was hiking back to California. I lost four miles on that one.

We camped on the west side of Lake Powell, the name given to the enlarged Colorado River backed up behind the Glen Canyon Dam. We crossed the lake near Hite, Utah. Most of the party used the highway bridge, but several people were somewhat more

adventurous — they fashioned makeshift rafts out of driftwood.

After leaving Lake Powell, we spent six days broiling in the depths of Dark Canyon, a tributary gorge coming into the Colorado River from the east. However, we washed away the dust and the heat by taking dips in the numerous rock pools. After we climbed out of the canyon, the town of Monticello honored us with a big feed and celebration.

We walked into Colorado at Dove Creek in early August. This was the widest state on HIKANATION's itinerary, and sixty days had been allotted to make the crossing. At Dove Creek the American Hiking Society provided a bus to transport the unwashed hikers on a three-day sightseeing trip to the ruins in Mesa Verde National Park. Here I experienced my first HIKANATION potluck dinner. Everyone cooked a dish, and we sat at a picnic table passing the pots around by flashlight, each person taking a spoonful as the pot went by.

Colorado was greener and moister than Nevada and Utah and reminded me of the Pacific Northwest. At Rico, in the San Juan National Forest, we followed switchback trails through the forest, and the dry desert taste left my mouth. Whenever we passed through small towns, I ate in restaurants to vary the fare. I particularly enjoyed breakfast — eggs, hash browns, toast, and coffee. We waited five days at Silverton to connect with a speaker from the Department of the Interior.

About this time Helen came, and we rode the narrow gauge railroad from Durango to Silverton. She then left for a visit back to Utah while the hikers did an eleven-day backpack across the Continental Divide. The first two days were wet; we had puddles of water in the campsites. My goretex tent leaked so badly by this time I ordered another tent with a rain fly. The first night I utilized a wrecked trailer at a mine site and slept dry. The nights were cold on the divide — we were hiking close to 12,000 feet above sea level.

When we descended the Rockies into South Park, I found Helen waiting. She hiked with me through Mosca Pass in mid-September. This was near the Great Sand Dunes National Monument. Because her feet were tender, she sometimes rode with "Monty." At Walsenberg, on the western edge of the Great Plains, she left for home. The canteloupe harvest was in full swing at Rocky Ford, a town of about 5,000 in the Arkansas River Valley, so we ate our fill, then pressed on across the plains to La Junta, Las Animas, and Lamar. As the country flattened out, the water deteriorated in quality.

On October 5 we walked into Kansas at Coolidge. Ahead of us were miles of level country, extending to endless horizons. We

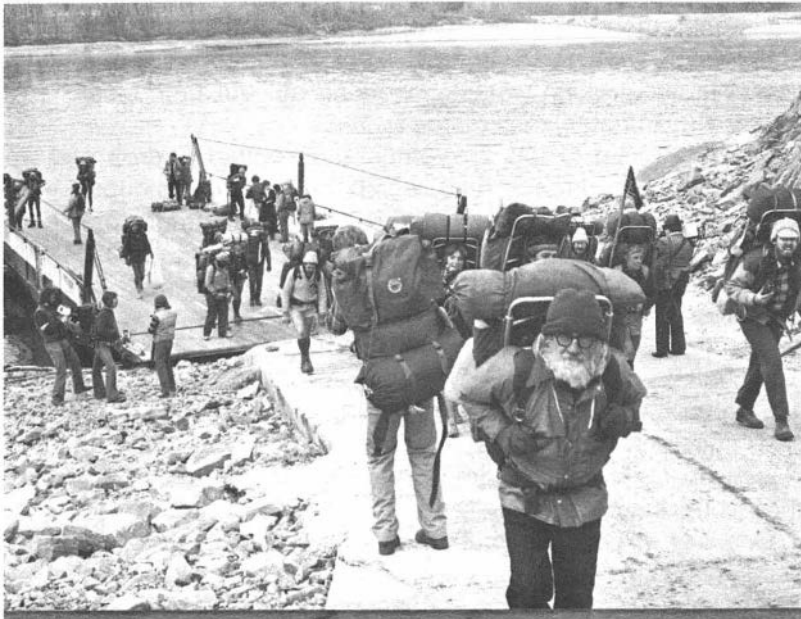
made good time because flat country road walking was the order of the day, but we had to improvise something to break the monotony. We called such walking "working out our time block." We walked fifty minutes, then rested for ten.

With the onset of fall, the temperature began to drop and we walked longer periods of time, which we called "standups." I did two-hour standups without resting, then sometimes three-hour ones. Our trail coordinator in Kansas was a young minister who backpacked. He came with his small children to walk bits and pieces of the route. A backpacking banker hiked with us for several periods of time. He treated me to his special granola mix because I bragged about his sample. When his wife came to pick him up for the last time she brought an envelope full of money to cash checks for the hikers. No identification was required. Most places on our route required considerable identification before they would cash money orders.

One day in early November, as I was coming home late into camp, a cold, wet wind blew across the Kansas plains. Winter was coming too soon for me, so I began looking for a better place than an open field to spend the night. I started inspecting culverts. Finally I found a dry one with a windbreak on the windward side. I spread my tarp on the dry, caked mud and hurriedly prepared and ate dinner in the growing darkness. All night long the chill, wet wind blew over the top of my dry, cozy bivouac. Next morning I hiked by my wet companions, who were still breaking camp after a miserable night out in the open.

Kansas is not all flat, especially in the extreme southeastern part of the state. Here the Kansans proudly hiked with us over their switchback trail through the golden-leaved hardwoods in Elk City Lake State Park. The trail was pleasant but I didn't linger — the days were winter short.

We passed through Coffeyville, Kansas, into Oklahoma north of Oologah Lake. Bob Smith, our Oklahoma coordinator, was an officer in the Army Corps of Engineers. He had been relieved from this regular duties in order to make our passage smooth. We were only part of a large group of trail users dedicating the new Jean Pierre Chouteau Trail. Hikers, Boy Scouts, horsemen, boaters all did their bit to bring the trail into use. Smith went all out to make the dedication ceremony a success at Afton Landing near Wagoner. The speaker's platform was the flatbed of a semi-truck. After listening to the speeches and the presentation of awards, we feasted on chili. Winter arrived the next day in the form of wet snow. One of the huge army tents collapsed on me and my gear. I recovered everything and packed it up again.



Across the Mississippi to Illinois

*Rex Halfpenny*

This zigzagging down into Oklahoma, Arkansas, then up again into Missouri and southern Illinois, had a reason. Various government officials, both federal and state, were working together to tie 600 miles of footpaths together into one unit as the Ozark Trail. We were dramatizing and promoting this as we walked through the Ozark Mountains. We moved through isolated country on national forest trails and roads.

I was ready for winter now. I had a new tent, sleeping bag, long underwear, and thin wool sweaters. One could not stay dry, however, when hiking and sweating in the rain, but I knew I could heat my tent for a short time with the stove I had. In fact, it proved to be a morale builder. The stove was the last item I packed in the morning. I warmed my hands over its blaze after rolling up the icy nylon. During freezing weather, body vapor froze on the underside of the tent's rain fly, and the hoarfrost could be shaken out like fine snow; other mornings the fly was a sheet of ice, so I rolled that up. I loved Arkansas but felt it would look better in the springtime.

We saw limestone caves in Arkansas, and passed by huge springs that bubbled out of hillsides. North Face provided us with a Thanksgiving dinner at Lake Fort Smith State Park in the community room. A natural foods banquet and overnight stay at Billie Joe Tatum's place gave us another sample of warm Arkansas

hospitality. Mrs. Tatum was a tradition in that country. She gave certificates, signed by the governor, to each hiker, which stated that he or she was an Arkansas Traveler.

In the Ozarks, we forded icy rivers in our stocking feet. I was always concerned about cutting my feet on broken glass but never did. A few times when I wore my camp shoes I felt safe. They would freeze in a plastic sack outside my pack later.

About the middle of December, we camped near Yellville, Arkansas, on the carpet of an unoccupied home, and I celebrated my sixty-ninth birthday. The weather was cold but the girls in the party fixed me a birthday cake. The next day was "Monty's" birthday, and they had a big party for him at Bull Shoals.

The day was cold when we hiked out of Bull Shoals State Park. That night some of us slept in a hay barn, and I placed my glasses in one of my boots for safekeeping, only to find, the next morning, that the lenses were covered with dirty ice. I broke the frames while warming them. Apparently this was not to be one of my best days. I missed the trail markers and lost several miles. Then some joker moved the cairns and we lost more miles. By that time it was too dark to see much. "Monty" had missed us in camp, so picked us up and hauled us to a bivouac in a commune. The next morning, after we had a big breakfast, he took us back to where he had picked us up, in order that we could resume the hike. We arrived back at the commune three hours later, and of course we had to eat another breakfast.

We crossed into Missouri shortly before Christmas, and spent three days camped in a Legion Hall in West Plains. The local folks prepared Christmas breakfast for us. Later in the day we were treated to a barbecued pork dinner. Jim Kern was with us to hike during the holidays.

I always tried to find a campsite with a windbreak. We hiked through Fremont, Missouri, on December 31, and I spent New Year's Eve sprawled across a dry ditch in the woods. The midnight revelers couldn't find me to help them celebrate the advent of 1981, so I had a good night's sleep. On some nights in Missouri the temperature plunged to ten degrees below zero. One day an eighty-year-old man joined me to walk a half-mile on the road. He said a neighboring town had been named for his grandfather. We met many friendly people in the state.

HIKANATION came up to the Mississippi River in mid-January, 1981, at Wittenberg, Missouri. The river was not bridged at this town; thus it was a case of swim or cross in a boat. Only one person wanted to swim the river, but he was unable to arrange for a support boat to follow alongside, and was unwilling to attempt it

without one. So everybody jammed the decks of an open ferry. When the steel ramp grated down upon the Illinois side, we swarmed ashore, yelling as we invaded a new state. Of course, as customary, the media zeroed in on us with reporters and TV cameras as, like a conquering army, we moved up the "beach-head" to a nip of victory champagne at our trailer base.

We passed through Grand Tower, Illinois, on January 15, where I had a catfish dinner for lunch. Six miles beyond the town I pitched my tent among the bare trees and driftwood by a Mississippi River slough. The night was cold, but I slept well with all my clothes on. The next morning I tried to crawl out of my sleeping bag but I was stuck fast by the seat of my pants. How, I wondered, could I make the trail wearing a sleeping bag? I turned and twisted, but was careful to avoid ripping out the seat of my pants. Eventually my trousers came loose and I was able to make the trail on schedule. The culprit turned out to be a huge wad of pink bubble gum that I had acquired the prior evening; somehow it wound up inside the bag, melted, thus gluing me fast.

As we crossed the narrow southern tip of Illinois, in the barren coal mining country, we struck a mutual chord with the state parks administration, which was struggling to sell its parks and new trails system to the public. The blue paint on one of the new trails was scarcely dry on the leafless trees when I was hiking alone and ran out of daylight and trail at the same time. I could see two lights in the distance. Where lights shone, I reasoned, there had to be a road. I took a compass bearing with my flashlight and made my way between the lights to the road, only to find two other hikers who were as lost as I was. With a little help from a native we found our camp in the darkness.

At Grant City State Park, in Illinois, the park administration provided thirty-seven oak seedlings, one for each of us "through hikers" to plant. However, the frozen ground was rock hard, making it impractical to plant that many trees. Accordingly, Bob, the teen-ager, helped me chisel a hole in the ground with a pick and stuff in the roots of one tree for the benefit of the TV cameras that were grinding away. The remaining trees would not be planted until spring weather thawed the ground. However, in the woods where my tent was pitched the fallen leaves insulated the ground, and the earth was soft enough that I could drive in the stakes.

We approached the Ohio River in late January. At noon I stopped with some of the party to eat lunch and decided I wanted something hot. I fueled up the stove, then warmed up my leftovers and heated water for coffee, resting my right knee upon the frozen ground for about twenty minutes, as I prepared the lunch. Later,

after I had gone a half mile down the river road, walking into town, I gradually became lame in the right knee. I spent all afternoon in a heavy snowfall dragging my foot to Cave-in-Rock, Illinois. It was dark when I ate dinner in a local cafe, and I found a bivouac in an empty store building downtown. I had a joint relaxer pill in my reserve food box. I took this and within a few days the problem vanished.

This incident taught me a lesson. All summer long I had thrown myself down on the bare ground anywhere to rest, but now nature stopped me hard with a warning that the season had changed and that my joints were not as they once were. I never rested on the bare ground again.

Winter deepened as we crossed the Ohio River into Kentucky. This was a long state and we were going to hike the full length of it. While on the trail I retreated beneath layers of sweaters. Socializing in camp was now limited, but in the warm cafes and public buildings the noisy enthusiasm broke loose and could not be repressed. Once I came in late to a cafe to eat dinner. All the HIKATION members stood up and cheered me; I was one of the gang. At night in the camps I discovered that as I slept the winter cold drained my calorie tanks dry by 1:00 A.M. I awoke, cold even though I had spiked my evening's meal with butter or popcorn oil, emulating the Eskimos with their intake of fat. I fired up my stove carefully, took it into the tent and set it on a pot lid on the insolite to heat water for cocoa. Then I slept warm until morning. At night I left an inch of water in the pot to freeze; the next morning I melted it to thaw out the water bottle caps. I bivouacked where I was sheltered from the elements whenever possible — in store buildings, abandoned houses, parsonages, and armories. When none of these were to be had, I made the most of whatever windbreak was available. One night the temperature plunged fifty degrees. The next morning I backpaced an ice-covered tent and a lump of frozen mud to thaw out on the floor of a warm motel room in Brownsville, Kentucky.

At Mammoth Cave National Park, my brother and a Boy Scout friend from fifty years ago visited me and rescued me from the weather for a few days by taking me to a motel where I was wined and dined. We had an interesting tour of the cave and attended a general party meeting afterward to introduce them to party politics.

Mail poured in on me from home and friends — so much that I frequently carried unopened letters in my pack several days, waiting for an opportunity to read them.

Sometimes we walked on roads that had narrow shoulders, with little room to spare when the huge coal trucks roared by, losing an occasional lump of coal.

At Somerset, Kentucky, I acquired a hiking partner — Terry, from Arkansas. I needed one by this time. Winter seemed to drag on. I was always attempting to dry damp gear and hoping for a warm bivouac.

Deep in the wilderness of eastern Kentucky we observed the beauties of the Cumberland River were marred by many plastic jugs that had floated down from casual stream bed dumps to lodge on virgin river bars where they didn't belong.

Eventually we came to Cumberland Gap, where many pioneers passed through in the early days. We climbed the hill above the gap, and I placed my foot on the spot where Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia come together.

We followed the southwestern border of Virginia near Tennessee to Damascus, Virginia, where I saw my first Appalachian Trail marker on a pole in the town. I made my way to the hostel — a rundown house, but tight. I found a foam pad in a side room. The house was cool but the party gathered in good cheer around a blaze in the fireplace. My youngest daughter and husband visited me here after a long drive from their home in southeastern Virginia.

A shortcut trail allowed my morale to catch up with my resolve. Al stayed here two extra days beyond the rest day, then started alone on the Appalachian Trail. I found the going slow after so long a rest but made my way through the snow to the first shelter. Terry met me here, and we made our way from shelter to shelter, covering the open fronts with tents to keep out the cold. During this time some of the hikers became overly optimistic about the weather and they sent their winter clothes home, but I wasn't about to part company with my "woolies" even though it was mid-March.

The hikers scattered along the Appalachian Trail to lessen the impact. I did not see some members for days. Winter seemed never to end, but then the trail wandered through large patches of may apples that had recently come up, a sign that spring was upon us. At noon I was sweating in my wool, at night I slept with all my clothes on. Spring came both slowly and rapidly on the Appalachian Trail — slowly with the gradual opening of leaf and flower buds; rapidly with the arrival of Helen in her Volvo at Hollins, Virginia. At the women's college we enjoyed rest days in their spotless visitors' quarters, and ate in the cafeteria. Helen followed the hike in the car as best she could, or else found someone to drive it, while she hiked the trail and camped in the shelters whenever possible. Harriet, my youngest daughter, visited me on the trail regularly. The Washington, D.C. arrival date had been set and I thought perhaps we were short-changed on time, so I kept pushing ahead to make my mileage. This now became easier because the



temperature was warmer and the days were longer. Also, Helen transported part of my gear in the Volvo.

Portions of the Appalachian Trail are sixty years old; other sections are new, where the trail has been relocated on new property, the old having been lost to new owners or development. Resupply was now easier because civilization was always close at hand.

On the last rest day before we reached Harper's Ferry, which is West Virginia, a large contingent of our party was bussed into Washington, D.C. to join a local walkers's group to do their annual 100-kilometer walk that ended at Harper's Ferry. This was to be finished in less than twenty-four hours. I didn't want to stretch my luck, so didn't go, but a large percentage of our group did.

At Harper's Ferry the party increased in size as new and old members came in. The excitement also increased. We had been on the trail more than a year and the long winter had ended. The trees had leafed out and many were blossoming. We still had cool spring rains. The route to the capital was sixty-two miles along the old Chesapeake & Ohio towpath. Shortly after we started down the



Summer in Colorado

*Rex Halfpenny*

path I was made the flag bearer and was pleased to be chosen for this duty. Helen, two of my daughters, and a five-year-old grandson were with me for the last days on the path and parade. The weather during the march into the capital was wet at times, and the trail was muddy, but on May 13, the parade day, the weather was perfect when we arrived at the base of the Washington Monument.

We milled about on the green grass, mingling with the tourists in the bright sunshine. We had to maintain a tight schedule this day, and it was difficult to keep the flag ahead of the excited hikers. I considered it "far out" to be backpacking up Pennsylvania Avenue in the nation's capital at the head of a colorful pageant which included not only bare-legged, tanned hikers but also the flags from the hikers' home states. The push was constant because the hikers moved too fast. The party stopped in front of the White House, then had an elaborate ceremony on the steps of the Capitol, where various congressmen and American Hiking Society officials spoke. The National Coast Guard Band added to the color. After the speeches, the General Foods hostess tent and a huge banquet at The Top of the Town put the finishing touches to the best day of our year-long hike. The walking was too much for my grandson; he fell asleep and finished the day sleeping under our banquet table, while I ate my dinner and his.

The hike had been scheduled to end in Washington, D.C., but the participants wished to go on and dip their feet in the Atlantic Ocean, thus making it truly a coast-to-coast walk. So on we went. Beyond Washington, D.C., it was all "downhill" to the coast. The pressure was relieved after we walked out of the capital. Most of the route was now on streets or roads. The campsites were well selected by our able Delaware coordinator. At first they were in public places, usually parks; later in big, grassy dairy farmyards. Wild strawberries were ripening along the roadways.

At this time a few people left, and the party became more introspective. The "charge ahead feeling" that had preceded our approach to Washington, D.C. was no longer present. We realized our days as a group were numbered. We had a few cool rains, but the weather was definitely warmer. The last camp was in the house yard of a large dairy, where the tents were set close together. Here we visited and ate our dinner. The next morning we walked along a road into Lewes, Delaware. After gathering at a cocktail lounge by the waterfront, we formed ourselves into a parade. Helen, Harriet, and her husband, Rob, joined us. We walked the three miles to Cape Henlopen to dedicate a short stretch of new trail that wandered through the pines and sand. We

followed a bagpipe band — just as we had done in San Francisco at the beginning of the transcontinental trek. Then we went out to the Atlantic beach, where we formed a ring by holding hands while we sang “America the Beautiful.” After some horseplay in the water, we walked back to the beach, and it was all over. That night we dined on barbecued chicken and beer.

Rain fell during the night and the next morning as we broke camp for the last time. Tears mingled with the rain as we said good-bye to each other and drove away. The long slog had ended; the time had arrived to be getting on with something new — like returning home to the wonderful Pacific Northwest. We had walked from one ocean to the other — more than 4,000 miles, about 20,000,000 footsteps.

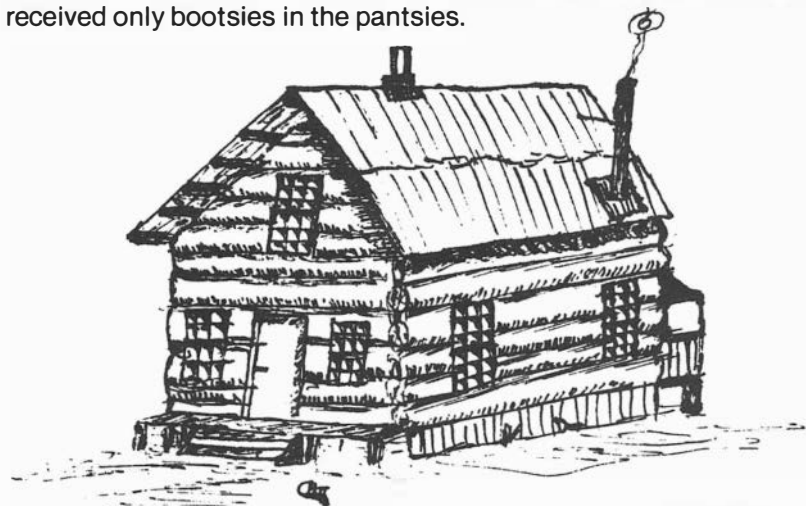


John and Helen Stout with Hikanation in Colorado, September, 1980 *Rex Halfpenny*

## How a Lookout Got Blasted Off His Peak by Lightning

**Ted Chittenden**

The date is August 1, 1918; the place, Mt. Pugh Lookout (7150 feet), Snoqualmie National Forest. You will recall that at this time the Shoot-Em-Ups were still going on across the ocean, and many of our young citizens of military age were walking themselves bowlegged in France with the Rainbow Divn. This made it possible for many downy-cheeked high school kids (self included) to get jobs in the woods from which, in normal times, they would have received only bootsies in the pantsies.



Sauk Ranger Station

*Ted Chittenden*

1918 was a year it rained almost all summer, and I was assigned to brushing trail, a pastime of no merit whatever. What with absorbing devil's club and nettle thorns, having to keep two sets of clothes (one wearing, one drying), life was tedious. However, we young squirts had a H E R O to worship: Nels Bruseth. A giant Norwegian with ice-blue eyes but an always gentle demeanor, he was assistant to District Ranger Raymond Bruckart. Around the fire at night, he enthralled us with stories of his various mountain climbs. He had "made" nearly all the tough peaks in the area, including Pugh, which never had been climbed before just last year. I soon had reason to find out why.

Pugh, 7150 feet, stands at the junction of the Sauk and Whitechuck Rivers. Commanding as it does a complete sweep of both valleys,

it was eyed as an ideal lookout — except nobody could get up it until Bruseth came along. This was the year they scheduled putting a lookout station on top. Partly as a test for “these cream-puff high school kids not worth the powder to blow them to H\_\_\_,” a couple of us were offered a chance to get out of the devil’s club and onto the lookout construction crew. Little did I realize what lay ahead.

The trail up Pugh was brand new; in fact, Bruseth had lined it out only the summer before. At a point two miles above the Sauk Ranger Station, you took one step up off the main trail, and every last step from there up to 7,150 feet was UP, a sweltering climb through dense forest up to timberline at about 5,500 feet and then the rockslides and cliffs. Bruseth jogged along tirelessly carrying 90 lbs. of #9 wire for the lightning arrester to be erected. The rest of us dragged along with 30 to 40 lb. packs of other stuff, and our tongues were soon picking up fir needles.

The timber was bad enough, but the rockslides were murder, as perhaps you know. Even so, at occasional rest stops (which never seemed to come), we would flop down on the soft humus and inhale the aromatic fragrance of *Abies Amabilis*; truly named, lovely fir. Even on the rockslides, where a blessed breeze moved, the rocks seems to have a distinct aroma of their own.

Coming out on the rockslides sort of gave us a second wind, although, personally, I was wondering what had happened to my third and fourth. Picking our way another 1,500 feet over boulders of all sizes became somewhat boring, to put it mildly. Just heat-waves shimmering off the rocks, and no sound except the frequent derisive, sharp whistle of a marmot, which I do believe is the clearest sound in the wilds.

The rockslides gave way finally to a sharp hogback joining the base of the peak. We crawled over this and dropped onto a big snowfield ribbed with semicircular crevasses. Nels called a halt here and instructed us about crossing this treacherous area. We rested awhile, glumly chewing prunes and Hershey bars. I swore if I ever got off this \_\_\_\_\_ mountain I would spend the rest of the summer as a lifeguard at Green Lake or something. I hadn’t seen anything yet.

Picking ourselves up wearily, we worked up to the top of the snowfield, got across a gaping bergschrund to solid rock, and THEN found we faced the last 900 feet to be STRAIGHT UP. Nels earlier in the season had placed rope ties up this cliff, and I gazed up in fear and wonder. This man had climbed those 900 feet ALONE with coils of rope and secured them so lesser mortals could “make it.” None of us wanted to admit we were afraid, so we

bent to it and followed this towering mountaineer up those deadly cliffs. I had rope marks on my hands for a week.

At long last we crawled up onto a rounded slope where we could halfway walk again but where, like Strychnine Point on Rainier, "one drop would be enough." The top was dead ahead, and all but Nels reached it in a state of total exhaustion.

A week previously, Nels had been up carrying a 7 x 9 foot tent, and we now saw this anchored wall-high in the rocks. Also he had set up the firefinder. This was placed so that, when you sat down to take a reading, your behind all but stuck out over a sheer drop of 500 feet to the rocks on the other side. No place for vertigo, that.

It was now getting along in the afternoon, and Nels broke the news that he would have to get down to Sauk R.S. before dark that day to organize a packtrain to begin the job of getting the lookout house lumber and hardware started up. He said, with a bland stare from those eyes: "Chittenden, how would you like to stay up here a day or so and keep the lookout till we can get up to timberline with the packstring?" I was petrified — absolutely. But what could I say? So he gave me a few final instructions: food in two boxes in tent (you'll probably find a packrat guarding each one); a one-burner Primus and how to light it; water down that gap there; Sauk Station is three longs on the magneto crank telephone, which I now saw he had put up earlier. My God! All those miles of wire, most of it heavy #9 up to timberline, then strung over the rocks with #10 emergency. This is a small gauge but tough 10-strand insulated wire. I nodded dumbly while absorbing all this, and a lump came up in my throat from somewhere as I watched those heads sink out of sight over that slope. The wind seemed to have a new and no longer friendly sound.

Some time later, by craning over the edge, I could see the lower half of the rockslide and caught glimpses of three tiny figures working on down to timberline, where, with a final wave, they disappeared. For the first time in my life, I was completely alone. I shook this off finally and busied myself by taking a few practice readings from the firefinder, the exact center of whose map was ME. I tidied up the tent and noted with dismay the bedding arrangement. Bedding? Ha!! The mattress was a skimpy jumble of dried out alpine fir twigs with rock showing plainly through. I was in no mood to "hit the ropes" for more. I went down to the gap and got a pail of clear water (which I could sell by the karat in most cities today). It came from a trickle off a shaded snow patch there. I then lit the Primus and, with no great appetite as yet, worked up a batch of rice 'n raisins, hot chocolate à la Carnation, and dried apples.

After supper, I took note for the first time of the stupendous vistas spreading full circle from this peak. It had been one of our few clear days, and there was giant Glacier Peak just 10 miles east, Baker north, and Rainier and Adams south, now pink in the sunset. Everywhere else was a jumble of peaks, canyons, and black forest. The darkened valleys still showed silver where the Sauk and the Whitechuck flowed. I tested the phone for three longs and was cheered no end to hear a familiar voice at the other end: "The guys ain't in yet — what YOU doing up there?"

And now I noticed the valleys to the west were filling up with mist as a building cloud formation blotted out the sun and, soon after, the blue sky as it moved this way. The temperature began to drop sharply. Before I knew it, streamers of mist came moving swiftly across the top, and soon even the glow from Glacier peak



Murphy Creek Ranger Station

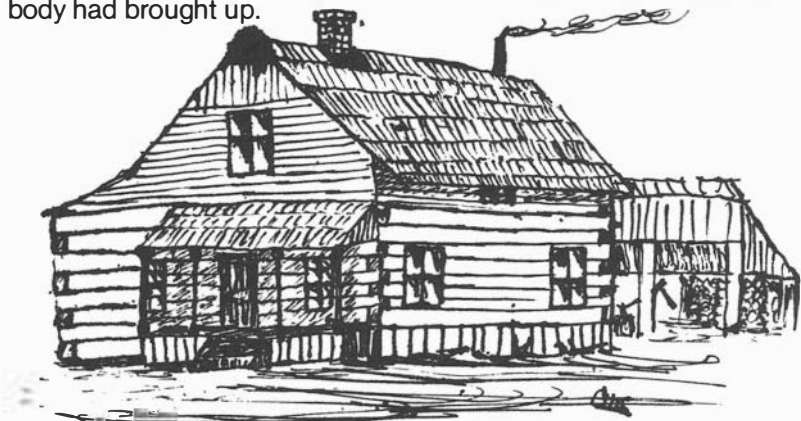
*Ted Chittenden*

faded out. I sat down in the door of the tent and thought I would keep up morale by recording the events of this memorable day. I had left my fountain pen at Sauk but found a good indelible pencil hanging from the phone. Spatters of rain began rattling on the tent, so I retreated further in but not before the page I was writing on received a few drops. And as I gaze tonight at that very page in this yellowed old journal, there still show several purple dots across its surface, fifty-nine years ago to the day.

I now heard a buzzing sound overhead and looked up to see a small fan of "blue fire" winking from the top of the tent pole. Recalling what Nels had said about static, I held up a pair of wire clippers and nearly jumped out of the tent when they emitted a loud snap which tingled up my arm. I remembered something else, too, and reluctantly disconnected the telephone. A few minutes

later on looking out I watched with apprehension as trickles of the same blue fire moved in ghostly silence over the rocks and especially the firefinder. It was getting to be what P.G. Wodehouse would call a "pretty sticky wicket," but by now it would have been sheer suicide to try getting out of there.

Suddenly there was a ripping and tearing sound as a band of blinding pink flame ripped across the peak. It looked to me like at least two feet across and probably a thousand feet out, but I thought it went right over the tent. I don't recall hearing any thunder as such, but a sort of vacuum bounced me off the bedding and I felt a distinct internal wrench. I tied the flaps shut and tried to avoid panic by glancing through a dog-eared copy of Redbook somebody had brought up.



Clear Creek Ranger Station

*Ted Chittenden*

But now the shots increased in number and the wind came up tearing at the tent. Thank God Bruseth had known how to anchor it. I wouldn't have gone outside to cinch up those ropes for all the tea in China. The fan of static off the tent pole now buzzed wickedly and was at least eight inches across. Little faint ripples of blue even ran around the Primus. Without warning, there came a snap, pop, and a golfball size blue of fire leaped off the telephone, bounced across the floor and disappeared in the utensil box. (Next morning I found the mush pot had two neat holes drilled through it.) It was no comfort recalling that Bruseth had said that a peak of solid dry rock like Pugh makes a poor conductor. Each "shot" had the same effect, and I just lay there hoping the next one would hit me and end the agony. But it never did, and about 2 a.m., the storm rumbled off to the northeast.

By now it was bitterly cold, and while my fingers still could handle a match, I fired up the Primus. All this did was enable me to warm my hands, after which I wrapped up in the blankets on that



rock-studded mattress and tried for sleep. I had just about succeeded when a series of rattles told me that packrat #1, then #2, were aboard. The packrat looks more like a squirrel than a rat, grey on top with white undersides and a fairly bushy tail — really a pretty animal, but a damned nuisance.

I finally got to sleep anyway and woke up to a chill dawn, completely above the world. Full circle, a hundred mile spread of jumbled white clouds through which only a few peaks, including this one, protruded. Now I knew how Noah must have felt and it was COLD . . . cold. I bethought me to report in but it was no use. The #10 wire had vanished, and the inside of the telephone case yielded globules of copper. I found later that the #10 emergency had been burned up completely down to the ropes, leaving only dots of copper.

I longed to take off immediately but had sense enough to know this was folly. Those ropes were frozen stiff by now. About 10 o'clock the clouds started to drift off, and with the Primus going bravely, I made a breakfast of bacon, fried mush, prunes, and good old hot chocolate. Shortly after, I heard a faint hail and leaped out, scarcely believing. Sure enough, I could see several small figures laboring up over the rockslide, and by noon I had been "rescued." It seems District Ranger Bruckart, noting the severity of the storm, had ordered a party up first thing in the morning to "recover the remains." Also, incidentally, to get the lookout in working order immediately, because a storm like this meant fires all over.

However, I got permission to cop a sneak on this chore, and was allowed to go below so as to sort out my joints and see if anything was missing. I participated in construction of the lookout house the rest of this summer, making the top several times. Bruseth had designed a crude but efficient tramway system with one span anchored at timberline (at the end of the packhorse trail) and reaching up to that hogback. A second, shorter span ran from there up to the peak. A load of lumber or whatever would be strapped to the carriage, and, up above, they would crank the load up with a rudimentary windlass. They would then put a rock on the sled and let her ride down.

By the time the house was built, anchored in, and a lightning arrester put up, it was too late for me to enjoy its luxury. I just had to ride the packstring one last time down to Darrington, pick up my final check, and catch the train home to school, where I would be a senior at Broadway High that fall.

One summer's day a year or so back, I took Myriam in the camper up to Darrington and on to the junction of Sauk and White-

chuck, where now there is a nice USFS camp. It was again a blue and gold day, and I stood there a long time tracing out the details of that peak which so nearly did me in 59 years ago. The Sauk still rolled along blue-green, and the salmon were on their annual run. But somehow nothing seemed the same.

*Editor's note: Ted Chittenden is the son of Hiram Martin Chittenden, engineer for the Chittenden Locks. A 1924 graduate of the University of Washington, he served for a number of summers in the national forests and parks. He was a lookout on Mt. Pugh in 1918 and on Mt. Higgins in 1919 and a ranger in Yellowstone National Park in the summers of 1922, 1923 and 1924. In 1920 and 1921 he spent the summer in Alaska.*



High Country Heather

*B.J. Packard*

# A Proposed Issaquah Alps National Urban Recreation Area

Harvey Manning

The rule is: When the cat is up the tree, get it down by yourself — if you can. If not, call the fire department. Only as a last resort appeal to the Marines and the United Nations.

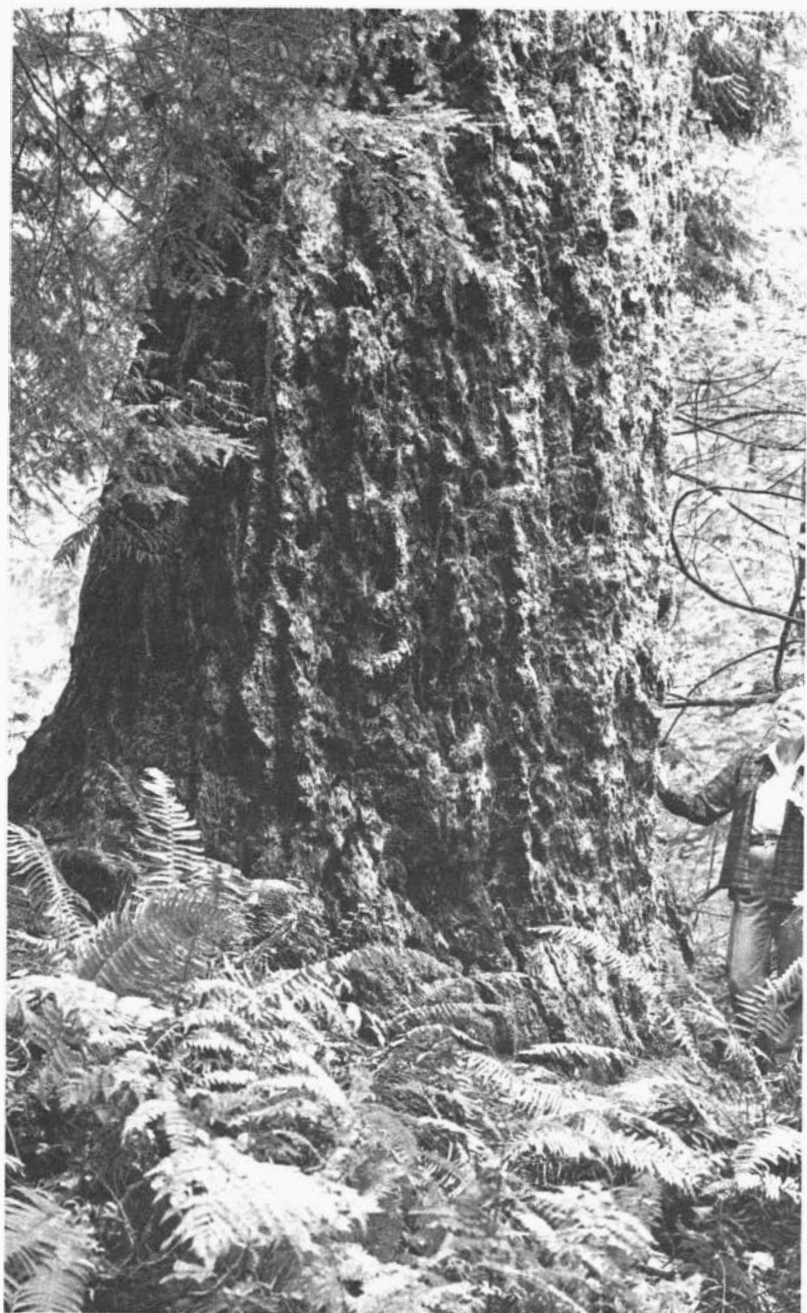
The question is: So many closer-to-the-ground governments (Bellevue, Issaquah, Renton, METRO, King County, and a half-dozen arms of the state of Washington) are on the Issaquah Alps scene, why yell for the federals? Because, with all due respect for these excellent governments, each and every one has confessed it doesn't have the authority to save the cat . . .

But let's forget that danged cat and look at Alps. Though no agency is overseeing the whole, some pieces are being attended to — some magnificently, some not.

King County is progressing toward a 2400-acre Cougar Mountain Regional Park. Step 1: After three years of study, the Newcastle Citizens Committee rejected the developers' desired mountain-top city of 40,000 people that would preempt the park area; instead it recommended a "growth reserve" to stave off development during the park-making period. After his own study, County Executive Randy Revelle agreed with the committee; indeed, the park was a prominent plank in his campaign platform. If the County Council concurs, the first step will be successfully completed. Step 2: After reviewing hundreds of needs, the PRO PARKS Committee, chaired by Frank Pritchard and representing every sector and municipality of the county, assigned the highest priority to Cougar Mountain; in the proposed bond issue to be submitted to voters in 1982, \$10 million is budgeted to buy 1,600 acres, the rest to be acquired by other means, such as land exchange.

King County also is seeking trail corridors radiating from the park to the Cougar perimeter; two already have been obtained, dedicated by developers for greenbelts as a condition of plat approval. In this manner it is hoped to connect the new park to existing county parks, on Coal Creek and May Creek, that reach out to the western extremities of the Alps.

Washington State Parks, whose Lake Sammamish State Park receives the system's heaviest visitation, has Squak Mountain well in hand, thanks to the Bullitt family's gift of almost a square mile on the summit ridge. The master plan envisions tripling the size of



*Ira Spring*

Squak Mountain State Park by acquiring the west-side and east-side precipices, too high and cliffy for houses and too rocky and cliffy for economic tree-farming; the owners, Burlington-Northern and Weyerhaeuser, have indicated willingness to discuss land exchange.

In 1981 Tiger Mountain got its first good news when Brian Boyle, newly-elected State Land Commissioner and (by virtue of that office) head of the Department of Natural Resources (DNR), proposed a Tiger Mountain State Forest, to be a showcase of working forestry in an urban setting. DNR is negotiating land exchanges with Weyerhaeuser and others to add a dozen-odd private sections to ten public sections, to permit unified management of some 15,000 acres.

The City of Issaquah owns much of the Tradition Lake plateau, known for its historic use as the Issaquah Watershed. Gateway to West Tiger Mountain and long a *de facto* park, the plateau's future is being vigorously debated.

The above accentuates the positive. Not to eliminate the negative:

**Item:** The DNR's new Olympia leadership has exhibited open-mindedness, candor, and even-handedness not shown by previous administrations. But, under the new administration, will the dollar yardstick be stretched and bent to permit protection of the mountain's last museum scraps of virgin forest? Of such unique ecosystems as Yah-er Wall, Beaver Valley, West Tiger Caves? Such historic sites as West Tiger Railroad Grade, Middle Tiger Railroad Grade, Silent Swamp Railroad Switchbacks, Wooden Pacific Railroad? The green glories of Fifteenmile Creek, Holder Creek, High Point Creek, Trout Hatchery Creek, and Many Creek Valley? The superb and extremely popular trail system engineered by Dick Heinz, Bill Longwell, and others? The water quality of East Fork and Main Fork Issaquah Creeks, which draw most of their flow from Tiger? The wild condition of the true left bank of the Raging River, largest stream in the Alps? —And will the DNR, which flouted local opinion by actively encouraging a *de facto* ATV "park" on Tiger, reverse its traditional position that "motorcycles are good for you"?

**Item:** Several years ago a plan was published (paid for by Puget Power, Weyerhaeuser, and DNR, as a "service to the people of Issaquah") to clearcut the Issaquah Watershed, mine the plateau's gravel, lay out a golf course in the worked-out pit, "rehabilitate" Tradition Lake and ring it with condos, string town houses along the slopes of West Tiger, provide the 5,000 new residents of the Watershed with a shopping center and a light-industry complex at

High Point, and build a mini-freeway bypass over the plateau from I-90 to the Issaquah-Hobart Road. The plan needs the approval of the City of Issaquah to proceed. By approving three shopping centers and several clusters of warehouses, offices, and motels on the "Great Green Issaquah Plain," and by appearing ready to approve two more shopping centers, Issaquah has already been acclaimed by developers to have the world's highest shopping center-to-population ratio.

**Item:** METRO and the state Game Department are dedicated to protecting the water quality of Coal, May, Issaquah, and Tibbetts Creeks, which (along with Lake Washington and Lake Sammamish) support the most important urban-area fisheries in the nation. But the DNR has shown no interest in fish. And the City of Bellevue has permitted developers to commit atrocities ("accidents," much regretted) that have severely damaged Coal Creek County Park and endangered the creek. The City of Renton similarly holds May Creek County Park in the palm of its hand. An official of the City of Issaquah has referred publicly to Tibbetts Creek as a "drainage ditch"!

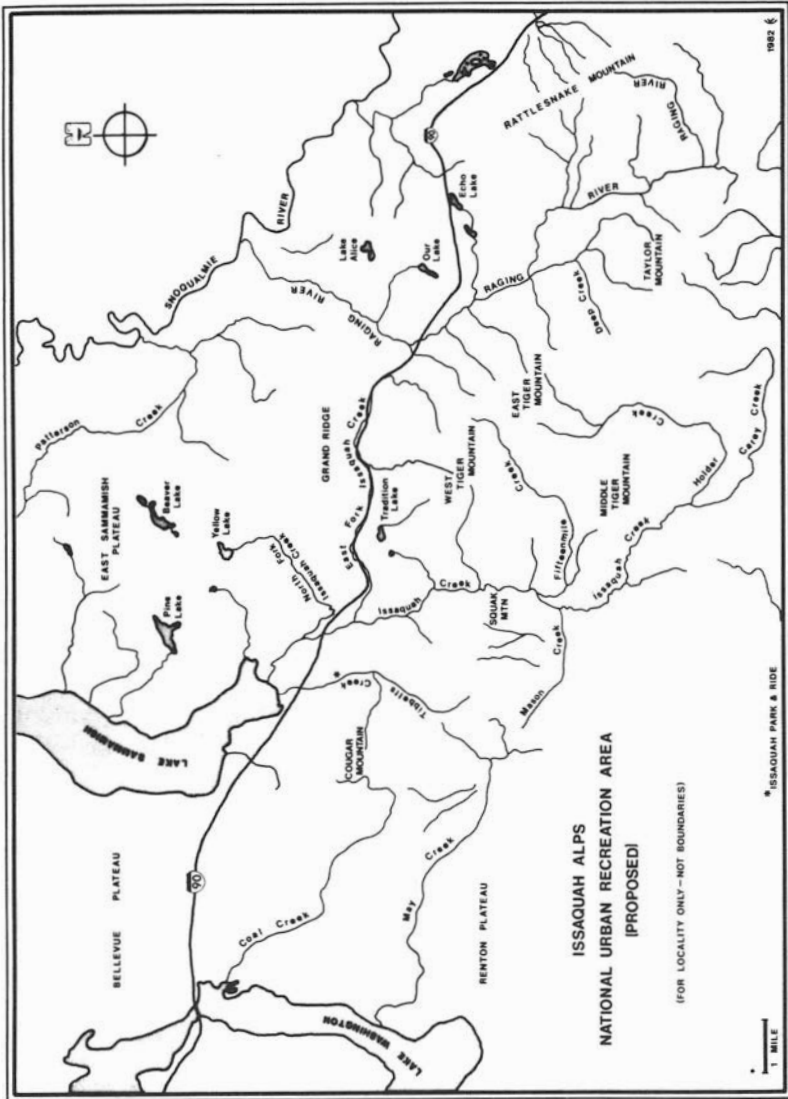
**Item:** The largest *de facto* wildlife refuge near Seattle, and the closest sphagnum and cranberry bogs, are on and around Yellow Lake and its outlet, the North Fork Issaquah Creek. The landowner intends to build a large new city here.

Suppose the National Park Service came. What would there be that isn't here now?

There would be **name magic**. What binds Alabama to Washington? An illogical (though as things turned out, mutually beneficial) union expressed by "United States of America." If there were an "Issaquah Alps National Urban Recreation Area," all who passed through or by, or who had responsibility for or interest in various parts, would be compelled by the name to recognize the existence of a whole — and to ponder the conjunction of "national" and "urban" and "re-creation."

There would be **moral suasion**. Those who built roads, powerlines, communication towers, gravel pits, houses, warehouses, and hamburger stands, and those in state and local government who issued the permits, would be aware that not only local citizens but all America was looking over their shoulders. They would know the rangers might ask polite questions and, if the answers were impolite, might summon help from the people of Alabama.

There would be **central planning and coordination**. Park departments of the several cities, King County Parks, State Parks,



Harvey Manning and Kathy Thornton

Issaquah Alps

METRO, the state Game Department, citizen groups, and individual citizens, would have a clearing house and meeting place.

The National Park Service (NPS) is experienced in a variety of roles. It manages large tracts of land (Rainier, Olympics, North Cascades) and small ones (Pioneer Square, San Juans). In some cases it works under the National Park Act and in others under looser mandates (Franklin D. Roosevelt Lake – the reservoir behind Grand Coulee Dam, Ross Lake and Lake Chelan National Recreation Areas, Golden Gate National Recreation Area, Indiana

Dunes National Recreation Area). It acquires lands for eventual transfer to other units of government (Ebey's Landing National Historic Reserve). It prepares plans to be administered by other units (Columbia Gorge National Scenic Area).

In the Issaquah Alps, the NPS would **plan**. In a way no other agency has the funds and authority to do, it would study the entirety of the area from Lake Washington east to the Raging River, from May Valley and Taylor Mountain north to Lake Sammamish and Yellow Lake.

With the help of the people of Alabama and elsewhere, it could seek Congressional appropriations to **purchase** lands otherwise doomed to uses not in the highest national interest. For the sake of the Pacific Flyway, and the preservation of game and non-game species of birds, as well as mammals large and small, and fish, it might buy Yellow Lake and associated wetlands and streams. For the sake of saving the soul of Issaquah, which the city may be unable to do, it might buy the Issaquah Watershed and adjoining private lands on the plateau. It might purchase from the state West Tiger Mountain, Many Creek Valley, Poo Poo Ridge (including Yah-er Wall), Fifteenmile Creek, and Middle Tiger Mountain. For the sake of preserving the beauty of America's Interstate 90 entryway to Puget Sound City, it might buy the last pristine portions of the Great Green Issaquah Plain. For the sake of fisheries of national value, it might buy stream easements to protect spawning grounds in May valley, along Issaquah and Tibbetts Creeks, and the Raging River.

It would **manage** certain lands (temporarily or permanently), oversee certain easements, and support local governments in any necessary and possible way. For example, it might acquire easements for trails to connect the peaks and valleys of the Issaquah Alps to Seattle, the Cascades, Bellevue, the Sammamish Plateau, Renton and Big Valley. Though lacking authority in the matter, it might also influence local zoning and land-planning deliberations by emphasizing the larger context.

Why should Alabama care? What are the Issaquah Alps and Puget Sound City to Denver, Chicago, New York City, Los Angeles, Dallas, Birmingham?

Wilderness is the greatest of God's creations; cities are man's. Loping across the savannah in pursuit of rabbits and over the tundra after woolly mammoths, we became wily and dangerous apes; in the cities we erected temples and bridges and towers, wrote poems, scientific treatises and symphonies.

America's cities are ailing. That's not news — nor is the sad



political fact that the brains our nation needs to rebuild a sound body, to become whole again, do not achieve critical mass — civilized mass — in suburbs, exurbs, stump ranches, and hamlets. Only in cities . . . Let *civitas* go and there goes music and science, beauty and truth — eventually even football and hamburgers.

The Puget Sound area suffers from pandemic ills: an energy policy and transportation system inherited from a past that never will return, the wrong housing in the wrong places, and such poor coordination among all governments involved that no level below the federal even has the legal right to perceive the existence of a “Puget Sound City.” Maladies of flesh are matched by maladies of spirit — the green and pleasant land is becoming gray, garish, and noisy, indistinguishable from every fast-food platter of hash spewed out by the developers’ assembly line.

While curing other ailments, Puget Sound City must stir itself to establish a **refuge within**, a place to breathe deep and clean, to feel and think green peace, to **re-create**. A city operates at high pressure in close quarters — it’s the hot steam of the boiler room that blasts out the great ideas that **are** civilization. However, too much heat boils the brains. Only by providing getaway space for quick-and-easy cooling-off can a city keep on cooking.

Saving the green spirit of Puget Sound City would be a national model. Aside from that, the nation is the sum of its cities. Lose one and we all are diminished. Ask not for whom our bell tolls, Birmingham.

Here’s looking at you, Alabama.

## The Icefall

**Judith Maxwell**

First indications we were entering the giant mass of rubble came just before dawn, when the rope team ahead yelled for us to stop. I could see their head lamps bobbing in the darkness — first one slowly moving upward and suddenly disappearing into the void, then the second, then the third. When they were gone, our rope leader Dianne said we were next, so we began slowly inching forward, moving our shining heads back and forth to see what lay beyond. Giant shadows loomed above me as Dianne's lamp disappeared and I heard her call to come ahead. The shadows became a glistening wall and I could see chopped steps in the ice before me, so I dug my axe in. Up and over I went — maybe six or seven feet. I told our end man Steve to follow me as Dianne and I moved across the alley of snow onto the next pile. We repeated this process many times as the first light of dawn revealed our route. As we turned our head lamps off, I saw a giant block of ice the size of a garage sitting apart on a fairly flat section of the glacier. There was no doubt, we had been climbing through an enormous icefall. I did not realize its total immensity until later as we looked down upon it from above.

It was June 28, 1981, just one week after a similar but apparently smaller icefall killed eleven climbers on 14,410-foot Mt. Rainier. We had heard sketchy reports of a large icefall sweeping across the main climbing route of Mt. Baker when we registered our climb at the Glacier ranger station the day before, but there were no definite facts. As we reached the saddle between 9,443-foot Colfax Peak on the upper southwest slope of 10,778-foot Mt. Baker, we looked back with awe at the spectacle below.

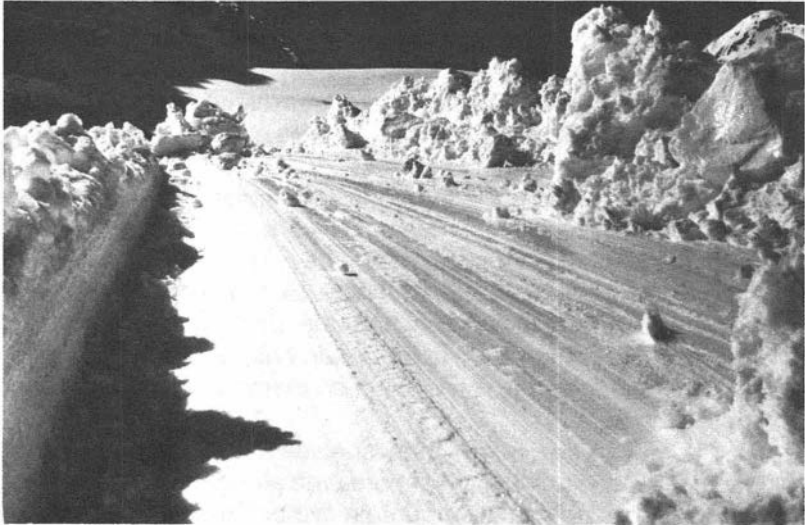
The ice had broken off the north side of Colfax Peak two days before and had fanned out over an area of the Coleman Glacier estimated to be one square mile, covering apparently a much greater area than the June 21 icefall that caused the worst mountaineering disaster in U.S. history on Mt. Rainier's Ingraham Glacier. The Mt. Baker icefall was a tumbled mass of snow and ice, which spread out like fingers of a hand, gripping long stretches of the climbing route. Miraculously, no one was injured when it fell. The whole side of the peak was gone, leaving a huge dirt and rock scar.

We reached the summit of Mt. Baker around 7:30 a.m. It was clear, cold and windy, and the scenery was breathtaking, but we

didn't stay long. It was too cold and we wanted to be through the icefall before the sun softened the snow.

Descending under blue skies, we saw climbers below, making their way through the icefall. Soon we were entering it again but everything looked different. Bright sunlight glistened off the piles of white rubble. Tiny gold sparkles reflected off thousands of crystals, turning chunks of snow and ice into shining monuments. Shadows became intense shades of blue and turquoise and the silence consumed us. The only sounds were the clinking of crampons and ice axes. We had to hurry, but with camera hanging from my neck, I could not resist taking pictures as we moved through this unreal world. Some sections looked as if a bulldozer had gone through clearing roads shiny smooth between the gigantic chunks of ice. There were no crevasses. Apparently they had all been filled in. Moving along I became almost hypnotized and I had a strange desire to stay awhile but Dianne said we could not stop, and so we moved down and through and out of the monolith.

Back at base camp we could not see much of the climbing route. The mountain clouded over as we packed for the final hike out, and within an hour, had disappeared in a dark swirling mist.



In the Icefall

*Judith Maxwell*

## The Pinecone Logo

Mary Fries

Because of the aborted search for a new logo for The Mountaineers, it seems appropriate to examine something of the traditions and the reality of the pinecone logo used in club publications since 1908.

As often happens there is no explanation of how and why the emblem was adopted in early issues of *The Mountaineer*; the emblem simply is used. The first published description is in the 1918 Annual. At this time L. A. Nelson, well-known as a scout for many Mountaineer outings, wrote of finding a large crop of western white pine cones while scouting for the 1908 Mount Baker Outing, and of a photograph taken by one of the other scouts, who was Asahel Curtis. The picture of pine branch and cones, and the appropriateness of this pine's scientific name, *Pinus monticola*, "mountain-dwelling pine," were presented at a membership meeting and it was voted to accept this concept as the club emblem.

The Curtis photograph is reprinted in the same 1918 issue of the annual. The cones and twigs pictured are easily recognized as those of western white pine. The cones on the logo are not; they do not have the long, narrow proportions which distinguish white pines. Did the artist, with or without instructions from the club, change the shape of the cones for purely artistic reasons, or to generalize the emblem so that it could represent several pines, or was it done to represent a higher altitude species of pine? L. A. Nelson makes no comment.

Whatever the reason, the logo drawing represents no particular species of pine. From a distance of 74 years, and with more knowledge of the habitats and ranges of pines, Mountaineers of today might well prefer to re-interpret the logo. Because of easier access to higher mountain elevations and the decimation of western white pine in its typically lower mountain habitats through logging and blister rust, this pine is no longer so memorable an experience for most members.

To dispose of two more pine species rather summarily, the lodgepole is also known as the shore pine along the Pacific Coast, so can hardly compete as a mountain symbol; the ponderosa pine, whose large oval cones resemble the cones in the logo drawing, is a pine which requires a certain warmth of climate. This leaves the whitebark pine of high elevations, a good pine candidate to sym-

bolize mountains, and the only other pine native to the Northwest. Its seeds are a favorite food of the Clark's nutcracker, a bird associated with high mountain habitats.

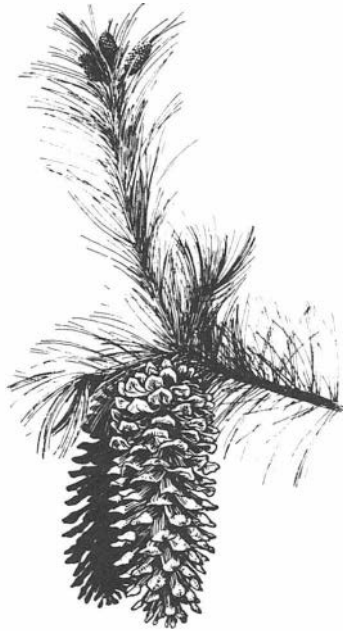
When the pinecone emblem was adopted, the whitebark pine was as yet little known among club members. As a group they had not yet visited the northeastern Olympics which are the only part of the range where the whitebark pine grows. They had not been in Harts Pass or the Pasayten where the climate is more favorable to the whitebark pine than at Mount Baker or other western parts of the North Cascades where maritime moisture results in an extremely deep snowpack. There was no road to Sunrise, Mount Rainier's "whitebark park"; in any case, it was not until 1909 that a summer expedition was made to the mountain and this was to the north slopes, a different habitat. On shorter outings when they took the train to Stampede Pass, then trekked past Lake Keechelus and through Snoqualmie Pass, party members certainly saw western white pines, but were not high enough to come across whitebark pines. It was some years before Mountaineers explored the Teanaway-Mount Stuart-Teanaway areas, in parts of which the two pines grow together and can be readily distinguished.

After the Glacier Peak Outing of 1910, a detailed list of plants seen was published in *The Mountaineer*. The whitebark pine is not included; either the Mountaineers did not happen to climb the ridges where it grows, or did not recognize the dwarfed trees as a different kind of five-needled pine. Probably the first encounter which made a real impression on club members, too late to influence their emblem, was during the outing to Mount Adams in 1911. A photograph of a wind-contorted tree was printed in the annual. A real mountain-dweller, often at timberline, it is prosaically named *Pinus albicaulis*, "whitebark pine." (Like *The Mountaineers*, botanists later became aware of this tree, after *Pinus monticola* had been named.)

Possibly 1911 was not too late for some to transfer allegiance to the whitebark pine, although reasons would not have been as compelling as today. The 1918 Annual article indicated confusion, not controversy. Still, the logo drawing is non-specific. The emblem could as easily be taken to represent a stylistic whitebark as a western white pine; although the branch is not stiff enough for a whitebark, the shape of the cone corresponds fairly well. Both trees can be considered mountain dwellers, though at different levels. If it is recognized that the emblem was inspired by western white pine cones, but does not copy these cones, then the way is open to let the emblem represent any kind of pine which grows

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in Northwest mountains. In this way, the emblem could be more meaningful to club members.



Western White Pine from *Northwest Trees*

*Ramona Hammerly*

# The History of Irish Cabin

**Edith Goodman and Keith Goodman**

A party of Tacoma Mountaineers camped one April weekend in 1926 in the Carbon River area of Mount Rainier. Near their campsite was a deserted cabin, solidly built of split cedar that blended nicely into the surrounding trees.

When Tacoma Branch President Leo Gallagher heard about the empty cabin, he remembered a "cabin fund" budget item on Tacoma's books. Tacoma Mountaineers had a close-to-home cabin as one of their goals, so Gallagher and two other Mountaineers, Harriet Taylor and W.W. Kilmer, visited the cabin and then obtained permission from its lumber company owners for the Mountaineers to use the cabin free.

So begins the story of Irish Cabin, managed by Tacoma Branch but enjoyed by Mountaineers from many areas.

Tacoma Branch had been organized in 1912, with J. Harry Weer, a wholesale grocery executive, as its first president. Tacoma's group was formed only six years after the parent Seattle Mountaineers was organized as an auxiliary to the Mazamas of Portland.

Club members from both cities often joined forces for hikes, climbs and summer outings in the Carbon River area. There had been trails since the 1880s, some built by miners seeking coal, gold, silver and copper and others such as the trail cut through the forest from Carbonado along the west slope of Mount Rainier to Ashford, with a branch to Spray Park. A Northern Pacific Railroad spur line followed the north bank of the Carbon River to Fairfax, from where a trail went on to Chenuis Creek. Early-day Mountaineers went on at least one summer outing by train to Fairfax and spent many weekends hiking and climbing in the area.

The original cabin had been built by a miner named Irish sometime between 1888 and 1903 while he worked a copper mine nearby. After he left the area the little cabin stood empty for years, accessible only by trail on the north side of Carbon River. It was not until 1923 that a narrow road — muddy or dusty according to the season — was built on the south shore as far as Cataract Creek. Trees and heavy underbrush hid the cabin from motorists daring enough to drive up the road.

Under Tacoma Mountaineers management, Irish Cabin's original area — the south dining area and women's dormitory — were augmented in 1931 by a kitchen, constructed from the remains of a storage shed for horse feed. That November the first of what

became Irish Cabin's traditional Thanksgiving dinner was served to 65 members. In the mid-1930s a recreation room and men's dorm were added and in 1937 the original cabin's roof was raised. Building materials for these projects included form boards from a Tacoma skating rink, a door from a mortuary, and cedar shakes cut on the site.

During the 1930s Depression the cabin owners notified the Mountaineers that they could buy the 18-acre property, minus the timber, for \$500. W. W. Kilmer, representing the club, offered \$300 and the deal was made.



Loggers rented the cabin during the week during the late 1930s while they cut the remaining timber. Their rent helped pay the cost of the property and the kitchen equipment they donated helped to outfit the Irish Cabin kitchen. But their tree-cutting left a cluttered, criss-crossed mess of logs and discarded branches.

During World War II, members ran a water pipe to the cabin from the falls on Irish Creek and in 1945 they wired the cabin for generator-produced direct current. The generator was rather noisy; kerosene lamps were still used sometimes. Another post-war acquisition was a supply of surplus double-deck bunks with mattresses.

A surge of activity in the late 1940s, started under the leadership of Floyd Raver, resulted in a new foundation, fireplace, rebuilt kitchen, improved water system, hardwood floors and paneling in the recreation room. In the early 1950s the cabin acquired a record-playing system which was used for weekend square-dances.



About 1954, problems began. Intruders began breaking in, partying and carrying off dishes, silverware and other equipment. There was the constant danger that intruders would set the cabin afire.

Tacoma Mountaineers were using the cabin less and less, feeling that it was easier and less costly of time and money to rise early, at home, for hikes and climbs rather than stay overnight at the cabin.

During the great Carbon River flood in Decmeber 1956 water flowed down the main road, down the driveway, around and under the cabin. Heavy rain falling on Rainier's upper snowfields washed sand, gravel and large rocks across the Irish Cabin property, killing many trees. Flood waters came down Irish Creek and took out the bridge and carved a large hole in front of, and under, the recreation room. Water was three feet deep over the cabin floor and covered most of the Carbon valley from side to side.

A Mountaineer work party made temporary repairs to the damaged foundation; more clean-up work followed in the spring. State road crews working on the Carbon River road the next September were persuaded to bring down their equipment to help fill in the gaping hole under the cabin.

In August 1957 Irish Cabin was search headquarters for more than 50 persons looking for a lost Boy Scout. The boy was found and the search led to the formation of the Tacoma Mountain Rescue Council.

For several years in the 1960s cabin chairman Dick Vradenburg, Gene Fear and a group of Junior Mountaineers sparked a new flurry of activity, building a dynamic-belay station for climbing course students and a map-and-compass practice area. Irish Cabin acquired new outhouses and woodshed, trail work continued and the *ipso facto* car campground gained picnic tables and firepits. It was a bit shocking to old-timers to see all those cars parked behind the cabin.

As many persons slept outside the cabin as in it. There was a quiet realization that, yes, the cabin was frequently dirty, the upper story was unsafe in case of fire, and mice and packrats still ran around. Irish Cabin still gave a sense of shelter. It offered a place to get out of the rain and get warm next to the fireplace and stoves. But the potential for a fire tragedy was always present. Fewer persons knew how to operate kerosene and gasoline lanterns and stoves safely, more portable stoves of all types were used indoors, there were more smokers.

The decade of the 1970s began as a period of indecision. A number of hard-working chairmen and work parties tried to keep the cabin going, against the odds placed on it by vandals, thieves

and general disinterest by Mountaineer members. But the question was, "Shall we give up and tear down the cabin before it falls down or is carried off, board by board?"

Finally the decision was made to take Irish Cabin down, and it was done. But summer 1981, special outings there found only campsites and a remnant of the cabin fireplace.

The Tacoma Mountaineers' Thanksgiving dinner was an annual event at Irish Cabin for almost 50 years, held first on the Sunday before the holiday and later on Saturday as well. By the 1970s this dinner, with a preliminary work-party, was the principal activity at the cabin. During the past few years, even while Irish Cabin still stood, the traditional Thanksgiving dinner was moved back to town, but it was never the same. The clubhouse dinners, great and successful, just weren't Irish.

Now Irish Cabin is gone and it's sad. To ease our sadness we can work hard rebuilding a campground there, and carry on.

*(Read by Marjorie Goodman at the Tacoma Mountaineer Thanksgiving Dinner, 1981)*

# Challenged and Confirmed: The First Ascent of Mt. Constance

Frank Maranville and Randall Nelson

Mt. Constance, at 7,743 feet, is the highest and most prominent peak in the Olympics as viewed from Seattle. Not surprisingly, it attracted attention from climbers at an early date. Access was difficult, even for the Olympics, however, even though it is on the near edge of the range, and the peak itself proved to be unusually complex, and well guarded by many near-vertical pillow-basalt cliffs.

Some of the best climbers in the area made unsuccessful attempts to reach the summit over three decades; there were those, especially locals, who claimed it was impossible. So it was something of a surprise to the climbing community when two young machinists from the Bremerton Navy Yard, with virtually no climbing experience, claimed the first ascent of the mountain from the east side on June 26, 1922. An accusation by a Brinnon man on the front page of the *Seattle Star* of "pulling a Dr. Cook" cast a cloud over their claim until two other young men, assistant directors at a scout camp, and also with minimal climbing experience, verified the climb on September 7. The events of 1922 are summarized in Table I.

Table I. The Events of 1922

Late May	A.E. Smith and T.J. Acheson attempt <sup>2</sup> the east side of Constance from the Dosewallips. Reach April/March Peaks saddle, notch S. of Cunningham Pass and Cunningham Pass, but turn back for lack of time.
6-23	A.E. Smith and R.H. Schellin start from Bremerton after work, ferry from Seabeck to Brinnon and camp for night.
6-24	Smith & Schellin hike 13 miles to Miner's Cabin.
6-25	Smith & Schellin climb to crest of ridge, cross April/March saddle, <sup>1</sup> descend into S. Tunnel Cr. drainage, cross Cunningham Pass & descend into N. Tunnel Cr. along E. face of Constance to S. spur of the N.E. ridge.
6-26	Smith & Schellin leave camp at 5:30 AM, climb 1,500 ft. of wall, climb along S. spur another 500 ft. higher, cross rotten red rock notch & then find easier climbing up N.E. ridge to the base of the summit block by 8:50 AM. Take photos, find route to summit & arrive there 10:15. Descend opposite (n.) side of S. spur & regret it, traverse around to creek 1,000 ft. below camp. Smith retrieves gear from camp, <sup>3</sup> rejoins Schellin at 4 PM. Travel downstream 2 hrs. & camp at 6 PM.

- 6-26 Same day H.E. Thomson & H.B. Sparks lead party of Scouts (incl. E.S. Meany's son) up trail to L. Constance.<sup>7</sup>
- 6-27 Smith & Schellin start down NTC at 5 AM, come to bridge across Quilcene R. 3 mi. from road at noon & to road at 1 PM. Catch ride to Brinnon & eat. Hike 13 mi. to Miner's Cabin by 10 PM, too tired to eat before retiring.<sup>3</sup>
- 6-28 Smith & Schellin catch the 11:20 ferry below Brinnon and arrive home in Bremerton before 3 PM<sup>3</sup>
- 7-7 Seattle Star publishes on front page a challenge by John Clements ("Johnny the Trapper") of Brinnon, that Smith & Schellin "pulled a Doc. Cook" in their claim to have climbed Constance.<sup>9</sup>
- 9-5 Thomson & Sparks leave Camp Parson & hike to Miner's Cabin.<sup>7</sup>
- 9-6 Thomson & Sparks climb along Miner's cr., over 2 ridges to camp in trees somewhat below Smith & Schellin's camp.
- 9-7 Thomson & Sparks climb to summit in fog, verify first ascent and are benighted halfway down.
- 9-8 Thomson & Sparks descend to camp, hike back over Cunningham Pass, and traverse W. over two notches to L. Constance, then hike down trail to Corrigenda G.S.<sup>7</sup>
- 9-9 Thomson & Sparks hike out, return to Seattle & give story to Seattle Daily Times.<sup>8</sup>
- 9-10 Story appears in Times, Thomson gives proof of ascent to Margaret Hazard of the Mountaineers.
- 9-12 Smith telegraphs congratulations to Sparks & Thomson.
- 9-13 Thomson & Sparks each write to Smith<sup>7 8</sup>
- Oct. Acheson Cup awarded to A.E. Smith (Ref. (1), p. 87.)

The west side routes up Constance commonly used today were discovered shortly thereafter. By 1931 eight more ascents were recorded, presumably from the west side.<sup>4</sup> Climbers neglected the east side, with its arduous, bushwhacking approach over the next six decades, and accurate route descriptions from that side were not available. The authors and Mac McCleary, with the help of Henry Thomson and several fellow climbers, have finally identified the first-ascent route. In the process, we have explored four other east-side routes and have first hand knowledge of still another. For the approaches to the east side of Constance, the reader is referred to the map in reference five.

The only published account of either of the first two Constance climbs which describes the route in any detail is A.E. Smith's in the 1922 Mountaineer Annual.<sup>1</sup> The pertinent section of the route description follows, starting from Cunningham Pass (the divide between the sources of North and South Tunnel Creeks):

" . . . A long snow slide lay before (us) so we had some easy going. After losing about 1,000 feet in elevation, we swung off the snow, crossed several rock slides and kept at the foot of a wall, a good bit of the way, till we came to a long, rock chimney. As it was a likely looking site, we made camp for the night at 4:30 p.m.

Camp that night was cold, as we were up about 4,000 feet, and a wind blew continually through the chimney. Before going to bed I filled the pail from the small stream. It was well that I did for in the morning the stream was frozen.

On the morning of the 26th. . . we started for the top at 5:25. As we had decided our route the previous night, we lost no time on the 1,500-foot

wall that rose in front of us. This was cracked in a manner that made our climbing easy. . . We struck one point where we were forced to turn back, but it did not take long to go around and get above the obstacle that blocked our way.

About 500 feet higher we reached the top of the ridge at a point where a vein of red and very rotten rock crossed. Our course lay along the ridge and as there was no other choice, we had to cross it. One side broke away with no possible footing, the other was a steep slope fifty or sixty feet ending with a cliff. A rope would have been a great help here, but we had not taken one on this trip. I believe it took us half an hour to cross that fifty-foot vein.

We had about 1,000 feet of easy climbing, from this point to the top. . .

As the climb had been really hard we decided to go down the north or opposite side of the ridge. We regretted this afterwards, but as we were both alive at the bottom it was probably well we went that way. . .

From the north side we circled around to the spot where we had camped the night before, and at 4 p.m. we started down the Quilcene. . .

After careful study of Smith's article, Keith Spencer, Chairman of the Olympic Guidebook Committee, decided that the first ascent probably led directly up the cirque and funnel below the Terrible Traverse, and joined Route 1A at the right side of the Terrible Traverse. This is Route 5 in the *Climber's Guide*.<sup>6</sup> His analysis sounded plausible to our party, except that there is only a short section near the summit which could be described as a ridge. We thought that Smith and his partner, Robert Schellin, might have turned up the snowfield just before the 'ascending ledge' in Route 1A. They would then have joined Route 1B after the Fingertip Traverse, and would have had considerably more ridge to traverse, part of which is rather rotten red rock.

Having access to Smith's personal photograph album, we took copies of pertinent photos with us on our May 26, 1979 climb (McCleary, Estvanik, Griffin & Maranville).<sup>5</sup> This climb followed Route 5 into the cirque, swung to the left up the first snow chute and was then completed by Route 1A (not by 1B as noted in ref. no.<sup>5</sup>). Nowhere in the Terrible Traverse cirque did we see anything resembling Smith's and Schellin's photos.

Smith's album contains letters from both Harold Sparks<sup>8</sup> and Thomson<sup>7</sup> dated September 13, 1922, following their second ascent, a newspaper clipping about the climb, and a magazine article about Smith and Schellin's climb. Thomson's letter describes their climb:

" . . . we camped in the small piece of woods between the glacier and the two small lakes further down. . . Next morning we started to squirm up. We worked to the top of the wall, as we later found, from a place lower down the valley from where you climbed. We didn't reach the ridge proper for five (h)ours, that is about noon. About eight in the morning a dense fog came up and lasted all day, slowing up our progress quite a good deal. The night before it snowed so that the passes and all the northern sides were covered with fresh snow. For a while we looked for that place where it took you half an hour to go seventy-five, but we soon

lost track of where that could be as we found so many places that took us half an hour to go that far. One thing that we missed tho was your inverted snowfield. All the snowfields that we could see were so far down below us and so hidden by the fog that we could not tell whether or not they were inverted. At any rate we kept along the top of the ridge all the way to the top, lightly (?) skipping from chimney to chimney, wearing out our trouser seats going down, our knees and elbows going up, and our stockings both ways as our legs kept knocking together. When we finally reached the top at 3:50 and found the cairn, no joy could have been more complete. We whooped and yelled and then sang two particular songs. During the whole climb we hardly ever got a chance to see anything more than just the peak that we were then on. When we started down it got so dark that we camped up on a ledge which overlooks the place we started to go down, and judging from your picture of the wall, is the place where you went up and down. There were a few fir trees growing close to the rock and most important of all, a couple of dead ones with which we made a fire hot enough to compensate in some measure for the food and blankets which we lacked. We sure had a wonderful sunrise view over the Sound next morning, but oh that long night. From there we commenced oscillating down, finally arriving just before noon, when we combined three meals with one.

We did not go back down from the head of the Quilcene the way you did. We went over saddle No. 1 and then worked over to the right and over the saddle between No. 1 and No. 2, beyond that and a little to the right over another saddle from which we saw the lake at our feet. . ."

Thomson's letter also mentions a diary written by Sparks which would be interesting if it is still in existence. Smith gave Thomson and Sparks written instructions and photos for their climb, but Thomson has been unable to find them after an exhaustive search.

Ultimately, the proof of the pudding as to the first ascent route lies with Smith's and Schellin's photos of the climb. The album contains 21 photographs (ca. 3½ x 5½) taken during the Smith/Schellin trip and 2 smaller photos (ca. 2¼ x 3) which were taken on the earlier Smith/Acheson attempt.<sup>3</sup> The larger ones were taken with Schellin's camera.<sup>3</sup>

Photos 22 and 23 in the album, of the earlier attempt, were taken by Smith. The first, taken from the Dosewallips Ridge opposite Cunningham Pass, shows the pass, Enigma and Destroyer in the foreground, with Point Harrah, South Constance and Constance in the background. The second was taken from the 5,800 foot saddle between April and March Peaks, with the east buttress of April Peak in the foreground, the Tunnel Creek Divide NE of Destroyer in the middle distance, and S Constance and Constance in the background. The slope of the NE ridge looks feasible from this point, while a row of cliffs appears to block all access south of it.

Only three of the 21 photos of the trip are of use in identifying the climbing route between the valley floor and the base of the summit block. This was the most difficult part of the climb, and in Smith's words, "It was not necessary to tell either of us to keep our hands full of mountain." As this section of the climb was completed in 3 hours and 20 minutes, little time could have been used in picture taking.

No. 5 Entitled "South half of Mt. Constance," it appears to have been taken at 5,000-5,500 foot altitude with alpine firs in the foreground, a buttress of Mt. Constance coming down from the right and a small

section of the Tunnel Creek Divide in the background. Not positively identified, but we now believe it to be part way up the SE side of the S spur of the NE ridge. According to Thomson, both parties started climbing up the cliffs in trees.

No. 6 (Fig. 3). "About 2,000 ft. of wall, part of which was used in the ascent." A rock buttress ending in vertical cliffs – not likely to have been climbable in three hours, 20 minutes in 1922. On close inspection, the rock ridge to the left of the cliffs consists of at least two ridges, with the one in the foreground joined to the cliff. McCleary's keen photographer's eye spotted, in the background ridge, the prominent 45° roof we had seen in the Terrible Traverse cirque, with the shadow from a thin rock flake across its face (and probably a third ridge to its left). We could not explain the trees at lower right, but now (after our August 29, 1981 climb) know them to be on a part of the S spur of the NE ridge at about 5,500-6,000 feet. Smith's comment would be true for the extreme lower right portion of the photo. In this picture, the round boulder beneath the snow-patch is the end of a short buttress extending out into the Great Amphitheater from the SE side of the S spur.

No. 7 (Fig. 5). "Double Exposure. Highest dark point was first view we had of the top the day of the climb. Streak in center was an opening between two large rocks." Because of the double exposure we were skeptical of the value of this photo, and were puzzled as to the angle from which it could have been photographed. See below.

The remaining photographs, while interesting, do not help trace the climbing route. Numbers (1) a view across the Dosewallips valley to the SW, (2) the crest of the ridge north of the Dosewallips, (3) closeup of a pillow-basalt cliff, (4) same showing Smith with large, awkward looking canvas rucksack, tincup on belt and ice axe in hand, (8) "500 feet below the summit. The last 1,000 feet was easy going." Smith and 40+ inch ice axe with guard on point. Both men wore woolen World War I uniforms and calf-high hob-nailed boots. (9) Smith and profile of near vertical rock pitch, with sun at back and a sweater or jacket folded over the back section of his belt (used in magazine article<sup>11</sup>), (10) "Robert Schellin on the peak with a 1,000-foot drop at his back." – strain of the climb is evident in his eyes, camera case hanging from neck (used in the magazine article<sup>11</sup> along with a shot of Smith "at the pinnacle of success" which is unaccountably missing from Smith's album), (11) and (12) Smith and Schellin respectively by cairn on ridge "75 feet below and 200 feet away from the top where it looked as if we would have to stop." The aluminum record tube later left on the summit shows in both photos, (13) and (14) two views of the summit block from the ridge shown in (11) and (12) (the former appeared in both the newspaper<sup>10</sup> and magazine<sup>11</sup> accounts of the climb), (15), (16), (17), and (18) panoramic views from the summit showing April Peak, Destroyer, Enigma, Brothers, Point Harrah, S Constance, Inner Constance, Olympus, Little Mystery, Mystery and the Needles, (19) avalanche debris on snow at the base of the mountain, (20) Crystal Glacier and moraine, Warrior Arm, Alphabet Ridge and Ridge of the Gargoyles, (21) "falls at the mouth of Tunnel Creek."

In addition to locating the original climbing route used by Smith and Schellin, we had been intrigued for some time by potential routes in the vast Great Amphitheater (GA) between the NE ridge and the cliffy buttress separating it from the Terrible Traverse cirque. Much of it is obviously avalanche-scoured in early spring, but we thought there might be possibilities. Smith's photo No. (6) (Fig. 3), rekindled our interest, and in 1981 we planned a *tour-de-force* for

June 6 to 14, hoping to do multiple routes in the GA and to determine if it had been first ascent route.

Mac and Frank scouted the trail up NTC on May 22, and on June 6 they, Randy, John Gray, Roy Teague and Mike Gaffney packed in and made a snow camp below the waterfall from the GA, on the edge of the avalanche fan. That evening it started to rain: we were grateful for the shelter of a big rock 100 feet up in the woods to the south. The rain continued all night and in the morning we could see fresh snow on the mountain. The rain was relentless, and we were forced to leave on the third day. Our only accomplishments were a scramble up to the TC divide and some preliminary scouting by John, Roy and Frank of the access to the GA which was guarded by low cliffs on either side of the waterfall.

Rescheduling with all members of the group proved to be impossible, and only the authors were able to return three weeks later, June 27, to the same campsite for another try in much more favorable weather. Randy preferred a direct route up the cliffs for entering the GA, but Frank found a bushy, less exposed way out of the gully to the right of the waterfall. The next day we left about 5 a.m. and climbed quickly along the watercourse above the waterfall to the center of the GA. A snow chute to the left led up to the notch at the foot of the buttress cliffs. A possible route appeared to lead back to the south spur crest at the right, and directly ahead two bands of cliffs looked high and difficult. Ribs on the right side hinted of possible routes still out of sight. We continued up the curving expanse of the GA until we were about 100 yards from the major cliff bands of the GA's left side. At this place an obvious bench of dark glassy rock angled off to the right as one faced the main cirque of the amphitheater.

A mountain goat nanny and kid had been preceding us up the stream bed, and we paused for a snack on the bench to let them get ahead, hoping they would move off to the left. Several times previously Frank had been in parties where goats had deliberately bombarded climbers from above. Randy somewhat skeptically "kidded" Frank about his war stories with goats, while getting the rack ready and roping up. Randy led up well-broken rock to the right, and traversed on a ledge back to the center of the GA, coming back under the goats preparatory to another ascent to the right. At this point the nanny apparently felt her charge to be in danger, and she let fly a golf-ball-sized rock which hit Frank in an unguarded spot. We started to move out fast to the right, but had gone a few feet when a beach-ball-sized bomb came thundering down in a hail of smaller rocks.

Only our prompt action on the first warning saved us from



disaster, and the air was blue with our imprecations and the smell of sulfur from freshly broken rocks as we scurried out of range. About one hundred yards to the right we rested briefly. Randy admitted he now had religion where goats are concerned. If there had been any thought of climbing straight up parallel to the cliffs at the left, it was now gone, and we continued alternating upward pitches to the right with traverses to the left in an obvious series of zigs and zags.

Shortly afterwards we paused briefly and both recognized the cliffs appearing in Smith and Schellin's photo No. (6) (Fig. 3). We were too low and too far into the GA for an identical view (Fig. 4), but it was clear that Smith and Schellin had to have been farther out on the S spur of the NE ridge to have taken that photo. Elated with this discovery we continued upward. Randy led up several rock pitches of fourth to low fifth class, continuing the obvious zig zag route. The rock was generally sound for basalt in this area and was warm and clean. The exposure was continuous; the view was tremendous. Any fifth class rock encountered (ca. 5.2 maximum) was easily climbed or avoided.

The head of the GA is crossed by a broad band of snow above a cliff band. We could have traversed the snow band to the base of the cliffs bounding the left side of the GA and then ascended a snow chute nearly to the ridge crest. We elected, however, to continue up a steep, hard snow chute to the right with Frank leading, and then to traverse snow and rock above the snow band to about the center of the GA and finally to work our way to the ridge crest.

As we left the snow chute we were close enough to the ridge crest to see two notches of soft red rock, either of which fit Smith's description of the "top of the ridge at a point where a vein of red and very rotten red rock crossed." Shortly after that we passed under a prominent gendarme on the NE ridge which is visible from at least 180° between Warrior Peak clear around to April Peak, and which appears to be overhanging or vertical on all sides. When Frank recognized it he said "Look!" and as Randy looked up, a low flying Boeing 707 came shooting from directly behind the gendarme. Randy, so startled he thought another goat was bombarding us, had moved several feet to the right before Frank had finished saying, "Look!" We reached the crest of the ridge at a flat spot about 15 by 30-foot and stopped for lunch. The view of the route ahead looked familiar. Taking out a copy of Smith and Schellin's photo No. (7) (Fig. 5), it was evident that it had been taken from this same direction, possibly from a little lower on the N.W. side of the ridge.

What looked like smooth slabs on the ridge above (Fig. 6) us turned out to be rough rock with comfortable holds. Randy led rapidly up these slabs to a spot joining a steep snowfield on the right

(leading up from the north face). Here recent tracks left the ridge and led up to the summit. As Frank led across to the top of these steps, he found a fresh cherry in the snow. The steps had to be made that day, or the day before. We couldn't wait to find out who the climbers had been (assuming they had repeated the 1958 ascent of the NE ridge by Route 6<sup>s</sup> – or the north face). When we reached the summit, however, we were incensed to find that some vandals had stolen the register and its container.

Our climb had been leisurely and enjoyable, and we did not leave the summit until nearly 4 p.m. We descended by the Terrible Traverse and Route 1C to Point Schellin, then took the same route back to camp used in our May 26, 1979 climb. This time the snow was largely gone, however, and we found the scree and boulders much slower going. This descent route is the probable route of B. Winiecki, J. Kiley and R. Pollock who climbed an east-side route in one day from Miner's Cabin in 1932. In the bottom of the valley, just below the outfall from the Terrible Traverse cirque, we were surprised to find an outcrop of cream-colored sandstone (typical of the inner core of the Olympics) which had always before been covered with snow. We were glad to reach camp just ahead of darkness. We believe the Great Amphitheater route to be Grade III, Class 4 (Grade IV with goats above!) and recommend it highly.

The next morning we decided to look further to the NE along the base of the cliffs for a campsite which Smith and Schellin might have used to gain the S spur. Skirting the cliffs for about 300 yards we came to a narrow dirt ramp which led over a shoulder and into a deep dry watercourse which we recognized as one of the "grooves" running up the broad end of the S spur. It appeared to offer access to the ridge, but seemed to drop over cliffs at the lower end. Retracing our steps down the dirt ramp, we continued down and left to a spot below the groove. Here we found a fan of rocks from the groove below a low cliff over which water would fall if there were snow in the groove above. Down the right side of the boulder fan flowed a small stream which originated somewhere on the wooded face to the right of the groove. At the base of the fan were some huge rocks, one sheltering an area about 15 by 30 feet. Unfortunately, the head space was low and there were signs of water flowing through in the past. This spot is directly in toward the mountain from the first meadow above Lake Thomson (the upper of the two small lakes in the valley). This seemed to fit Smith's description<sup>1</sup> well enough to be worth a try next time around. Well-satisfied with the weekend's accomplishments, we hiked out, avoiding nettles and devil's club as best we could.

We were not able to return until August 28, when Mac and the

authors packed in and camped at the big rock, and were blessed with a shower during the night. Morning dawned cloudy and foggy. Mac wisely decided that it was not a fit day to be on a mountain. The authors rashly opted to take a look and to come back if it rained.

We started up the little stream bed and turned left into the groove above the cliffs. The groove was of reasonable gradient except for more or less vertical steps 20 to 40 feet high every 100 yards or so, which involved class 3 or 4 pitches. After 800 to 900 vertical feet, we came to a cul-de-sac. Randy led up its right side, moving out away from the trees to find easier climbing (low 5th class for about 50 feet) until he reached a small belay ledge. From this ledge we traversed right through some very wet fir brush, and into the next chute. We climbed to the head of this chute which ran down into the basin between the north and south spurs of the NE ridge (see below). Soon we came to the base of a buttress or comb with quite sheer cliffs, and paused to assess the situation at a comfortable spot. We could now see the notch and cliffs of Smith and Schellin's photo No. (6) (Fig. 3), and could also see the roof and flake behind the notch.

Frank had to change film; by the time he had reloaded, valley fog had rolled up even with the notch and above. We waited for 10 minutes and it cleared somewhat, but not enough for a good photograph. No. (6) must have been taken within 100 yards of this spot. A short lower buttress with a few trees extending to the south could account for the trees in the lower right of No. (6) A ledge led us around to the south side of the comb above, and after about 100 feet Randy thought he saw a route to the top of the comb and started up. Thirty minutes later he managed to get back to the ledge after getting involved in some nasty 5th class scrambling without gaining more than 60 feet. This pitch obviously was not part of Smith and Schellin's route.

By now we could see that it would have been better to descend about 200 feet along the SE side of the crest to the base of what appeared to be a major cleft 200 yards up the ridge. This might put us on the upper ridge and connect with the route we had climbed two months earlier. It was near noon, however, and evident that if we went on to the summit we should have to contend with a bad weather bivouac for which we were not really prepared. By now we were getting a little moisture along with the fog. We started to retrace our steps and thanks to Randy's route-finding, we didn't get lost. Soon it started to rain, and then it poured. The senior author was very grateful for some belays on the wet class 4 steps in the long groove. We got back to camp about 4 p.m., in driving rain. Dry clothes, hot food, and a warm sack were welcome indeed. That

night it rained incredibly hard. It was a long hike out through the west brush the next day. Randy's polypropylene long underwear was put to the ultimate test.

We have now positively identified the route climbed by both the first and second ascent parties as the southern spur of the NE ridge. The exact route between the valley floor and the end of the upper S spur may never be known. According to Thomson, Smith and Schellin climbed up to the left of Thomson and Spark's route, and came down to the north of it, so really three variations were probably employed. Smith and Schellin must have descended via the third chute mentioned above to the basin between the two spur ridges (or possibly by another chute higher on the ridge).

In any case, it is with renewed respect that we salute these four climbers on this 60th anniversary of their climbs. What we today consider a Grade III, Class 4 climb must have involved a much greater commitment in 1922. These men all climbed in hob-nailed boots without a rope or any of the convenient means we now have for protecting ourselves on exposed rock. Smith and Schellin forced a route up an "impossible" mountain in amazingly fast time. Thomson and Sparks had the advantage of knowing the mountain could be climbed and how, but encountered such dense fog that it is truly amazing that they could complete the climb, even with a bivouac. All experienced both cold and hunger before they returned.

Two other Tunnel Creek high country trips should be mentioned. On February 28, 1981, Mac and Frank led an Olympia Branch snowshoe trip in STC, by Harrison Lake to the crest of the ridge between STC and the Dosewallips. We then turned left and hiked about two miles along the ridge, near Twin Lakes. The trip was particularly enjoyable for the continuously changing views of Constance and the TC area as we hiked along the ridge. We call this peak February Peak, although the single peak is inappropriately marked Twin Peak on some maps, presumably after the lakes far below.

On August 21, Frank Hueston, Bob Taffera, Lori Nelson, Matt Lovett, and Frank M. hiked in to the top of the 5,345-foot peak SW of Harrison Lake. This approximately where T.J. Acheson's photograph of Mt. Constance was taken, and later used to illustrate Smith's article in *The Mountaineer*. We suggest that this peak, easily climbed by hikers, be named Acheson Peak (Fig. 7).

The geriatric climbers did, after all, get back in the hills for one more year, some earlier than others. It should be made clear, though, that only some of our group fall in the 55-68 range, and that the others range down to their early teens. The first ascent was located and a new route put up through the great Amphitheater. However, a

valiant effort by Henry Thomson failed to turn up the missing climbing instructions from A.E. Smith. Please help us if you know anything about the Duke of Abruzzi and Mt. Constance.

### Acknowledgements

The authors are indebted to Albert Schellin, Keith Spencer, Henry Thomson and Bernhard Winiecki for private communications which were helpful in preparing this article. Black and white prints from colored slides and copies of snapshots were prepared by W.J. McCleary.

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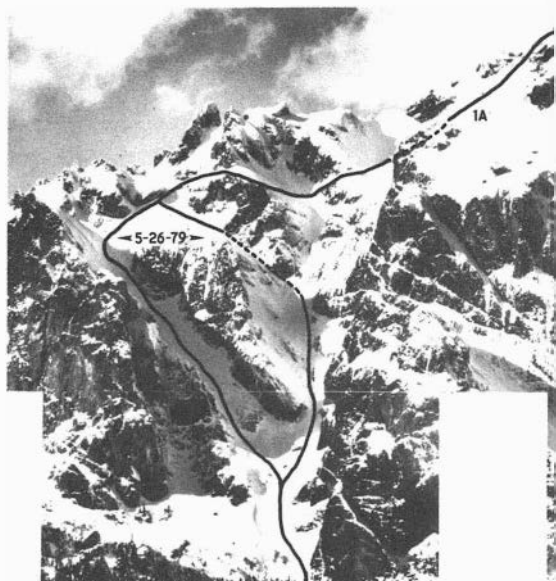


Fig. 1 East side of Mt. Constance from February Peak (2-28-81). (l to r) the two routes 5-26-79/the Great Amphitheater route, and the



Fig. 2 East side of Mt. Constance from the Tunnel Creek Divide.  
*W.J. McCleary*



Composite of four telephoto shots in the Terrible Traverse cirque,  
route of 8-28-81.  
*L.F. Maranville*

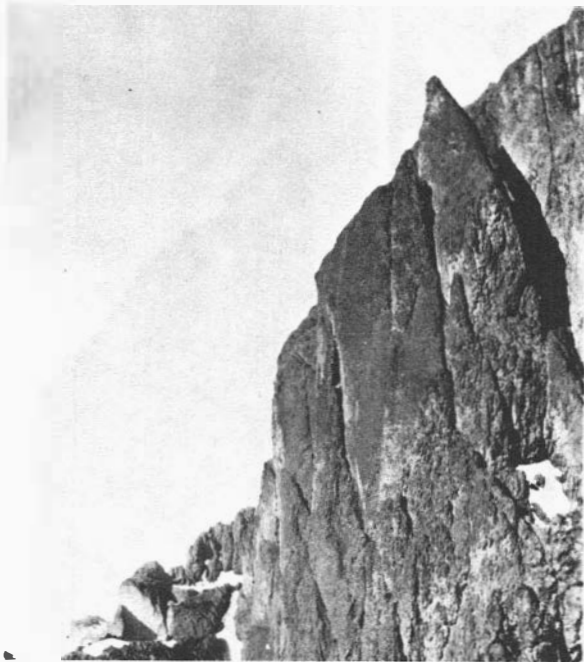


Fig. 3 Smith's No. 6, "About 2,000 ft. of wall, part of which  
was used in the ascent"  
*A.E. Smith*

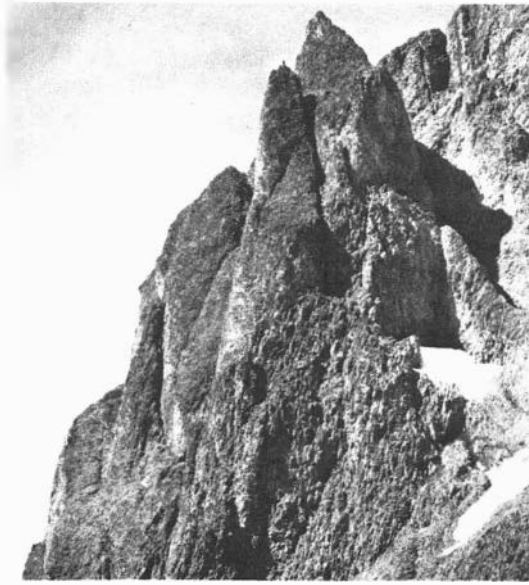


Fig. 4 Same wall from lower and to the west in the Great Amphitheater, 6-27-81. *L.F. Maranville*



Fig. 5 Smith's No. 7, "Double exposure. Highest dark point was first we had of the top the day of the climb. Streak in center was an opening between two large rocks." *A.E. Smith*





Fig. 6 The summit from nearly the same point as 5, 6-27-81.

*R.B. Nelson*

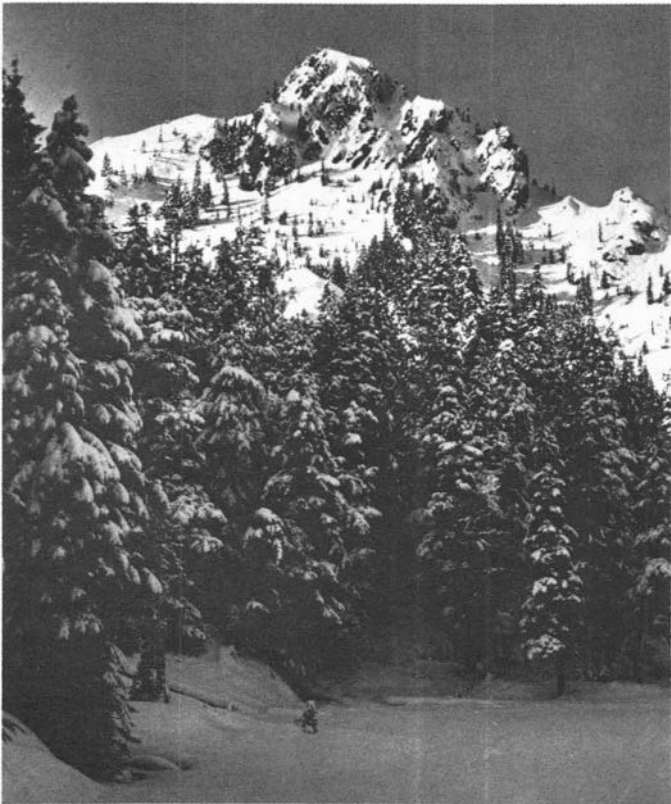


Fig. 7 Acheson Peak from Harrison Lake.

*L.F. Maranville*

## The Cast of '22

### Frank Maranville

To the author, already an 'old timer' in today's climbing world, it has been a revelation to step back another twenty years before the start of his own climbing career. One similarity stands out — in both periods, war surplus was an important source of clothing and camping gear for many climbers. There was much less emphasis on expensive and specialized clothing and hardware. Not many of us today would care to backpack and climb with the equipment of 60 years ago. Most of it was heavy and relatively ineffective by today's standards. Transportation, too, was different. One outing to the Olympics from Seattle involved boat, stage and rail travel. The three-week summer outing for the Mountaineers that year started at Goat Rocks, and participants then hiked from there to Mt. Adams and to Mt. St. Helens. Only a few Mountaineers had climbed all the major peaks. In fact, the Seattle Mountaineers were only slightly larger than today's Olympia branch, and the entire membership was under 900. Then, as now, women like Lulie Nettleton and Margaret Hazard participated actively in Mountaineer climbs and affairs.

Three of the four Constance climbers, Smith, Thompson and Sparks were active in the Boy Scouts of America, as was H. B. Cunningham. This is perhaps a higher percentage than normally encountered among climbers today. Smith and Schellin were both machinists, and each built a home for his family. Thomson and Sparks were both Boy Scout executives, and Smith and Thomson were both fascinated by the sea in different ways. As usual in the United States, the differences among the climbers were perhaps more striking and more interesting than the similarities, as may be seen from the biographical information that I was able to assemble.

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A(rthur) Earl Smith was born February 27, 1894 near Washburn, Wisconsin, quit school in the 10th grade, and moved with his family to Lewiston, Idaho in 1911. He worked with his father on the railroad in Lewiston, was a machinist's helper at Hood River in 1914, and trained as apprentice machinist at the Bremerton Navy Yard in 1917 until he enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps. He was stationed at Galveston, Texas until 1919 when he returned to the Navy Yard.



Fig. 1 Smith's No. 8 A.E. Smith "500 ft. below the summit. The last 1,000 ft. was easy going."  
A.E. Smith

Smith joined the Bremerton Branch of the Mountaineers in 1921, won the Acheson Cup in 1922 for the first ascent of Mt. Constance, and was president of the short-lived Bremerton Branch in 1923. (His sister, Iva Smith, also belonged to The Mountaineers.) Smith was nearly six feet tall, about 180 pounds, very strong and muscular, and had tremendous endurance. He met his future wife, Bertha Vigfusson (of Icelandic extraction), in The Mountaineers. She was a teacher in Seattle. After their marriage in 1925, they took a 12-day honeymoon in the upper West Fork of the Dosewallips, naming their base camp Honeymoon Meadows, and carving an appropriate sign while there. The Smiths built a house in Bremerton, and their daughter Kathleen was born in 1927.

While the first ascent of Chimney Rock eluded him (this ambition was mentioned in an article in *Sunset Magazine*, May 1923), Smith did make the first ascent of the South Peak of Chimney Rock in 1928 with Schellin and Hugh McKenzie (Ref. 1, p. 185).

Early in the Great Depression, Smith moved to Montesano to work at the Schafer Mill, and later to nearby Melbourne, where he worked for the Clemens Logging Company. The Smiths' daughter,



Fig. 2 Smith's No. 10. "Robert Schellin on the peak with a 1,000 ft. drop at his back."  
*A.E. Smith*

Lorna (now Mrs. D. D. Dayton), was born in Montesano in 1930. Smith returned to the Navy Yard in 1932, and worked until 1950 when he developed heart problems and retired on disability. He was a chain saw repairman until his death in 1956.

Smith was a highly regarded Scout leader in Montesano, a skilled hunter and an excellent marksman. He was self-educated in mathematics, blue print work, navigation and astronomy, and was a precision craftsman. He ground his own mirror for a nine-inch telescope (still operable) and built a sextant. In later years he became interested in boating, and built a ten-foot speed boat, an

ice boat, and two sail boats, the last a 38-foot sloop. He was a member of the Bremerton Yacht Club and sailed widely in Puget Sound, the San Juans and British Columbia waters. While the Mountaineers never questioned the authenticity of Smith's and Schellin's first ascent of Mt. Constance,<sup>2</sup> Smith was not used to having his honesty questioned, especially on the front page of a newspaper. He cooperated fully with Thomson and Sparks, and insisted that their confirmation of the first ascent be made a part of the Mountaineer records.

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Robert Schellin, born on August 9, 1900, was 21 at the time of the Mt. Constance climb and had not quite yet developed the endurance exhibited by Smith, who felt fine at the end of their climb, and hiked a mile and 1000 feet up through heavy brush to retrieve gear from their camp site.

Schellin had to drape a jumper from the rear of his belt to avoid "indecent" exposure when they got back to civilization. According to his brother, Albert, Schellin came home exhausted and badly sunburned. The hardships of the climb, however, only whetted his interest in the mountains, and started a life-long hobby of hiking and climbing. He belonged to the Mountaineers from 1922 until 1929. His brother mentioned Rainier, Glacier Peak and Sloan Peak among the mountains he later climbed. In 1928 he again teamed up with Smith, along with Hugh McKenzie, to make the first ascent of the South Peak of Chimney Rock.

Schellin was a machinist at the Bremerton Navy Yard, and later, during World War II, a Navy expediter. He lived in Seattle and commuted across the Sound. Schellin and his wife Helen (still living) were married in 1930. Like Smith, he built his own house. The Schellins had no children. He retired about 1950 for health reasons and died around 1958.

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Henry Thomson was born June 15, 1898 in Chicago and is still a spry and active resident of Seattle. He joined the Boy Scouts of America in the early days of the organization, attended scout camp in 1914, and was an assistant scoutmaster in Chicago. In 1917 Thomson joined the U.S. Navy, served on a destroyer guarding convoys, took an extended leave after the war, and sailed on several Merchant Marine ships. He attended the first Boy Scout Jamboree in London in 1920, got a visa to Ostende, Belgium, and saw the Olympic Games, then worked with Boy Scouts in Belgium and established a troop in Coblenz, Germany, while working there as a civilian clerk/typist for the U.S. Army.

# Note Verifies Climber's Claim

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## Seattle Youths Scale High Peak



Two Claim to Have Found  
Proof of Bremerton Man's  
Ascent of Peak.

- 1. Mt. Constance
- 2. Harold D. Sparks
- 3. Henry E. Thompson

Fig. 3 *Seattle Times* clipping.

In June, 1921 he got a job as field scout executive in Seattle, arriving in September (Edmond S. Meaney signed his card). In the summer of 1922, Thomson and H. B. Sparks were highly respected assistant camp directors at Camp Parsons on Hood Canal, returning periodically to Seattle where both had joined the Mountaineers. Learning of Smith and Schellin's ascent of Constance, and of Clement's challenge to its authenticity, they wrote to Smith, who sent them directions for their climb to verify the ascent.

Thomson also completed high school in 1922. Later he attended the University of Washington, receiving his degree in English and sociology in 1928. He was coxwain on the U.W. crew.

In 1926 he married Marguerite Harby; they have two sons, Henry and Mack. Thomson sailed for a year as third mate in the Merchant Marine, then spent several years with the Harbor Patrol in Seattle. He continued hiking and climbing, but found it difficult to get out with The Mountaineers during these years because of long and irregular work hours. He took graduate courses at the University of Washington, and during the second world war worked for the Signal Corps in Philadelphia as a supervisor, training security guards. After the war he started work for the Central Budget Agency in Olympia, retiring in 1962 as Principal Budget Analyst. The Thomsons have a cabin on Guemes Island, and usually spend some time in the winter in Hawaii, where Henry still enjoys climbing some of the lower peaks.

Thomson's brother, Walter G. Thomson of Portland, made an ascent of Constance from the east at a much later date by approximately the same route used in 1922.

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Harold B. Sparks, also an assistant director for the Boy Scouts' Camp Parsons in 1922, joined The Mountaineers that same year, and was about a year younger than Thomson. Sparks was a very active climber in 1924. He made the fourth ascent of the South Brother on June 14, 1924 with W. T. Chute<sup>3</sup> (who had made the second ascent two weeks previously with his brother). Sparks took a party of seven Scouts up the north side of Mt. Anderson on July 17 (the second ascent), and they returned down the north ridge of West Peak (a "discouraging route") to climb Sentinel Peak. He participated in the Mountaineer summer outing that year, climbing Rainier and Pyramid Peak. On August 8 he led eight scouts up the West Peak of Mt. Olympus. On September 14, Sparks got off the usual route on Kaleetan Peak with Blanche Van Nuys and Ted Lewis.<sup>4</sup> While attempting a traverse across a cliff face to regain the correct route, Sparks fell to his death. The body was recovered



Fig. 4 Henry Thomson with hob-nailed boots used in the 1922 climb. (9-1-81) *L.F. Maranville*

nearly a thousand feet lower and, with the help of Forest Service personnel, was evacuated the same night. Thomson was at sea at the time of the accident, but was a member of a party which went in a week later to retrieve Sparks' effects. One cannot help but wonder what this man might have accomplished, both as a climber and professionally, if he had not met such an untimely death.

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Harry ("H. B.") Cunningham was a prominent Seattle educator, Scout executive and youth counselor.<sup>5</sup> He was chief guide at Mt. Rainier from 1925-1932 and first climbed Rainier in 1911. He played an important part in developing safe climbing techniques for guided parties on Mt. Rainier. According to Thomson, the 6300-foot pass between the two branches of Tunnel Creek was known as Cunningham Pass in the 1920's, so named, he thought, by Cunningham himself. Cunningham was unsuccessful in several attempts on Mt. Constance.

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John Clements, better known as "Johnny the Trapper," wrote the *Seattle Star* from Brinnon, WA:<sup>6</sup>



Lake Constance is 5810 feet above sea level and from there on the mountain is split in two by a deep canyon. The peaks on the west have been scaled. I am sending you a picture of myself on the peak at the west.

But the peak at the east, which is six or seven hundred feet higher, has never been scaled.

I have spent months on the sides of Mt. Constance. I blazed the trail in 1891 when a boy.

The sharp pinnacle on which Clements is standing in his photo could be one of the points on the ridge west of the Thumb, but is certainly not Inner Constance, the highest of the western peaks. Clements must have been in his 40's at the time of his letter.

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Thomas J. Acheson presented the Mountaineers with a sterling silver trophy to be awarded each year to the Washington member accomplishing the most notable achievement in mountaineering for that year. After 10 such awards in 10 years it reverted to the club. "It was the feeling of the (first) committee that the initiative to attempt this ascent, the splendid strength and skill, and the high type of mountaineering displayed, should win for Mr. Smith the honor of first holding the coveted trophy." Acheson belonged to The Mountaineers from 1914 to 1924, and had tried five times to climb Mt. Constance. Henry Thomson believes that Acheson was an architect.

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Mr. Collier. Smith's account mentions a Mr. Collier who had planned to climb with them, but had an accident and had to withdraw at the last minute. Ira L. Collier, 9019 34th Ave. N.E., was a member of The Mountaineers in 1922 (only), but we are left without knowing whether they were the same man, or what the nature and outcome of the accident were.

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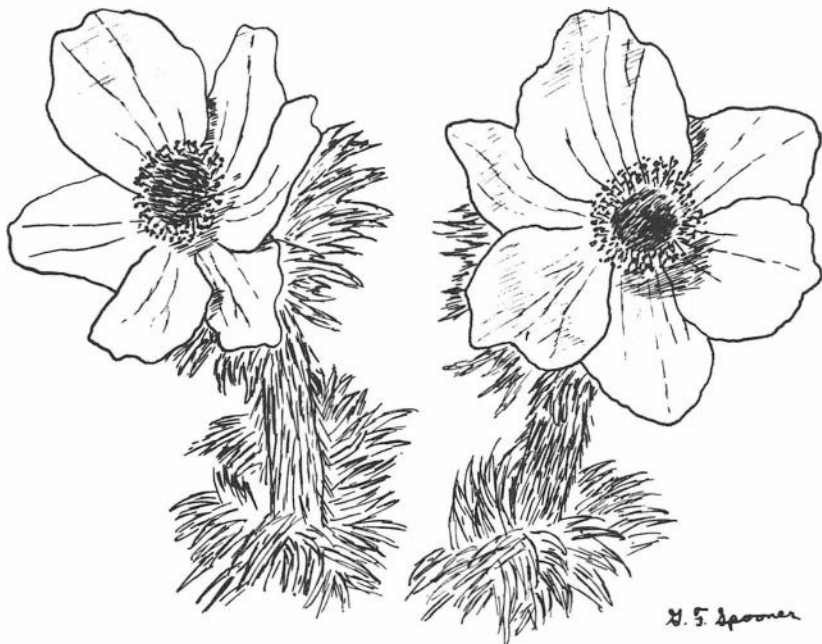
Hugh McKenzie, the third member of the 1928 party on South Peak of Chimney Rock, was a member of The Mountaineers from 1919 to 1932, and had climbed all the major peaks. Two loose photographs in another of Smith's albums show him by the summit cairn to be a man of about 50, of average size, with a mustache, and with a light-color braided rope over his shoulder. Smith was carrying a dark laid rope. In a third shot of all three climbers before a concrete block building, McKenzie has a cigar in his left hand, and a 40 in. ice axe in the other which has a leather protector laced around the bottom foot of the wooden shaft.

One final footnote to climbing history: Fred Beckey, in Ref. No. 1, p. 184, writes, "An account in the August 1923 Mountaineer Bulletin states that a party of seven led by Joe Hazard climbed the highest part of Chimney Rock, but this must be relegated to the level of the tale." Credit should be given to Joe Hazard for his later retraction in the July 1925 Mountaineer bulletin in which he admits that, after seeing the Lemah/Chimney Rock group from Mt. Stuart on May 30, 1925, he realized that his party of seven had actually climbed Lemah Peak, not Chimney Rock.

The author wishes to express his sincere thanks to the many people who have contributed information and documents for these two articles. In particular, Henry Thomson, Lorna Dayton and Kathleen Smith have been extremely generous with their time and family records.

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- 2 *The Mountaineer*, XIV, No. 10, p. 4.
- 3 *The Mountaineer*, XVI, Nos. 8, 9 & 10.
- 4 *The Mountaineer*, XVI, No. 11, Oct. 1924, p. 7.
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- 6 *Seattle Star*, July 7, 1922, p. 1 (letter from J. Clements).



Western Anemone

H. F. Spooner  
George F. Spooner

# The Olympia Branch Comes of Age

## Olive Hull

The Olympia Branch of the Mountaineers celebrated its eighteenth anniversary on September 5, 1981.

Past chairmen and charter members were recognized. Of the 67 charter members, eight were in attendance: Robert Bammert, Bartlett Burns, Hubert Favero, Francis Flerchinger, Frank Maranville, Lloyd McElvain, Loren McElvain, and Paul Wiseman. Thirteen past chairmen came, and following the potluck dinner, slides from the "early" days to the present were shown.

Paul Wiseman reminisced about how the branch was formed, and some of the unique history of the branch was reviewed. The first climbing course was offered in 1963, and many of these people were the charter members. In 1965, during the term of Francis Flerchinger, the Branch leased Little Si for a rock field trip area and also began to offer hiking trips. Robert Bammert in 1966 added snowshoeing and cross-country skiing and established the Olympic Peak Pin, which twenty-three members of the Olympia Branch have earned.

In 1968, Lloyd McElvain started the hiking and backpacking course. Barlett Burns established our branch library, which he still maintains. In 1974, Mike McCormick added bicycling as an activity. In 1977, Roy Teague appointed Ruth Marcy chairperson of the climbing course, making her the first woman in the Mountaineers to lead this activity. In 1978, Chub Foster introduced the Olympic Trails Award. The canoeing and kayaking course was begun in 1980 by Mike Merchant.

In 18 years, the Olympia Branch has grown from a group of 67 climbers to a branch of over 500 who participate in a variety of different activities. More and diverse interests are expected to be explored in the years ahead.

## Wild Edibles

### Ramona Hammerly

We have all nibbled blueberries or salmonberries along the trail, and you may have made or sampled blackberry or dandelion wine. But have you tried the fruit of salal or nettle tea? Both are high on my list of wild edibles. Books on wild edibles help us escape our complex industrial society and take pleasure in the diversity of weeds and native plants which can be eaten. This is not supermarket fare, so we will have to consider the problems before the handbooks.

The products of our industrial development — high populations, agri-chemicals, biological and industrial wastes — give us increasing need for caution. Our nibbling may be harmful not only to the plant we eat, but also to the ecosystem and to ourselves.

Agriculture has made us dependent on its continuance, both by displacing much of the original vegetation, including native food stuffs, and by the vast increase in population, which its efficient production is allowing. We have ample disturbed land for introduced weeds but little suitable habitat for delicate slow growing plants, including many small bulbs and roots the Indians ate and found in abundance. So eat the dandelions and other vigorous growing things and leave *Fritillaria* (rice root), *Erthronium* (faun lily), calypso orchids and the like for us to enjoy as flowers.

Most handbooks tell you to use the rarer plants only in emergencies. In Washington's Cascades or Olympics, it is hard to get more than two days from the road, and rescues are prompt. Hunger may be strange and uncomfortable, but recall, the Irish hunger strikers took over sixty days to die.

In popular areas the plants are suffering from trampling and trails show signs of over-use — expanding mud holes, braided multiple tracks, erosion to rock substrates . . . Campsites are barren, meadows are covered with confusing networks of trails, and land management agencies are imposing restrictions. Replacing lug soled boots with tennis shoes in camp helps, as does thoughtful placement of feet, tents, and stoves. The higher we go, the more severe become the limits to plant growth and regeneration, and the greater becomes the need to treat what does manage to grow with gentle respect. So in the high country, enjoy eating blueberries, sampling a few leaves, or tasting a seed pod — but leave some seed pods to ripen, and don't eat the whole plant.

Now to the more personal dangers. Some plants are dangerous in themselves, others are made hazardous by ignorance and carelessness. Books and classes on edible plants are a fine substitute for trial and error. A few plants are too toxic to sample, so if you like to experiment, learn them fast. The tolerance and digestive systems of insects, birds and animals differ from ours and are not a reliable indicator of edibility.

The products of agri-business are monitored for pesticide residues and contamination. You are on your own when foraging. Pesticides and herbicides are increasingly dispersed into the environment; not just by farmers and gardeners but by timber producers (including USFS) and those responsible for maintaining road, rail and power line rights-of-way. Auto exhaust adds lead. Industries add heavy metals, PCB's . . .

Now to the books on wild edibles. Most are oriented to a specific region, some to a particular use or type of wild edible. Only recent ones specific to the Pacific Northwest are considered.

*Wild Berries of the Pacific Northwest* . . . on the bush . . . on the table . . . in the glass, J.E. (Ted) Underhill, Hancock House and Superior, 1974. This book is limited to berries, but only in the widest sense of the term. The author's inquiring mind, experience and research have provided a great variety of useful and interesting information on everything that looks like a berry. There is a lot of text but no extra words. A few recipes are given for jam, pie, muffins and shortcake, just enough to get you started.

A chapter on wine making outlines the process and includes a table of suggested proportions, as berries are best diluted with water when making wine. The instructions include a trip to your local winemakers' store for materials and "a paperback copy of one of the beginner's guides to winemaking." The information is up to date, includes specifics of making berry wines that you will not find in wine making books and is an adequate crash course if you've just picked ten pounds of over-ripe blackberries. If you would like quicker results, there are general instructions for making berry flavored liqueurs.

A key to the identification of wild berries is provided; it is unlike anything I've seen but is quick and easy to use. Two facing pages allow you to choose a code number. The next two sets of facing pages list sixty-two native berries by code number with further identifying points, edibility and page where the berry is discussed. The coding uses growth habit, placement of berries and shape of leaves. The latter two are illustrated with line drawings and are in non-botanical language as is the entire book. Identification can be made by thumbing through the book, looking at the color photos,

and checking information in the text. However, the key is quicker.

If you are interested in plant poisons this is a very good book. The author includes this information in the individual accounts, discusses problems of garden berries and fruits in the introduction, and includes references on poisonous plants in his bibliography. As an example, in discussing yew: their red fruit "are best left alone. Other yew species are notoriously poisonous, containing a powerful alkaloid heart depressant which can cause death with very few advance symptoms . . ."

*Wild Teas, Coffees & Cordials, 60 Drinks of the Pacific Northwest*, Hilary Stewart, Douglas and McIntyre and U. of W. press, 1981. Full page drawings handsomely laid out opposite the text make this book a joy to thumb through in front of the fireplace, and very easy to use. No botanical training is needed, just careful observation and reading the notes and the text to double check a new plant's identity.

The first part of the book contains a wide range of general information on harvest, preparation and preservation. There are sensitive and helpful notes on environmental concerns.

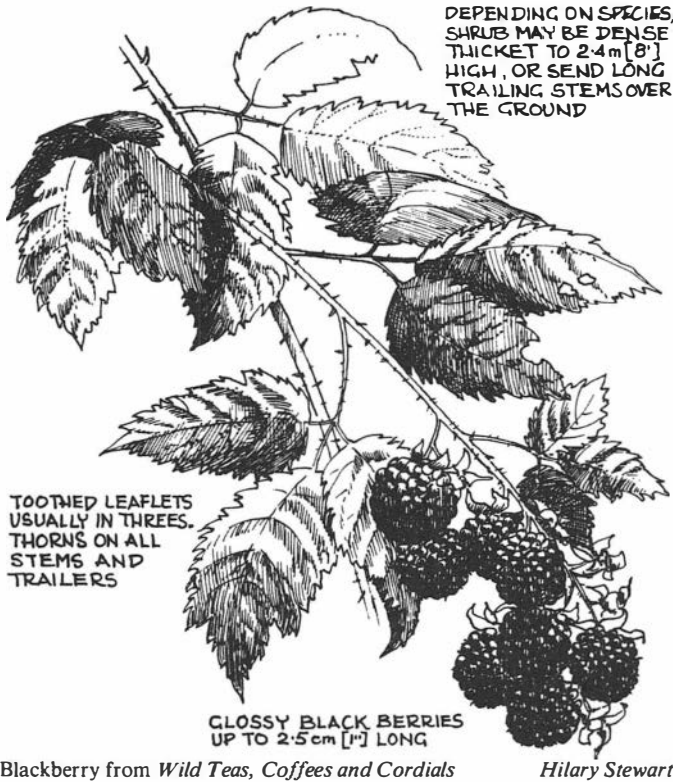
The text opposite the drawings is divided into Habitat, Season, Preparation and Did You Know. The last notes other uses of the plant, especially those of Indians, and intriguing bits of miscellany. Habitat and season will give you a double check in identifying the plants and help you decide which to watch for. Preparation is just that, what part of the plant to use and how to make a drink with it. All drinks are non-alcoholic.

*Food Plants of British Columbia Indians*, Part I — Coastal Peoples and Part II — Interior Peoples, Nancy J. Turner, B.C. Provincial Museum Handbooks Nos. 34 & 36, 1975 & 1975. True to their title, these handbooks deal in detail with the plants used by the Indians, showing the diversity of wild edible plants used. It discusses the plants' relation to Indian culture and history, records and species used by individual groups of Indians and describes their varied methods of harvest, preparation, use and etiquette.

As with other handbooks in the series, it is written in non-technical language and is profusely and carefully illustrated. Many of the photos are in color and they show characteristics useful in identifying the plant.

The author, in consideration of our inclination to try these foods, comments on possible poisoning by misidentity or misuse. As with garden vegetables, it is often important to use the right part of the plant at the appropriate stage of maturity.

*Ethnobotany of Western Washington*, Erna Gunther, U of W Press, 1945. This classic monograph documents the use of plant



materials by western Washington Indians. Written as a scholarly paper, there are no pictures, just lots of information about our most common and important plants as well as some uncommon ones. Plants are identified by both their scientific and common names, and both are included in the index. Indian names are also listed. The Indian and scientific names of the plants and a few general medical terms are the only words which aren't a part of our everyday English.

*Northwest Foraging*, a guide to edible plants of the Pacific Northwest, text: Doug Benoiel, illustrations: Mark Orsen, Signpost, 1974. Elegant full page drawings face text which describes the plant, its habitat and its edibility. The plants were chosen for their ease of identity, good eating, interest to hikers and campers or special interest to city dwellers.

Fourteen poisonous plants are shown in detail. They include the extremely toxic plants and other confusing, tempting or common plants which the author felt should be pointed out to the would-be forager. Details on the poison and its effects are given and books on poisonous plants are listed in the bibliography.

A varied section of recipes at the end augments the suggestions in the main text.

*Why Wild Edibles?* by Russ Mohny, is a thoughtful discussion of the pleasures and hazards of collecting wild edibles which includes plants from west of the Rockies, except arid and desert plants. Escapees from cultivation and those known to absorb agricultural chemicals have been excluded. Look-alikes are pointed out and plants were chosen which aren't easily confused with dangerous plants from the same area. Also, there is a list of common poisonous plants. Many garden weeds are included, so you can start in your own yard or a nearby vacant lot.

This book has the best discussion of the hazards of eating wild plants that I've read. A sampling:

If there is a serious drawback in collecting wild edibles, it is that some have been rendered inedible by man. The wild plants have suffered from polluted water, defiled earth, and fouled air, so be careful where you collect them. Take aquatic plants only from waters that are not chemically polluted and don't collect leafy plants from area of high industrial air pollution.

For the same reasons, don't collect wild edibles alongside the roadway. Exhaust fumes from passing cars are often absorbed by the plants, making their lead content far above levels safe for consumption . . .

In areas of heavy air pollution such as an industrial park, foliage may absorb fatal concentrations of lead and mercury from the air . . .

Another high point of this book is its unusual recipes, several for each plant. For jam and jelly makers there are instructions for testing the natural pectin content, supplementing it with apple when necessary, and making the jelly. Jelly made without store bought pectin must be cooked longer, often about fifteen minutes. The one minute boiling called for in most prepared pectin recipes requires a carefully measured balance of pectin, sugar and acid which we don't have with wild berries, except blackberries and blueberries.

*Huckleberry Country, Wild Food Plants of the Pacific Northwest*, Mary and Steve Thompson, Wilderness Press, 1977. This book is organized by geographic region and habitat by authors working out from the Willamette Valley. It is most easily used in that area. Many of the same species occur further north but some do not and discrepancies come into the general descriptions of regions at their northern extremity.

The text is careful and brief. Line drawings show the identifying features of the plants and scale is indicated. Problems of changing land use are considered. Some rare plants are included for historic interest. Instructions are given for making maple syrup, along



with the warning that rain water which has run down the bark will make it bitter, ruining it.



Dandelion from *Wild Teas, Coffees and Cordials*

Hilary Stewart

## The Sawtooth Wilderness Area of Idaho

**Elliot V. Mock**

Five Seattle backpackers, planning their annual week-long hike, decided to forgo the Pacific Northwest in favor of "something different." Their choice was the Sawtooth Wilderness Area in Western Idaho. This article is a brief description of that trip and a review of a recent guidebook, *Sawtooth National Recreation Area*, by Luther Linkhart, published by Wilderness Press.

The selection of the Sawtooth Wilderness for spectacular scenery with good backpacking terrain and camping was indeed a fortunate choice. A loop trip of seven nights on the trail, with approximately 50 miles of trail hiking and 1 or 2 layover days, was the routine we had established in previous years. The criteria also included remoteness from the highway to preclude the possibility of too many other hikers.

To satisfy these requirements, we selected the Grandjean entry, about 100 miles northeast of Boise. The trails in the vicinity of Baron Creek and the Payette River have many small lakes and led us through relatively high terrain. We started at 5,000 feet, with most of the trails at 8,000 feet, and passes to almost 10,000 feet.

Any plans for a hike before the first week in August may encounter problems, mainly with old snow on the higher passes, and some camp sites. High afternoon temperatures (compared to the Cascades) made the direction of the route important. By choosing a clockwise direction, the one long, exposed portion of the trip was a descent.

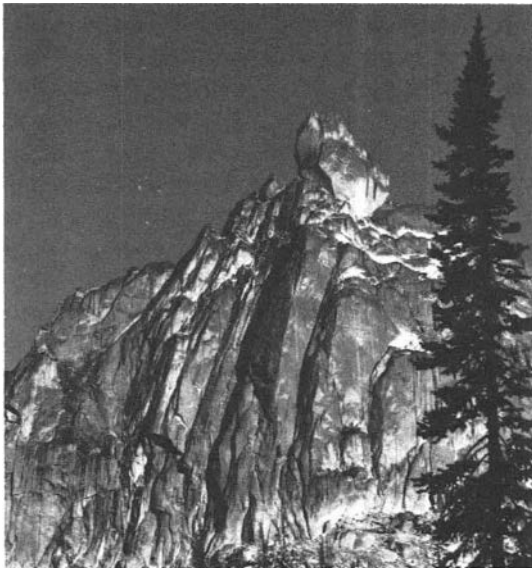
After our start from Grandjean, we followed the Baron Creek Trail to the Three Baron Lakes, then on to the Three Cramer Lakes. Our first layover at Upper Baron Lake provided the base for some good scrambling and views. We then went on to the three Cramer Lakes. Here we saw that a site near a 20-foot waterfall into Middle Cramer Lake would have made a spectacular campsite. Unfortunately for us, others were there first. Disappointment vanished when we found an equally delightful campsite on Upper Cramer Lake. We camped on the edge of a large meadow surrounded by the jagged peaks of granite which suggest the area's name. That evening's alpenglow was a truly memorable sight. A large spring starting in the middle of the meadow provided drinking water needing no precautionary treatment.

The next day, we went over the 9,000-foot plus pass below The Temple. This area is well suited for scrambling or technical climb-

ing. We found a second "layover" campsite at Vernon Lake. The next day, some of the party climbed to a pass above Edith Lake, to be rewarded by an expansive view of the entire eastern part of the Sawtooth National Recreation Area. Continuing along the South Fork of the Payette, the trail brought us back to Grandjean.

Luther Linkhart's *Sawtooth National Recreation Area* is a comprehensive guide to the area. The 222-page book has separate sections on such topics as Recreation, Motor Trips, Backcountry, Cross-Country Ski Trips, and Snowmobiling. The Backcountry section includes the White Cloud and Boulder Mountain areas in the eastern portion of the SNRA. With a photo or drawing on each page, the visual descriptions augment the written material. The single map is a reproduction of the Forest Service map and may be removed from its pocket on the inside back cover of the book. Unfortunately, there are no individual area sketches and maps. Each individual hike is illustrated with a profile drawing showing elevation and distance.

In this reviewer's judgment, the book was no help in planning our trip. We prefer the format of the usual northwest guide books. However, the book is well written, and you may agree with my wife that it makes good armchair reading. The Sawtooth National Recreation Area is worth discovering and rediscovering.



In the Sawtooth Range

*Bob Ordal*

## **Waddington Adventures: Everett's Mt. Waddington Expedition**

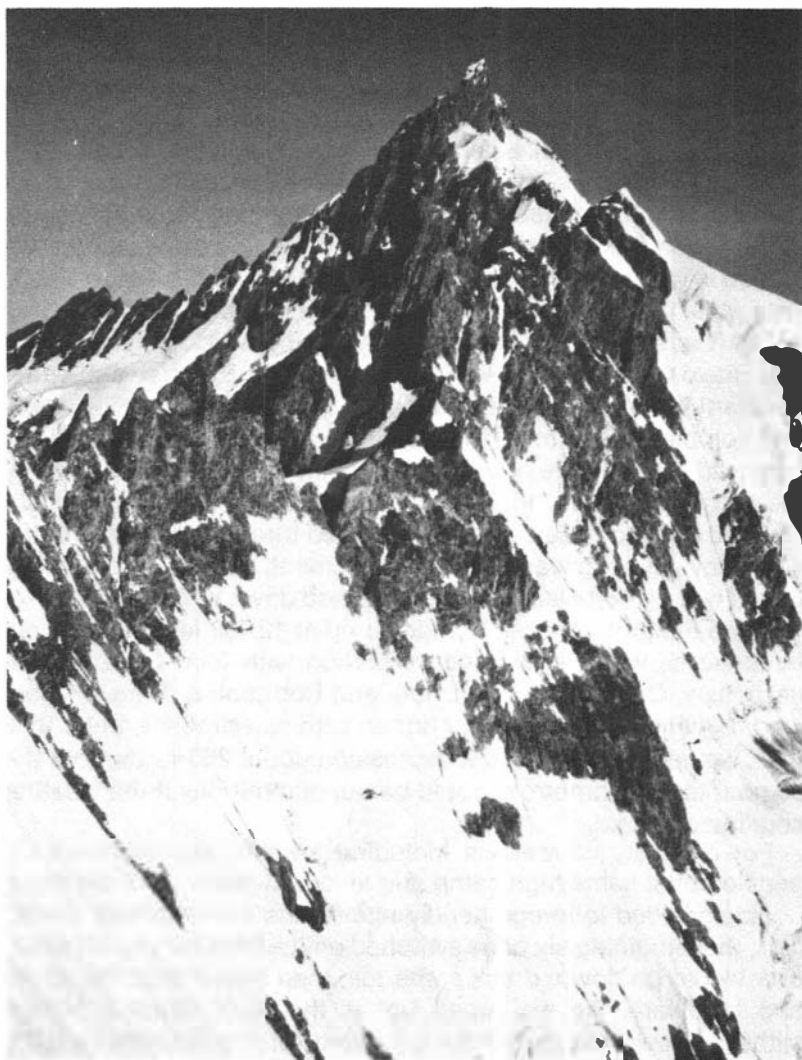
**Bob Kandiko**

I have wanted to climb Mt. Waddington since the night I saw a slide show by the late Leif Patterson on mountains of the world. Here was a peak in our backyard which contained all the qualities of a great mountain. Waddington was in the middle of the incredibly rugged Canadian Coast Range. It towered over all neighboring peaks with its tooth-like summit which could only be ascended by mountaineers who could master the difficult rock and ice. Even with a talented group, a party's success depended heavily on a lull in the typically miserable coastal weather. To stand on top of the pinnacle of the coast range and behold the unbelievable panorama became a dream that occupies many a winter's night.

In July, 1981, the opportunity arose to organize a group of close friends from the Everett Mountaineers in hopes of achieving the long sought after goal. After the traditional pot luck get-together where the initial plans were set out, the group was not to regather until the day of departure. The drive from the coast, up the Fraser River to Williams Lake, and then west to Tatla Lake entertained the group as we viewed the incredibly varied and scenic landscapes of British Columbia. After four hours on the dusty gravel road, we were delighted to arrive at Bluff Lake, where the layers of dirt and grime were lost with a soothing swim. We were served tea and pastries as we waited at White Saddle Air Services until the heat of the day left the valley. Then, three at a time, we left the lush greenness and helicoptered in to the Coast Range.

Those helicopter flights are worth the weeks of packing and the extra hundred dollars. Up the valley we flew with jagged peaks on either side. Unclimbed faces loomed at the head of every valley. The valley narrowed as we approached the massif of the Waddington group. Zooming over and around rock buttresses and ice seracs, we finally dropped down to the Tiedemann glacier, where base camp would be established at 6,000 feet. Then the pilot gave us a wave as he lifted off the snow and headed home, leaving us in the tranquil quiet of the mountains.

The next day dawned clear and cold as we packed eight days of food for our attempt at the peak. The first day was a scorcher, as the sun baked down on us from all angles. We waded through knee-deep mush with heavy loads as we worked a path through



Waddington's icy summit tower as seen from the northwest summit. *Bob Kandiko*

the deadly Bravo icefall. The Bravo glacier funnels down through this one icefall which has a history of treating visitors in an unkind manner. With water dripping off ominous overhanging seracs, we moved quickly and quietly until we reached a crevasse that blocked our path. No choice seemed to avail itself other than climbing down into the crevasse and back up the precipitous wall on the opposite side. It took two hours for this gain of 50 feet, but now we were out of the immediate icefall. We waded on for another hour before setting up camp at 9,000 feet.

Day 2 dawned clear again. We fixed a short section below the headwall leading to Bravo Col and belayed people up the steep, unstable slope. In three hours, we were erecting tents at the col, since it was the logical place to stop. The wind increased as we settled in for the afternoon. A group of three carried loads to 11,000 feet, while the others rambled to the top of Bravo Peak, 10,200'.

Day 3 was to be our only storm day, during which we discovered that Bravo Col acted as a vortex for the winds. Exercise and entertainment were had by all as we constructed elaborate snow walls that completely encircled the tents. Day 4 was a beautiful day but we could not advance due to an oversight in the fuel allocation by the trip leader. Alas, instead of moving ahead, a group of four scurried back to base camp and returned through the icefall in the same day. This trip was not without incident, as Jack was partially buried when a wet slab avalanche gushed down the headwall.

Day 5 the group moved to high camp at 12,000 feet. Views were fantastic as we slowly gained elevation with food for a week if necessary. On the way, Fred, Joe, and Bob took a diversion from load carrying to climb Mt. Spearman with its attractive arete. By 3 p.m., we had nestled into a depression about 200 yards from the summit tower. Tomorrow would be our summit day if the weather continued to hold.

For a variety of reasons including another expedition of six people at the same high camp and an odd number (7) of climbers, Debbie decided to forego her chance for the main summit. So at 3 a.m., the remaining six of us switched on the headlamps, ate whatever would go down, drank some tea, then shouldered the packs and hardware. As we roped up at the rock, Bruce's helmet slithered down the glacier as it headed for the Tiedemann 6,000 feet below. We scrambled up several icy class four rope lengths until we reached the notch between the Tooth and the main summit pyramid. The sunrise over the jagged Tiedemann group caused us to rest briefly and appreciate the magical moment that is perhaps the high point of any climb — that point when all the effort and anticipation leave one empty of all thoughts concerning

daily existence and permit the human senses to accept the natural magnificence of life without judgement or scrutiny. So brief was the passing of the sensation, but eternal in its depth.

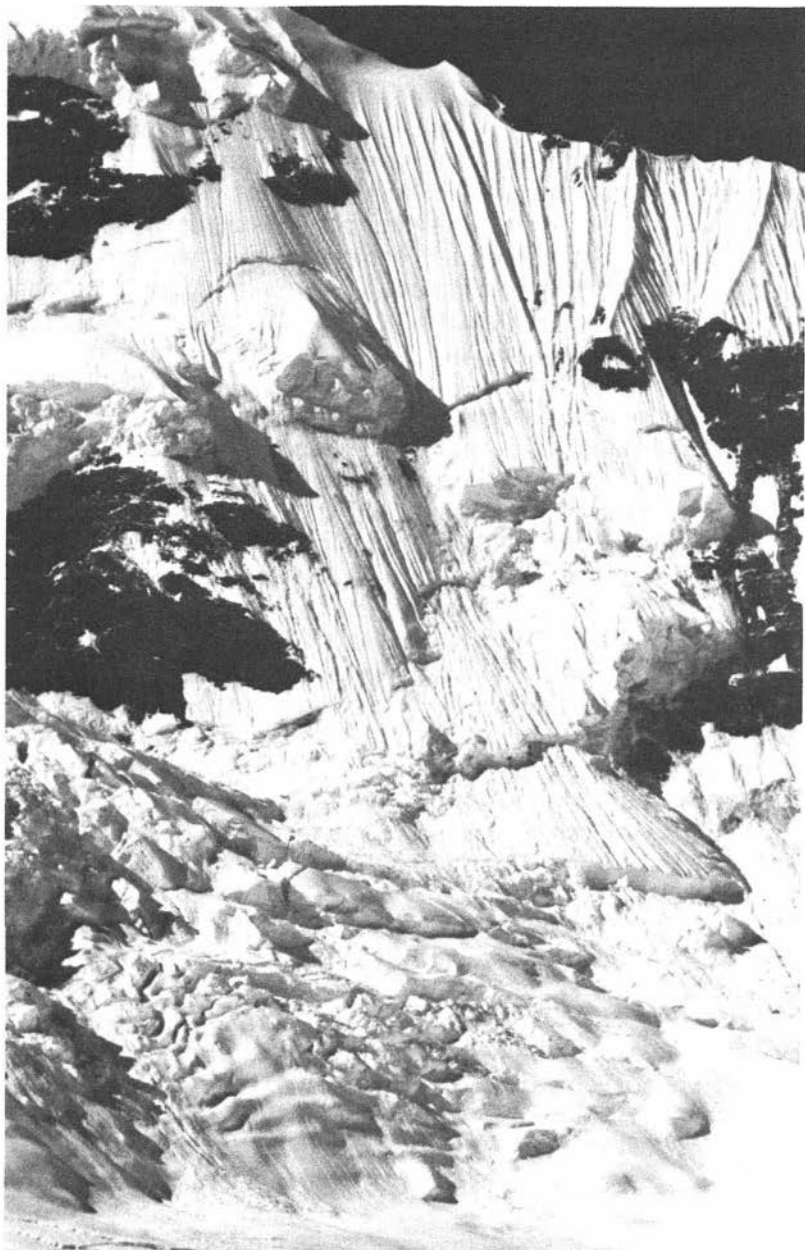
The notch on Waddington is not the place for lengthy contemplation, as winds howl up the south face to the gap which stretches for a meager two feet. A solid belay was made on the other side just below the crux chimney that was covered with ice on one side. Thanks to advice from Paul Starr, who climbed the mountain 12 years before, we exited onto the exposed face to the right where solid holds led us to easier ground. Under and around ominous ice feathers, we climbed until a steep ice gully brought us to the summit snowfield. Unbelievably, the summit appeared and the ascent was over, and the apex of the Canadian Coast Range was ours.

The weather was perfect, so we stayed on the top four hours enjoying the panoramic view and sharing our enthusiasm. The tedious rappels scared the group as we stood six at a time huddled under those eight foot talice feathers while they slowly melted. At 4 p.m., we dropped onto the glacier and strolled back to high camp. A most satisfying day sent us quickly to our down bags.

The next day, four of us ventured over to the northwest peak for the classic view of the main summit, first captured by Phyllis Munday in 1931. Back at camp, we packed our belongings and started down the mountain. At noon we were at Bravo Col, and 5 p.m. we arrive at base camp. Our weary bodies still had the energy to prepare a spaghetti dinner complete with wine and cheesecake.

A day of rest followed during which we washed each other's hair, sunbathed, and recorded thoughts in our diaries. That evening Bob and Joe reloaded their backs with bivouac gear and left for the North Face of Mt. Munday. This awesome ice face had attracted the climbers the minute the helicopter had landed. The face looked in condition with blue ice showing on the bottom half and majestic flutings leading to the top. It was a classic ice face normally seen only in the alps, but because of its position next to Mt. Waddington, it remained unclimbed.

The bivouac was set up in the incredible cirque under the face. Headlamps at 4 a.m. took Joe and Bob through the avalanche debris, and twilight found them overcoming the second shrund. The race was on; one never knows how long such a face will remain quiet and when it might send an avalanche tumbling down. Eight screws on the first thousand feet as the climbers witnessed an extraordinary sunrise while the valley below was filled with fog. The second thousand feet was just fun, as hard snow permitted step-kicking along the eight-foot flutings. To venture where no one



Mt. Munday's north face, 700 meters, climbed by Joe Catellani and Bob Kandiko.

*Bob Kandiko*



had been before was a special thrill for the pair as they scurried up the summit ridge. The view back to Waddington was fantastic as the sheer south face came into view. The descent via the north glacier was more dangerous than the ascent, but it offered the quickest way back. At 3 p.m., a quiet base camp was reached. The remaining five had departed for the Plummer Hut on the opposite ridge. Fatigue and relief brought an early sleep as yet another beautiful day in the Coast Range came to a close.

The remaining three days were spent at the Plummer Hut, situated on the southwest shoulder of Claw Peak. From this location, many excellent climbs are accessible on the Serra peaks and other smaller summits. However, our group was more than satisfied with contemplating the successful climb on Mt. Waddington, enjoying the vistas, and strolling around the Tellot glacier to explore future possibilities. On Saturday, the 'whoop-whoop-whoop' of the White Saddle helicopter was heard, and all too soon we were returned to the pleasant atmosphere of Bluff Lake, where a pleasant swim completed the two week adventure.

Participants: Debbie Martin, Bruce Pratt, Connie and Jack Bennett, Fred Rose, Joe Catellani Bob Kandiko (leader).

## What's Happening to Trails?

Ruth Ittner

Federal cutbacks in the Forest Service budget mean reduced trail maintenance (see Figure 1), not enough trail construction or reconstruction dollars, and fewer staff assigned to recreation. These constraints create pressures to consider removing trails from the system and/or deleting them from the Forest Service recreation map. Trails which are the most costly to maintain and trails which have deteriorated beyond the point where maintenance costs are effective would be candidates for study. Furthermore severe winter storms compound the problem: each year washouts and slides occur, trees blow down across the trail and bridges and footlogs are destroyed by high water.

The basic problem is that about half of the 7,068 miles of trails on National Forest land in the state of Washington are substandard and overused. The reason is that improved road systems and air transportation eliminated the primary need for old Indian, settlers and miners trails inherited by the Forest Service. They fell in disrepair.

In the early 1960's there was a resurgence of "hiking for fun." Trail use is increasing at a rate of about six percent per year — the fastest growing recreational activity in the national forests. But many of the existing trail miles are in poor condition and difficult to maintain because the original objective of trails was for occasional administrative use not heavy recreational use.

Since well designed and constructed trails cost less to maintain construction dollars of the Pacific Northwest Region are primarily dedicated to the reconstruction and relocation of the substandard miles of trails in the system. Each Forest assessed the problems of its existing trails. For example, Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie found 40 percent of the existing trail mileage needs to be relocated or reconstructed. That would cost \$2,230,000 (1979 dollars).

Each year each Forest submits its highest priority projects to the Region. A point system is used to evaluate projects. Factors considered are:

- correction of an immediate soil and/or water problem,
- solution for a specific recreation management or road parking problem,
- length of season,
- volume of use,
- correction of a safety problem,

TRAIL MAINTENANCE TRENDS IN THREE NATIONAL FORESTS

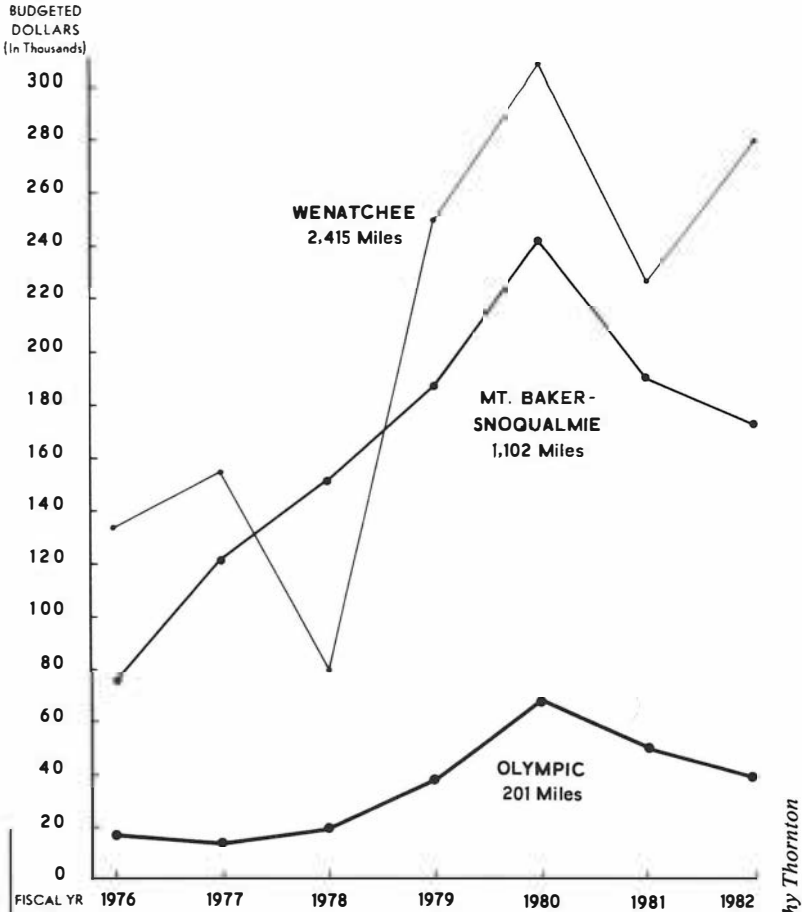


Figure 1

Kathy Thornton

- travel distance from trailhead to population centers,
- variety of significant users, and
- whether the project complements other trails or facilities of other agencies.

From its share of the Forest Service appropriation designated for this purpose, the Regional Office satisfies regional trail priorities such as completing missing links of the Pacific Crest National Scenic Trail and emergency situations. It then selects specific construction projects from those submitted by the Forests. Trail construction dollars for three forests from 1977 to 1982 are shown in Figure 2. Zero dollars in 1980 were due to a budgetary system fiasco.

As the administration moves toward a balanced budget further cutbacks are expected. For FY 1982, the Pacific Northwest Region's approach to stretching trail maintenance dollars is to direct Forests to maintain trails at lower levels. Level I provides for only forest resource protection and safety and Level II involves preservation of the investment. The regional directive suggests that only trails receiving heavy use and those with long seasons near urban areas or popular destination points be managed at Level II. This means maintenance at sufficient cycles to preserve the investment, such as removing logs once during each two year period. Work is programmed when enough has accumulated to minimize the "move in" cost of maintenance crews. Level III sustains construction quality, making the trail convenient for the user and aesthetically pleasing: for example, removal of logs and downed materials annually. This maintenance level will probably only occur on high and extra high use trails.

As an example of the effect of this directive, the 1979 interim management plan of Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie established desirable maintenance levels for each trail. Thus there were

113 miles of Level I — Resource Protection and Safety . . .	10%
782 miles of Level II — Preservation of the Investment . . . .	70%
207 miles of Level III — User Convenience . . . . .	20%

In 1981 the policies of reducing the miles of trail at higher levels and increasing the miles at lower levels stretched maintenance funds but that resulted in a dramatic increase (from 10 to 20 percent) of the trails maintained at Level I, and a decrease of trails maintained at Level III (from 20 to 10 percent). Under the present regional directive, plans would further increase miles of trail at Level I, decrease the mileage at Level II and virtually eliminate Level III. This means the user will find more and more trails with logs to scramble over, slides to negotiate and brush to wade through unless some source of trail construction and maintenance effort other than appropriated funds can be found.

An amount of \$270,000 (1981 dollars) is needed annually to maintain Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie's existing trail system: divided by 1981 use, the cost of maintenance is \$1 per visitor day. For the federal fiscal year 1982 only \$174,000 has been allocated for trail maintenance. Not enough!

Are you thinking that Forest Service trails are all built and maintained at "too high" a standard? Think that this won't make much difference? Or are you thinking others types of trail users are to blame?

Let's look at the types of trails in three nearby Forests (see Table I)

**TRAIL CONSTRUCTION TRENDS IN THREE NATIONAL FORESTS**

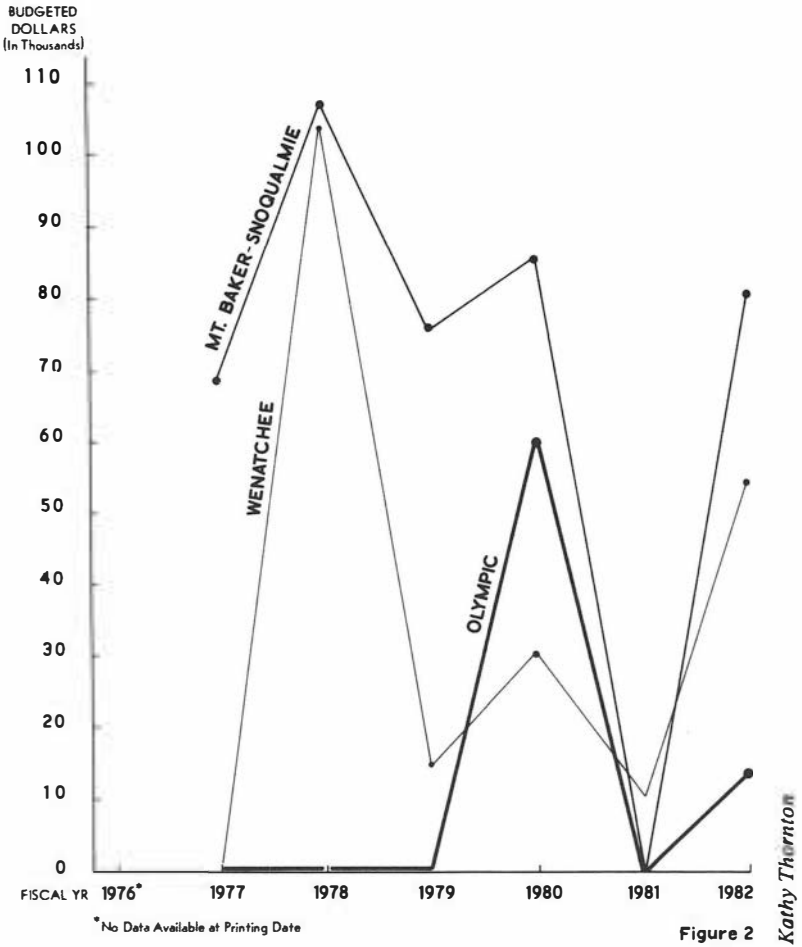


Figure 2

**Table I. TYPES OF TRAILS BY MILES**

Type	Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie	Wenatchee	Olympic
Trunk (primary access)	276 (25%)	1552.6 (64%)	150.3 (75%)
Primitive (limited purpose)	821 (74%)	843.4 (35%)	43.8 (22%)
Special Recreation	10 (1%)	18.0 (1%)	6.7 (3%)
Total miles	1102 (100%)	2415.0 (100%)	200.8 (100%)

Prior to 1975 when the Forest Service adopted these various categories it had only the "all-purpose" trail. Today the percentages for each type vary in each Forest. The differences are primarily due to history, geography, soils and climate. Almost three-quarters of Mt.

Baker-Snoqualmie's trails are primitive, while in Olympic National Forest they are trunk trails. While Wenatchee has about the same mileage of primitive trails as Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie, theirs are only 35 percent of the system because of the large percentage of trunks trails (64%).

Let us examine the trail miles available to users by type (see Table II).

Table II. TRAIL MILES AVAILABLE TO USERS BY TYPE

User Type	Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie	Wenatchee	Olympic
All trails open to hikers	1102.0 (100%)	2415 (100%)	200.8 (100%)
Hiker only (no horse-no motorized)	406.5 (37%)	18 (1%)	58.0 (29%)
Horse/hiker	695.5 (63%)	2397 (99%)	142.8 (71%)
Horse/hiker (non-motorized)	552.5 (50%)	1457 (60%)	35.3 (18%)
Motorized/horse/hiker	143.0 (13%)	940 (39%)	106.9 (53%)

There are variations in hiker only trail mileage from one percent in Wenatchee to 37 percent in Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie; pack and saddle (horse/hiker) from 99 percent in Wenatchee to 63 percent in Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie. An even greater difference exists in the pack and saddle mileage which is non-motorized (from 50% in Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie to 18 percent in Olympic). But the greatest variation is in the percentage of trail mileage open to motorized use (from 13 percent in Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie to 39 percent in Wenatchee and 53 percent in Olympic). Resource damage often occurs because a trail on the wrong location gets a lot of use. In Wenatchee resource damage has closed 51 miles of trails to motorbikes. These trails will be opened to motorized use again when they have been reconstructed or relocated to prevent further resource damage. Are you thinking that the reduction in construction funds will prevent that from happening? Not so!

With 940 miles open to motorized use, Wenatchee National Forest has regularly applied to the Washington State Off-Road Vehicle (ORV) Funding Program administered by the Interagency Committee for Outdoor Recreation (IAC). Between June 1, 1979 and December 31, 1983, Wenatchee National Forest will have spent \$1,114,532 on 24 projects. These monies come from motor vehicle fuel tax revenues and ORV permit fees, yet enhance trail opportunities for all users. These multiple use trails are open to horses, hikers and motorized but users' perceptions and choices influence actual use. Participation in this program enables the Forest Service to stretch their available trail dollars.

Under 30 percent of the state's trail mileage is available to be

considered for funding by the state's ORV program. Currently no sources are available to supplement the Forest Service trail budget and address the balance of the state's trail needs.

As Forest Service trail maintenance and construction funds and recreation programs from appropriated sources are reduced, should a user fee/license be considered? Should a Washington State Trails Foundation be established to obtain private funds? Or should trail users increase their volunteer efforts to take up the slack?

Trail maintenance volunteers are the most immediate need because without regular maintenance many trails will be lost. Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie estimates that almost all of its approximately 120 trailheads are within one and one-half hours' drive of Seattle, Tacoma, Everett or Bellingham. Thus the first four miles of trails extending from these trailheads are within reach of volunteers for maintenance work on a day or weekend trip. This amounts to 480 miles, 42 percent of the system! If volunteers responded to need, appropriated funds would probably be adequate to take care of the rest of the system!

The Mountaineers, with its 11,000 members, its wide variety of outdoor recreation activities at all seasons of the year, and its concern for the environment, is in a position to provide the same dynamic leadership for trail maintenance and construction that it has in many other activities: training courses, mountain search and rescue, a climbing textbook *Freedom of the Hills*, the Guidebook Series, and mountaineering first aid courses.

Since 1976 The Mountaineers have scheduled trail work parties but relatively few members have participated. Some trail maintenance, such as removing fallen branches and boulders, cutting off encroaching brush, sawing out small downed trees and draining mud puddles, can be performed while hiking. Those in good physical condition with some training can make lasting improvements such as installing water bars, constructing turnpikes or puncheon. Bridge building is even more challenging and requires special skills. But there is a job everyone can do and it's also fun!

If you enjoy hiking trails, now is the time to support them with your time, energy and talents. Participate in Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie's "adopt a trail" program this summer! What happens to trails is up to you!

## McGillvary Pass Ski Trip

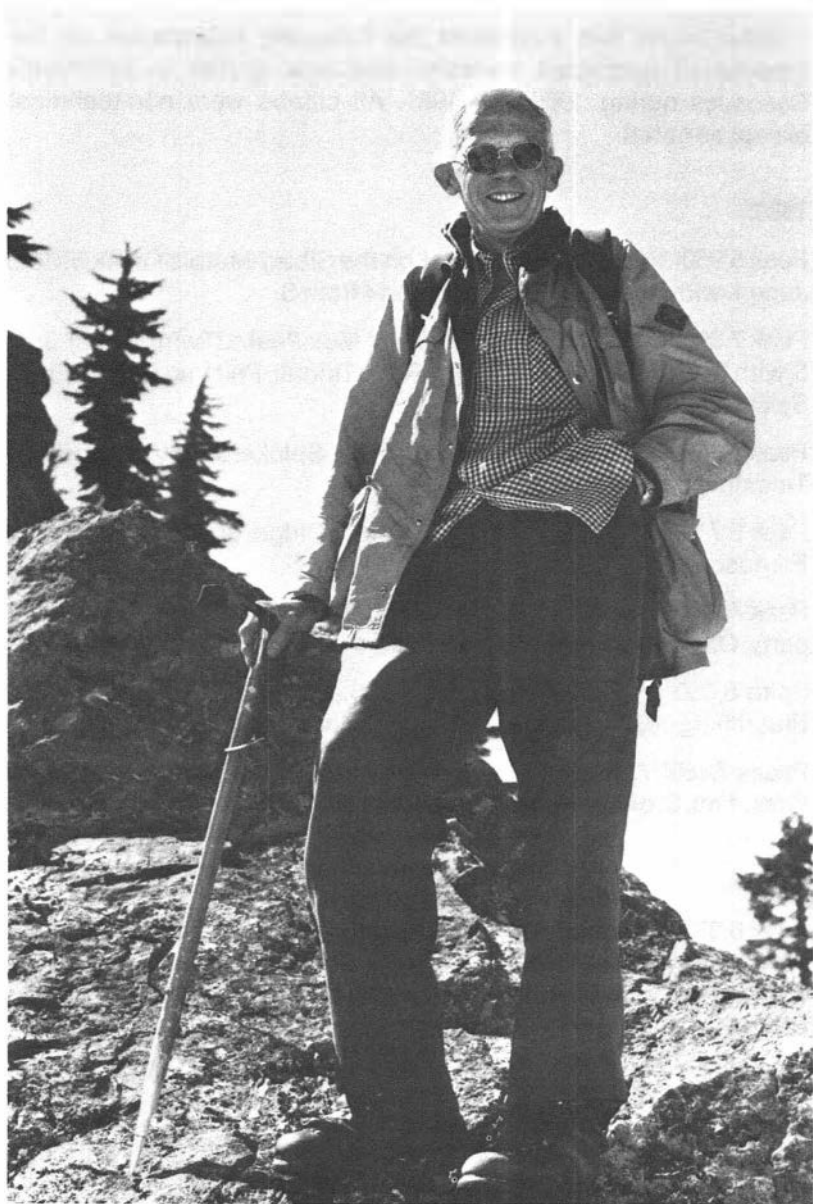
### Everett Mountaineers Spring Outing

Just north of the border lies incredible ski runs that Washingtonians can only dream about in their own state. North of Vancouver, the mountains become broader, allowing more snow to accumulate and permitting better skiing in those beautiful, sunny days of March and April. With these thoughts in mind, 13 Mountaineers drove the highway past Whistler to Pemberton, where the helicopter necessary for our trip was located. The next morning, most of the group drove 20 miles to Darcy, while the cooks and food took the first flight to the cabin. By noon, we were all in, and the helicopter departed leaving us to roam in the Canadian Coast Range. We had permission to use an old cabin leased to the Varsity Outdoor Club from the University of British Columbia. The accommodations were **very** rustic, with floorboards buckled into four levels by the spring floods, but our party overlooked these cosmetic flaws for the opportunity to ski in a new area.

The skiing in the McGillvary Pass area is ideally suited for both downhill and cross country enthusiasts, but the mobility of the latter proved to win over most of the downhillers for this next spring's trip. The grand tour during the week was the traverse of Telegraph Ridge, which rewarded everyone with spectacular views of the Coast Range and exciting ski runs on the north-facing slopes. Several members ascended Mt. McGillvary via the east ridge but then faced the icy, avalanche-prone south-facing slopes returning to the cabin. The entire group was impressed with the ski touring possibilities in this area and adjacent valleys. We are fortunate to live so near such a beautiful province.

The clouds moved in on our departure day. Since many of the group were required to return to those 9-5 jobs on Monday, the decision was made for a group of nine to ski out to Darcy, a distance of 16 miles. The skiing went only half way, then the snow stopped and the walking started. Fortunately, at 4 p.m., the bright orange Okanogan helicopter swooped down to carry the weary skiers the last four miles to their cars. The next day the remaining four were plucked from the cabin with extra baggage, and the trip was over. A satisfying week of skiing and exploring in the Canadian mountains in springtime is great tonic to weary and wet Cascade skiers.





Clint Kelly, Mountaineer

*Judith Maxwell*

## Climbing Notes

Compiled by Don Goodman

John Roper has submitted the following information on his ascents of uncairned summits and new routes in the North Cascades during 1980 and 1981. All climbs were non-technical except as noted.

### 1980:

Peak 5,960' + (Ex Spire). Highest on the Sibley-Marble Creek divide. June 1, with Ron Aronoff. Little class 4 from S.

Peak 7,895' (Tombstone). 2 mi. N.E. of Mox Peaks (Twin Spires). July 5, with Don Avriett, Gary Mellom, Reed Tindall, Phil Van Duyne. From Spickard.

Peak 8,405' (Solitude). 0.55 mi. S.W. of Mt. Spickard. July 5, with Reed Tindall. From S.E.

Peak 6,719' (Squatter Peak). On Pioneer Ridge. July 27, with Stuart Ferguson, Peter Jewitt, Reed Tindall. From S.

Peak 7,920' + (Spectre). 0.35 mi. S.E. of Phantom. July 29, with above party. One class 5 move from N.E.

Spire 8,080' + (Fury Finger). 0.1 mi. S. of East Fury. July 31, with Stuart Ferguson and Peter Jewitt. Half pitch of class 5 from N.

Peaks 7,450', 7,400' + , 7,440' + (The Three Wives). 6.7 mi. S. of Rainy Pass, 1 mi. S. of Kettling Lake. October 10. solo.

### 1981:

Peak 6,972' (Styloid Peak) 1.7 mi. E. of Snowfield Peak. May 31, with Ron Aronoff, Don Avriett, Ted Hegg, Charles Janeway, and David Stonington. From Thunder Creek which required a Tyrolean Traverse to cross.

Peak 7,560' + (The Distal Phalanx). 1.2 mi. E. of Snowfield Pk. May 31, with Ted Hegg, Charles Janeway, and David Stonington.

Peak 6,723' (Tara Peak). 1.5 mi. N.W. of Bench Lake. July 3, with Gary Mellom. From Buckindy.

Peak 7,640' + (Dirk Peak). 0.25 mi. E. of misplaced "Stiletto Peak" named on USGS map. July 11, with John Burroughs. From S.W.

Devil's Toothpick (7,720' +). 0.4 mi. N. of outlet of Silver Lake, 0.2 mi. W. of Devil's Tongue. July 27, with Jim Lucke and Silas Wild. Three pitches of class 5 from W. notch.

The Sacrum (7,148'). On Backbone Ridge, 3.4 mi. N.W. of Eldorado Peak. August 15, with Russ Kroeker and Silas Wild. Brief class 4 from W.

Peak 7,960' + (The Hoot Owl, N. and S. "ears"). 0.55 mi. N. of Black Peak. August 23, solo. From S.

Peak 8,000' + (Zebra Spire). 0.8 mi. S.E. of Park Creek Pass. This eye-catching, 125-foot striped, spiked fin is the primary acute form in the Wyeth Glacier crags. September 17, with Mark Allaback. Half pitch of class 5 from S.

Peak 8,000' + (V Peak). A notched peak 2 mi. S. of Mt. Logan. September 17, from the Wyeth Glacier via an exposed ledge system. The descent to Thunder Creek was trivial.

New routes were done in the Crescent Creek Cirque of the Southern Pickets in 1981:

**West Twin Needle:** Via couloir to E. (right) of the original S. side route to "Eye Col" between the two Twin Needles, then up the S.E. face. August 31, with Russ Kroeker. Two short pitches of class 5 rock around chockstones. The East Twin Needle was done free (5.7) from Eye Col on Sept. 8.

**Himmelgeist Horn:** Via "The Wild Hair Crack" on the W. face, straight up from the Ottohorn-Himmel Col. Photo on page 92 of the newest Cascade Alpine Guide shows the crack to the right of original Firey route. (The West Twin Needle is mislabelled as Mt. Terror in this photo.) Sept. 6, with Russ Kroeker and Silas Wild. Three and one-half pitches of class 5.

**The Blob:** Via W. ridge and face from the Blip-East Twin Needle col. Sept. 7, with above party. Half pitch of class 5 after rappel from false summit.

—John Roper

## Mt. Triumph, North Face

In early August, Pete Doorish and I climbed the central north buttress of Mt. Triumph. From the toe of the buttress (elev. 5,000 feet), ascend steep rock to where the buttress becomes a sharp

arete. Continue on the solid rock of the crest to a depression just below the summit. Climb this directly, the difficulties ending 100 feet below the top. Y.D.S. IV 5.10. Take a selection of Arrows and five knifeblade pitons.

—Bob Crawford

### **Early Morning Spire, Southwest Face, Variation**

On July 4, 1981, Lowell Skoog, Gary Brill and I climbed the S.W. Face of Early Morning Spire. Where the face steepens two-thirds of the way up, we varied from the original line. Instead of climbing the chimney, we traversed a snowpatch right toward the south corner. From here, the corner was gained in one lead via steep dihedral and an airy rightward finger traverse (5.7 or 5.8) at the top of a large slab. The summit ridge was gained after four more pitches of moderate fifth class climbing on the steep ridgeline. The exposed climbing, consistently good rock, and majestic setting made this one of the most enjoyable alpine climbs any of us has done.

—Mark Bebie

### **Mt. Shuksan, North Face, Variation**

On August 9, 1981, Jim O'Connell and I climbed a variation of the North Face of Mt. Shuksan. We heard reports that the lower North Face was very broken and that another party was forced to extend to three days because of time lost negotiating crevasses. We departed camp at the head of White Salmon Creek at about 6 a.m. and headed up the lower portion of the N.W. Couloir route. About 500 feet up the N.W. Couloir, at a point just before a bottleneck, we traversed left (east) across a steep snow covered ledge to an obvious couloir angling up to a notch on the North Ridge. We ascended the couloir (30° - 40°), mostly on snow, but doing some rock scrambling. The top of the couloir exited onto the North Face approximately half way up.

This route avoids the unpleasant part of the North Face which can develop late in the season, while leaving the beautiful moderately steep snow and ice for which the North Face is famous. Time: five hours from valley floor to north shoulder.

A note should be made concerning approaches to any north side climb. Rather than crossing White Salmon Creek and ascending the ridge on the east side as the guide book suggests, stay on the west side of the creek on the climber's track. Do not take the tempting creek crossing about one mile from the road end. Another possible approach is to ascend the lift line at Mt. Baker Ski Resort to the ridge

crest and drop down to the head of the creek. This approach would involve much more elevation gain but would avoid most of the inevitable jungle in the creekbottom approaches.

—John Bjorkman

### **Mt. Formidable, Daiber Face**

On June 28, 1981, Gordon Adams and I climbed the northwest face of Mt. Formidable. We approached via the primitive Cleve Creek Valley. The route went up the center of the 45° face mostly on neve just left of a rock fin. A couple of exposed traverses of cornice flutings were encountered near the top. We propose to name the face after Ome Daiber, the legendary figure in Northwest mountaineering for whom the first ascent party originally named the peak.

—Joe Catellani  
Wallingford Alpine Club

### **Elephant Head, Northwest Ridge**

On August 6, James Martin and I climbed this route from our camp on the Dome Glacier. We traversed the upper Dana Glacier and started climbing left of Elephant Head's steep west face. After several hundred feet of scrambling, we attained the ridge proper. The route finding was straightforward and the climbing enjoyable. We passed a steep step near the top via cracks on the left (5.8). A week later, Greg Markov and Skip Edmonds repeated the route, climbing a different crack system on the right side of the step (also 5.8). Grade III 5.8.

—Jim Nelson

### **White Chuck Mountain, West Face**

On September 20, 1981, Jerry Sommerman, Jamie Wild and I completed a new route on the west face of White Chuck Mountain. From the bottom of the rock toe on the west face, directly beneath the summit, we climbed up grassy ledges to the right, then left, on an exposed traverse to meet a major slabby ramp. We followed this ramp to the right for one and half pitches, then scrambled up to a clump of cedar bushes beneath a short wall. One pitch led up the wall and a dihedral above (F7). More scrambling put us at the base of another wall. Moving up and left, we entered the bottom of the deep



Gordon Adams on the Daiber Face, Mt. Formidable

*Joe Catellani*

major couloir that splits the west face. The steep couloir was followed for five pitches and involved several chockstone/roof problems (up to F7). NCCS II F7.

—Mark S. Dale

### **East McMillan Spire, South Face/East Ridge**

On August 22, 1981, Jerry Baillie, Doug Sanders, and I climbed this route on East McMillan Spire. We began at the bottom of a rotten gully about 300 feet east of the standard gully route. This right-slanting gully system was followed on the south face for about 700 feet to a prominent notch in the east ridge. One lead left from the notch put us on a minor rib which we followed on the south face back to the east ridge (F6). Here a difficult move out of a chockstone notch put us on the upper knife edge portion of the ridge which was followed to the summit (F6). NCCS II F6.

—Mark S. Dale

### **Mt. Formidable, West Face**

On September 6, 1981, Stim Bullitt and I made the first ascent of the West Face of this picturesque but remote mountain in the North Cascades. We found the rock sounder and the climbing more enjoyable here than on the North Ridge (which we descended). In approaching this mountain we tried to follow the instructions described under "Approach Variation" to the North Ridge ("Cascade Alpine Guide") but were unable to recognize the point where the Middle Fork of the Cascade River should be crossed. Consequently, we travelled too far upstream and reached the sheltered alpine basin at 6,200 feet via a spur farther east than the one pioneered in 1958. Though feasible, this spur is a Cascade "horrorshow" and should be avoided. The descent via the 1958 spur was comfortable, as we stayed almost exclusively on animal trails. Since the proper crossing point onto the spur is obscured by heavy forest, we attached a six inch aluminum disc to a small fir tree where the departure from the trail should begin and the river can be crossed (about 100 feet beyond this marker is a five foot cut through a fallen cedar tree and a 90° bend in the trail). About 150 feet upstream is an apparent animal trail leading uphill. Normally this climb involves three days. Proper route finding will make this trip a pleasant two. Class 3 and 4. Grade II.

—Alex Bertulis

### **Hayden Peak, East Ridge**

In early September, 1981, Chris Michel, Mike Wetter, and I climbed Hayden Peak's east ridge (Twin Sisters area). It's a typical Twin Sisters ridge climb - mostly class 3-4. A 75 foot 5.4 lead out of a notch provides the only roped climbing.

—Bruce Pratt

### **Lake Mountain, South Pinnacle**

I climbed a class 4 route on a pinnacle I call the Sentinel, located on Lake Mountain's south ridge (Pasayten), in July 1980. The route started at the gap between Lake and the pinnacle, followed a gully, then through a cannon hole to a large westside ledge. A chimney led from there to the top.

—Bruce Pratt

### **Vega Tower, Starshot Ridge**

Jerome Eberharter and Reese Martin completed a new ascent of Vega Tower in August of 1981. This route has a very alpine feel to it with excellent views of the East Face of Sperry and the Everett watershed. Hardware consisted of medium hexes and stoppers.

Leave Sunrise Mine Trail as if to Morningstar, but go left to base of buttress of Vega Tower. Third class 200 ft. to right side of crest and rope up. Continue up and left to crest (5.2). Move further left to open book with extreme bush move above. This is the bench below the main buttress. Third class 150 ft. to right side of crest and belay at large flake. Move up to slot and then up to small bulge (5.6) and belay. Move left to crest and up bulge into large groove (5.8). Continue up groove over smaller bulge and up to summit.

—Jerome Eberharter

### **Winter Ascents**

#### **Mt. Shuksan, Price Glacier**

On January 16, 1981, Lowell Skoog and I climbed Mt. Shuksan via the Price Glacier. Our approach from the Mount Baker Highway was via White Salmon Creek. From the end of the valley we cramponed hard snow to the base of the north face, then angled up toward a



rock tower at 6,500 feet. Here we descended a hidden chute before continuing east to the Price Glacier. Snow conditions continued to be good, and we quickly reached the col and the Crystal Glacier. After front pointing the summit pyramid, we reached the summit just after sunset, ten hours out from our car. Regaining our packs below, we built an igloo for our bivouac under a full moon. Our descent the following day was the White Salmon Glacier, in developing storm.

—Mark Bebie

### **Mt. Formidable**

On January 3 and 4, 1981, my brother Gordy and I climbed Mt. Formidable by its north ridge. Except for some washouts on the road and trail, the approach up the Middle Cascade River differed little from summer. From an igloo on the Middle Cascade Glacier, we reached the summit by climbing just right of the corniced north ridge. The summit was obscured by clouds. We relied on previous experience on the mountain to descend the south side in a whiteout and to contour through Spider Col back to our camp.

—Lowell Skoog

Additional winter ascents include an ascent of Jack Mt. (N. Cas.) by Greg Andersen and Ansel Wald on January 4, 1981, from the north (May Creek approach); Johannesburg via the Cascade Couloir on Feb. 7, 1981, by Dave Seman and Rob Deltete; and Mt. Logan via Soldier Boy and the Fremont Glacier, on December 29, 1981, by Jerry Crofoot, Troy Ness, and Mike Hill.

Editor's Note: Winter ascents are generally defined as ascents done between the winter solstice and vernal equinox (approx. December 21-March 21).

### **Mt. McKinley, South Buttress Via West Fork Ruth Glacier**

During April and May of 1981, an ascent of the South Buttress of Mt. McKinley was made by members of the 1981 Seattle Denali Traverse Expedition via an approach from the West Fork of the Ruth Glacier. The ascent involved nearly the entire six mile long South Buttress that consists of three distinct parts: lower (9,400 feet - 13,500 feet), middle (13,500 feet - 15,500 feet), and upper (15,500 -

19,000 feet). The upper portion forms the east boundary of McKinley's great south face, while the four mile long middle portion slowly curves west above the East Fork of the Kahiltna Glacier. Our twenty-three day ascent included the middle and upper sections.

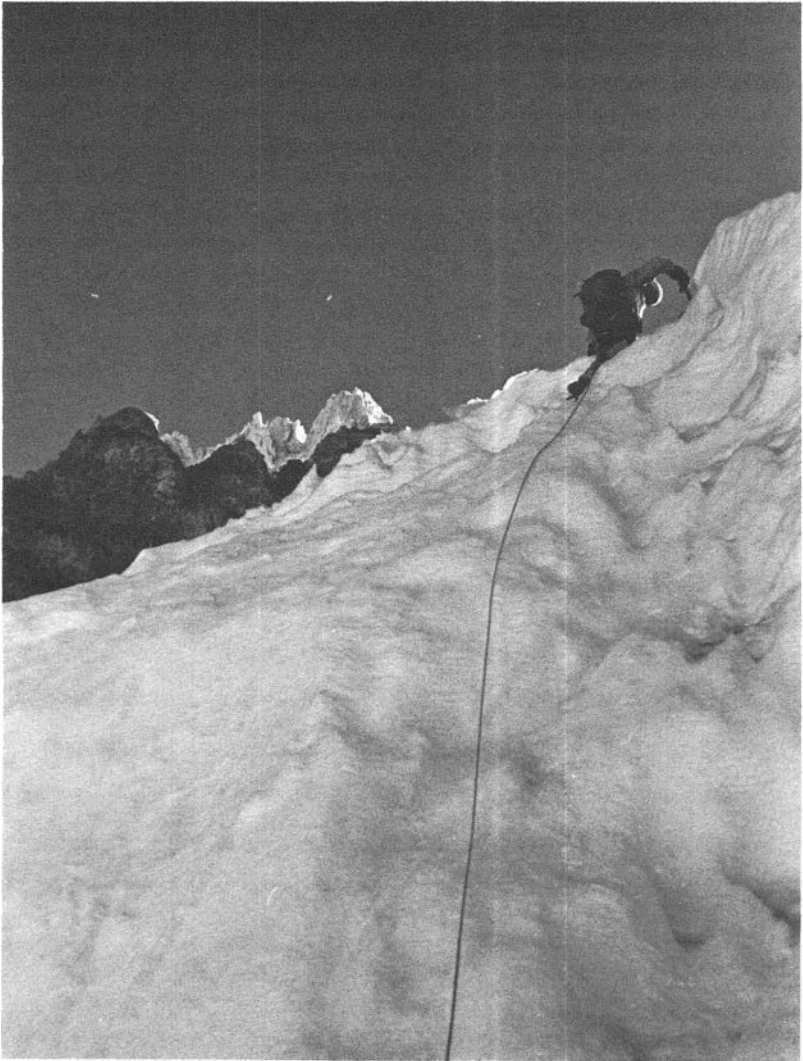
The Route from the Ruth Glacier to Radio Tower Saddle (6,700 feet - 15,500 feet) via a pass at 11,800 feet was first climbed in 1954 by Elton Thayer, George Argus, Leslie Viereck, and Morton S. Wood as part of the first traverse of McKinley (ref. AAJ 1955). That expedition was marred by the tragic death of Thayer while descending Karstens Ridge. The 1954 party avoided the upper South Buttress by traversing to 17,200 feet on the south edge of the Harper Glacier from Radio Tower Saddle (15,500 feet). The upper South Buttress was first climbed in 1965 by a party of Japanese who approached via the East Fork Kahiltna. The upper South Buttress has now been climbed no fewer than ten times, and the middle portion from 13,500 feet - 15,500 feet at least twice since 1954.

We established six camps in our ascent from the West Fork Ruth landing zone below Huntington. A storm pinned us down at 12,000 feet for a week. Technical difficulties included (1) going from the head of the West Fork to below the South Buttress, which was more broken up than in past years (800 feet of fixed rope used) and (2) the "Lotsa Face," a name applied by the '54 party to the face between 12,500 feet and 13,500 feet. Here 1,200 feet of fixed rope was used. No rope was left on either section. We went alpine style from 13,500 feet.

Three days were spent descending the West Buttress to Kahiltna Base. The only portion of the South Buttress that remains unclimbed is the lower portion (toe) from the base at 9,400 feet on the East Fork Kahiltna to 13,500 feet (top of the "Lotsa Face").

Also, an ascent of Peak 13,050 was made on May 2 from the col below "Lotsa Face." Expedition members included David Adams, Kurt Hanson, David Jay, Al McGuire and me.

—Don Goodman



Icefall in Tahoma Glacier, Mt. Rainier

*Dave Collins*

## Mountaineer Outings 1981

Type	Dates	Area	Leaders
Alpine Scramble	June 20-27	Pasayten Wilderness Lost River Area	Bob Dreisbach
Backpack	May 9-17	Grand Canyon National Park	John Tatarsky Mike Smith
Backpack	July 25-Aug. 2	Pasayten Wilderness Iron Gate to Harts Pass	Henry Shain
Backpack	Sept. 4-13	Alaska-Chilkoot Pass to Lake Bennett	Bob and Jackie Swenson
Backpack	Sept. 13-20	Alaska-Lake Bennet to McKinley National Park	Jackie Swenson
Bicycle	Aug. 8-16	Eastern Washington Northern Idaho	Bill Whitmore
Campcrafters	July 25-Aug. 9	Jefferson-Mt. Washington Wilderness — Gypsy Trip	Maury Muzzy
Climbing	June	St. Elias Range, Canada	Stuart Van Buren
Climbing	Aug. 8-23	Mt. Waddington, Canada	Frank King
Naturalists	July 4-12	Wallowa/Whitman National Forest, Oregon	Coleman Leuthy
Naturalists	July 12-19	Chelan Crest trail	Archie Wright
Retired Rovers	Feb. 16-March 5	Mexico	Louise Axe
Retired Rovers	June 1-13	Sun Valley-Sawtooths	Louise Grimes
Retired Rovers	July 15-21	Chiwaukum Mtns.	Bob Dreisbach
Retired Rovers	Sept. 13-19	Oregon Coast-Gypsy Tour	Jim Wasson
Single Activities	Aug. 1-9	Pasayten Wilderness Andrews Creek to Eight Mile Creek	Joyce Britton
Foreign Outing	July 10-26	Austria, Switzerland	Paul Wiseman
Foreign Outing	Aug.	Pyrennees Mountains	Maggie Cornell
Foreign Outing	Sept. 29-Oct. 25	Kenya, Egypt	Paul Wiseman

**Tacoma Outings**

Backpack	July	West Coast Trail	Debbie Due
Backpack	July	Salmon La Sac- Snoqualmie Pass	Edith Goodman
Backpack	Aug. 10-20	Wind River Mtns.	Elmer Price, Wilma Peterson

**“The Gentle Wilderness” of Washington:  
Backpacking the Pasayten  
Iron Gate to Harts Pass**

Arriving at Iron Gate in late afternoon, Saturday, July 25, after an early morning start from Seattle, our party of 10 started up the broad remains of the old mine-to-market road which serves as the trail between Iron Gate and Horseshoe Basin. After hiking four miles, we camped in the lovely meadows alongside Clutch Creek, just short of Sunny Pass and Horseshoe Basin. Tired after the long day's drive, we all set up camp, cooked and ate in the waning light, and turned in.

The following morning, after the early start which was to characterize all our days on the trail, we passed two hikers and their dogs at Sunny Pass. With the exception of two other young, gung-ho types, these were to be the only hikers we were to encounter until we reached the Pacific Crest Trail at the other end of the Pasayten. There were to be plenty of horsemen, however. The walk through the magnificence of the well-watered meadows of Horseshoe Basin was to be too brief to allow us to fully explore their fragile beauty. Wild flowers were blooming in profusion. They were to be a constant accompaniment throughout the hike.

The trail alternately passed through meadows and open stands of lodgepole pine, whitebark pine and spruce. We were awed by the massive bulk of aptly-named Teapot Dome. There were views back toward Horseshoe Basin and Pick Peak, with its enormous cairn on the top. There were plenty of reminders that this was horseman country: camps with hitch rails and large tables with benches hewn out of logs; the remains of a cabin or supply cache and a large wooden sledge along side the trail; wet portions of the trail that had been stomped into mud wallows. After eating lunch on a large sun-warmed rock slab, we pushed on to our second night's camp at Scheelite Pass. This camp was to be made memorable by a phony “bear scare”

perpetrated by one of our party, and the Northern Lights, visible that night as long, pale streamers in the heavens.

At midmorning on the third day we came upon one of the big man-made attractions of the trip, the tungsten mine. This was a fascinating place, complete with an old log bunkhouse and cookshack (both infested with large wood rats), an ore crushing plant, whose gears and belts had been run by an old, rusty Model-T engine, and various other old relics lying about near the caved-in mine entrance. After an hour of poking about the ruins of the mine, we continued on toward Apex Pass and Cathedral Pass. Upon reaching Cathedral Pass at noon, three members of the group scrambled up to a shallow lake in a beautiful meadow, not unlike those of the Enchantment area, while the rest of us caught our breaths before doing this 500 yards or so. Here we ate our lunches and doctored our feet.

We hated to leave this lovely alpine area at the base of Amphitheater Mountain, but we pushed on through the larches growing around Upper Cathedral Lake. From there the trail dropped gradually but steadily to our evening destination, Spanish Camp. After our usual early start the next morning, we climbed gradually up over the ridge that is the shoulder of Bald Mountain, then dropped, forever, it seemed, down into the Ashnola River valley. After a brief lunch stop at the river, there began an equally long and arduous climb up to Peeve Pass, some 1800 feet and three miles later. Unfortunately, Peeve Pass was already populated by a large group of horsemen who were engaged in, what else — pitching horseshoes! They had passed by us the previous evening at Spanish Camp. There was ample evidence everywhere in these alpine meadows, which seemed to stretch on for miles in all directions, that this area was a popular destination for horsemen. We sighed a collective weary sigh and pushed on.

We pitched camp that evening under lowering skies and with a rising wind that promised rain. During the night, one of our party was "attacked" by an over-friendly deer who became entangled in his tent ropes, collapsing the tent amidst much loud bellowing and cursing of the lucky Mountaineer.

The next morning found us packing our gear with one eye on the threatening sky. We moved on past Quartz Lake and out onto an exposed slope from where we could see rain and snow squalls passing by to the south of us. By noon, we had reached Bunker Hill, where we thankfully stopped for lunch and to rest after a short but very arduous climb. The views were partially blocked by the snow and rain squalls, but we could see, in the

intervals between them, the clearcuts to the north in Canada, the spectacular Tatoosh Buttes to the south and occasional glimpses of Cathedral Mountain in the distance to the east.

We left Bunker Hill, dropping rapidly, and shortly met the other half of our group, who had started at Harts Pass and were headed east. After a short rest and an exchange of information, they continued on up into the snow at Bunker Hill, while we continued on down amidst rain showers to camp at the shelter at Hidden Lakes junction.

The trek down the east fork of the Pasayten River the next day was made memorable by the numerous wildflowers and the profusion of unusual and brightly colored mushrooms along the trail. We were assured that several were edible, but no one wanted to try them. After crossing the main stem Pasayten River on a splendid new bridge, we continued on easy trail to our lunch stop at Soda Creek. The sun was peeking out and the weather was becoming warm once more. It was at this point that we came upon a strange sight — an airfield in the midst of the wilderness! It was a large, grassy clearing, constructed, we were told, by the CCC in the 1930's to aid in firefighting in the area. A bonus was the profusion of wild strawberries, which we ate with great satisfaction. It was also at this point that we left the Boundary Trail and instead headed up Rock Creek to its confluence with the Pacific Crest Trail. We camped that evening in a lovely grassy alpine meadow, enjoying a roaring fire and recounting the adventures and misadventures of the day.

Midmorning of the next day found us at Woody Pass on the Crest Trail. Because there were snowfields in the area and what looked like several trails all heading to rock Pass, we picked what appeared to be the most direct route, across a precipitous slope. It turned into an adventure, since the route we had picked had been abandoned due to avalanches and rock slides. Nevertheless, we picked our way across, arriving safely back on the main trail at Rock Pass. From there we could see our destination — the lookout atop Slate Peak. We thought to make camp that evening at Holman Pass only to discover that the "pass" was a low, bug-infested crossroads with no water and no campsite. A mile or two later we discovered a small campsite which we all managed to shoehorn ourselves into.

The following day we were again in alpine meadows with spectacular views in all directions. We stopped for lunch at Jim Pass, and several members of the party scrambled up Jim Peak, while the rest of us snoozed and soaked up the warm sunshine. Camp was made that evening on a lovely bench high above the West Fork Pasayten valley.

The next morning, we ran into fog at Windy Pass and continued in fog almost to Slate Peak. We could hear and get occasional glimpses through the fog of the buildings and machinery at the gold mining operation below us at Barron. Finally, at noon, we arrived at our destination, Harts Pass. We reluctantly bundled ourselves and our gear into the waiting van and headed down to Mazama where we were to meet the other half of our group and return to Seattle.

— Mark Follett

The westbound group: Henry Shain, leader; Dick McDonald, Neil Hunt, Linda Rantala, Anita Josefiak, Avron Maletzky, Marvin Zak, Mark Follett, Nonnie Heyning, Deborah Shain.

The eastbound group: Mike Kirsher, leader; Peter Krystad, Irv Charat, Greg Mills, Sharon Ellard, Suzie King.

### **Hart's Pass to Iron Gate**

Our motley crew of seven (under Mike Kirshner's leadership) began its trek a little behind schedule due to van problems — solved with a water pump imported from Winthrop and a home-made gasket fashioned of cardboard and vaseline. Sunday we hiked along what is sometimes described as the most scenic part of the Pacific Crest Trail with the snow-crowned Cascades on our left. The trail then descended to our campsite, one mile south of Holman Pass. We shared a miniscule camping spot with numerous hungry mosquitoes.

Once we settled in our tents, Irv (expedition dentist) shouted, "Everybody brush your teeth." Next night, we emerged onto a lovely open meadow which was christened "Pasayten International" only to discover it was indeed an emergency landing field. Our companions were several horses and mules who gambled among our tents all night, keeping us awake with their bells.

Tuesday we crossed the Pasayten River over a log jam, followed Lease Creek and went by way of Tatoosh Buttes, where our trail became a series of cairns and where water was scarce. Then the cairns disappeared, as did our singing duo, Greg and Carlos. Kathleen, cheerful bearer of many blisters, found the next cairn, and soon the boys reappeared. Next day we rejoined the Boundary Trail along Big Hidden Lake and then followed the East Fork of the Pasayten up Dean Creek. Here we met Henry Shain's troupe and exchanged notes, arranging to meet in Mazama at 3 p.m. on Sunday. As we parted, it began first to rain and then to hail. This was probably our most arduous day, with a climb of 3,000 feet, a descent and then a 1,000-foot climb. We were all quite wet and cold by the time we arrived at our campsite about one mile west of



the Quartz Lake junction. Next morning a fire was built to dry our wet clothing, and we headed down toward the Ashnola, which we waded in sockless boots. Another night was spent in a lovely streamside camp.

Friday, as we approached Upper Cathedral Lake, the scenery changed from alpine to immensely rugged, jagged peaks and boulder and tree-strewn mountainsides. Tungsten Mine, with its boiler, rail cars for transporting ore and slag, and shacks to house mine workers, was a fascinating sight. A banging sound issued from a mine cave-in—a ground squirrel was hitting its head (encased in a beer can) against the rocks. We met our schedule for the first time that night at Scheelite Pass.

Next day we relaxed our pace since only ten miles need be covered. At Louden Lake, a glorious open meadow appeared. After a potluck feast, we slept under the stars at Horseshoe Pass, observing satellites, constellations and shooting stars. Morning brought a temperature of 36°F and some frost. A few short miles brought us to Iron Gate and the other party's van, which we drove to Mazama.

— Sharon Ellard

## Chilkoot Trail

What we planned as an unforgettable five-day, 35-mile hike over the Chilkoot Pass from Skagway to Bennett turned out to be even more unforgettable than we expected. The reason was a surprise September rainstorm!

To say that our group of 18 hikers experienced rain is an understatement. In the words of at least one local newspaper, "it was the flood of the century." Water came rushing chest-deep into the trail, tearing away bridges, trapping hikers between bridges (making helicopters necessary for rescue), and ultimately closing the trail on the American side.

On September 8, the morning we were to attempt the trail, it was obvious we would have to change our plans. Several of us walked to the bridge over the Skagway River to discover the approaches were washed away. The U.S. Rangers told us that the Canadian side of the trail was still open. Having already lost a day due to rain, we quickly boarded the famous White Pass and Yukon Railway for the ride over White Pass to Bennett Station. Our new plan was to approach the pass from the Canadian side, weather permitting.

After a hot lunch of beans and stew at the station, we struck out for Lake Lindmann. We were told enroute to avoid Bare Loon Lake

Camp because bears had been sighted in that area. We had just begun to hike when the rains were upon us. Rain followed us the seven miles to Lindemann. Lindemann City had been a wintering stop for the miners who crossed the Chilkoot Pass in the winter of 1898-9. To this day, there remain relics as reminders of the thousands of men who were after the Klondike gold. We found old tin cans, hiker's boots, horses' bones, sleds, and more.

As it rained day and night for the next three days, we camped at Lindemann, taking day trips around the area. Some of the more intrepid among us made the summit of the Chilkoot in a long, arduous, cold and wet journey of 20 miles. Others were content with alpine scrambling, mushroom hunting, photographing relics, reading about the 1898 gold rush and chopping wood to keep the fires burning. For all of us, staying dry was a perpetual task. Fortunately, the Canadians had provided a rough log cabin with a pot-bellied stove which gave us a place to dry our wet clothes, socks and boots and to heat our water and cook our food. We pitched our tents around the cabin. One evening, a mouse was spotted entering one of our tents and provided some hilarity on that rainy night. We were never sure if what we heard was the pitter of the raindrops or the patter of mice feet.

After three days of cabin fever, it was time to pack out. We made an early start and everyone straggled into the Bennett Station a second time to have hot coffee and food. Thirteen of our original 18 headed south toward Skagway when the trains arrived. After spending the night in Skagway, the group headed south on the Alaska ferry to the warm hospitality of a Juneau friend, Rosemary, who offered her house for the evening and breakfast the next morning. The next day we spent sightseeing and floating the Mendenhall River. On our final day, the sun appeared just in time to show us how beautiful Alaska really is.

— Jackie Hoyt-Swenson

Bob Swenson, leader; Karen Bender, Walt Bowser, Dave Burden, Dick Erwood, Daphne Gilboa, David Grimmestad, Ruth Ittner, Terry Morrison, Karen "Soapy" Munz, Joan O'Sullivan, Roberta Roberts, Betty Staeck, Bob Swanson, Jackie Hoyt-Swenson, Paul Westmattelman, Margie White and Joy Yancey.

## **McKinley "Denali" Park**

There are two trains at Lake Bennett Station. One heads south to Skagway, and the other travels north to Whitehorse, capital city of the Yukon. Five of us took the northbound train in time for trout

dinner at Whitehorse. Our plan was to use one day for laundry and resting before flying north to Fairbanks, where we would take the Alaska Railroad to Denali Park.

By this time, we were calling ourselves the "McKinley Five," and we met three more Mountaineers at Fairbanks. We were the lucky eight. By now our weather had changed to bright and beautiful sunshine. It was clear and getting cold as we boarded the train for Denali. The Alaska Railroad is a comfortable way to see the scenery between Fairbanks and Anchorage, and Denali lies halfway between the two cities. On the way to the Park, we were able to see the mountain.

As soon as we offloaded our gear at Denali Park Station, we headed for the Denali Flying Service and chartered a Piper Cherokee to fly us around the mountain. From everything we had read, the mountain is obscured by clouds over  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the time, so we weren't willing to take any chances. The day was clear, and we could see Denali or "The Great One." For most of us, the flight over McKinley was the high point of our trip (the mountain is the highest in North America at 20,320 feet). After the flight, it was difficult coming back down to earth to camp at Riley Creek the first night. Most of us felt like we had been in another world after our  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -hour flightseeing tour over the mountain.

The next day, we traveled to the end of the road, Wonder Lake Campsite. Enroute we saw how enormous the Park is, 180° mountain vistas, tundra that felt like walking on mattresses, autumn colors, and more wildlife in one day than most of us had seen in a lifetime!

Wonder Lake is as close as you can get to the mountain without going back country, and, sure enough, the mountain was obscured by clouds that day. We set up camp in the cold wind. Some of our group walked to the lake, others boiled water for cooking, and yet others rested in their tents. There were tons of wild cranberries and blueberries for the taking.

On the third day, we broke camp and moved to Igloo Creek. On the way, we saw three grizzlies, moose, caribou, dall sheep and ptarmigan whose feet had already changed to winter white. The ptarmigan gave us our first clue it was getting colder, and when we awoke the next morning, there was a light dusting of snow on our tents. It was time to get to civilization, and that day we boarded the Alaska Railroad to Anchorage. After the group spent a day sightseeing in Alaska's largest city, we split into factions. Gabriel and Karen and Carmen flew first to Seattle, Walt and Karen and Joy flew to Gustavus and Glacier Bay National Monument, Margie flew to Sitka (her favorite Alaska city), and I stayed another week

on the Kenai Peninsula. When we left Alaska, we all felt we had experienced a country bigger and more naturally beautiful than anything we had ever seen before.

— Jackie Hoyt-Swenson

Jackie Hoyt-Swenson, leader; Karen Bender, Walt Bowser, Karen and Gabriel Lewison, Carmen Sanchez, Margie White and Joy Yancey.

### **Mt. Jefferson and Mt. Washington Wilderness Areas**

IN 1978 the Campcrafters went to the Mt. Jefferson and Mt. Washington wilderness areas for their two-week's trip and enjoyed it so much that they decided to repeat it this year for their 36th Annual Gypsy Tour and were blessed with ideal weather.

The first week was spent at Riverside Forest Camp on the Santiam River. This camp is well maintained and centrally located for hikes into the Mt. Jefferson Wilderness. One of the first hikes was to Marion Lake, one of the largest in Oregon's high country. Swimming was excellent at the north end beach. Some of the party continued on an additional three miles to the top of Marion Mt. for an excellent view of the lake and also of Three Fingered Jack. The following day, a group took a ten-mile round-trip hike to Pamela Lake and then on to the summit of Grizzly Peak for a beautiful view of Mt. Jefferson, only 3½ linear miles to the northeast.

A few people decided to drive through Detroit to Breitenbush Hot Springs for a pleasant dip but were unable to reach it because of a road washout, which required an additional hundred miles of driving.

On the following day, the majority of the group took a ten-mile round-trip hike into Jefferson Park. This is probably the outstanding jewel of the Mt. Jefferson Wilderness. It is a level, high mountain meadow over a mile across in any direction at approximately 6,000 feet with only a few scattered trees, but richly carpeted with blue lupine, lavender and white heather, red paintbrush and white beargrass. A dozen beautiful lakes of various sizes are scattered over the meadow, and, at the south edge, Mt. Jefferson zooms up to 10,500 feet. Even the swimming in Scout and Russell lakes was good, although somewhat cold. A hike to Bachelor Mountain (an abandoned lookout on the west side of the Santiam River valley) proved quite interesting, although the trail-head was a little hard to find. Views of Mt. Jefferson, Three Fingered Jack and the Sisters were magnificent.

A short hike to Duffy Lake turned into one of the longest ones (about 14 miles) because, on arrival at Duffy Lake, the area ahead looked so intriguing that the hikers continued on past Mowich Lake and Red Butte Lake to Jorn Lake, in the center of the Eight Lakes Basin, an outstandingly beautiful area studded with lakes.

The evening campfires were very interesting. The group also made good use of an excellent restaurant located two miles south of the campground at Marion Forks.

The second week was spent at Suttle Lake, 15 miles northwest of Sisters, Oregon. The group split between two close-by campgrounds, Scout Lake, where the swimming was excellent, and South Shore, Suttle Lake. This area offered several very interesting car trips in addition to hikes. One of the best was to McKenzie Pass and Dee Wright Observatory, in the heart of a huge lava flow area. A few miles over the pass were lower and upper Proxy Falls, where the water falls 200 feet into a pool with no visible outlet. Equally interesting was the nearby source of the Metolius River, where a voluminous river springs out of the hillside, source of water unknown. Just outside of Sisters was a large and friendly llama farm.

Hikes the second week included a trip to Santiam Lake, close to the base of Three Fingered Jack; a climb of Black Butte, with an 80-foot high lookout tower from which all of the Central Oregon volcanoes were clearly visible; a beautiful hike along the upper Metolius River; and, finally, a drive to Big Lake, with a loop hike around the scenic Patjens Lakes.

Everyone in the group indicated their pleasure with the area and expressed a desire to return and visit adjacent areas in the Central Oregon Cascades.

— *Maury Muzzy*

Maury and Charlotte Muzzy, leaders; Bill and Doris Adcock, Katherine Altermatt, Nancy Barker (guest), Susan Black, Sue Bruckbauer and son Eric, Lucille Conrad, Marian Cooter, Florence Culp, Beverly Dawe, Dick and Julie Erwood, Connie and Louise Grimes, Chet Grimstead, Margaret Gullstad and grandson Jason, Sandra Gullstad, Lee Hirman, Emily Horswill, Jack and Mary Hossack, Janet, Christopher and Katie Kahn (guests), Mary Lines, Maurine and Stephen Link (guests), Ed and Mary Lowry, James and Phyllis McKeag, Harold and Polly Monson, Lou Ochsner, Dick and Kay Paterson, Pat, Paul and Ingrid Riemann, Marjorie Reynolds, Ruth Rockwood, Harriet Scott, Harriet Tiedt, Tom and Jean Tokareff, Jim and Nell Wasson.

### Three Cheers for Waddington

Contrary to widespread reports, six Mountaineers found that the "sunshine coast" is not located in Southern Spain but in the wilds of British Columbia surrounding Mount Waddington. Skill, determination and good equipment play a major part in climbing success, but the advantages of good weather should never be underestimated. The 1981 Mountaineers expedition to Mt. Waddington was blessed with good weather, and our efforts were crowned with success.

On Saturday, August 8, 1981, Debbie Anderson, Ben Arp, Herb Earle, Keith Echelmeyer, Rick Munsen and Norm Winn started towards Mt. Waddington in two heavily laden vehicles. Keith had previously attempted Waddington and successfully climbed Mt. Robson and several major Alaskan peaks, and his skill and experience played a major role in the success of the party. About 18 hours later, at 2 a.m., we pulled into the ranch of the White Saddle Flying Service near Tatla Lake, B.C. The next day, we enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Jean King and went swimming and canoeing in Tatla Lake while waiting for the Bell Jet Ranger helicopter to be freed from firefighting duties. On Monday, we flew into Rainy Knob at the base of Mt. Waddington in two flights. The ride up the valley and over the snowcapped peaks was spectacular in the brilliant sunlight.

After setting up base camp at Rainy Knob, we donned day packs and explored a route up through the ice fall of the Bravo Glacier. In the middle of the ice fall, at about 8,200 feet, a huge crevasse forced the party far to the right side of the glacier next to a rock rib and up a steep snow headwall. The party returned to camp at dusk.

Tuesday was the day of the climb up to Bravo Col. The experience justified the many comparisons to the Bataan Death March we had heard about. We left camp at 8 a.m. with 65-pound packs and finally arrived at Bravo Col at 10 p.m. that evening. After belaying up the steep headwall on the right side of the glacier next to the rock rib, we stopped for lunch. Keith put in a difficult route over a steep schrund in the middle of the headwall, and we gingerly climbed the schrund with an overhead belay from Keith. We belayed up a very steep snow slope above the schrund, scrambled through a short stretch of rock with overhead belays, then continued up the snow slope to Bravo Col. The only consolation for our late arrival was the beautiful sunset and the full moon over Mt. Munday.

The next day was an easy trip from Bravo Col to Spearman Col,

an elevation gain of approximately 1,500 feet. Thursday was D-Day, the day of the assault on Waddington. Most of the party did not sleep well. We were up at 4 a.m., ate a cold breakfast, and left camp at 5 a.m. wearing crampons. The high elevation and the steep snow left us breathing hard and somewhat apprehensive, but we arrived at the base of the rock about 7 a.m. Keith and Rick started putting up a route over an ice ramp to the base of the standard gully. Because this route went very slowly, the rest of the party traversed about 50 yards and were able to find an easier route up onto the rock. We traversed back to the gully, the standard route, which is mostly class 3 and 4 and studded with fixed pitons.

One lead from the notch led us to the base of the first chockstone, which is the crux of the route. We moved up the right side of the chimney, around the chockstone, and climbed on good rock, rated about 5.6. The next lead involved a strenuous open book pitch, and from there it was easy going to the summit. The last team arrived at the summit around 5:30 p.m., so picture taking and sightseeing were very brief before we started down.

Rappelling down was quite slow because of concern that the rope would get hung up, which in fact happened once. As a result, we were still rappelling when darkness came, and the last two rappels down to the snow were done by headlamp. Fortunately, there were fixed pitons all the way down the route at regular intervals, and there was no problem finding anchors. We unanimously agreed that it was too late to go back to camp down quite steep snow in the dark, so we bivouacked in a snow cave which had been used previously for that purpose. The night was relatively warm and windless, and the bivouac was fairly comfortable. Next morning we all dragged our sleeping pads out onto the snow and slept in the bright sunlight for several hours before heading back to base camp at Spearman Col.

The next day, Saturday, three in the party climbed Spearman Peak, to find what is normally a snow climb a steep ice climb with no runout. The other three had a leisurely trip back to Bravo Col and Climbed Bravo Peak, an easy peak one-half hour from camp.

Sunday we went back down the Bravo icefield to our base camp at Rainy Knob. The trip was highlighted by a free rappel over the schrund with full packs. A few minutes later, some tent poles slipped out of a pack and slid down the slope into a 60-foot crevasse. The party rappelled down the steep snow slope next to the rock rib at the side of the headwall, set up belays on the lower lip of the crevasse and lowered a party member into the crevasse to look for the tent poles. After a half hour of determined search,

the tent poles were retrieved amid great rejoicing. The remainder of the trip to Rainy Knob occurred without further cardiac arrests.

Monday, Keith and Rick started a climb of Mount Munday via the East Ridge, and the rest of the party slogged up to Plummer Hut under a blazing sun through soft, knee-deep snow. Rick and Keith found their normally routine snow climb quite challenging, involving the use of two ice tools and ice screws on occasion because of the ice and hard snow this late in the season. After a planned bivouac, they made the summit the next day and returned to Rainy Knob after an adventurous descent involving numerous rappels, some from ice screws.

Plummer Hut has adequate accommodations for four persons but is rather crowded for six. From the hut we climbed Claw and Tellot Spire, both of which are fine rock climbs, and Dragonback and Eagle Head, which are non-technical snow climbs.

Friday, the day before the helicopter was to pick us up, was cloudy and rainy, and Saturday morning looked like more of the same. We decided to sleep in, particularly since the helicopter was not to pick us up until noon. Four of us were still in bed when we heard the sound of the helicopter at 9 a.m. With great urgency and confusion, three of us jammed our gear into our packs and raced for the helicopter. This turned out to be a wise choice, since the area was immediately socked in again with clouds, and the other three could not be picked up until the following day. After bidding a fond farewell to Mrs. King, we were homeward bound again to family and friends.

— Norm Winn

## **Wallowa Whitman National Forest**

It was clear and hot at 100°F when we arrived at Palouse Falls State Park in southeastern Washington for the start, July 4th, of our 9-day car camp outing to northeastern Oregon. As Naturalists we are constantly tuned in to different aspects of our surroundings, and this outing provided a variety of interests. The prime trip focus was botany, and the flowers were in grand display. Different elevations presented variety of plants and suitable growing conditions. Our leader/mentor, Coleman Leuthy, with botany "library" in hand and car for identifying the plants, deserves special recognition also for planning our itinerary. Two of our group shared their expertise in identifying the birds seen. Others shared knowledge of the geology evident. We all shared experiencing the weather changes.



Our first evening we botanized and enjoyed many birds—cliff swallows, night hawks, rock doves and orioles—as well as the geological display of the park. Day 2 we traveled south losing over 2500' elevation to lunch beside the Grande Ronde River at 1500'. Then we drove up the canyon into Oregon to a 4000' plateau and continued to Joseph, Oregon. Here we filled gas tanks, water jugs, and ice chests before our drive east where we entered the Wallo-Whitman National Forest, and the Hells Canyon National Recreation Area. For two nights we camped in open meadow/Douglas Fir forest on Blackhorse Ridge at 6000'. We had the whole world to ourselves. On Day 3, after a casual slowpaced day hike botanizing and enjoying the views, we experienced thunderstorms, and tent confinement for several hours prior to an evening campfire, drying clothes, socializing and sampling braised mushrooms from our leader's day harvest.

Next morning after an early snowfall, we moved from the ridge driving down to and along the Imnaha River, stopping to lunch on a sunny rocky promontory overlooking the river, and then proceeding down river to the tiny town of Imnaha at 2000'. Here we refueled, refilled water jugs and refreshed ourselves. Thus prepared we drove up the gravel F.S. road along the ridge east of the Imnaha River Valley to Granny View Point at 6300' where we set up camp for two nights. Our trip next day was a drive continuing up the road to its end and highest area at Hat Point Observation Point, 6982'. On a short hike we studied the flowers, birds, and geology, picnicked and basked in warm sunshine while drinking in the vast expanse of beauty—to the east, the Snake River a mile below us at the bottom of its canyon, and the sweep up the far wall to the snow-capped peaks of the Seven Devils Mountains in Idaho.

Reluctantly, we returned to Granny View and watched the setting sun cause long shadows to be cast across the wide valley cut by the Imnaha River with the Wallowa Mountains rising above on the western horizon.

A frosty 26°F morning of Day 6 saw us returning to the town of Imnaha, and resume following the Imnaha River north downstream for 20 miles, 13 of which was an up and down hill winding dirt road—the roughest of the entire trip. It took us two hours to cover 13 miles! We arrived at Cow Creek Campground where the road is closed at the collapsing bridge which crosses the Imnaha River. Although this was quite a primitive camp area, after our previous camps where we had no water or other facilities, we felt this one was very plush. Here we had a bathtub—a delightful pool at the edge of the river, regularly flushed with

fresh water over a gravel bar in the river; and an outhouse, despite its door being off its hinges and standing beside the doorway. To our surprise we found the "house" already occupied, but we were able to graciously and cautiously share the facility with the occupant, a huge black-widow spider.

Day 7 we did a four mile hike on the river trail along the Imnaha to its junction with the Snake River. Along the well-built trail with its areas of overgrown brush we encountered common mullein, red-osier dogwood, and thorny blackberry vines, thistles, and teasel, as well as very healthy rampant growth of poison ivy. The day was a warm one — 80°F at the Snake River, so we bathed and then lunched in the shade of the Hackberry trees. We rested, and explored some of the old historic relics of the area, and observed Western King birds and Cedar Waxwings before returning to camp.

The group outing ended Day 8 as we left Cow Creek area after exploring awhile along the old Chief Joseph march route toward Doug Bar crossing. We knew we had arrived back to civilization when we had completed the slow 13 miles of rough road, again in two hours, and found the sign at the beginning of the black top road which said "Reduced Speed - 35 MPH"!

Besides the pleasant memories of the scenery, the studies, and the varied weather exposure, are the memories of safely escaping from the rattlesnakes and black widow spider; but the poison ivy got me!

Since our itinerary covered such a graphic display of geology, Carl writes about this part of the trip.

Palouse Falls, our first camp site, allowed us to see one of the probable results of the collapse of the ice dam at the mouth of the North Fork of the Clark River, which impounded Lake Missoula of thousands of years ago. The collapsing dam, a product of the glacial ages and the Cordellian Ice Sheets, released the entire lake in an incredible flood which raced west and south. It is estimated that a flow of nine cubic miles of water per hour raced across the landscape for many days in the world's greatest geologically recorded flood. In addition to carving the Moses and Grand Coulee, vast areas (the "scablands") of Washington were scoured clean of top soil, later deposited to the south, and the Palouse Falls and Canyon were formed.

Standing at the edge of the Palouse gorge many layers of lava can be seen, lava laid down in succeeding flows from earth fissures, over a period of millions of years. This activity, geologists tell us, occurred 10 million to 30 million years ago, and was not the violently explosive volcanic type. The layers cover much of

Southern Idaho, and Eastern Washington and Oregon about 100,000 square miles, to depths of thousands of feet in places.

The geology of the Wallowa-Whitman National Forest is visible in the interesting and spectacular cuts made by the drainage streams. The Grande Ronde, Snake, Imnaha Rivers, Sheep Creek and numerous smaller water courses are available for viewing from roads or trails. Prominent in the cuts are evidences of numerous lava flows laid down millions of years ago. At Hat Point, high above the Snake, I counted fifty separate layers before losing track and giving up counting. As we walked from Cow Creek to the Snake along the Imnaha, and as we drove earlier from Blackhorse Ridge to the town of Imnaha, we could see at close range, the layered basalt. At the Grande Ronde, several well-defined intruded sills and dikes were seen, some were weathered and eroded into imposing shapes and spires. From Granny View Observation Point the eroded hills on each side of the Imnaha River stretched south, resembling a classical landscape painting, especially late in the day when heavy shadows accentuated the deep gullies. The road route from Granny View Point to Cow Creek on the Imnaha offered view after view of impressive and picturesque buttes and sharply carved arroyos.

A bit of history: At Cow Creek, a large sign board pointed out that we were standing where Chief Joseph led his struggling, suffering nation along this route, to the Snake River crossing at Doug Bar, seven miles farther north and east. This was one chapter of a longer story of broken promises, usurping of reservation land, and the use of vastly superior military forces to enforce the white man's desires and will upon the Nez Perce Nation.

— Ruth Munson

Coleman Leuthy, leader; Helen and Ollie Mansfield, Thais Bock, Carl and Ruth Munson, Evelyn Peaslee.

**A partial list of the flowers seen:**

*Flowers seen enroute and in Blackhorse Ridge area (6000')*

<i>Berberis ripens</i>	Creeping Oregon grape
<i>Calochortus eurycarpus</i>	Big pod mariposa lily
<i>Calochortus macrocarpus</i>	Green-banded star-tulip
<i>Camassia cusickii</i>	Cusick's camas lily
<i>Clarkia pulchella</i>	Pink-fairies, deer horn
<i>Frasera albicaulis</i> , var. <i>idahoensis</i>	Idaho frasera
<i>Geum triflorum</i>	Old man's whiskers
<i>Gilia aggregata</i>	Scarlet gilia
<i>Hydrophyllum fendleri</i> , var. <i>fendleri</i>	Fendler's waterleaf
<i>Lewisia triphylla</i>	Three-leaved lewisia
<i>Mimulus primuloides</i>	Primrose mimulus

<i>Penstemon deustus</i>	Hot-rock penstemon (white)
<i>Penstemon globosus</i>	Globe penstemon
<i>Penstemon triphyllus</i>	Whorl leaf penstemon
<i>Plantago pusilla</i>	Dwarf plantain
<i>Pyrola uniflora</i>	Wood nymph, Single delight
<i>Scrophularia lanceolata</i>	Lance-leaf figwort
<i>Wyethia helianthoides</i>	White-head mule's ears

*Flowers seen at Granny View/Hat Point area (6300'–7000')*

<i>Allium acuminatum</i>	Tapertip onion
<i>Clematis hirsutissima</i>	Vase flower, sugarbowls
<i>Linum perenne</i> , var. <i>lewisii</i>	Wild blue flax
<i>Lewisia columbiana</i> , var. <i>wallowensis</i>	Columbia lewisia
<i>Opuntia polyacantha</i>	Starvation cholla
<i>Orthocarpus imbricatus</i>	Mt. Owl clover (also a cream one)
<i>Paeonia brownii</i>	Brown's peony
<i>Trifolium macrocephalum</i>	Big-head clover

*Flowers seen at Cow Creek/Snake River area (900'–1300')*

<i>Asclepias fascicularis</i>	Narrow-leaved milkweed
<i>Bromus brizaeformis</i>	Rattlesnake grass, cheat grass
<i>Celtis reticulata</i>	Hackberry tree
<i>Dipsacus sylvestris</i>	Teasel, gypsy-combs
<i>Mentzelia</i>	Blazing star
<i>Oenothera caespitosa</i>	Rock rose, desert evening primrose
<i>Oenothera strigosa</i>	Common evening primrose
<i>Oxytheca dendroides</i>	Oxytheca
<i>Rhus radicans</i>	Poison ivy
<i>Solanum dulcamara</i>	Climbing nightshade
<i>Tribulus terrestris</i>	Puncture vine, ground bur-nut
<i>Verbascum thapsus</i>	Common mullein

Other frequently seen flowers included *Castilleja*, Lupine, Stone crop, Larkspur.

### **Chelan Summit Trail: Wenatchee National Forest and Lake Chelan Recreational Area**

On Saturday, July 11, 1981, twelve hikers met at the Chelan Ranger Station. We ate lunch and drove up the meandering Methow Valley, Gold Creek and Cooper Mountain roads to the trailhead. We were greeted by a few "tapioca" snowballs from drifting clouds. By then it was late (3:40 p.m.). We hiked one mile through beautiful alpine trees to comfortable Falls Creek camp. Along the way we enjoyed hummingbird, American goldfinch, avalanche lily, Indian paintbrush and blue lupine.

Sunday we awoke to a light frost on the ground. We broke camp by 8:30 a.m. to climb rocky North Navarre Peak, hiking on about 1½ miles to a pleasant ridge top camp spot early in the afternoon. With the rest of the day ahead of us, some of the party snoozed in the sun while others explored the trail to Sun-

rise Lake. In the evening the camp was visited by a blue grouse and her chick.

Early Monday morning Bill Longwell departed. As we were packing up to leave it started to rain. The rain quickly turned to sleet and snow. We trudged through the storm to Boiling Lake; some of the party decided to move on the North Fork Prince Creek shelter. The storm had subsided to a mist by the time we reached camp. We had built a cheery fire and were drying out our clothes when two Oregon juncoes appeared nearby.

Bright sunshine and a few clouds greeted us as we awoke Tuesday. It was a leisurely morning — we didn't start out until 10:00 a.m., meandering along, taking pictures and enjoying the views. Jacob's ladder, light bog orchids, asters and mountain laurel lined the trail to delight us. At the North Fork shelter we picked up the rest of the party and moved on to Mule Shoe camp by 4:45 p.m. After pleasant conversation by the fire we turned in, to be awakened about 3:00 a.m. by the sound of voices shouting. A deer had tangled with Bill and Elaine Bottner's tent ropes. After a few moments the deer was free and leaped off into the night.

Wednesday proved to be full of warmth, sun and drifting clouds. Kathy Stanness joined the group around 7:30 a.m. Rather than move camp the beautiful weather and surroundings enticed us to stay. We loafed, sunbathed and explored Surprise Lake and Indian Head Pass. Deer and marmots appeared everywhere.

Thursday dawned clear and pleasant with a 6:00 a.m. rising for an early start. It was to be a long hike. We packed and hit the trail by 8:00 a.m. The long trek was made worthwhile by beautiful views, flowers and birds galore. As we were preparing to bed down a brief but sudden thunder shower hit.

Friday again dawned gorgeously clear. We got a leisurely start, then hiked to the top of Fish Creek Pass. We stopped to rest and capture the striking view on camera. As we got under way, dark clouds, thunder and light sprinkles followed us. We made camp on a shelf high above Juanita Lake, a small lake surrounded by alpine meadow. By 5:30 p.m. the thunder shower caught up with us. Some of the party took the short trail to the top of Boulder Butte in back of the camp, to enjoy a view made spectacular by the storm. Rain and hail continued throughout the evening and sometime after we had drifted off to sleep.

Saturday was mostly clear and sunny. We arose at 5:30 a.m. and got under way within an hour. In a mere 7 miles we descended 5500 feet along the arduously steep trail. By 11:20 we arrived

at Stehekin, a village on the edge of Lake Chelan. We enjoyed a restaurant lunch and awaited the boat that would ferry us down the lake to the town of Chelan. The five hour trip was uneventful but restful. We arrived about 6:45 p.m., walked downtown and treated ourselves to dinner at a local restaurant. We had a pleasant surprise when one of Bill Bottner's friends offered us the use of his back yard in which to bed down for the night, which was more comfortable than our previous arrangements.

Sunday, the last day of the trip, was warm but cloudy. The drivers rose early in order to retrieve the cars at the trailhead. The passengers still slept, to be picked up on our way back.

On the way home we contemplated the highlights of the trip: good hiking companions, varied, almost exciting weather and the best of the high alpine country. Our great adventure was over.

Epilogue: It is now midwinter, and the original twelve members of the party have kept in contact with each other and have had two very pleasant shorter trips, with probably more to come.

Archie Wright, leader; Dwight Riggs, rear guard and right hand man; Jeannie Scott, Neil Hunt, Karen Sykes, Nonnie Heyning, Gerry Shevlin, Elaine and Bill Bottner, Jack Miller, Pam Pogemiller, Russ Pogemiller and Bob Ward. Also, Bill Longwell guided us through the first few miles and Kathy Stanness joined us for the last part of the trip.

### **Retired Rovers in Mexico**

On Monday, February 16, 1981, eighteen Retired Rovers boarded a Mexicana plane for an 18-day tour of Mexico. After a sumptuous dinner and a fuel stop at Mazatlan, we arrived in Mexico City, where we were whisked off to the Hotel Doral. Next day we toured the city by charter bus, getting an overall view of the largest and smoggiest city in the world. We visited Chapultepec palace, which had been the home of Emperor Maximilian and Carlotta, the Rivera murals and the Museum of Anthropology.

The following day, we explored the famous Floating Gardens of Xochimilco, where we ate box lunches as we were poled along in a gaily decorated barge. Later we were shown the grounds of the University of Mexico with its many striking buildings decorated with mosaics and paintings of Mexican history. That evening we attended the Ballet Folklorico de Mexico, a marvelous and colorful performance of the many fine folk dances of Mexico.

A visit to the miraculous Shrine of Guadalupe, crowded with gaily dressed Indians on a pilgrimage, was on our Thursday program. From there we went north to the pyramids of Teotihuacan, which date back to Toltec days. The Pyramid of the Sun is larger, though not as tall, as the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Many climbed its 365 steps to get a wide view of the ancient city surrounding it.

The fifth day saw us aboard a bus riding south and west to Cuernavaca, where we stopped at the palace of Cortez, now a museum, to see the magnificent murals of Mexican history by Rivera. Then the road took us down a tropical valley where Indians drove burros along the way, and, at one small village, children with pet iguanas posed for photographers for a tip. The road then wound up a long hill to the quaint city of Taxco, at one time the silver capital of the world, with its twin-towered cathedral and its steep, cobbled streets.

Next morning it was up early and out to the airport for a flight to Merida, the capital of the state of Yucatan. The Hotel Cayre, with its shady patio and swimming pool, was very welcome in this tropical region. The city was beautiful when not behind walls, but the sidewalks were terrible. The next day was spent at Uxmal, a Mayan city abandoned in the tenth century. There were many large buildings elaborately adorned with fine carvings, but what they represented and how they were used is still conjecture.

The tenth day we travelled by bus through a tropical forest studded with oval, thatched huts to Chichen Itza with its magnificent Mayan ruins, much more extensive and greatly antedating those of Uxmal. The night was spent at the Hotel Mayaland, where some of the rooms were glorified thatched huts scattered through a tropical garden and around a swimming pool.

Then it was on down the road to Cancun, a long coral and sand island at the tip of the Yucatan peninsula that has been developed into a very posh beach resort of fine hotels (ours the Playa Blanca), golf courses, and so forth. Relaxing in the sun and playing on the beach was the order of the day. Then disaster struck! A mix-up in the office, an over-zealous bellboy and half our bags went winging off to New York on a chartered plane as we flew back to Mexico City.

We were joined the next day by Carlos Perez, a most remarkable zapotec friend of Jim Wasson. Although he had had a throat operation recently and could not speak, he added much to our enjoyment of the rest of the trip. He accompanied us as we bussed down through long tropical valleys and up over a

12,000 foot pass to his native city of Oaxaca. From the Hotel Senioral we toured the city, including the Santo Domingo Cathedral, said to be the most beautiful in all Mexico, and went to Carlos's just-completed home on a hill overlooking the valley. Another trip took us to Monte Alban, where an ancient and very extensive holy city had been built on top of a flattened-off mountain. Here elaborate jewelry of gold and jade and precious stones had been found in tombs. On Shrove Tuesday in Oaxaca's central plaza, we were treated to a long parade of kindergarten children in all sorts of fantastic costumes.

Finally, on March 5th, our eighteenth day, we flew back to Mexico City, where six of the group left for a few days in Mazatlan, while the rest of us flew to Los Angeles, then on home to Seattle, where our wandering luggage from Cancun was awaiting us. Although most of us experienced a touch of Montezuma's Revenge along the way, and several had to do without their luggage for a few days, we all felt that we had a most pleasant and interesting trip with a very congenial party.

**PARTICIPANTS:** Louise Axe, leader. Ruth Abelson, Bernice Bonner, Dorothy Brower, Jean Crowe, Edna Hall, Connie and Louise Grimes, Margaret Gullstad, Joe Miller, Lucille Pepin, Lowell and Dorothy Raymond, Marjorie Reynolds, Theresa Sickles, Harriet Tiedt, Jim and Nell Wasson.

### **Retired Rovers/Sun Valley-Sawtooth Outing**

Within the boundaries of the 754,000 acre Sawtooth National Recreation Area lie portions of four mountain ranges, the headwaters of five major rivers and over 300 mountain lakes. Located in the heart of Idaho, the SNRA is a mosaic formed of jagged peaks, gem-like lakes, mountain meadows, glacier-carved valleys, timbered slopes and rushing streams. The beauty of the Sawtooth, White Cloud peaks and Boulder mountain ranges are in constant view to visitors as they travel through the SNRA. This is truly a beautiful area and is only 655 miles from Seattle by way of Pendleton and Boise. This is where nine couples of the Retired Rovers spent the last two weeks of June.

Our first campsite was at Wood River, a Forest Service campground with 32 campsites just ten miles north of Sun Valley. The fee was \$3 per night, but those holding Golden Age Passports were given a 50% discount.

The weather for the most part was good, but as we were hiking at elevations between 7,000 and 9,000 feet, jackets were a must. All lakes above 8,500 feet were still frozen over. The high elevation



also had a slowing effect on most of the members, so consequently the trips were fairly short and not too strenuous.

The first day we hiked four miles in to Norton Lakes, which were still frozen over. Another day, a group hiked 6.5 miles in to Boulder Basin and visited Boulder City, an old deserted mining town at 9,000 feet. Many buildings, on private land, still remain. Several couples drove to Craters of the Moon just 50 miles east of Ketchum and spent the day. In between hikes, a group drove east to the base of the Lost River Range and enjoyed views of Mt. Borah, the highest mountain in Idaho. Revisiting Sun Valley and Ketchum after 25 years was a nostalgic experience for several couples. A hike along Fox Creek filled another day. Photographing and studying the many wild flowers kept many of the members happy. Fields of balsamorhiza, mule ears, penstemon, lupine, yellow paintbrush, shooting stars, prairie smoke, camas, and mertensia were enjoyed by all. On our last day at Wood River, we all went swimming in the morning in a natural hot springs pool at Easley Campground just four miles from camp. In the afternoon we hiked two miles up to Titus Lake and then back down to Galena Summit Lodge, where we had reservations for a delicious dinner. Food never tasted so good!

The next morning we drove 60 miles north over Galena Summit (8,701 feet), where we could look down and see the beginning of the Salmon River and across to the Sawtooth Mountains. Then it was on to Redfish Lake, where we stayed at Mt. Heyburn Camp, another Forest Service Camp with 42 campsites. The fee there was \$5 per night, and again we were given the 50% discount.

From Mt. Heyburn Camp, we were able to take a number of short hikes. The 3.5-mile hike to Bench Lakes followed a ridge, and on our left, we looked straight down on Redfish Lake and, on our right, just across the way, were many snow capped peaks. We all felt this was one of the most beautiful trails we had ever hiked.

One day a group drove 30 miles to Custer City, named for General Custer. This was an old mining town with a most interesting and unique museum run by the Forest Service. Alice Lake, considered one of the prettiest lakes in the area, was reached after a six-mile hike by three of the members. Alturas Lake and Fishhook Creek were also visited by several of the members. For a change of pace, we drove to Stanley Lake, then on to the Stanley Lake Overlook, where we saw the Sawtooth Mountains from a more westerly view. McGowan Peak is quite prominent from that angle.

Our campfires every evening were most enjoyable, as a different couple took charge at their own campsite and furnished treats and

sometimes a little entertainment—making it seem like a party every night. Needless to say, no one ever missed campfire.

— Louise Grimes

Louise Grimes, leader; Bill and Doris Adcock, Dick and Julie Erwood, Connie Grimes, Hal and Margaret Gullstad, Charlotte and Maury Muzzy, Bob and Elsie Rinehart, Bill and Harriet Shery, Lee and Roy Snider, Jim and Nell Wasson.

### **Chiwaukum Mountain Outing**

Wednesday, July 15: An assorted group of Retired Rovers and others began a 6 day trip into the Chiwaukum Mountains. We began our backpacking trip up the Icicle Creek Roadhead at about 11:30 a.m., following Icicle Creek for 3 miles. The trail was heavily wooded at the lower altitudes, gradually opening up to lovely views of mountains and wild flowers. Especially enjoyable was the prolific blue bell. At about 3½ miles we began following Frosty Creek. The weather this first day was warm and clear, which enhanced the mountain views to the southwest, and made the evening sunset memorable. Hardy hikers made it to Frosty Pass, elevation 5,700 feet, about 7 miles from the roadhead. Others settled for Lake Margaret, a bowl-like gem with a waterfall, just below the pass.

Thursday, July 16: We hiked to Big Chiwaukum Mountain. The weather still was fine, providing stupendous views in all directions. Particularly striking was Glacier Peak. We were in typical alpine terrain; lush green meadows filled with wild flowers, and plenty of rocks over which to scramble.

Friday, July 17: We moved on to Lake Mary, a short hike of approximately 2 miles with an elevation gain of 1,400 feet. Around the lake, we found at Lake Mary, many camp sites. Some, with scattered boulders, were great for socializing and playing cards. Others, closer to the lake, resembled alpine meadows. The weather changed, and before the day was out, a spectacular thunder storm made us all run for cover. Even so, some hiked up Ladies Mountain, while others enjoyed the lake. This was marmot country and the little creatures were busy whistling warnings to and fro.

On Saturday, July 18, we took a day hike up Snowgrass Mountain. This was a strenuous scramble from about 4,800 feet elevation to 7,993 feet elevation, with the added challenge of snow. Some of the party clambered up a ridge above Lake Mary and amidst the fog, discovered snowfields, and more mountain rockeries with their gorgeous assortment of flowers.

Sunday, we left Lake Mary and moved on cautiously, making the ascent of Mary's Pass at 7,100 feet elevation, crossing many snow fields. At one point, some of us back-tracked, edging rocks and snow beneath an unstable snow bridge. We breathed more easily when that was over. Fog and clouds were thick at these higher elevations. This was an especially interesting day since the scenery was so varied, some of the party scrambled up Cape Horn, at about 6,700 feet. They came down to report seeing marmots so tame that they shared a member's lunch. We still weren't finished with the snow: Lake Edna, a small tarn, was a picture in silver and blue, all ice and snow as we edged around it snapping pictures right and left.

At approximately 5 miles, in the early afternoon, we set up camp on a picturesque, windswept slope near the Index Creek Junction, east of Lake Edna. The vista was fabulous. The first night had its excitement when a couple spotted a bear ambling in the valley below. After we were all properly warned, everyone moved their food caches and strung them higher. Mr. Bruin did not appear, but *his* nerves may have been the only calm ones.

On Monday July 20 some of the group took a day hike east of Index Creek to an apparently unnamed peak. According to one member, they lost and gained a tremendous amount of elevation, at one point descending about 1,300 feet, only to have to climb it again. Nonetheless, it was very sunny and warm, and some climbers snatched a nap.

The wind increased on the second day here forcing some parties to move their tents. A few others had tents blow over and moved in with more fortunate neighbors. One member had his tent blow down around him at night, but was able to repair the damage — pajamas and all.

The last morning dawned clear, crisp and cold — deep blue mountains standing out against pale skies. We started out at about 7:30 a.m., crossing more snow fields, contouring around Grindstone Mountain and following Chatter Creek about 5 miles down to the Chatter Creek Roadhead, 3,000 feet elevation.

Everyone agreed it had been a great trip with terrific scenery, good campfires, and the best of company.

— Peggy Burhop

Bob Dreisbach, leader; Alice Bond, Peggy Burhop, Sondra Davis, Priscilla Devin, Mary Fries, Kay Haviland, Terry Hurley, John Klos, Mary Ann Leberg, Walt Leberg, Bob McFann, Kathy Meacham, Louis Ochsner, Virginia Reid, Jim Wasson, David Wiseman

## Retired Rovers Oregon Coast Car Camp

The Retired Rovers had a carcamp outing in Oregon from September 13 to 27, primarily along the coast and then into the southern interior to the Oregon Caves and on up to Crater Lake. First was a 273-mile drive from Seattle down to Cape Lookout State Park near Tillamook for a 3-day stay. We hiked the five miles out to the head of the cape, explored the beaches from Cape Meares to Depot Bay, tasted the wines and cheeses around Tillamook, told of our experiences around evening campfires and displayed agates plundered from our secret beach caches.

Then a 76-mile exploratory drive down the coast for a three-day stay at Honeyman State Park next to Florence, visiting such way-side points of interest as Sea Lion Cave, Devil's Churn and Cape Perpetua. We saw the carnivorous Cobra Lillies at Darlingtonia and touched a devil fish at the Marine Science Center aquarium near Yaquina Bay. We slurped Newport's famous clam chowder and scooted up and down the sand dunes in the big dune buggies. Some hiked.

Another fascinating 156 miles brought us to Harris Beach State Park, near Oregon's southernmost town of Brookings, for another three days of local exploration. The last 11 miles along the rugged coast line comprises Boardman State Park and is considered the most spectacular section of the entire Oregon Coast. It is filled with bluffs, coves, sea stacks and arches all carved out by the mighty wave action. This drive goes by Coos Bay, Shore Acres State Park, Cape Arango, Bandon, Port Orford and the Rogue River. Brookings has the huge Azalea State Park, and just outside is Loeb's Myrtlewood Park and a hike up to a redwood forest.

Next was a 115-mile drive inland to the Oregon Caves which included a dip into northern California near Crescent and through Redwood National Forest. We camped for two days at Grayback Campground, took the trip through the Caves and hiked around the vicinity. This campground was not as modern as the coastal campgrounds where we had stayed but was quite adequate and had a tremendous variety of native trees.

Then a number not daunted by an impending storm and the lowering snowline this late in the season drove the 200 miles to Crater Lake, spending several days there, hiking and driving along the rim that circles the lake before heading for home. We generally had good weather, although one heavy rainstorm with resulting flooded tent sites severely tested the tenacity of our tents. However, all unanimously agreed that we should do it over again. There

were so many fabulous and interesting sights that time limitations did not allow coverage in just one or two trips.

— *Bill Ballou*

**Participants:**

Jim Wasson, leader; Bill and Doris Adcock, Julie Balinski, Bill and Betsey Ballou, Bernice Bonner, Florence Culp, Dewey Engeset, Connie and Louise Grimes, Walt and Dorothy Hoffman, Henry and Jean Kyle, Mary Ann Lebert, Eidle Marquard, Joe and Louise Miller, Maury and Charlotte Muzzy, Stan and Louise Newell, Tom and Joan Pemberton, Frances Rawlings, Marg Reynolds, Jack and Ellie Strain, Helen Strom, Harriet Tiedt, Jim and Nell Wasson.

## **Single Activities Outing 1981**

### **Pasayten Wilderness**

Our group left Seattle Saturday, August 1, early in the morning. After meeting in Winthrop, we arranged our car "turn arounds," by leaving one car at our starting point, Andrews Creek, Campground, and the other at Eight Mile Creek, our August 9th destination.

The first day's hike was short, so all made camp by supertime at Ram Creek. Sunday was warm and pleasant for our 7 mile hike. The trail wound up Andrews Creek drainage, mostly in pine forest, then opened to meadows of wildflowers at Andrews Pass, our second camp site. As this was our first full day of hiking, some chose to spend the afternoon resting, while part of the group hiked up to a small lake west of the Pass. Thundershowers passed over during dinner, but did not last too long. On our third day we enjoyed beautiful but stark scenery. We were greeted at every turn with expansive views. We camped that evening at Upper Cathedral Lake, with more thundershowers. Later in the evening, several members of the party hiked to Cathedral Pass to enjoy the sunset. The surrounding rocky cliffs, colored in shades of brilliant golds and reds, were breathtaking!

August 4 was a planned "easy day," to allow time for exploring. Many explored the meadows beneath Cathedral Pass, and two climbed Cathedral Peak. Camp was moved 3.5 miles to Spanish Camp, to lessen the mileage of the following day. We had planned to reach Ramon Lakes on August 5, but were unable to do so. The trail went over Bald Mountain, with superb views south, north, and east. The wildflowers were outstanding, as was the wildlife. We saw several deer and marmots that morning. After gaining 1,500 feet in about two miles, we faced west towards Sheep Mountain,

our goal for the day. We lost 2,000 feet in the next few miles down to Ashnola River. This was the only delicate river crossing of our trip. There was no bridge, so we had to ford the river. It wasn't too deep, but was fairly wide. We had a long afternoon ahead, and had already traveled further than maps had indicated in the planning.

It was a very warm afternoon and we had several miles to go. The next trail junction was missed by five of the group, so an extra 1,000 feet was gained. Realizing our error, we turned back, to find the 6th member waiting at the junction. There was no sign to mark the way, and much of the trail was over grown. We felt we would be better prepared after a good night's rest, and decided to camp at this spot. This meant no layover day at Ramon Lakes, but we all felt it was the best decision. The next morning, refreshed, we were able to make the trip up to Ramon Lakes fairly easily, putting to good use our routefinding skills. Three members climbed Sheep Mountain that afternoon for great views in all directions. On our way down, we also observed a large group of Ptarmigan all brown except their lower legs.

August 7: We hiked around Sheep Mountain, along the Canadian border, over several passes to Corral Lake, where we found good fishing and swimming. One other party was camped here and one of their members suffered a heart problem during the night. Two of their members rode out for help, while one of our group, an R.N., helped monitor the gentleman's progress. The next morning we witnessed two paramedics and their equipment parachute out of a plane. It was comforting to see the highly trained rescue operation first hand. The gentleman was airlifted out later that day, as we were hiking down towards our last camp. This day was long, 11 miles, and very hot (high 90's). We camped by Drake Creek, an inadequate site. Hiking 1-2 miles further would have allowed us to camp at a better spot.

On the last day, August 9, we started out very early, to avoid the heat, and to get the cars turned around. We reached Winthrop about 11:00, then had delicious snacks at Mountain Song before heading back to Seattle. In all, it was a hike with fine scenery, outstanding wildflowers, abundant wildlife, and most of all, great camaraderie.

—Joyce Britton

## Austria-Switzerland Outing

A group of 15 Mountaineers assembled at Innsbruck for the July 10 to 24 Austria-Switzerland outing. Paul Wiseman was the coordinator and leader. Many members of the group took advantage of the opportunity to travel earlier or to remain longer, an appreciated option of the Scandinavian Airlines package. Enthusiasm was high as our three Austrian guides outlined the plans for hikers. However, weather eventually altered the original plans. Sunshine, low clouds, daily rain and one heavy, wet snowfall influenced our scheduling. Busses, local trains, gondolas and lifts provided excellent transportation to trailheads. Hotels in Innsbruck and Zurich were good. Alpine huts provided adequate, clean dormitories with day rooms where one could eat, talk and relax. Meals were ample and varied. Some huts served traditional food specialties which we all enjoyed very much. Maps were available and helped in making daily plans. All maps are in metric.

July 12 we walked to the Stubai Railroad station in Innsbruck and rode to Noehofweg. A gondola took the group to Mutterer Alm. The hike was through heavily forested areas and summer farm land. After lunch, most of the group continued up a steep grade toward Raitisser Alm before walking down to Mutters. Hiking time was about four hours total. Low clouds obscured the valley and peaks most of the time, but wild flowers were abundant.

July 13 was more challenging. By Post bus we traveled to the Neustift/Stubai Valley. The Jausenst-Elfer chair lift took us to the trailhead. The trail was well marked and switchbacked up to Elfer Hut, 2004 meters (6576 feet). Some of the group descended through Pinnisback valley while the rest of us continued to climb amongst a grouping of rugged rocks to Elferspitz, 2505 meters (8220 feet), where fixed cable holds were provided for those who wished to go to the top. The descent was partially scrambling and then road hiking in very heavy rain. Rain gear was thoroughly tested — and found wanting! Total hiking time was about six hours.

We used the following morning to do laundry, shop for lunch snacks, and to have a short, conducted sight-seeing tour of Innsbruck and the Olympic site for ski jumping. In the afternoon, our own bus took us past Lake Achensee, Pertisan and to Gramai Alm where we hiked up a good switchback trail from valley to rock-shelved Lamsenjoch Hut, 1953 meters (6409 feet). Scenery was alpine with glacial rock. Hiking time was about three hours. Both rooms and dormitory arrangements were available.

We awoke to sunshine and enjoyed watching chamois while

hiking to Falken Hunt, 1846 meters (6058 feet). This involved descending into another valley before reaching our final destination in about five hours of walking. Alpine meadows with tree groupings predominated until the last hour of hiking, where rugged rock rose above us. These rocks are popular with the skilled climbers, as there are many routes.

Our final night of the three-day Austrian hut trip was the most memorable. The hospitality, food and rooms at Karwendal, 1765 meters (5792 feet), were exceptional. After lunch, we divided into two groups, one group leisurely hiking in the very beautiful valley while the more ambitious hiked up to Birkker Ridge, about three hours round trip.

We finished our Austrian hiking with a four-hour road walk to Scharnitz, another beautiful Tirolean village. The train took the group back to Innsbruck and Hotel Grief. A full free day again was spent doing laundry, shopping, independent sightseeing and visiting museums.

During the night, steady rain turned into heavy, wet snow almost down to Innsbruck. Lifts could not operate, and huts were inaccessible. Our departure route to the St. Moritz, Silverplana region was changed because passes were closed. Because of this, we went to Morteratsch Hotel sooner than planned. Up to three feet of new, wet snow at higher elevations limited mountaineering. Our dormitory arrangement was very crowded and the least satisfactory of the whole trip.



The first Swiss hike was from Morterasch to Boval Hut, 2495 meters (8187 feet). We walked through glacial rock almost all the way, much of it covered with snow. Hiking time was about three hours. Low clouds prevented us from seeing peaks which provide the most challenging climbs in this area. Unpredictable weather and soft snow also prevented any attempts to go higher.



The next day we descended again to Morteratsch but continued to Pontresina and up the Roseg valley to Roseg Hotel, 2000 meters (6563 feet), where both rooms and dormitory arrangements were available. Total time was six hours. This lovely valley setting also had spectacular rugged peaks in the distance and is popular with many hikers and climbers.

The four-hour hike from Roseg to Coaz Hut, 2610 meters (8565 feet), was through meadows and across rocky terrain and finally across snow. The almost clear weather gave some people hope that they might be able to climb Caputschin Peak, 3386 meters (11,111 feet), the next day. A party of six made a successful ascent. Our final Swiss hike was part scramble down to Roseg valley and the hotel, the last bit in a drenching rain.

A farewell party given by the Austrian Tourist Office and guides in the Roseg Hotel concluded the hiking and climbing part of the two week outing. Their efforts made planning, changes, and housing go smoothly.

The bus met us at Pontresina, took us over Albula Pass, and through Chur to Zurich, where we had our last night together before we separated into smaller groups to go to Copenhagen and Seattle or for some more travel in Europe.

To summarize briefly, the Austria-Switzerland Outing of 1981 was successful. Though adverse weather prevented us from achieving all of our goals, the hikes were beautiful with elusive distant scenery at times. Hotel and hut accommodations and food were good. Many pictures record the hikes, and personal memories not included in this day to day account highlighted the whole two weeks.

—*Leila Martin*

Members of the group: Evelyn Boyd, Rose Cheledenas, Bob and Gerry Dodds, Kate Earl, Eloise Hern, Marjorie Hershey, Dale and Leila Martin, Norma Mason, Gudrun Olsen, Harry and Mitsi Tanaka, Norma Waldrop, Paul Wiseman.

## **Pyrenees Mountains**

The Pyrenees! The magical words spun dreams of peaceful towns nestled in verdant valleys below the inviting snow-capped peaks of the "French Alps." In August 1981, the dream became a reality of eight Mountaineers on another Maggie Cornell-led hike. There they joined sixteen members of the British Holiday Fellowship hiking club.

Flying via the polar route, we landed at Heathrow Airport, London and overnighted at Salisbury, whose famous cathedral dominates the town and countryside. Our home for a day was the 16th century Rose and Crown Inn, with typically lovely English flower gardens — varied, colorful and very well groomed. Much of our short time in Salisbury was spent visiting the famous church, its floors and walls lined with tombs of the famous and the unknown. The tour of the town of Salisbury proved to be an adventure in mingling a very old English town with the bustle of today's tourism.

It was next a long day via bus to London, air to Toulouse, France, and again by bus to Luz-St. Sauveur in the Pyrenees. Finally, we had a 10 p.m. supper served by French waitresses who were as tired as we.

Luz ( name blending the town of Luz with the famous baths of St. Sauveur) was our home base for the next two weeks of intensive hiking to such romantic-sounding places as Cirque de Gavarnie, Pic du Midi, Soum de Mountayou, Cirque d'ets Lits and Pic d'Ayre, and the resort ski towns of Baresges, Gedre, Sazos and Betpouey. Luz-St. Sauveur, in the central Midi Pyrenees, is at the conflux of deep alpine valleys that lead to the prominent skiing and hiking areas of Barages and Gavarnie. Very neat, tourist-oriented Luz became a delightful place to return to after a long day in the surrounding mountains. The town offered such attractions as excellent shopping for Basque materials, a unique 15th century fortified church, and a handy outdoor cafe for people watching. Our Hotel de Montaigu certainly upheld the French tradition of fine cuisine. A word of warning, however: if you like French toast — great, 'cause that's all the bread you're going to get: long, short, round or flat, it's still French bread!

Next day we loosened up with a scouting trip around the Luz-St. Sauveur area, including a crossing of the Empress Eugenie Bridge to the hot springs of St. Sauveur. These springs are famous, at least to the French, who built here a monument to Napoleon III (at his request) commemorating his visit in the 1860s to bathe his aching muscles in the restorative waters.

For our first warm-up hike, we bussed up the Gavarnie Valley to the power station at Pragneres and trudged up trails and roads to the edge of the Parc de Nationale de Pyrenees. Our trail into the national park led us to alpine meadows covered with flowers. Our trail ended near the cliffs of the Cirque d'eta Lits, whose many shades contrasted with black cliffs and lingering off-white snow fields. After lazing in the warm August sunshine, we returned to Luz, our appetites now whetted for a fine French dinner and for more adventure ahead.

To test our muscles further, we next bussed over good, albeit narrow and winding, roads into the mountains to the resort town of Gavarnie with its one main street crowded with tourist shops and French vacationers. An added attraction (?) was the sight of hundreds of small horses and large donkeys readied to transport the less mobile the three miles to the giant Cirque de Gavarnie. The great walls of the cirque are graced with numerous waterfalls, and its stark beauty is enhanced by a ring of glaciers above leading to the highes Pryenees — and Spain — beyond.

Our good weather left us when we rode east to the outstanding winter skiing area of Berages. From the end of the passable road, we trudged in the cold and wet to a frugal but welcome Refuge at the Col du Tourmalet. Here we exchanged folk singing with hardy French hikers while we all hung most everything up to dry. Several members of the party braved cold driving rain to reach the observatory atop Pic du Midi (2,872 meters) before we all beat a hasty retreat to the bus and then to the comforts of Luz.

The warm weather quickly returned and we were off to the hills of Soum de Mountayou (182 meters) directly above our village; and to a posh meadow area to pick blueberries and scan the towns of Visaz, Grust, Sazos and Sassis clinging to the hillsides far below.

Yet another day of drizzle found us back at Bareges for a long trek through meadows and small forests to the hills above Luz, where we needed our best Alpine Scrambles map reading to get us home again. Two beautiful shepherdesses we met along the way reminded us that Mary had a little lamb and a lot of class besides.

As a respite from trail pounding, some USA members took the bus and four-hour train trip to the Atlantic coast and the warm beaches at Biarritz where things were just topless! The budget wisely called for only one night at the Emperor Hotel, properly named after serving as the summer palace of Napoleon III. Shopping for Basque cloths and weavings proved interesting and inexpensive. Other party members at this same time bussed to Lourdes and the justly famous shrine to St. Bernadette.

But it was back to the boots again. From Luz some returned to Gavarnie for a steep climb to the Plateau de Cardaus and the Col d'allanz (2,430 meters). An eyeopener at the Refuge was the sight of a chartered helicopter ferrying in and out the less ambitious. Another first was the sight of a flock of forty blue sheep, uniformly dyed for easy identification.

As a climax to our two weeks in paradise, we rode to the top of the ski lift above Bareges for our only real alpine challenge — the summit of Pic D'Ayre (2,422 meters). A clear day atop a craggy

knoll presented us with a sweeping view of many of the hiking areas we had earlier visited.

As with all trips, we turned down trail for the last time, pleased to have shared the beautiful Pyrenees with our newly found English friends but longing for time to explore the remote mountain areas beyond—the great Pyrenees, where France ends and Spain begins.

We must include a postscript: As our contribution to French culture, an attempt was made by the Americans to teach a Swedish polka to an enthusiastic French audience. Thank goodness for Veronique, our young French interpreter!

— Bob Neupert

Maggie Cornell, leader; Dave & Linda Heisy, Bob Murray, Bob and Shirley Neupert, Tommy and Joni Pemberton.

## Africa

A highlight of the October, 1981, 26-day foreign outing to Kenya and Egypt was the climb of Mt. Kenya. Of 23 Mountaineers on the trip, 20 started up the mountain. Seven reached Pt. Lenana, the third highest summit, which is a hike and scramble up to 16,355 feet. Three others attempted the first summit, Batian, a technical climb which will be described below by Dave Hanson. One of these three climbers, Jack Edwards, also scrambled up Lenana the morning of the Batian climb.

The original plan had been to begin hiking at around 7,000 feet and spend five days on the mountain, but the Africans decided there was too much danger from wild animals in the bamboo forest, so plans were changed to begin hiking at 10,000 feet and spend only four days on the mountain. The new route entailed ascending via the so-called "vertical bog" on the west side, circling the mountain clockwise, and descending the same route. The disadvantages were having less time to acclimatize to the altitude and a long pull the first day of 4,200 feet and eight miles at higher altitude.

On October 6, we left Naro Moru River Lodge, a resort which serves as Mt. Kenya's base camp, and drove by Land Rover 2,800 feet to the meteorological station at 10,000 feet. At "Met Station," within Mt. Kenya National Park, we were assigned individual porters and spent the night in two cabins, after eating our first meal cooked by the porters.

Early next morning, we started up the "vertical bog" above timberline with our porters. We carried personal gear, lunch, water and snacks in our daypacks. Those headed for Lenana took no ice axes. We carried either boiled water or disinfected water with chlorine or potable aqua. Some wore running shoes up the mud slope, as suggested by Stefan, the head porter, in order to have dry boots that evening in camp. The porters wore rubber boots and carried large canvas soft packs containing our sleeping bags, extra gear, food, propane, cooking equipment, and their own bedding.

Our trek was between rainy seasons and, because it had not rained, the bog was relatively firm. Other times the mud is said to be quite deep. The weather, both sunny and cool, was perfect for Northwesterners. We picked our way from one grass clump to another, avoiding the mud. The actual height of the bog was about 3,500 feet, there leveling out to a gentle, established trail.

The porters were all of the same tribe, Kikuyu, and were used to working together. They were young, very strong, good-natured, and talkative. They taught us some Kikuyu and Swahili as we walked. Stefan had instructed them each to stay with his client, but as the group straggled out, the porters tended to pull ahead in pairs or threes to find a good smoking and chatting spot, and wait for their clients to catch up. Stefan, however, would go ahead or go back to see how people were doing. He was conscientious, cheerful, and seemed never to tire.

The environment on the approach to Mt. Kenya, beyond the bog, consisted of moderate rocky trail, views of the peaks of Mt. Kenya, grasses, lobelia, and senecios up to 15 feet or more. Mountain senecios can live to 200 years.

Many of the party were recovering from or contracting traveler's disease, with nausea, diarrhea, or cramping, and either were unable to eat or were taking medications which alleviated the symptoms but locked the bacteria in the system. The resulting generally weakened condition made the day's climb very difficult for some.

In addition, the altitude began to affect some climbers at around 12,000 feet, and this problem increased as we went higher. Symptoms included dizziness or lightheadedness, fatigue, shortness of breath, impaired judgment, nausea, forgetfulness, and headache. We had been warned about altitude sickness (specifically pulmonary edema) on Mt. Kenya and knew the importance of slowing down, so everyone set his own pace. Although the trail was not difficult, altitude made it a strenuous experience.

We were headed toward the Teleki Valley, where MacKinder's Camp lay at 14,200 feet. Members arrived there from mid- to late

afternoon. Two were carried into camp, one with exhaustion and the other with raspy breathing. The camp was spacious, with two 8-person tents, over a dozen 2-person tents, a large cook tent, and a nearby tin hut for porters. Furry hyraxes, resembling our marmots, scurried about the camp periphery. They were the only animal life seen. The sunlit mountain was beautiful overhead, providing splendid photographs. Most climbers revived after some tea and a rest.

It grew very cold after the sun set, and everyone who could eat huddled together in the cook tent for the long-awaited English boiled dinner. Afterward, plans were discussed to carry down the sickest person if her breathing became worse, as Stefan could not radio for a helicopter after 8:00 p.m. During the night one of the Batian climbers moaned with fever, and many had headaches. Others tromped around the camp deep-breathing to ward off headache.

Next morning many debated whether to go on, and nine decided to descend, the worst case piggy-backed most of the way down by the porters. Three set out for Batian, and eight for Lenana. One of the latter turned back with exhaustion. It was eight miles and six hours up and down ridges, past tarns and Lake Harris, before we could sit on a 15,000-foot ridge and look down to Kami Hut, our day's destination. That day was also moderate in terrain but strenuous at altitude. Kami, more primitive than MacKinder's, is nestled on the north side of Mt. Kenya at 14,500 feet. Descending to Kami one of the Pt. Lenana climbers became nauseated and lay awake all night with a fever. By morning she was acclimitized.

After tea and biscuits at 5:30 a.m., the party of seven set out for the summit with Stefan and Joseph. All other porters returned to MacKinder's with the gear. We slowly headed up semi-frozen scree in the icy wind, all vegetation behind us, then traversed boulders as we rounded the mountain, then more scree with views of tarns and a final, safe rock scramble to Pt. Lenana. We reached the summit at 10 a.m. to hear the three Batian climbers calling to us. They could be seen through binoculars, like ants on rock.

Soon began our descent over the permanent snowfield, stopping at Top Hut for lunch. Top Hut was built by the Kenya Alpine Club beside a tarn and below beautiful glacial melt, but was now surrounded by climbers' garbage. After our stop, we trudged the few miles down to MacKinder's, where we camped. The Batian climbers re-joined us by suppertime.

The fourth day was spent descending to Met Station, starting out fast on an icy trail. Before long, the weather was lovely, as it had been coming up. At Met Station, we said goodbye to our port-

ers, giving them tips of clothing and candy and a group cash tip from the leader. As we drove out of the park, a Cape Buffalo, Africa's most dangerous animal, stared beside the bamboo, and a young spotted leopard bolted in front of the vehicle. Back at Naro Moru the others, recovering nicely, gave us a big welcome, and we were presented with certificates that evening.

—*Corinne Mathes*

Trip Participants: Paul Wiseman, leader; Ron Belisle, Joy Burger, Bart Burns, Eunice Darley, Jack Edwards, Jean & Paul Ekman, Peggy Enderlein, Dorothy Hamilton, Dave Hanson, Carol Houser, Virginia La Pre, Lyn Lively, Corinne Mathes, Bob McFann, Mary McKeever, Lou Ochsner, Dorothy Petrich, Josephine Poo, Jean Skamser, Elizabeth Spaethe, and Mary Weitkamp.

Pt. Lenana Summiters: Ron Belisle, Peggy Enderlein, Lyn Lively, Corinne Mathes, Lou Ochsner, Josephine Poo, and Paul Wiseman.

### **The Batian Summit of Mount Kenya**

The Batian summit at 17,058 feet is the highest of three summits frequently climbed on Mount Kenya. Paul Ekman, Jack Edwards and Dave Hanson, together with two guides, were stopped 500 feet short of the summit on October 9, 1981 by ice and snow. This is a brief account of that attempt. Perhaps of greatest interest to some readers will be the information relative to the logistics of the climb.

In the prior paragraphs, Corinne Mathes has described the approach and arrival at MacKinder's Camp. On October 8, we left MacKinder's Camp at 14,200 feet with porters carrying our gear, and additional porters carrying supplies to Top Hut at 15,750 feet. We had rented equipment at the Naro Moru River Lodge. Although their equipment is somewhat limited and some in bad repair, we had rented sleeping bags, crampons, rain parkas, hard hats and ice axes. Rental fees were reasonable — about \$40 for four days for the above items.

The 2-mile hike to Top Hut, with personal packs of about 25 pounds, took less than three hours. We were joined by our climbing guide and his assistant that evening about the time a little snow began to fall. Tea, noodles, meat stew, and fruit were prepared by the porters. As usual, we were concerned about sanitation in their preparation of the food. Fortunately, we all three stayed healthy the next day.

Our guide, Sospeter Thumbi, was trained by Europeans who had come to climb in Africa. His climbing experience was limited to the Mount Kenya area. He was a good rock climber, although used

some techniques about which we had some concern, i.e., over-the-shoulder belays and single piton rappels (he went first!). He used horns or pitons for most protection. His slings were half-inch layed nylon rope, spliced.

At 6 a.m. on the second day, we dropped down on the glacier, donned crampons and hiked across a crevasse-free area for about a quarter of a mile to the beginning of the rock climb. This is a southeast approach to the mountain. Our climb started at about 15,500 feet in clear weather. We scrambled up a couple of hundred feet and then roped up. The rock was very good with numerous hand and foot holds. The climb was uneventful in terms of difficulty. Most of it was low class 5 with several moves around 5.5.

Thumbi had tied three 150-foot ropes together with double fisherman knots. This use of the rope was not at all satisfactory to us. It was slow and, at times, cumbersome, although we didn't make an issue of it. Thumbi led, followed by the three of us, ending with his assistant, Modesto Gitahi. Modesto had had some training in Austria and had been to this summit three times.

We ascended to about 16,500 feet by 11 a.m. and stopped for lunch. The guides had no packs. This, of course, meant they had no first aid supplies or extra gear, if needed. They had given us food to carry which was for all of us. They had no water and asked for ours. Dave had little left and refused their request. Jack shared some of his. Snow was available, which was used to replenish the water supply.

After lunch we looked at the route around the corner and found it covered with ice and snow. It looked risky and our guide obviously did not wish to proceed. We agreed.

We suggested continuing up about 100 feet to the summit of the pinnacle directly above us. It looked like a straight-forward ascent. Thumbi declined, saying he had never climbed it before. We descended in clouds.

This was an enjoyable climb despite its lack of final success. We hope it is also informative to the reader and potential Mount Kenya climber. Were we to do it again, we would take all of our own gear and food and not use a guide. We were told the route is free of ice and snow in January and February. However, any fairly competent and prepared party should be able to find a feasible route at most any time of the year. The major problem, other than ice on the route, was the altitude. Dave tired after each sequence of moves on the rock and had to take brief rests before moving again. Jack and Paul had less difficulty. We had come up from



7,000 to 16,000 feet in two days. We obviously would have benefited from more time on the mountain adjusting to the altitude.

— Dave Hanson

Batian Climbers: Jack Edwards, Paul Ekman, and Dave Hanson.

## **Tacoma Branch Backpacks**

### **West Coast Vancouver Island**

The West Coast Trail Party arrived at the mouth of the Gordon River (south end of the trail) on July 11. A short boat ride across the river and on to Thrasher Cove got them on their way. Everyone found the trail and beachwalking exciting and full of surprises. The book, *West Coast Trail*, by the Sierra Club of British Columbia accurately describes the trail. One of the great joys of our trip was all the wildlife we saw, including countless whales.

— Debbie Due

Debbie Due, leader; Robin Due, Jim Edwards, John Marchesini, Chuck and Loanne Moore, Jean Nindel, Stew Wright.

### **Backpack: Salmon La Sac — Crest Trail — Snoqualmie Pass**

Our group of backpackers was taken by bus to the upper Cle Elum River Valley July 25, where we started on a hot, dry trail with our heaviest loads up Cathedral Ridge. Our original plan was to hike beyond Hyas Lake to Deception Pass, and thence south, but a large washout and slides at Daniel Creek had closed the Crest Trail there. In the morning we met numerous hikers on their way to Cathedral Peak and the Mt. Daniel area. A matter of hours was spent at Cathedral Pass admiring views of Mt. Stuart, Daniel and Hinman. Side trips were made to Peggy's Pond, and south along the ridge for a Rainier vista. Unending switchbacks later, at the bottom of the Deep Lake Valley, we waded in various fashions the outlet, Spinola Creek. Some made camp here, while others went a quarter mile farther.

The new high trail on the north side of Waptus Lake took us to the river crossing, where we made camp. Here, it was unusually

hot all night (shirt-sleeved at breakfast), and high cirrus clouds swept across the sky not, however, obscuring beautiful views of Bears Breast and the other peaks heading Dutch Miller Gap.

Early in the morning, we did the numerous switchbacks up Escondido Ridge where there were many scattered campsites, but little water. Two of us made a sidetrip of several miles down the Pete Lake trail south of camp.

The cirrus clouds meant rain, and on the trail down to the Lemah Creek, it really did rain, and all night. The following morning brought some clearing and the rain stopped, for wasn't it the least rainy day of the year, July 30?

After lunching at Spectacle Lake, we traveled on west toward menacing black clouds rolling in over Park Ridge, our next camp area. To our surprise, no rain came for the rest of the trip. Several avalanches of rock poured over the trail while we were making camp. Though we worried, the jumble of rocks did not present much problem the next morning as we hiked on south, passing Huckleberry and Thompson wreathed in fog, and later as it cleared, to better views of Lake Keechelus down Gold Creek, Joe, Edd's, and Alaska Lakes to Gravel Lake, our last camp before meeting the bus at Snoqualmie Pass.

— Edith Goodman

## **The View from the Rear:**

### **Wind River Mountains Revisited**

A party of ten Mountaineers backpacked into the Island Lake-Titcomb Basin area of the Wind River Mountains, Wyoming, August 10-20, on a trip sponsored by the Tacoma Branch. Monday was spent in organization and a six-mile pack trip with minimal gain, to Eklund Lake a short distance off the main trail. The next day's destination was scheduled to be Cook Lakes, on a round-about, roller-coaster trail not as busy as the main one. Two of the party, including the writer of this report, did not make it. They had arrived at the second ford of Pole Creek so near nighttime they did not want to get their feet wet. Actually, the first crossing had been rather neat for those who came along the trail after a line of rocks had been found under two or three inches of smooth water. But there were no rocks at the next ford.

The two climbed some distance up an alternate trail and found a place to camp. Approaching Cook Lakes the next day, they met the leader and party, who were hoping to meet them and then take

off on a "rest hike" without backpacks around the several Cook Lakes. Their trip was expected to be a combination of trail and cross-country hiking. But they also scrambled 400 feet up to Wall Lake, making a larger loop around the upper basin before returning to camp for a late dinner.

Variously refreshed, the party spent their third backpacking day, the most strenuous one, climbing 1,000 feet up over Lester Pass, down to rejoin the main trail, up and over a lower ridge, and down into the Island Lake basin, where camp was set up at 10,400 feet.

The first exploring hike went to Indian Pass for a look over the east slope of the Continental Divide and the extensive glaciers on that side; afternoon thundershowers caught the last two people halfway up. Thunderclouds usually developed by early afternoon, and on two occasions dinners were delayed while everyone was penned in tents by hailstorms.

The next day was spent hiking into the head of beautiful Titcomb basin, the first-time visitors marveling as lake after lake appeared behind low rocky ridges. Climbers on the peaks were watched with interest, while backpackers descending from Knap-sack Col on a tortuous route through steep ice and talus were eyed with awe. The unappointed rearguard arrived just after lunch, and as the weather promised to remain pleasant, the advance scouts immediately took off to explore a lake hanging on slopes above. Trips were also made to Jean Lake and cross-country to an unnamed pass on the east side of Mount Lester, from which Wall Lake could again be viewed.

Meanwhile, a smaller group of five hikers started on the same date from Green River Lakes at the north end of the Wind River Range. They passed Squaretop Mountain, continuing upriver to Trail Creek. Near the place where the 1975 Mountaineer backpack group had left the main north-south trail and gone eastward to camp at Peak Lake, the 1981 group branched off westward on the New Fork trail. Shortly beyond Clark Lake they took off cross-country on a compass course for Thompson Lakes, where they camped two nights. From here they scrambled up the north peak of Glover, 12,045 feet. They also enjoyed fishing and cooking their catch over a campfire; at Island Lake fires are not allowed and imaginative methods of cooking fish must be devised.

Backpacking cross-country again, the five continued southward above timberline and hit the Doubletop Mountain trail at No Name Lakes. Following this trail eastward to Summit Lake, they rejoined the trail they had originally left. They camped near Elbow Lake and near Island Lake and finished their trek at the Elkhart Park trail-head. Members of the other group, who had parked at Elkhart Park, shuttled them 60 miles back to their cars.

Compared with 1959, when the Wind Rivers were first visited by a Mountaineer outing, and even with 1968, when a second group was there, the hiking population explosion was tremendous. More climbers were obvious, but offtrail scramblers were not much in evidence; however, the latter could easily be absorbed by the rocky terrain. Three members from the two groups had been on the 1959 trip, and one on the 1968 outing. Eight persons from the two groups had visited the south end of the Wind River Range in 1979. Led by Elmer Price, they had started from Fiddlers Lake west of Lander, backpacked in part cross-country, climbed Wind River Mountain, and had come out by Roaring Fork Lake and Worthen Meadow Reservoir. This area was generally lower in elevation, without the knife-edge peaks of the central range, and they found it uncrowded.

Both the 1959 and 1968 outings began in late July, and members found the blooming season at its height. In contrast, this year's Island Lake party discovered that many flowers were in seed by mid-August. Predominant blooms remaining were composites in yellow and in purple-lavender-blue shades (which usually photographed pink!) These daisy-like flowers attracted various butterflies. Arctic gentians, white with navy-blue stripes and spots, late-blooming and new to everyone, served as compensation for the primroses missed. The other party covered slightly more elevated terrain and found fresher flowers of elephanthead, primroses and columbines than were on slopes near Island Lake. Several moose were seen browsing crisp summer willow leaves. The patches of three-foot-high willows were everywhere. Birds were no longer singing, and nestlings, which had been such a memorable part of the 1968 outing, were not seen. Instead, pipits were feeding fledged young almost as large as themselves.

As always, most group members paid brief visits to Grand Teton and Yellowstone National Parks on their trips home.

— *Mary Fries*

Elkhart Park — Island Lake Group: Elmer Price, leader; Alice Bond, Priscilla Devin, Carol Ferguson, Mary Fries, Edith Goodman, Jane Olsen, Marjory Olsen, Irena Scheer, Judy Stokes.

Green River Lakes — Elkhart Park Group: Wilma Peterson, leader; Eloise Adair, Gene Adair, Kay Haviland, Larry Peterson.

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## Administrative Report

### Compiled by Dave Enfield

The Mountaineers membership fell by 251 during the year to a total of 10,616 at the end of December 1981. Of these 8454 were General, 1178 in Tacoma, 514 in Olympia, and 470 in Everett.

A development corporation has purchased the entire city block on which the Clubroom stands except for the portion owned by the Mountaineers. The corporation is, therefore, keenly interested in

obtaining the Clubroom. In order to be prepared for evaluation of alternate sites an ad hoc committee was established to determine the long-range needs of the Club and has completed its study. Negotiations with the developers have continued intermittently throughout the year, but the Club is in the position of having no compelling need to move.

The business office on the second floor of the Clubroom has been remodeled to provide more space for the increased staff. The space formerly leased by the restaurant has been completely remodeled and now contains the offices of Mountaineer Books. These two projects satisfied high priority needs as determined by an ad hoc committee on Short Term Requirements.

Howard Stansbury retired this year after many years as the Business Manager. The search for a person to fill this position, conducted by an Executive Search Firm, resulted ultimately in the hiring of Sue Justen. She immediately became involved in directing the remodeling projects. The Club accountant, Isabel Walgren, also resigned, and just as the year drew to a close the vacancy was filled by Robin Bomgardner.

The Ultima Thule Expedition has received official approval from the Chinese government for their climb of Mount Everest from the north side between March and June of 1984. Expedition representatives, who traveled to meet with Chinese officials, took along a selection of books published by the Mountaineers. They returned with a gift of books on Chinese mountaineering and presented them to the Mountaineers library.

The final assessment for the Pike Street LID, completed in January, 1981, was \$21,346.

The ad hoc committee reviewing Club By-laws proposed several changes which were placed on the Election Ballot. All were adopted. These included an increase in the dues and initiation fees, effective January 1, 1982. Regular dues and fees were raised to \$20 and Junior to \$10. Spouse dues were raised to \$10, no initiation fee being required.

## **Conservation Division**

It is the mandate of the Conservation Division to "preserve by the encouragement of protective legislation or otherwise the natural beauty of the Northwest." To this end we have studied many issues in 1981. We took positions on most of them, obtained Board approval, informed the membership through the Bulletin, wrote letters, testified at hearings, and met and spoke



persuasively with Forest Service, Departments of Game and Ecology people, Senators, and Representatives.

Some Mountaineer issues we have lobbied for are:

- Support for the National Trails System Act
- Preservation of Cypress Island
- Preservation of the Juniper Forest
- Preservation of the Columbia River Gorge as a National Scenic Area
- Environmental alternatives in the Forest Service Draft Regional Plan
- Support of the Natural Heritage Program
- Support of the Mt. St. Helens Protective Association
- Environmental alternatives for the Mt. Rainier Management Plan
- Environmental alternatives for the Wenatchee National Forest Plan
- Support of Issaquah Alps, Cougar Mt. and Tiger Mt. Recreation Areas
- Environmental protection for the Skagit River Valley
- Support for Wild and Scenic River Status for the Hoh, Methow, Hamma Hamma, Duckabush and Bogachiel Rivers
- Position against raising Ross Dam
- Position against Beach Driving on the outer coast
- Support for the State Environmental Policy Act
- Position against Weyerhaeuser violations of Shoreline Management Act on the Toutle River
- Position against Oil and Gas Drilling on Department of Game Lands
- Opposition to Hayakawa Wilderness Bill
- Support for proposed Wilderness areas in the State
- Support of Clean Air in Parks
- Support of Puget Sound Air Pollution Control Board Position on the American Smelting and Refining Company Tacoma Smelter Variance request
- Comments on revisions to the Forest Practices Act
- Support of Department of Ecology's 1978 Hazardous Waste Regulations

The Division meets the third Wednesday of every month at 7:30 at the Clubroom. There is something for everyone to do. Please join us and help preserve the land we love.

## Indoor Division

Indoor Division committees gave Mountaineers a variety of activities for participation. We also provided members and the general public with entertainment, information and exhibits.

The Mountaineer **Annual Banquet** was held on Halloween, Saturday, October 31 in the Washington Plaza Hotel (since renamed the Westin). Dee Molenaar gave a slide presentation of "High Adventure with Ice Axe and Paint Brush" to a sold-out crowd, President A.J. Culver gave the "State of the Club" message, and Club Secretary Clint Kelley was awarded the Mountaineer Service Award in appreciation of his many accomplishments and contributions to the club. John Davis paid special tribute to Howard Stansbury for his dedicated years as the club's business manager.

The purpose of the **Art Committee** is to provide changing exhibits in the clubroom. Each month an 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 varies from photography, oil, acrylics, watercolor, to 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.

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 their reasons for participating in Mountaineer activities.

The **Dinner Meeting** programs were held at the Royal Fork Restaurant in the Wallingford district. Our programs for the year had an interesting variety. Subjects ranged from climb of Gasherbrum IV in the Himalayas, to the Pacific Crest Trail from Mexico to Canada. Countries represented included India, New Zealand and Norway. It was a pleasant year with some 550 persons attending.

**Folkdancers** moved from the spacious upstairs to the not quite so spacious downstairs dance hall at the same location. Attendance as a result decreased at the first Friday and increased at the third Friday dances. Music for the dances was changed from a combination of records and tapes to all cassette tapes. This

simplified emceeing and will save irreplaceable records. Size and weight of music and program board equipment were substantially reduced to improve portability. Both the first and third Friday dances and both the Beginner and Intermediate ten-week instruction courses were successfully continued during the summer for year-round operation. Procedures for banking deposits and book-keeping records were simplified and formalized. The Kitsap Memorial State Park free dance continued to attract a large crowd of folkdancers and Players during the June Forest Theatre play. Thanks to all for the support.

The **Membership Committee** sponsored monthly Information Meetings as a service for all new and prospective members. The meetings were well attended by many enthusiastic Mountaineers. A comprehensive slide show narrated by Lloyd Mason was presented and included all club activities — both indoor and outdoor. At the conclusion of the slide show, committee representatives talked about activities and answered questions. Other committee representatives presented equipment demonstrations which proved popular with new members.

The **Mountaineers' Museum** is now a member of the Association of King County Historical Organizations. Artifacts of significant mountaineering importance have been contributed by members this past year.

The **Players** 1980-81 season began in the fall with the drama *Under Milkwood* which was presented to Mountaineer groups in Seattle and Everett. A Christmas musical, *The Players' Christmas Present*, was especially appreciated by nursing homes and The Children's Home Society as well as our own Family Activities and other Mountaineer groups. Although lack of snow in early 1981 forced closure of our ski lodges, two short plays, *The Marriage Proposal* and *Switched at the Crossroads*, were presented whenever possible.

In the spring, the Broadway musical *Lil' Abner* was brought to life for the second time on the stage of our Forest Theatre in the Mountaineers' Rhododendron Preserve. When first presented in 1961, *Lil' Abner* had Robert Young in the title role. In 1981, Robert Young was our director. Our second production also featured a much larger cast with choreography by Ray Houle, costume design by Mary Duckering, and Todd Moeller as musical director. Another reminder that 20 years had gone by was that the part of General Bullmoose was played by the son of the Mountaineer who played the part in '61. One thing remains the same through the

years, the lovely setting of the theater. We find that a stage nestled among the majestic trees of a forest becomes even more rare as time goes by.

Our thanks to the large group of persons, both on stage and off, who make these plays such special occasions for both Mountaineer members and the general public.

### Property Division

This past year has been an interesting one for the Property Division. Although there was a lack of snow, there was no lack of enthusiasm. Each ski lodge made improvements and repairs during the summer and fall, and the outlook is good for snow this winter. Our "low land lodge," Kitsap Cabin, is in the middle of a remodeling project.

Several projects have been completed at **Kitsap Cabin** this year. Our tool storage room is done and the last of the concrete woodshed floor was poured (6 yards!). The kitchen remodeling is about one-third complete with a new mouse-tight pantry and beverage center. The last of the work should be completed after the Play in 1982.

Winter 1981 ski season was washed away by rain, but **Meany Ski Hut** did manage to open in February and March for a few weekends of skiing on new fallen but sparse snow. The Meany tow hut log shows the "mach" (speed of sound) tow was operated for only fifty hours in 1981. By the time this article was written on Jan. 10, 1982, the 1982 ski season had already used the "mach" tow for sixty hours.

Since the 1980 Meany work party season had been so productive (see July, 1981 Mountaineer Annual for accomplishments), the Meany 1981 Fall workparty season found much ready and waiting for a good snow. However, the list of 1981 achievements is still impressive.

Crews built a power line from Puget Sound Power line on Lower Slobbovia to the lodge. This became necessary because last year a tree took out a power line and during the process of repair Burlington-Northern management discovered Meany Ski Hut was still getting power from the railroad. The power permit was cancelled but Burlington-Northern continued to supply power to the lodge during spring and summer of 1981 and until Meany could connect to Puget Sound Power. Thank you, Burlington-Northern! And thanks to Carsten Lien for negotiating this arrangement.

Also during fall, 1981, the Meany "in-house" telephone system was restored. Bell telephone connections were repaired too. The shed to house tractor parts was completed. Some of the poles for the "mach" and "worm" tows were replaced. The bridge over Stampede Creek was rebuilt where an abutment had washed out. The culvert at Weasel Creek was cleaned out so it is no longer necessary to cover it with a log bridge which always had to be removed after the snows melted.

On the light side, Al Alleman and Kent Nelson, amid great applause, were awarded the "Order of the Mole - Second Class" for excavating the three foot diameter by thirty foot long culvert of Weasel Creek which had collected debris for over four years. These two heroes were told that if they wished to try for "Order of the Mole - First Class" they would have to dig a longer hole.

Workparty-goers were treated to lively evenings at the hut with lots of folkdancing, a Halloween party, a steak feed, and ski movies.

From Christmas, 1981 to New Years, 1982, Meany was well attended and blessed with absolutely super snow. Although the entire week was filled with activities both on the hill and in the hut, the New Year's eve festivities were notable. It all started when the "Advanced Emissary of the New Year's Baby," Walter B. Little, appeared. This messenger introduced the new year with a "make-it-yourself" Pizza Party and a magnificent Torchlight Parade. Creative and unusual pizzas emerged quickly from the dozens of pizza fixins furnished, but the spectacular Torchlight Parade stole the show. Brian Johnson organized this remarkable serpentine of twenty torchbearers and assembled them at the top of the ski hill at 11:55. Slowly the group wound their way to the bottom of the hill and planted the torches in a figure "2" near the bonfire. There amidst jubilation and singing, the new year arrived. All who wished skied the lighted hill from 11 p.m. till 12:30.

Other 1981 newsworthy events:

Over a hundred Meany Hut enthusiasts met at Gasworks Park for an August potluck and reunion.

An Indiana man, Tom McCart, won the "Uno Championship" at Meany over Christmas. This Great Northwest visitor also came the longest distance to get to Meany: over 2,000 miles.

The **Mount Baker Lodge** experienced a very satisfactory 1980 - 1981 season, shortage of snow notwithstanding. Although the building stood on bare ground briefly in mid January, there were few weekends totally devoid of downhill skiing, cross country,

snowshoeing and the spectacular ambience of Mt. Shuksan.

Since Mt. Baker always attracts a faithful following of persons merely desiring the grand outdoor environment regardless of weather, lodge attendance was not seriously less than normal and year-end earnings were once again on the black side of the ledger.

For some years the Baker Committee has been concerned over the possibility of a mid-winter generator failure with its unhappy consequence of total power and heating loss. This threat has been essentially eliminated with the addition of a second 7½ KW Onan backup unit which provides 100% redundant generating capacity (our apologies to WPPSS). Other facilities improvements recently added include a vastly improved fire escape and pressurized water in the dormitory for enhanced fire control. Improvements intended for the future include paving of our private parking lot in 1982 and not long thereafter the area will have a new Shuksan Arm day lodge with 300 additional parking spaces.

As always, work parties were both fun and productive and culminated in the annual Baker Committee "Riccio - Hornsby - Stump Outdoor Salmon Barbeque." Master Chef Bob Stump with his home-grown rosemary, sauces and black magic conjured up a new Northwest Epicurean delight.

The Baker Committee wishes to remind all Mountaineers that we are open during the summer from July through September. (Dependent upon adequate sign-up and maintenance preemption). The summer season provides very fine hiking and nature excursions.

See you there.

During the 1980-81 season the major work at **Snoqualmie Lodge** was done out of doors. Despite a slow start the work parties gained steam and finished the summer with great accomplishments. Work was done on the tows using extra equipment bought from Mt. Pilchuck's out-of-business sale. We cut two years' supply of fire-wood, in addition to the continuous jobs of drainage, wiring and brush cutting.

Mt. Pilchuck Ski Area went out of business in 1979, so we were able to purchase their rope tow equipment and tow shack lumber for use at Snoqualmie Lodge. The first work party of the year saw many dedicated Snoqualmieites working several days and a very long weekend dismantling, loading and hauling motors, wheels, ropes, lumber and electrical controls from Pilchuck to Snoqualmie.

The first regular work parties in the fall of 1980 found Bob Youngs, Mike Hanson, Dave Lee, Marcia Lee and Gary Schweers cutting wood for the fireplace. Bob Youngs and Gary Schweers did

heavy machinery repairs on the D-7 bulldozer, owned by Bill Hand, the Texaco Station operator at the Summit. In exchange for the repair work we have the use of this powerful bulldozer to haul huge downed trees from the forest back to the lodge. Bob Youngs ran the dozer, after some mild persuasion. The workparty was able to cut and stack two years' supply of firewood, leaving one year's supply on the hill to season. Al Whitcomb provided an Alaskan Chain Saw to cut our own lumber. Bob Youngs chose a nice clean log and dragged it out of the woods with the D-7. This lumber is to be used to improve the upper tow shack.

Other work party chores were the installation and splicing of a new rope on the intermediate tow. Al Whitcomb brought his small tractor up and graded a new foundation site around the perimeter of the existing upper tow shack. Bill Adcock, Gay and Brian Lenker pulled a heavy pole to the top of the hill for the safety gate and worked in the snow to erect and guy the pole.

Jonathen and Dave Jolley repaired the safety gate wiring on the upper tow which had numerous breaks due to over zealous brush cutting. Gay Lenker noticed a six inch pile of saw dust at the bottom of one of the rope tow poles, so he and Brian treated all the pole butts with crankcase oil. This should discourage those ants from chewing up the poles on the upper tow.

At the end of the 1979-80 ski season we removed and reeled the upper tow rope instead of leaving it out all summer to weather. This prolongs the life of the rope. Last fall when Cal Bannon re-threaded the rope through the machinery it ran backwards. Such long faces! The rope was changed again in time for the first snow.

Bob Youngs and Ralph Domenowske bought a ride-upon brush cutter at a bargain price. The only thing wrong with it was that it had a broken axle. However, our intrepid fix-it men went to work and got the thing rolling. The machine did such a beautiful job cutting down the brush, there was talk of breaking out the golf clubs. Anticipation was high at being able to ski much sooner than ever before. The second weekend in December produced four feet of powder snow; a great start, but the season turned out to be disappointingly short. A chinook came through the following week melting the snow to less than one foot. We were unable to open the Lodge again until the second week in February when the snow depth reached two and one half feet.

During late summer and fall of 1981 we had another busy work party season. Ed Russell spliced a brand new rope onto the Peanut tow that we had salvaged from Mt. Pilchuck the previous year. With the help of some strong work parties we completed our new tow shack for the big tow.

Work party stalwarts on this project were Bob Youngs, Gary Schweers, Larry Schuler, Ed Russell, Chris Woolley, Mike Johnson, Stewart Skelton, Herb Reef, Cal Bannon, Bill Adcock, Paul Croom, Dave Lee, Rex Youngs, Al Whitcomb, Dick Youngs and Jim Smith, along with support from Alice Schuler, Rose Youngs, Pat Schweers, Siri Skelton, Phil and Paul Croom, Leon Harman and others.

The new tow building is four times larger than the old building. Gary Schweers, Bob Youngs and Dave Lee supervised the delicate operation of raising the old building to a level position before erecting the new structure around it. Then they tore down the old building, leaving only the old floor and the machinery. The new building has a sheet metal roof, put up during a storm by Ed Russell, Gary Schweers and Larry Schuler. It also has a full basement and a loft for splicing rope.

Gary Schweers and Bob Youngs built two new pulley assemblies for the head pole on the big tow. Tom Hansen climbed the sixty foot head pole to install them, assisted by Bill Adcock, Leon Harman and Cal Bannon. Phil Grayson and Bob Youngs had removed the old pulleys earlier in the year so they could be rebuilt in Gary's garage.

Other projects included stocking both wood and the staple food supply, and cleaning the lodge from top to bottom. Rose Youngs and Bonnie Bannon took on the commissary duties while the Overby family, Stan, Grace, Tani, Eric and Kris, did their usual superb job of cleaning.

The project causing the most consternation was the repair of the underground wiring which serves the upper tow building. Paul Croom located the cable route with an electronic cable locator. Don Shean, an underground cable foreman at Seattle City Light, had the cable repaired by noon. He and his wife graciously responded to our cries for help. There is nothing quite like having a professional on the job. Another capable worker was Ed Russell, who is a cable splicer foreman for Tyee Construction Company.

Last year's ski season went down in history as one of the poorest in years. However, the 1981-82 season has started out brightly with six feet of snow in December. We opened the lodge the weekend before Christmas with excellent skiing.

The 1981 ski season at **Stevens Lodge** was literally "the winter that almost wasn't." The first weekend of December, 1980, kicked off the season with glorious sunshine and thirty inches of fresh powder snow. Co-chairpersons Ellie Rolfe and Tom Hansen could not recall such a great opening for many years. "Nothing can stop



us now," was the optimistic attitude. However, something did. Fickle Cascade weather quickly warmed up and didn't accumulate enough snow for skiing again until seven weeks later!

Although snowfall for the rest of the winter was below normal levels, skiing was quite good for the rest of the season, and finished, as usual, with excellent spring sunshine skiing.

Work party season preceded all of these events, with John Hansen again mustering all hands to tackle whatever jobs he could imagine. Chief among these was the exterior painting of the lodge and putting the finishing touches on the rear fire escape. Oh yes, not to mention repairing roof leaks above the favorite bunks of some of the regulars. Thirty new foam mattresses were added to almost finish replacing the World War II surplus mattresses.

All in all, skiers were happy with the somewhat limited season, and the lodge once more offered a warm haven from the winter's cold for weary Mountaineers, whose hearty appetites were appeased by volunteer cooks under the direction of Joanne Johnson, head of commissary.

## Outdoor Division

1981 proved challenging and enjoyable for the **Alpine Scramblers** as they "plowed" through late and heavy snowfall in the spring and sweltered through record high temperatures in late summer. Over 150 scrambles, including midweek trips, were scheduled from April to November.

The Alpine Scramble Course accepted 213 students and trained them in non-technical, off-trail travel. After four lectures, four field trips, at least three scrambles and a first aid course, 104 students were awarded certificates of graduation at the Scrambler's Reunion in November.

Two multiple day outings were sponsored during 1981. The first climbs were made in the Pasayten Wilderness during June. The second trip was a loop in the Mt. Christie area of the Olympic Mountains during September.

This year exploratory scrambles provided an opportunity to discover new summits and evaluate the potential of a trip prior to its addition to the Scrambles list.

The Alpine Scramble Committee thanks all Mountaineers who made the year a success by volunteering their time and experience.

The **Backpackers** had a good year hiking many miles in 1981. We completed 24 trips with an average of seven people per trip.

Fishing, photography, and huckleberry picking were added attractions. Weather played its part on our trips. Early season rains and later hot weather forced some cancellation of trips, but all who went enjoyed themselves greatly.

The sixth annual Backpack Workshop was held in April with 63 people in attendance. This course teaches the beginning hiker the skills and use of equipment needed for overnight camping.

We had one extended outing to Alaska, led by Jackie and Bob Swenson. It was a wonderful trip, though some members of the group would like to try it again under sunnier skies.

If you haven't experienced backpacking, try us. We have lots of fun exploring new areas.

Enjoying the outdoors with children is the focus of the **Family Activities** group. During the year, over 110 families participated in activities organized for pleasurable experiences rather than specific destinations.

Forty-eight day hikes were planned to destinations in town, along our shorelines, and in the mountains. Trip lengths were flexible, considering ages and interests of those participating.

In addition to day hikes, there were many other activities planned for families. There were eleven visits to Mountaineer lodges throughout the year. Snow activities were the focus of winter visits, while stays during the rest of the year used the lodges as bases for day trips in the mountains. Most lodge visits were for single overnights, although families enjoyed visits of up to ten days at Mt. Baker in July and August.

Special excursions were planned to Kitsap Cabin in April and May. The group participated in an Easter party at the Cabin and returned the following month to enjoy the Players' production of "Lil Abner."

Other activities included overnight backpack trips, summer evening picnic outings, bike rides, and car camp explorations.

Another successful Christmas party was held at the Clubroom in December. Over 200 persons were on hand for an afternoon of games, entertainment by the Players, a visit from Santa and refreshments.

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

Four **Foreign Outings** were conducted in 1981. Louise Axe led an 18-day sightseeing trip to Mexico in February with 22 members participating. Paul Wiseman led a group of 15 members on a 16-day hiking trip in Austria and Switzerland in July. Maggie Cornell led eight Mountaineers on a two-week trip in the Pyrenees in France in August. Paul Wiseman led a hiking, climbing and game-watching trip to Kenya, followed by visits to the pyramids and other antiquities in Egypt. Twenty-three members participated in this 27-day outing in September and October.

The **Naturalists** had another full and varied year of flowers, mushrooms, birds, and geology. We scheduled outings most weekends and some summer evenings, with trips ranging from backpacks to car camps to evening strolls. We followed some traditions: Kitsap Cabin in March to catalogue the birds, flowers, and mosses of the area; Coleman Leuthy's in May for Eastside mountain flowers; Baker Lodge in September for fall color and huckleberries. We expanded past activities: spring and fall trail maintenance trips to Kachess Ridge and approaches; two summer outings. We focused on new areas: in response to the costs of transportation, we scheduled many more trips to parks and reserves in the near urban/suburban areas.

The evening lectures offered diverse topics and many programs were preceded by a brown bag dinner and film. Speakers included Reinhard Stettler, of the U.W. College of Forest Resources; Dr. Daniel Stuntz, Professor Emeritus, U.W. Dept. of Botany; John Bierlein, Park Ranger, Discovery Park; Karen Gustafson, with The Washington Natural Heritage Program; and Fayette Krause, of The Nature Conservancy. Mt. St. Helens continued as a major topic with Roger Del Moral, U.W. Dept. of Botany, and with Marvin Pistrang, from the U.S. Geologic Survey and The Mountaineers. Also from within our organization, author Mary Fries discussed flora occurring on the dry, eastern side of the state, and Bill and Peg Stark brought our year to an end with a holiday party presentation on The Enchantments, the Chiwaukum Range and wildflowers in the Leavenworth area.

Lack of snow and expanded **Nordic Ski Committee** activities marked the 1980-81 season. One hundred thirty-five tours, led by 63 different leaders, were offered. Of these, 37 were cancelled because of inadequate snow cover. As momentum dwindled, 14 additional tours were cancelled by lack of sign-up; another ten for unrelated reasons.

The tours offered showed a pleasing, almost bell-shaped curve: 4 Beginner Specials, 23 Easy, 22 Easy-Moderate, 31 Moderate, 19 Moderate-Advanced, 3 Advanced. In their second season as a category of tour, Nordic Ski Mountaineering trips numbered 19, with 17 of these being overnights. Six additional overnight trips at various skill levels and six mid week tours completed the program.

175 Mountaineer members enrolled in the Nordic Skiing Course. For the first time the Committee made evidence of first aid knowledge a requirement for graduation. Twenty-one graduated from the course, and 15 have applied for an extension to complete requirements.

The Committee, with 18 members, offered an expanded Seminar and Lecture program in addition to the course and tours. Seminar topics included Winter Camping, Nordic Ski Mountaineering, Nordic Downhill Telemark Skiing, and Winter Backcountry Travel. "Winter Navigation" and "Skiing the Big Ones on Nordic Skis" were the two lectures.

The Committee sponsored organizational membership for the Mountaineers in the newly formed Washington Nordic Ski Federation, a coalition of groups and individuals united to advocate the interests of ski tourers throughout the State.

Come snow or come melt, the Committee plans to continue to provide Nordic Ski education and activities to suit various members' interests within Mountaineers.

The **Ski Mountaineering** program was reasonably successful, considering the very low snow year, with 23 tours completed. The highlight was an April weekend at the Mount Baker Lodge with tours each day, plenty of snow, and a wide variety of ski mountaineering slides that were shared on Saturday evening. The committee enrolled 39 persons in the Ski Mountaineering Course, three of whom graduated in 1981.

**Single Activities** included more than 200 hikes, 23 overnight trips, and a wide variety of social activities.

The Singles group, organized in 1971 as an offshoot of the Trail Trips Committee, was known for many years as the Swingles group. Its loose (and nonexclusive) membership of single adults had risen and fallen over the years and usually depended upon a committed handful to organize activities.

In the fall of 1980 and early 1981, the new Single Activities Committee drew on the volunteer talents of about 40 members to form a well-organized, goal-oriented structure under the supervision of chairperson Dick Hayek. The dedication and commitment

of time and intelligence by this group resulted in a considerably greater array of Singles' offerings this year. The committee created an executive committee in May to set policy. The members were Pat Brady, Robyn Boughner, Sheri Fike, Rodger Herbst, Neal King, and Jerry Wheeler.

The Single Activities Committee consisted of seven scheduling teams for day hikes, overnight trips, outings, social activities, trail maintenance, fund raising, and owl hikes. Support teams provided trail research, records maintenance and analysis, membership, typing, telephoning, special projects, and a leadership panel. These support teams enriched the activities of many Mountaineers. A list of favorite cafes and restaurants for post-hike refreshments was prepared by Sheri Fike's Special Projects Committee.

Hikes throughout the year were systematically "balanced" each month so that 50 percent were "moderate," 30 percent were "easy," and 20 percent were "strenuous." The Singles sponsored six day hikes each summer weekend. A Day Hike team member and team leader Rodger Herbst scheduled the day hikes each month. A Leadership Panel screened a list of active hikers and recommended prospective leaders.

More than 100 people led Singles' hikes, and about 1,000 people participated in at least one Singles hike. The most active Singles day hikers were Ed Dahlgren, who went on 33 hikes, and Rudy Brauer, who participated in 26 hikes.

The Singles Committee also took over planning the popular Owl Hikes with Robyn Boughner coordinating about 20 owl hikes.

The Social Activities Committee of Singles, led by Pat Brady, planned a greater variety of activities than the group had previously enjoyed. About five volleyball potlucks drew as many as 60 people. A salmon bake and volleyball was especially popular with participants. The customary December potluck and slide show had more than 40 people.

The Singles group also sponsored two Map and Compass classes which a total of 57 Mountaineers attended. Neal King was the speaker for the May class; Bob Burns spoke to the November class.

Federal cutbacks have led to Forest Service budget problems concerning trail construction/maintenance and recreation programs. To focus on what The Mountaineers can do, the Outdoor Division adopted a trails resolution.

The chairman of the **Trails Coordinating Committee** wrote an article "Trails in Trouble" for the Federation of Western Outdoor Club's publication *Outdoors West*. Later a revision of this article

was sent to other editors accompanied by a cover letter on Mountaineer stationery signed by the president.

The State Trails Advisory Committee to the Interagency Committee for Outdoor Recreation continues to perform an important communication link between users, land managers, and planners. The possibility of obtaining the abandoned Milwaukee railroad right-of-way for a John Wayne Pioneer Trail was greatly enhanced by the existence of this Committee. Ruth Ittner was elected as Vice-Chairman. A subcommittee is exploring the need and possible sources for non-motorized trail funding. Outdoor division members participated in two surveys conducted by the University of Washington: "The Nonmotorized Trail Crunch: Should supplemental funding or other aid be provided by trail users?" and "Recreation Information: Is it adequate?"

Ruth Ittner, Loretta Slater and Louise Marshall participated in the sixth National Trails Symposium in Davis, California, June 29-July 1, 1981, and recommended that The Mountaineers join the National Trails Council whose headquarters is in Washington, D.C.

Sam Fry continues to represent The Mountaineers on the Winter Recreation Advisory Committee which assists State Parks in the administration of SnoPark. Senate Bill 3737 which authorizes the expansion of State Park's winter recreation activities, enables them to increase the user fee and provides for a state-wide advisory committee, passed the 1982 legislative session. Ruth Ittner and Mike Galvin continue to serve as nonsnowmobile representatives on Washington State Park's Snowmobile Advisory Committee. The Mountaineers, together with other organization representatives assisted the Baker River Ranger District in developing a workable plan to enhance winter recreation opportunities for all user groups, increase parking opportunities, improve signing/information and reduce conflict.

Liaison between Conservation and Outdoor Division has been significant, particularly in the development of an alternative for Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie's Forest Plan. The committee also works with private land owners to encourage clearing of established trails after timber harvesting.

Because of reduced funding the implementation of the computerized Trail User Information System has been delayed. Printouts of the twelve reference tables will be provided to the Mountaineer Library as soon as they are available. This information can also be obtained from the Joint Forest Service/Park Service Information Center located at 1022 First Avenue (Seneca St.), Seattle; 442-0170. Suggestions for improvements are welcome.

Federal funds for trail maintenance and construction were cut back drastically in 1981 even as the cost continued to increase. In order to avoid the deterioration of our trails resource, The Mountaineers **Trail Maintenance Committee** has expanded its efforts to promote both participation in volunteer work parties and the concept of the responsible trail user. We can train people to become aware of work that can be done without tools to correct minor problems before they grow into major ones. Trail-using committees started sponsoring their own work parties this past year, with the intention of eventually "adopting" groups of trails for providing maintenance. In addition, most of these committees held their work parties on the same weekends in the spring and fall in order to better promote them.

The committees chose work assignments that offered the type of work that each group felt was the most compatible with their skills. For example, the Naturalists chose an area with wildflowers and light work; the Backpackers went in a few miles and made camp while building a new trail; and the Singles build puncheon bridges through muddy sections of a valley trail. The trails worked on this year include: White Chuck Bench (Backpackers), Tunnel Creek (Singles and Trail Trips), Kachess Ridge (Naturalists), Lake Serene (Everett), Lena Lake (Olympia), and Point Defiance (Tacoma).

## Publications

During 1981 the **Editorial Review Committee** reviewed ninety projects. Of these the Committee approved and requested authorization for 30, and rejected 34. Others are still under consideration, are in various stages of completion, or have been withdrawn.

The list increased by 15 new titles and a new edition of *Bicycling the Backroads of Puget Sound*. Titles fulfilling the Club's purposes of exploring and studying the mountains, forests and water-courses, or making expeditions into these regions were: *Alpine Lakes Map*, *Animal Tracks of the Pacific Northwest*, *Animal Tracks* (poster), *Columbia Icefield: A Solitude of Ice*, *Lookouts: Firewatchers of the Cascades and Olympics*, *Mexico's Volcanoes*, *Volcanoes of Mexico* (posters), and *A Guide to Trekking in Nepal*. Those fulfilling the purpose of gathering into permanent form history and traditions are: *Men for the Mountains*, *Lookouts: Firewatchers of the Cascades and Olympics*, *McKinley: The Pioneer Climbs*, *Expeditions to Nowhere*, *High Drama*, *A Guide to Trekking in Nepal*, *Welzenbach's Climbs*, *Peaks*, *Passes and Glaciers*, and

*Gorp, Glop and Glue Stew.* This last title also serves to encourage the spirit of good fellowship (ask anyone who ever ate stale sandwiches for a week!).

At their April 1981 meeting, the Board of Trustees raised questions concerning the purposes and guidelines of **Mountaineers•Books**. These questions were referred to the Mountaineers Books Management Board and the Editorial Review Committee. During the summer a review was made of the then current list, as well as an analysis of the decisions made during the previous three-year period. Out of this analysis grew a statement of charter, policy, and guidelines for Mountaineers Books, which was reviewed by the Books Management Board and passed as policy by the Board of Trustees. It states the purposes of the program, covers the types of books to be published, sets forth the responsibilities of the Editorial Review Committee, Books Management Board, and Board of Trustees, streamlines the authorization process, and codifies present practices for the future benefit of the program and Club and to insure continuity of purpose and policy.

### The Bulletin is Our Workhorse

Rarely do a farmer's neighbors rave about his favorite plowhorse. Even so, the farmer is content day by day, as long as the horse stays healthy, able to put its muscle into tilling the field and pulling the hay wagon.

In The Mountaineers we have a trusty plowhorse, the monthly **Bulletin**, and we've been depending on it in planning our recreational activities for longer than anyone remembers. We're happy when the membership can take it for granted. When there are no complaints, and the sign-ups for all the activities are proceeding smoothly, and when the committees report good responses to their pleas for action, we know the bulletin is doing its job. In 1981 we implemented some unstartling format improvements, and we introduced a sign-up procedure that evens out the load on the secretaries. A good year, a boring report, except for this wrinkle.

Our workhorse is no racehorse. It cannot seem to make it across Lake Washington in less than a week's time, and nobody would ever want to bet on how long it will take to get to Renton. The Postal Service says it's trying, and the Eastsiders in the Club say the situation is trying, too. Also, in 1981 a couple of people thought our workhorse needed some frills — long, flowing ribbons and bows on their announcements. They even embellished some with their personal philosophical persuasion. But Farmer Erickson and Hired-Hand Ness resisted them ole revisionists: "This old



nag's got a job to do — she ain't going to no county fair like them slick, flashy 'mags.' Keep her doin' the work and gettin' the news out to the folks!" The Board backed up its fuddy-duddy editorial team, so the bulletin headed into 1982 still pushing hard at its primary goals: being on-time, readable, to-the-point, and correct.

As usual, last year's **Annual** was combined with the Roster. It contained a number of very interesting contributions by members. A story about the naming of Lake Annette was written and sent in by one of our oldest Mountaineers. There were also a number of art contributions as well as poems. One of Tony Nieberl's beautiful black and white photographs adorned the front cover.

## Everett Branch

Members were very active this season, participating in hikes, climbs, scrambles, bike tours and other activities.

The spring began with Old Timer's Fiddlers presenting an enjoyable program at the annual potluck dinner.

Two of our members participated in a relaxing canoeing expedition along the Bell-Porcupine River System. How many books did you read, Jerry?

A contribution was made to sponsor a Trumpeter Swan at Barney Lake in Skagit County. Support was also given to the Everett Mountain Rescue Unit.

The Everett Branch began its new mountaineering season by investing in seven new 165 feet, 11 mm climbing ropes. These are available for members to use.

Gerald Thompson and Bill Iffrig are renowned in our ranks this year. Jerry participated in an expedition to Peru and Bolivia. Bill successfully completed a fifty-mile marathon.

Several members had climbing experience in Alaska. Every one of them has quite a story to tell. Six climbers — Benny Curtis, Alan Jennings, Frank Zaab, Bill Kuhn, Jim Frank and Steve Kieffer — successfully climbed the West Buttress of Mt. McKinley. Mike Hill and Monte Weston conquered the West Rib of McKinley.

Wayne Laabs sparked the biking interest of members this year. He led several tours in Northwest Washington.

A rock seminar in the Leavenworth area was presented in October in addition to other climbing and scrambling courses. The intent of the course was to improve the climbing skills of the Basic climbers.

Four individuals completed the Scrambler program, 27

completed the Basic Climbing program and two completed the Intermediate Climbing program. Congratulations to each of you! It was a lot of work - but gratifying.

The group topped off fall with the Annual Salmon Bake: good food and fun for everyone.

Congratulations to Mike Hill, Jerry Crofoot and Troy Ness who completed the **first Winter ascent** of Mt. Logan in the North Cascades on December 29! What a way to enjoy the holidays!!

The Annual Award Banquet finished our year. Eleven lookout patches were awarded as well as the climbing and scrambling certificates.

The new year is in full swing as Jerry Crofoot and Bill Iffrig prepare a cross-country ski course.

What a year! Thanks to all who participated. There was something for each of us to enjoy.

## Olympia Branch

The Olympia Branch continues to be an outdoor-oriented club. Following this interest, three courses were offered during the year. With the leadership of Andy Suess and Kerry Lowry the Basic climbing course began in February and ended in October with the graduation of 19 students.

Jeanne Rickey and John Conrad co-chaired the hiking and back-packing course, and while only four students completed all the requirements, the group was enthusiastic and enjoyed the participation. Thirty-eight additional hikes were offered by the hikes chairman, Howard Ferguson.

Once again Zella Matthews, assisted by Delores Thoemke, offered the canoeing and kayaking class. Pat Miller was the sole graduate, but the group participated in 16 outings.

In addition to the courses offered to beginners, the Branch sponsored several other activities. Cross-country skiing directed by Linda Stretz began with a beginners' session in December and was followed by sixteen other outings, exploring such places as Capitol Forest, the Olympics, the Randle vicinity, and, of course, Mt. Rainier. Offered at the same time were 13 snowshoe trips selected by leader Mac McCleary, with 117 people participating. Also included was an avalanche seminar.

Mike Gaffney was in charge of club climbs and 29 climbs were offered in such diverse areas as the Olympics, the Cascades, the Goat Rocks, and the Canadian Rockies.

Monday evenings proved to be a popular time for bicycle trips

which were followed by potluck dinners. Gloria Ford offered thirty bike rides, including a three-day trip to the San Juan Islands. A couple of bike seminars filled out the season.

The Olympia Branch has a continuing interest in the conservation aspect of the Mt. St. Helens area, as shown by excellent attendance at slide shows offered by Dee Molenaar on the Mt. St. Helens eruption and by Dr. Halliday on what is happening in the caves area on the south side of Mt. St. Helens.

The Branch enjoyed a ski week-end at Meany. Rolla and Noni Sexauer took the Mountaineers to New Zealand and Fiji via a slide presentation.

The annual picnic was at Millersylvania Park with the lucky winners of the door prizes getting gallons of left-over salads.

The Branch celebrated its eighteenth birthday with well-attended festivities including a giant mountain birthday cake. The year closed with a slide program by Ira Spring, noted outdoor photographer.

The participation by the many members in a variety of outdoor endeavors makes the Olympia Branch's activities friendly and inviting.

## Tacoma Branch

The year 1981 in the Tacoma Branch started with a cross-country ski course which drew a record crowd of 97 enthusiastic Mountaineers, plus their instructors, to the learning slopes on Mt. Rainier. The instruction went well, but the season was somewhat diminished by a record no-snow year. During the same season, winter climbs were offered for the first time to such peaks as Pinnacle, Mt. Si, Second Mother, Unicorn, Silver King and Eagle Peak. The Alpine Travel and Climbing course registrations were down, but those who took part were rewarded with excellent programs and ambitious field trip schedules. In addition to the usual climbing schedules, extended backpacks to Vancouver Island, Pacific Crest Trail, Ladies Pass-Frosty Pass, and Wind Rivers drew full complements of hikers. Nine weekend backpacks from June to October proved popular. Some enjoyed snow showers, others beautiful weather.

For the less energetic members, the Happy Ramblers sponsored leisurely hikes to Rampart Ridge, Klapatche Park, Crystal Mountain, Gobblers Knob, Skookum Flats, Federated Forest, and the Naches Peak Loop. The group also took advantage of King County Metro service to explore Seattle's Waterfront Park, a boat

trip through the Chittenden Locks, and a walk from the Gas Works Park to the Locks.

Bus trips organized by Elmer Price provided transportation to Dungeness Spit, Mt. Erie, Mt. Townsend for the "Board Walk," Sunrise in Mount Rainier National Park, Salmon La Sac, Snoqualmie Pass, Hurricane Ridge, Chinook Pass and Leavenworth.

The "Fireside Gang," sparked by Dorothy Newcomer, held several mid-week get-togethers at the clubhouse during the lunch hour. A program by the "Mississippi River Bicyclists" Nels and Winnie Bjarke, and Joe and Kate Cockrell, brought out many "old timers."

Following a very successful seminar shared with the Tacoma Photographic Club in the Mountaineer Clubhouse, the Photography Committee programs included a slide show by Rolla and Noni Sexauer of the Mountaineer trip to New Zealand, a program on stereo photography by Warren Callahan, a photo-picnic at Pt. Defiance Park "shooting the sunset," and a photographic tour of the Mountaineer trip to Austria and Switzerland through the lens of Katie Earl.

Traditional events remain popular — the Mountaineer Fair at the Clubhouse, the Salmon Bake at Dash Point State Park, the weekend at Captain Whidbey's Inn, and the Christmas Party. The Annual Banquet at the Sherwood Inn was a sell-out and provided the awed audience with scenes of Henry Barber climbing "impossible" ice, snow, and rock faces throughout the world. Several of our intrepid climbers have since been moved to try frozen waterfall climbing. The Service Award was presented to Mary McKeever.

Since Irish Cabin has been dismantled, several campouts were planned to encourage use of the campground. The June gathering was the most successful with 16 members participating in the barbecue, singing and tales around the campfire, and hikes to Green Lake and the glacier the next day.

The Thanksgiving Dinner, which has been held at the clubhouse in Tacoma for the last few years, was again moved to a mountain setting at Camp Sheppard, a Boy Scout camp on the road to Chinook Pass. The camp provided many hiking trails, overnight cabins and an opportunity to enjoy a delicious dinner in a cozy mountain setting.

During the year, the committee structure of the Tacoma Branch was reorganized (a by-laws study committee is working toward needed changes), and Niema Tenzig presented a program on trekking in the Himalayas.

**THE MOUNTAINEERS**  
(A WASHINGTON CORPORATION)

**SEATTLE, WASHINGTON**

**FINANCIAL STATEMENTS**  
**SEPTEMBER 30, 1981**

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

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

To the Members of  
The Mountaineers  
Seattle, Washington

We have examined the statement of assets, liabilities and fund balances of The Mountaineers as of September 30, 1981 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, 1981 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 & Co.*

Seattle, Washington  
December 29, 1981

**The Mountaineers**  
**Assets, Liabilities and Fund Balances**  
 September 30, 1981

**Assets**

**Current Assets**

Cash .....		\$ 75,584
Restricted cash Note 1, 3 .....		69,221
Certificate of deposit .....		104,301
Accounts receivable — trade Note 1 ...		138,573
Inventories Note 1, 5 .....		399,974
Prepaid expenses Note 11 .....		56,904
Deposits .....		1,093
Investments Note 4 .....		9,435
		855,085
Total Current Assets .....		1,158

**Investments** Note 4 .....

<b>Property and Equipment</b> Note 1, 6 .....	\$ 419,855
Less accumulated depreciation .....	266,210

153,645

Land .....	89,844
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243,489

\$1,099,732

**Liabilities and Fund Balances**

**Current Liabilities**

Accounts payable .....		\$ 60,838
Accrued royalties .....		26,255
Payroll and business taxes payable .....		4,115
Estimated current portion of long-term liabilities .....		3,560
Total Liabilities .....		94,768

**Long-Term Liabilities** Note 6

Pike Street LID — payable .....	\$ 21,846
Contract payable .....	6,417

28,263

Less estimated current portion .....	3,560
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24,703

Total Liabilities .....		119,471
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**Fund Balances**

General Fund .....	\$ 199,879
Mountaineers Books Fund .....	533,717
Permanent Building and Improvement Fund Note 8 .....	11,680
Permanent Fund .....	25,243
Property Fund Note 8 .....	10,472
Books Dividend Fund Note 1, 3 .....	127,893
Mountaineers Life Membership Fund ...	8,970
Tacoma Branch .....	29,757
Everett Branch .....	14,020
Olympia Branch .....	18,630

Total Fund Balances .....		980,261
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\$1,099,732

**The Mountaineers**  
**Statement of Income, Expenses**  
**and Fund Balances**  
**For the Year Ended September 30, 1981**

	General Fund	Mountaineers Books Fund
<b>Income</b>		
Dues and initiation fees .....	\$172,880	\$ —
Life membership fees .....		
Committee operations — net .....	11,623	
Sale of books .....	40,707	736,894
Gross rentals — Club buildings .....	12,650	
Interest income .....	7,737	1,456
Sale of rights and royalty income .....		18,454
Miscellaneous income .....	702	13
Total Income .....	<u>246,299</u>	<u>756,817</u>
<b>Expenses</b>		
Cost of books sold .....	27,837	304,447
Salaries .....	80,151	120,406
Publication of Annual Roster and Bulletin .....	36,818	
Office .....	34,816	10,167
Postage and shipping .....	8,822	12,053
Payroll and business taxes .....	11,269	15,067
Promotion and advertising .....		28,222
Election expense .....	5,965	
Conservation .....	4,159	
Seattle and Tacoma Club Buildings .....	37,244	
Bad debts .....	9	2,905
Royalties .....		121,014
General expenses .....	14,903	69,463
Donations .....	500	
Total Expenses .....	<u>262,493</u>	<u>683,744</u>
Net Income (Loss)	(16,194)	73,073
<b>Fund Balance</b>		
Balance September 30, 1980 .....	315,474	497,180
Transfer of Fund balances .....	(99,401)	(36,536)
Balance September 30, 1981	<u>\$199,879</u>	<u>\$533,717</u>

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



Other Funds (Note 7)	Tacoma Branch	Everett Branch	Olympia Branch	Interfund Transactions (Eliminations)	Total
\$ 1,550	\$ 6,290	\$ 2,676	\$ 2,928	\$ (76)	\$186,248
1,080					1,080
					11,623
				(27,837)	749,764
	3,887			(4,800)	11,737
6,169	1,445	795	1,617		19,219
					18,454
<u>20</u>	<u>17</u>		<u>652</u>		<u>1,404</u>
<u>8,819</u>	<u>11,639</u>	<u>3,471</u>	<u>5,197</u>	<u>(32,713)</u>	<u>999,529</u>
				(27,837)	304,447
	1,160				201,717
	1,407				38,225
		139	213		45,335
					20,875
	429				26,765
					28,222
	360				6,325
					4,159
	5,520				42,764
					2,914
					121,014
76	1,009	1,108	2,782	(4,876)	84,465
	3,731	525	25		4,781
<u>76</u>	<u>13,616</u>	<u>1,772</u>	<u>3,020</u>	<u>(32,713)</u>	<u>932,008</u>
8,743	(1,977)	1,699	2,177	None	67,521
39,578	31,734	12,321	16,453	None	912,740
135,937					
<u>\$184,258</u>	<u>\$ 29,757</u>	<u>\$ 14,020</u>	<u>\$ 18,630</u>	<u>None</u>	<u>\$980,261</u>

**The Mountaineers**  
**Statement of Changes in Financial Position**  
**For the Year Ended September 30, 1981**

**Sources of Working Capital**

Net income .....		\$ 67,521
Add (deduct) items not affecting working capital		
Depreciation .....		<u>30,804</u>
Working Capital Provided from Operations .....		98,325
Proceeds from Pike Street LID — Payable ...		<u>21,846</u>
Total Sources .....		120,171

**Applications of Working Capital**

Purchase of property and equipment .....		\$ 49,596
Increase in investments .....		84
Reduction of long-term liabilities .....		<u>3,568</u>
Total Applications .....		<u>53,248</u>
Increase in Working Capital .....		<u>\$ 66,923</u>

**Changes in Components of Working Capital****Increase (Decrease) in Current Assets**

Cash .....	\$ (86,047)	
Restricted cash .....	69,221	
Certificates of deposit .....	47,283	
Accounts receivable — trade .....	(76,915)	
Inventories .....	67,862	
Prepaid expenses .....	(12,519)	
Deposits .....	976	
Investments .....	<u>534</u>	\$ 10,395

**(Increase) Decrease in Current Liabilities**

Accounts payable .....	37,666	
Accrued royalties .....	14,371	
Payroll and business taxes payable .....	(805)	
Note payable — bank .....	4,675	
Estimated current portion of long-term liabilities .....	121	
Rental deposits .....	<u>500</u>	<u>56,528</u>
Increase in Working Capital .....		<u>\$ 66,923</u>

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

**The Mountaineers**  
**Notes to Financial Statements**  
 September 30, 1981

**Note 1 — Summary of Significant Accounting Policies**

**Organization**

The Mountaineers is a non-profit voluntary membership organization established 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; and to encourage a spirit of good fellowship among all lovers of out-door life.

**Accounting Policies**

The financial statements of the association are prepared on the accrual basis, with the exception of dues and initiation fees which are recorded as income when collected.

Some members of the Association have donated significant amounts of time to the association, its branches, groups and committees in furthering the Association's objectives and programs. No amounts have been included in the financial statements for donated or contributed member services, as it is difficult to place a monetary value on such services.

Direct charge-off method is used for recognizing bad debts.

Inventories are stated at lower of cost or market. Cost is computed using the weighted average method.

On April 14, 1981, The Mountaineers' Books Management Board adopted a new policy for determination of obsolete books. The policy is as follows:

- (1) All printings and editions of a book shall be identified separately.
- (2) Calculations of an obsolete book shall be made one year after the end of the quarter in which the book was received, and annually thereafter.
- (3) Obsolete percentage is computed as follows:

<u>Last Twelve Months' Sales</u>	<u>Obsolete Percentage</u>
0 to 10%	50%
11 to 20%	40%
21 to 30%	30%
31 to 40%	20%
41 to 50%	10%
51 to 100%	0%

- (4) The Books Management Board reviews the books quarterly. Those books judged obsolete are written off in the quarter of the Board's decision.

Property and equipment are carried at cost. Ordinary maintenance and repairs are expensed, replacements and betterments are capitalized. Depreciation expense is provided on a straight-line basis over the estimated useful lives of the assets.

	<u>Estimated Useful Lives</u>
Buildings	15 to 30 years
Equipment	3 to 5 years
Furniture and fixtures	10 years

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

On June 7, 1979 the Board of Trustees adopted a policy whereby commencing with the fiscal year ended September 30, 1979, one-half of the earnings of The Mountaineers Books Fund shall be remitted to the General Fund in four quarterly installments on the next following January 1, April 1, July 1, and October 1.

As approved by the Board of Trustees in a meeting on December 4, 1980, a separate bank account was established to be known as the Books Dividend Transfer Fund. All transfers of the allocation of Mountaineers Books Fund earnings commencing with the one due in January of 1981, shall be placed in this fund. Withdrawals from the account must be authorized by a majority vote of the Board of Trustees and the fund's uses must be limited to non-operational expenditures. Income earned by the bank account shall remain in the fund. (See Note 3.)

### Note 2 — Special Use Permits

Mount Baker and Stevens Lodges are built on leased U.S. Forest Service land.

### Note 3 — Restricted Cash

Restricted cash includes both a savings account and certificates of deposits, under the name of Books Dividend Fund; these funds are restricted by Board of Trustees, See Note 1.

Cash includes —

Payments made by The Mountaineers — Books Fund on the fiscal year September 30, 1980 allocation of earnings, \$88,544	\$ 66,408
Interest income from cash	<u>2,813</u>
	<u>\$ 69,221</u>

Final payment of \$22,136 for the fiscal year ended September 30, 1980 earnings allocation was made in December 1981.

### Note 4 — Investments

Investments are stated at cost. Cost equals market value.

### Note 5 — Write-Off of Obsolete Books

The value of inventory and cost of books sold for The Mountaineers Books Fund is as follows:

Inventory as of October 1, 1980		\$329,085
Current Costs —		
Paper, print and binding	\$340,323	
Plant costs	<u>32,058</u>	<u>372,381</u>
		701,466

Less — Inventory as of September 30, 1981 —		
At weighted cost	421,602	
Less write-off of obsolete inventory	<u>24,583</u>	<u>397,019</u>
Cost of Books Sold		<u>\$304,447</u>

As of September 30, 1981, only one-half of the inventory has been adjusted for obsolete books, per the policy adopted by The Mountaineers' Books Management Board. See Note 1.

### Note 6 — Long-Term Liabilities

Pike Street Local Improvement District obligation is payable in one year in a lump sum or by making 15 annual payments, with interest at 15% or less, option to be stated in one year. In the October 8, 1981 meeting of the Board of Trustees, the annual payment method was chosen.

Contract payable — Seattle-First National Bank is due in monthly installments of \$349, including interest at 12%. Computer equipment with a cost of \$13,375 is security for the contract. Current portion of the contract is estimated at \$3,560.

### Note 7 — Other Funds

Included in "Other Funds" are:

- Permanent Building and Improvement Fund
- Permanent Fund
- Property Fund
- Books Dividend Fund
- Mountaineers Life Membership Fund

### Note 8 — Permanent Building and Improvement Fund and Property Fund

As approved in the 1981 fall election, official count prepared on October 14, 1981 and included in the Board of Trustees' Minutes on October 26, 1981, the By-Laws, Article X — Funds, was amended to include only two funds, Permanent and Life Membership Endowment Funds. The Permanent Building and Improvement Fund is no longer in existence, all assets have been transferred into the Property Fund, as approved by the Board of Trustees on November 5, 1981.

### Note 9 — Seymour Memorial Fund

The Board of Trustees on April 9, 1981, approved the transfer of all money in the Seymour Memorial Fund to the General Fund. However, the money was to be used for specific worthy purposes.

### Note 10 — Safety Education Fund

The Board of Trustees on November 6, 1980, approved the abolishment of the Fund and the transfer of the assets to the General Fund.

**Note 11 — Prepaid Expenses**

Prepaid expenses consist of the following:

Cost of books incurred prior to delivery	\$ 31,523
Advanced royalties for both unpublished and published books	12,241
Prepaid insurance	9,899
Other prepaid expenses	3,241
	<u>\$ 56,904</u>



Black Bear

*Liz Werstler*

## 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 1981

Greg L. Andersen  
David H. Boulton  
Irvin Boyar  
A. P. Carkeek  
Walton L. Carlson  
Gene Christensen  
James R. Faris  
Laura A. Foltz  
Peter Geyer  
Frank W. Gibson

Florence J. Huber  
Marion Long Littleman  
Mrs. F. D. (Rick) Mack  
Peter J. Maloney  
Arthur F. Mueller  
Michael S. Namiki  
Donald L. Paulson  
Margaret S. Porter  
Robert G. Sampson  
Norman Scott  
Mary Stemke

### **The Mountaineer Climbing Code**

- A climbing party of three is the minimum, unless adequate pre-arranged support is available. On crevassed glaciers, two rope teams are recommended.
- Carry at all times the clothing, food and equipment necessary.
- Rope up on all exposed places and for all glacier travel.
- Keep the party together and obey the leader or majority rule.
- Never climb beyond your ability and knowledge.
- Never let judgment be swayed by desire when choosing the route or turning back.
- Leave the trip schedule with a responsible person.
- Follow the precepts of sound mountaineering as set forth in 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 taken 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	1932	Margaret Hazard
1923	Wallace Burr	1933	William J. Maxwell
1924	Joseph Hazard	1934	Herbert V. Strandberg
1925, 1926, 1927:		1935	Marjorie V. Gregg
No Award Given		1936	Laurence D. Byington
1928	C. A. Fisher	1937	Clarence A. Garner
1929	Charles Browne	1938	Arthur R. Winder
1930	Harry R. Morgan	1939	Linda M. Coleman
1931	H. Wilfred Playter	1940	Ben C. Mooers

#### **Service Plaque Awards:**

1942	P. M. McGregor	1962	Harvey H. Manning
1943	L. A. Nelson	1963	John M. Hansen
1944	F. Q. Gorton	1964	Paul W. Wiseman
1945	Leo Gallagher	1965	Mrs. Polly Dyer
1946	C. G. Morrison	1966	John R. Hazle
1947	Charles L. Simmons	1967	Victor Josendal
1948	Burge B. Bickford	1968	Richard G. Merritt
1949	Lloyd Anderson	1969	Morris C. Moen
1950	George MacGowan	1970	Jesse Epstein
1951	John E. Hossack	1971	Ruth Bartholomew
1952	William A. Degenhardt	1971	Wallace Bartholomew
1953	Mary G. Anderson	1972	Paul Robisch
1954	T. Davis Castor	1973	Stella Degenhardt
1955	Mrs. Irving Gavett	1974	John M. Davis
1956	Mrs. Lee Snider	1975	Max Hollenbeck
1957	Walter B. Little	1976	Frank Fickeisen
1958	Joseph M. Buswell	1977	Neva L. Karrick
1959	Roy A. Snider	1978	Robert N. Latz
1960	John Klos	1979	Joan Wilshire Firey
1961	Harriet K. Walker	1980	Norman L. Winn
		1981	Clinton M. Kelley

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 Errol Nelson, 1981-

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## I. The Six Majors

- |                           |                             |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Mount Rainier (14,410) | 4. Glacier Peak (10,528)    |
| 2. Mount Adams (12,307)   | 5. Mount St. Helens (9,677) |
| 3. Mount Baker (10,778)   | 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)      | 13. Arthur Peak (5,471)            |
| 2. Castle Peak (6,116)            | 14. Echo Rock (7,862)              |
| 3. East Bearhead Mountain (6,000) | 15. Crescent Peak (6,703)          |
| 4. Fay Peak (6,500)               | 16. Old Desolate (7,130)           |
| 5. Florence Peak (5,501)          | 17. Mineral Mountain (5,500)       |
| 6. Hessong Rock (6,149)           | 18. Second Mother Mountain (6,389) |
| 7. First Mother Mountain (6,540)  | 19. Observation Rock (8,364)       |
| 8. Mount Pleasant (6,453)         | 20. Sluiskin Chief (7,015)         |
| 9. Old Baldy Mountain (5,790)     | 21. Third Mother Mountain (6,400)  |
| 10. Pitcher Peak (5,930)          | 22. Redstone Peak (5,700)          |
| 11. Gove Peak (5,321)             | 23. Sluiskin Squaw (6,990)         |
| 12. Tolmie Peak (5,939)           | 24. Tyeek Peak (6,030)             |

#### IV. The Everett Peaks (Any Six Per Group)

##### (a) Darrington Group

1. Mt. Chaval (7,090)
2. Jumbo Mountain (5,840)
3. Liberty Mountain (5,688)
4. Pugh Mountain (7,224)
5. Three Fingers Mountain (6,870)
6. White Chuck Mountain (6,995)
7. Whitehorse Mountain (6,852)

##### (b) Monte Cristo Group

1. Big Four Mountain (6,135)
2. Cadet Peak (7,100)
3. Columbia Peak (7,134)

4. Del Campo Peak (6,617)
5. Silvertip Peak (6,100)
6. Sloan Peak (7,841)
7. Vesper Peak (6,214)

##### (c) Index Group

1. Baring Mountain (6,125)
2. Gunn Peak (6,245)
3. Mt. Index (5,979)
4. Merchant Peak (5,827)
5. Mt. Persis (5,452)
6. Spire Peak (6,100)
7. Mt. Stickney (5,367)

## V. The Olympia Peaks

(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. 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

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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  
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