

THE MOUNTAINEER



THE MOUNTAINEER

1978

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Cover: Mountain Hemlock (*Ramona Hammerly*)

The Mountaineer

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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;

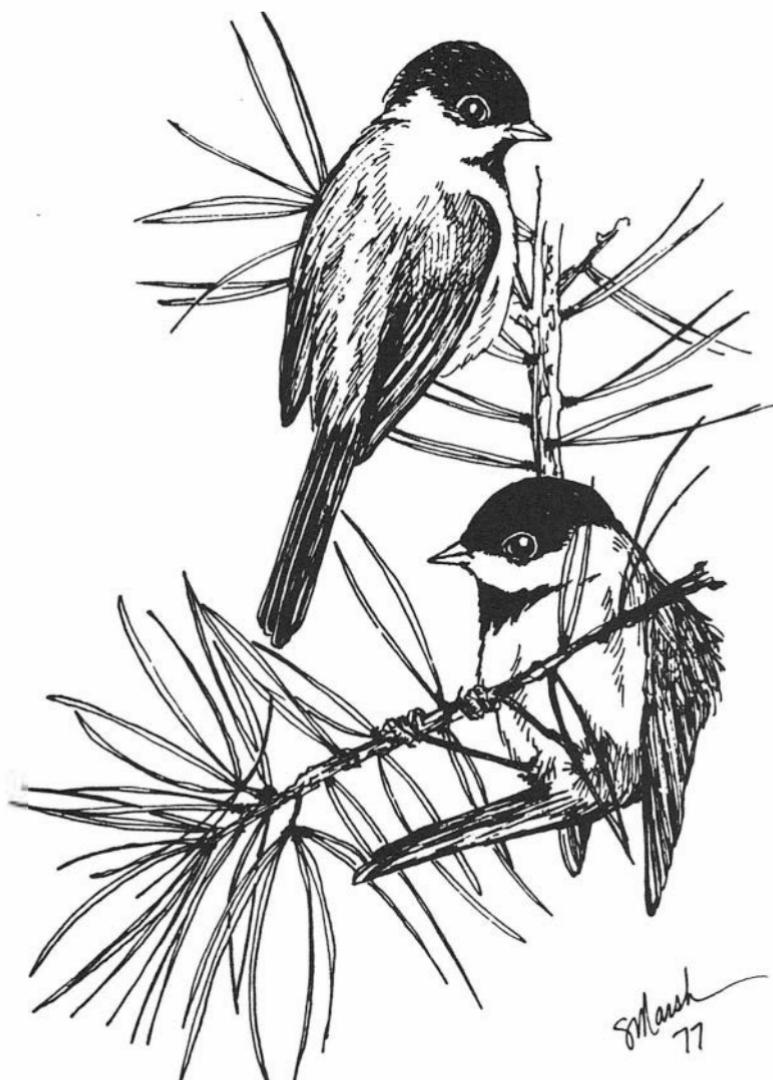
To make expeditions into these regions in fulfillment of the above purposes;

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



Firs at Excelsior Pass, North Cascades.

Susan Marsh



Black-capped chickadee.

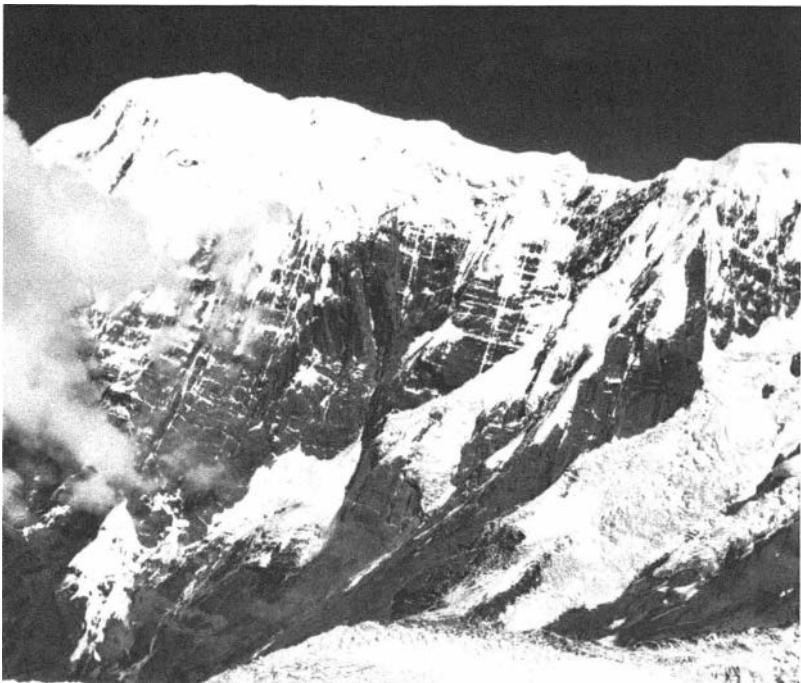
Susan Marsh

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Two team members just approaching crest of Dutch Rib. Spanish couloir to the right. Camp I is located on far edge of ice in middle of photo. Note avalanche sweep tracks behind climbers on plateau below.

Annapurna I 1978 Why All Women?

Joan Firey

The successful ascent of Annapurna I during the post-monsoon season of 1978 was the fifth ascent of the tenth highest mountain in the world and the fourth from the north or 'traditional' side (the other was Chris Bonnington's spectacular expedition to Annapurna's south face in 1970).

It was merely one success among others of the season, although many expeditions did not succeed. There was some difference in that it was an attempt by an all-women American team which included one English woman, Alison Chadwick, a good friend of two of the team members.

One of the most frequently asked questions was, Why all women? The answers of team members varied but basically boiled down to the fact that we live in a culture that assumes males are physically stronger (not an incorrect assumption) and that climbing is predominantly a sport indulged in by males. Only a very small percent of participants are women. Because of these facts, women have not been included in the expeditionary league in American climbing history and it wasn't until 1976, with the Everest Bicentennial and Nanda Devi expeditions, that women were seriously considered as climbing members of the team. Past exceptions were usually wives or girlfriends who went because their partners were members.

I believe few people would regard most of the AWHE (American Women's Himalayan Expeditions, Inc.) members as 'libbers'. Most of us have climbed primarily with men (there being fewer women partners available) and all members enjoy men's company. The actual marriage record is probably average for these days, especially considering that all members are professional/working women except for the two youngest, who are students. If we include our two film people and our base camp manager, a total of thirteen, the record is five married, three divorced and five unmarried. Three women are mothers.

The various reasons for participation of members revolve around both issues. We can all agree that men are physically stronger, but more than muscle strength is needed in alpine climbing. Endurance and motivation are equally important. I think we all believe that the latter two characteristics apply as equally to women as to men. The majority of us have experienced in our climbing careers the issue of leading particular stretches when it is assumed that the man, being stronger, will do the leading. We all feel that on a major Himalayan moun-

tain this issue could predominate to the extent that with a mixed team women would either be in secondary positions or be given token positions on summit teams.

The other issue—of even being considered as a member on a major expedition—has been experienced as discriminatory exclusion by women in the past.

Perhaps an even more important issue is that we've all experienced the joy of climbing with women friends. Climbing is a sport where friendship, camaraderie and the sharing of experiences are very important elements. The sharing of responsibility, leading, and of whatever trials and challenges that a climb presents can produce great enjoyment and sense of accomplishment when shared with a woman friend. I think this element was a strong factor in our sense of pride of mounting a major expedition and successfully carrying it out. The planning and acquisition of equipment, food and gear was a new experience which for many of us enhanced the challenge.

We also felt strongly the meaning of an all-women's attempt to a large community in America and even in other parts of the world. We became 'public' as word of our effort spread and the support we received was incredible to many of us. So many people made small donations that it all amounted to a lot of dollars. It seemed that our expedition had tremendous meaning to many people as a significant step in women achieving goals commonly available only to men.

The support we received was best manifested in our T-shirt sales. We designed a shirt with the slogan "A Women's Place Is On Top" and found it extremely popular. We'd hit the market at the right time with a good slogan and grossed almost \$80,000 with 50% profit from the T-shirt sales. We are possibly the only American expedition that has achieved solvency within three months of success. A memorial fund has been established in the names of Vera Watson and Alison Chadwick through the American Alpine Club to support grants for women's participation in expeditionary mountaineering.

The climb itself evolved from originally feeling that we could do it without oxygen, and therefore sans sherpas, to reconsidering the safety aspect and the risk of frostbite to finally deciding that we would use both. Annapurna was originally climbed in 1950 without oxygen but at considerable cost to the men who summitted. Maurice Herzog lost all of his fingers and toes; Lachenal half of his toes. Even Everest has now been done without oxygen but this achievement will probably only be possible for a small number of climbers. The average Himalayan expedition will admit that it wouldn't have been possible to achieve success without sherpas, though in the future more attempts will be made without.

Our planning began as early as 1973. An initial plan to join the Pol-

ish women's team in 1975 (Alison Chadwick submitted with Wanda Rutkiewicz that year on Gasherbrum III as the first women's rope to achieve an 8,000 meter summit) fell through because communication with Warsaw was so erratic and took so long.

By early 1977 our initial group (Arlene, Irene, Vera Watson, Piro and I) made a firm commitment to apply for a peak and when our permit for Annapurna came through in March 1977 it became a reality. A number of other women were originally part of the team but things changed for one reason or another.

Things happened fast in early 1977. Regular meetings were held in the Bay Area; we received endorsement from the American Alpine Club; Alison Chadwick-Onyszkiewicz agreed to join us and Vera Komarkova was added to the list. In August we incorporated as American Women's Himalayan Expeditions. Liz Klobusicky-Mailander visited the states in September and after climbing in Yosemite with team members was asked to join the team. As a Seattle member I traveled to California for a climb in the Palisades of the Sierras on Labor Day when we added Margi Rusmore and again on Thanksgiving for a climb of Mt. Shasta when Annie Whitehouse became the last of the ten team members. In November National Geographic Society gave us support including film and the loan of three cameras, a welcome addition to the coffers. In April 1978 we received AAC sponsorship which allowed donations through that office to be tax deductible.

Nine of us got together for a spring ski trip in the high Sierra in April 1978 (Liz was unable to come from Germany). We were by that time in the throes of packing our food and gear to be shipped off by boat in early May to be used five months later.

The effort of letter writing to equipment and food manufacturers and companies for donations was prodigious. I was even quoted as saying before-hand that the climb would be easy by comparison to the preliminaries. It wasn't. I believe we all recreated less than we normally do and certainly had to devote all our spare time to the expedition. Annie and Margi both took off from their studies in the spring of 1978 to work on the expedition and Alison quit her job in England to spend six weeks in California helping with the packing and giving slide shows to raise money. We had developed a large corps of volunteers to help accomplish the many jobs of raising money, arranging slide shows and especially the T-shirt production which became an ever larger task. We finally had to pay some people to help with the shirt sales.

Liz and I went ahead of the team to Kathmandu and spent a week purchasing food and kitchen supplies. The chaos of buying food in a city where you don't know the language was quite an experience. I

worked closely with and depended on our cook and Sirdar to help with decisions on how much rice, flour, sugar, tea, etc. that we would need for the trek and base camp. It was a fun time too with Liz. She is an enthusiastic person who's been active in sports for many years and has climbed many fine alpine routes in the alps, both winter and summer. She is from Spokane, Washington.

Elizabeth Klobusicky-Mailaender is 37 and was born in Hungary of Hungarian parents. Her family escaped to Austria and thence to the United States when she was very young. They settled in Eastern Washington. She went to Whitman college in Walla Walla where she was active in tennis. In her junior year she went to Germany as an exchange student, living with a German family there and returned to graduate in 1967 in biology and German studies. She entered graduate school in German studies in Colorado where she took up skiing. She returned to Germany in 1969 for two years of study and met her future husband. After she returned to Colorado to pass her orals in the early 1970's, Nicco followed her and they were married. A year later they returned to Germany and by then she was climbing avidly. Nicco is finishing his studies in outdoor recreation programs and they plan to return to the United States.

Since cycling is the practical way to get around in Kathmandu, we rented the ubiquitous one speed bicycles for forty cents a day. As a non-cyclist, who grew up on the steep hills of San Francisco, California, I was terrified of the crowded streets and left hand drive traffic. Liz, of course, had biked all over Europe. It was a case of do it or lose her so I clutched the brakes and clanged the bell, which is an absolute necessity to let pedestrians know you are coming, and wobbled off down the narrow streets, which are wall to wall with people, occasional cars that take up the whole street, rickshaws, and other cyclists. Everybody acknowledges the various bells, beeps and horns of their respective vehicles and usually moves aside except for the unpredictable cows. All of us, including bystanders, had a good laugh one day when Liz was gazing intently into a shop and a cow literally flattened her to the wall as it turned around in a narrow way.

We got along very well as a team. Part of this was due to our determination that we would avoid the frictions that are so often inherent to expeditions. As a further measure we met with a skilled woman psychologist in Palo Alto in the spring and were able to air many of our feelings in an intensive five-hour session. She continued to work with us individually and briefly as a group on other occasions. She was able to join us in Kathmandu after she completed one of the treks that we'd scheduled to help support our expedition.

When the rest of the team arrived on August 8 we had to bail our boxes out of customs. It seems that the Nepalese took a special in-

terest in us, as every last box that had been carefully steel-banded in Palo Alto had been opened. The next four days seemed like frantic confusion as boxes were packed and rebanded at Sherpa Cooperative Trekking, clothing and gear were issued to the sherpa staff, and all made ready for the trek.

I was again the 'advance guard,' this time with Alison Chadwick. We traveled to Pokara with a Sherpa Coop member to make arrangements for the assemblage of the two hundred plus porters that we would need. Pokara, a day's drive from Kathmandu, lies at 3,000 feet and is a delightful, tropical place. A lazy afternoon on Lake Phewa in a boat and a bit of swimming helped to cool us off though the cycle back to town merely renewed the perspiration. It was a delightfully quiet two days listening to the lama chant for hours in the morning and evening at our rural hotel. It allowed Alison and I to become more intimately acquainted though I had enjoyed her companionship packing food in the shed in Palo Alto for a number of days in April.

Alison was a quiet person of 37 years; an art lecturer who had been living in England with her Polish mathematician husband, but had been unable to pursue her own career there and worked for the government in social work. She studied in Poland in 1964-66 on a government exchange program, returned to England in 1967 for post-graduate teacher's training, and became a lecturer in lithography. In 1971 she married Janusz Onyszkiewcz and lived in Poland until 1976 when they returned to England because of the political climate in Poland. Both were active climbers and Janusz was on an expedition to Himal Chuli where Alison was to join him after Annapurna. The problem that she and Janusz faced as to which country, England or Poland, they should reside in was a major one. Now Janusz faces it alone.

The gang arrived in Pokara on August 14 after an exhausting eleven hours of truck breakdowns and delays along the monsoon-damaged road. At daybreak on the 15th we began loading the porters and were off. The twelve-day trek was a fascinating experience as our entourage of 250 or so porters, staff, and members slowly made our way along the 70 miles to Annapurna.

Piro, our intrepid physician, would rather climb than doctor. She found the first few days of the trek very demanding when the Nepalese flocked to her clinic, many with ailments she did not have the resources to treat. There was the frustration of administering antibiotics to be taken over a period of time with the knowledge that they wouldn't follow through. Though fully warned by several physician friends who'd been to Nepal, there was still some shock at what she was confronted with. The pressure eased as we traveled through less populated areas until the only patients became our own porters as we ap-

proached base camp. With these she became more calloused as it was evident that some came only for attention and were given placebos.

Probably the most traumatic possibility of her services was a tooth extraction at base camp of one of our high altitude sherpas who had a terrible toothache from a tooth with half of it missing. I gently held his head while she deftly injected zylocaine into the proper nerve so that she could remove the filling she'd applied the day before that had only worsened the ache. He elected to keep his tooth, thereby sparing Piro the agony of a difficult extraction. The ache gradually subsided and he became a summitter of Annapurna. One of her more satisfying efforts was applying stitches to the forehead of another high altitude sherpa who was injured by a rock falling from a cliff on the trek in. It was accomplished amidst cow dung on the trail and healed beautifully without complications.

The Annapurna Base Camp at 14,100 feet is notoriously difficult to reach and we were prepared to pay more to those porters willing to carry over the steep terrain. As a northwesterner accustomed to rugged, trailless brush, I had to admit that the first day off the main track was a match for anything I'd been on. There is a track but it climbs straight up for over 6,000 feet through a rhododendron forest. There was debate as to which was the better foot gear; climbing boots with the ability to edge, or soft shoes for the slippery mud. I believe the bare-footed porters had the best solution. For four days the main trail into base camp traversed beautiful meadows and sheep-grazing country of amazing steepness though clouds hid the views of Annapurna and Dhaulagiri across the valley on our way in. We were fortunate to get all our loads to base camp except for one tent pole as several loads did cascade down the hillsides.

The first week in Base Camp was again a frenzy of unpacking, sorting and repacking loads for the mountain. The actual climbing began on August 28 when Liz and Alison, accompanied by a sherpa who had been with the Dutch team in October 1977, set the route on the rock cliffs adjacent to the main ice fall. This section, with three fixed lines, was always an unpopular, tough haul to Camp I at 16,500 feet. It usually took only a bit over three hours but its steepness and exposure made it unpleasant. Some team members probably carried loads on it close to a dozen times.

The route from Camp I to Camp II at 18,300 feet was on snow and ice except for a rock band and this haul of 1,800 feet could be called pleasant. You were not directly exposed to avalanches because of the distance from the mountain and yet the whole mass of glaciers cascading down the north face of Annapurna was right in front of you. I usually made the carry in two and a half hours and the descent took only one hour. The selection of Camp II was a critical one as it is de-



View of mountain from just above Camp II at about 18,600 feet. Track leads across large avalanche cone below north face (Herzog route) to the base of Dutch Rib. Camp IV is located at level of left sweep of the Sickle Glacier which lies above prominent rock wall. East Peak visible on left skyline. Summit out of sight on right skyline.

sirable to locate it as close to the mountain as possible without being in the path of avalanches. In past history two Italians died at their Camp II and the Japanese lost five people in 1973 descending down the Herzog route from their Camp III to II.

The Dutch party of 1977 felt their placement was a safe one behind seracs off to the side of the mainsweep and Arlene, with the aid of the sherpa of the Dutch team, selected the same site. Probably no place is safe at all times on the plateau below the looming north wall and on two occasions during storms Camp II was abandoned with retreat to Camp I and Base. A number of avalanche 'winds' were experienced at Camp II and the sensation of powdered snow and ice blasting wildly flapping tents was a scary one.

Camp II was finally occupied on September 13 after a storm and a formal Buddhist flag-raising ceremony at Base Camp. Mountain climbing is taken seriously by these people who make their livelihood on expeditions, often two a year, exposing themselves to the hazards of the unrelenting mountains. Prayers and offerings were made at a juniper burning altar. Everyone was included as rice was thrown and finally all in turn were daubed with butter, tsampa (finely ground, roasted barley) and offered biscuits, candy and rakshi (in this case a pint of rum) which was then dumped on the fire!

The serious climbing began between Camp II and Camp III. The most harrowing part of the climb was crossing the plateau below the Sickle from Camp II to the base of the Dutch Rib. The only way was across a huge avalanche cone that collects at the base of the north face. For an hour of uphill plodding you just bent your head and moved as strongly as you could in the cold morning shadow. It always seemed intolerably slow. I would delay the upward glance to see how far to the safety of the steep rib, just trying to keep my mind on the task at hand. On each traverse the track would be changed with avalanche debris. On one occasion a cache of gear (crampons, harnesses, helmets, hardware) left at the base of the rib disappeared under a load of ice that fell from the ice hanging over our ascent route. The actual beginning of the fixed lines at about 19,000 feet was arrived at with a sense of relief even though I once experienced an avalanche 'blast' at that point and again while on the fixed line.

Though the first 500 or 600 feet were directly below an icicle-hung 'mushroom' the rhythm of moving up the line was absorbing and satisfying. The slope did not exceed 40-45 degrees so was not arduous. Though I was the most experienced mountaineer of the group (only through having been at it longer, not in technical skills), I'd never used fixed lines before so made sure I accompanied someone to the base. I watched Alison begin the ascent and rhythmically move up the lines with ease. As I started up swaying around and stumbling a bit I realized that one crampon had come loose. I was quickly left behind in

the snow showers of the others to manage alone. My early fumblings with a Gibbs ascender became less energy consuming on subsequent efforts. When a crampon came loose on my second haul up to three I wondered if this was not my game, but then discovered on return to camp that one of the Salewas, having been extended to fit my double boots, had become bent.

Piro and Vera K. had taken the initial pitches up towards the crest accompanied by a sherpa. We had five high altitude sherpas and had made it clear that the leading would be shared between members and sherpas. This was agreeable and though they are excellent climbers there were some member complaints of their protection placement and they seemed to be unfamiliar with flukes. Annie had the distinction of placing her first ice screw on a lead across an airy 50-degree ice traverse.

Annie at 21 years was one of our strongest, easy-going members. An incredibly tough, 'together' person, she is a delight with her warmth and quiet humor. She had done McKinley at 18 and has considerable experience for her age. She is finishing her last year of nursing in Laramie, Wyoming and plans to return to Nepal to work at her profession there.

The sun began to touch us as the crest of the rib was gained and a feeling of being somewhere mitigated the slow plod along it. The ridge was a narrow crest with a strip beat down to accommodate a boot; a step off the track plunged one into powder down the steep sides. The haul along the ridge was a strange mix of gasping effort and exhilaration of exposure. A classic alpine route. I had the thrill one day while making my way to Camp III of hearing a sound other than the roar of avalanches. The excitement of looking up to see hundreds of geese flying in V's over Annapurna in migration from Tibet was one of the high points on the mountain for me.

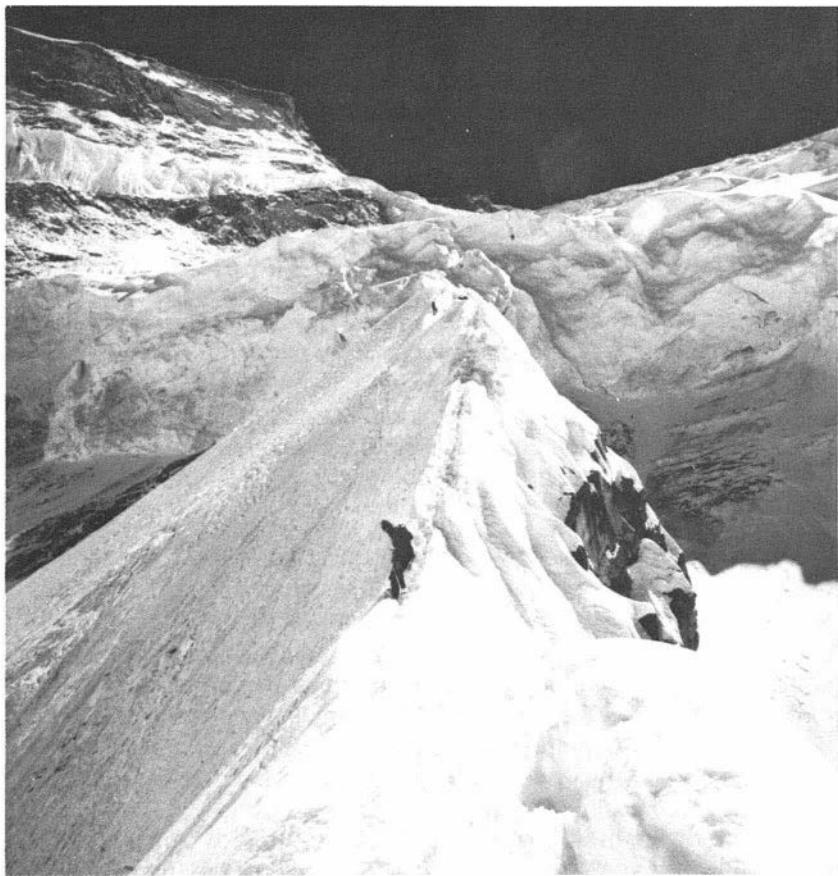
Camp III was to be placed at about 21,000 feet at the termination of the rib with the main glacier mass of the upper plateau of the mountain. Because of the technical aspects of this stretch with 1,600 vertical feet of fixed line, it was necessary to establish an intermediate camp, IIIA, at 20,000 feet. Piro and Irene had the pleasure of being marooned there for five days during a storm, finally existing on candy bars alone while everyone else descended to the comforts of Camp I and Base Camp. Their plea for some entertainment over the radio resulted in a decreasing quality of bad jokes.

The site of Camp III was perched on the ridge with barely walking room outside the tents. Garbage tossed out the door landed on the glacier 2,000 feet below. It was a most unpleasant place that caught the wind eddies spun down from the upper plateau and that didn't get

the sun until after 10 a.m. Arlene spent over a week in this grim place as she felt she could best direct activities higher on the mountain from here.

Arlene Blum is a biochemist who was an assistant professor at Wellesley College for a year after she graduated from Reed College in Portland, Oregon. She has been at the University of California for a couple of years as a research biochemist. Her work deals with chemicals in the environment that pose biological hazards.

Arlene, as the person with the most high altitude and Himalayan experience, was the leader in all respects. The trip was very much her baby as I don't believe another of us would have had the drive and persistence to organize it. The energy it took from its inception to orchestrating the logistics on the mountain was prodigious. She has a mind that works constantly, going over every last detail and trying to



Two figures descending rib. Camp III (not visible) is located at top of rib where it meets large ice fall.

anticipate all eventualities. Her greatest concern on Annapurna was that we would lose someone. She tried to dissuade Alison and Vera W. from the second summit try as she felt a two-person effort with only one sherpa in support might be risky. I remember talking with her at Camp II while Vera and Ali were on their way to higher camps as she agonized over their decision. She needed assurance that it was entirely their own choice and that she could not forbid them to go. I would not have either.

I didn't get above Camp III. A bout of pleurisy acquired two days before reaching Base Camp on the way in kept me pinned there for four weeks with a low grade fever most of the time. A five day bout of pneumonia allowed our cheery doc to do something for me but pleurisy is just a waiting game. I began conditioning as my body would allow and eventually made as good time on carries between Camp I and Camp II as anybody did. I knew, of course, that my prolonged stay at Base would not allow me to acclimatize in time for consideration on a summit team.

Liz had to leave on October 1 to get back to her teaching job in Germany. She had done some fine leading with Ali in making the route to III realizing that she would not have a chance for the summit. 'Liz's pitch' was one of the steepest ice pitches on that section.

The route above Camp III was even more arduous than below. Piro and Irene first led an ice chimney through seracs that later was bypassed with a slightly easier route. The pull to Camp IV at 23,000 feet was apparently exhausting. It consisted of slopes of deep snow traversed by bands of steep ice that required more fixed line. Annie, Vera K. and two sherpas established Camp IV three days later on October 8.

Margi volunteered to establish Camp V with the sherpas but had to return to IV with frost nip of her feet. She carefully did all the right things such as bundle in a sleeping bag, heat up warm water to immerse her feet in and drink hot liquids. She suffered only skin loss, but had very tender feet on the trek out and rode a horse for one day. Margi, at 20 years, was our youngest member and one of our strongest. She has had considerable mountain experience for her age. She climbed McKinley with Annie in 1975; spent a summer in the Olympic mountains; has led groups in the wilderness and kiddingly says she majored in mountaineering in high school in Palo Alto. She did a tremendous job in overseeing all the packing and shipping arrangements of our gear. She's now studying geology at University of California at Santa Cruz.

On October 14 three sherpas and three members, Piro, Irene and Vera K., moved to Camp V at 24,000 feet or so, leaving almost 2,500 feet for the summit day. This section was easier than from Camp III to Camp IV except for the altitude and had no fixed line except for the one ice cliff just above Camp IV. Two 50-degree ice pitches required

belayed and with heavy loads and a late start the members reached camp almost at dark. The sherpas had arrived earlier and had coffee ready though another tent had to be pitched. Japanese Dunlop tents were used at the higher camps. They are very sturdy, warm little domes but are designed for little people. The doors are a frustrating wriggle and a four person Dunlop sleeps two westerners; a six, four.

Of our five high altitude sherpas two were down with what appeared to be altitude induced illnesses. Our Sirdar had to return to Base Camp because of high blood pressure. The members all responded very well to the altitude; some took diamox daily and nobody exhibited any marked high altitude symptoms.

The night before the summit attempt the three members took turns at the two oxygen masks that fit to a bottle for sleeping. They arose at 3 a.m. and were ready to start 'gearing up' at six. Piro suddenly noticed her white, solid right index finger through a hole in her glove liner. She had touched the metal of her crampons and as she says "you're not especially sharp at that altitude." She dove into the tent with "I'm not coming" and spent the day sleeping. Piro was our team comedian as well as our doctor; she always had a wisecrack for the occasion.

Piro is forty. She was born in Hungary and immigrated to this country with her family when she was thirteen. She interned in Portland, Oregon in 1964-65 where she was able to indulge in mountain activities. She spent 1969 in England on a resident fellowship and delighted in and became very proficient in the rock climbing available there. She practices ophthalmology at the U.S. Public Health hospital in Seattle, does some research at the University of Washington and plays the violin. I've climbed with Piro since 1971 and she's tough, resilient and an excellent companion, especially in the toughest of situations.

The summit team left Camp V shortly before 7 a.m. on October 15 with sherpa Mingma leading up gentler slopes that varied from easy cramponing to breaking through the crust into powdery snow. It was a beautiful, clear, almost windless day. After three and a half hours the two members began to use oxygen in order to increase their slow pace. They aimed for the saddle between the middle and main peak and then traversed westward up towards the summit. It was a very emotional time when we saw the four figures silhouetted against a summit cloud plume as they moved steadily towards the high point. We did not know at that time which two members were up there as they didn't have a working radio at Camp V. The film crew at Camp I were able to record the ascent with their long lens. The summit was reached at 3:30 p.m. and after a few minutes for pictures they started down, arriving back at Camp V after dark at 7 p.m.

The night of the 16th was a crowded one at Camp IV. Vera W. and Alison had arrived with sherpa Wangel and the three members of the summit team arrived too late to go on down to Camp III after their late start. A warm, but crowded, uncomfortable night was shared by five members with two sleeping bags in an Oval Intention tent.

Vera W. and Ali moved up towards Camp V alone the next day as Wangel was not well again. Piro and Vera K. would stay at Camp III in support. Irene felt very tired and descended to Camp II.

I descended to Camp I and watched along with the film crew as they made their way up towards Camp V. We watched them move up the last ice pitch about 300 feet below Camp V and at about 5 p.m. with dusk falling we went in to eat dinner. They were not heard from that evening nor the next day. That day was quite windy with snow swirling around on the upper plateau and we convinced ourselves that they were tired and were sleeping. Marie gave the binocs a work-out, training them on the mountain from early morn until eve. When no word was heard on the second day, Arlene at Camp II made plans for various eventualities. It was only on the third day that she could mobilize the sherpas at Camp II to go on up to Camp IV and to Camp V if necessary. Both summit sherpas, Mingma and Chewang, had suffered some frostbite on their feet but Mingma, as one of the strongest and fastest, offered to go up with Lakpa. At about three in the afternoon of the 20th of October they came over the radio having spotted the bodies slightly below and to the east of Camp IV. Vera's had come to rest in a crevasse with the rope leading to Alison's on a serac above. We feel that they slipped on the last ice pitch and once falling were carried down about 1,200 feet.

Piro and Vera K. were to go up and try to make a more detailed report but Piro's finger was too painful to handle the fixed line. With no further people power available we had to leave things as they were.

Vera Watson, at 44, the second oldest member, was a remarkably tough woman who looked more a typical housewife than climber. She was a very gracious hostess in her lovely home in Stanford, California, and a marvelous cook. She was born in China of Russian parents, but had lived in this country for years and had climbed in many ranges of the world. One of her more remarkable achievements was a solo ascent of Aconcagua in South America when the rest of the male team was not up for continuing. She spent five days on the 22,800 foot mountain by herself.

She was a computer programmer at IBM. In spite of her workload she put in many hours at her typewriter for the expedition, organized and hosted many volunteers at her home, and always worried that she wasn't doing enough. The sherpas called her "momu." John McCarthy, her husband, who is at Stanford University, had a few days



Team photo with liaison officer.

Back row (l. to r.) Margi Rusmore, Alison Chadwick, Christy Tews, base camp manager, Piro Kramar, Irene Miller, Joan Firey, Annie Whitehouse, Arlene Blum. Front row: Dy-



anna Taylor, film, Vera Watson, Vera Komarkova, Dunbar Gurung, Liz Klobusicky, Marie Ashton, sound.

with her in Kathmandu before we left for Annapurna while on his way back from a conference in Israel.

I think it was no great surprise that Vera K. was a summitter. At 35 years she is a tough durable little woman with great strength for her size. She was born in Czechoslovakia and came to the United States in 1970 to gain her Ph.D. in Colorado. She is a plant ecology researcher on arctic and alpine flora with the Institute of Arctic and Alpine Research at the University of Colorado at Boulder. She's been climbing since 1960 in the Carpathian mountains, Alps, and Mexico and since 1968 has done many climbs in Alaska.

Everyone was very pleased that Irene at 42 made the summit. She has a long climbing history—since 1953. She did many ascents in the Tetons with her first husband Leigh Ortenberger and in Peru and California. She had felt strongly about being included on a Himalayan expedition ten years ago, but was specifically excluded because of being a woman. She is a very dedicated person: to her work as a physicist at IBM, to her family with girls aged 16 and 13, to her cello playing and to her marathon-status running. Everything Irene does, she does quietly and well. She was our treasurer and spent long hours on the trek in and out paying rupees to our porters. She carried one of the heavy pre-expedition loads of organizing and acquiring our equipment and gear from the clothing to hardware. We felt there was not a more deserving person.

With shock and sadness we all retrieved what could be carried from the camps and gathered at Base Camp on October 22. On October 23 we had a surprise visit. Marquita Maytag of Kathmandu and Driggs, Idaho, who was American ambassadress to Nepal in 1976-77, dropped in via helicopter bringing us a case of wine and tidings from home. When the pilot couldn't get the plane off that afternoon, they stayed the night with us. We were madly packing in order to leave the 24th, but everyone took out time to add our two names in the rock memorial monument that stands at Base Camp. A brief ceremony left us with many tears and little to say except that they both loved the mountains which were such an important part of their lives and it felt all right to leave them there.

Before the expedition I gave thought to the differences between men's and women's attitudes towards climbing and felt convinced that women in general do not have as great a need to be heroic nor do they have the ego drive to push for goals beyond their limits of safety. I certainly feel that women can be just as motivated and determined and perhaps even driven by a need to achieve in a 'man's sport.' On the other hand I feel societal differences allow women to be more compassionate with their companions in spite of being highly motivated in climbing. I've met a number of women who could be called 'aggressive' towards achievements in climbing but have not found them as

'hard' or self-centered as some of the aggressive young men. Credit it to western culture.

It is said that many mountain accidents are suicides; that some climbers conduct themselves on such thin margins of safety to achieve their goals that they are asking for trouble. I do not believe this was the case with Vera or Alison, but must admit that the male/female differences are less than I had imagined. Neither of them was a fame seeker nor a risk-oriented climber, but it was important to them both to seek the challenge for themselves of reaching the summit. One of them made a mistake that day, or more than one mistake was made, which is commonly the case—an easy thing to happen under such extended conditions of hypoxia, cold and fatigue. Something wasn't right.

Despite our tragedy, the trek out was a joyful time for most of us largely due to our sherpa staff. There was a great sense of relief when the 'heaviness' of the mountain was finished. During the last two weeks on the mountain everyone felt tired of the work and tension and very much wanted to have it over with. Song and dance broke out around the campfire on the 22nd and members joined in. The two summit sherpas were irrepressible in their joy. A strong bond had formed between these two and also with the two summit members. Each night on the eight-day trek to Pokara, chang (rice beer) and raksi (distilled spirits) would appear with joyful singing and dancing around the fire. Members tried to learn the sherpa dance and the sherpas loved to do disco dancing to our tapes.

The festivities continued in Kathmandu where we were wined and dined and enjoyed seeing our staff dressed for a garden reception at the home of the American ambassador. We took our staff to restaurants and even to a disco one evening.

Four of us stayed another month in Nepal to do a trek, all going in different directions with different friends to enjoy a carefree time in that beautiful land of beautiful people. Namaste.

Author's note: I began climbing in 1949 while in my last year at the University of California at Berkeley. Even while living in California I was attracted to the more challenging mountains and made several trips to British Columbia to climb. Our daughter Carla has the distinction of being on the summit of Sahale mountain at four months. My husband, Joseph, was from Seattle and our main interest was always exploratory mountaineering; we made a first ascent in the Selkirks in 1953. We moved to Seattle in the winter of 1954-55 and since then my love affair with the mountains of the northwest has deepened. I've been on many first ascents in the Coast Range of British Columbia and the Cascades. More recently I've expanded my interests to some higher altitude summits in Peru and the Mexican volcanoes, but I have yet to visit the summit of Mt. Rainier!

I work as a physical therapist part of the time and paint whenever I can. Art is a more consuming interest than mountaineering, but the outdoor experience is an essential part of my life and without it there would be little inspiration for art.

The Continuing Question

James Sanford

President, The Mountaineers, 1978

Seventy-three years ago a group of people who loved mountains and mountain climbing, who loved the wilderness and the ability to be in it decided they could satisfy their desires best by forming a group which they would call "The Mountaineers." They were all members of The Mazamas, a prestigious Portland-based organization with the same interests, but they felt their interest could be better served by managing their own affairs.¹

I think that somehow they struck the theme which we, as an organization, have followed since that time. Although the organization has grown to over 10,000 in numbers, it is still a group, or rather groups, of people who enjoy doing things for themselves, whether it's organizing a climb, teaching a course in nordic skiing, maintaining a lodge, staging a play, or some 50 or so activities one could list. There is an attitude of independence and a sense of responsibility which pervades the club. As a group, we not only enjoy doing things for ourselves, but insist on running ourselves. I am reminded of a time recently when someone working on one of our club history projects, questioned the possibility of obtaining some support through a federal research grant. The question was soon resolved; there was no desire to invite interference from an outside source.

This philosophy of doing for ourselves has, however, led to a number of interesting changes in our club. While all our members may still subscribe to The Mountaineers' purposes set forth in 1906, many of them are no longer actively climbing and exploring our mountains. No one is about to suggest that that is a requirement for membership—and it never was; but the variety of full-fledged activities we have today goes far beyond those envisioned by our predecessors. Despite this, we, The Mountaineers, have not lost our identity, we maintain a central purpose and, most important, a sense of belonging to our club.

Certainly, the success this organization has enjoyed has been largely the result of members involving themselves in activities of special interest to them and working out problems with those activities as they occur. But behind all these activities, managed by the committee and division people who keep them running, is another level of concern—a type of problem area that is always with us. That is the continuing question of policy, not merely the interpretation of policy, but the basic issue of maintaining, changing and developing The Mountaineers' policy.

The club has a board of trustees which works these problems, and in the history of The Mountaineers, works them very well. There is one person who must constantly look at the full spectrum of club policies, past, current and future—the organization president. A policy change evolving within the province of a specific area or activity tends to be looked at as the sole concern of that group.

It is not uncommon, however, to find that the interests of one activity may run counter to those of another. When problems like these occur, they are usually solved by the division chairman getting committees to work out solutions within the established guidelines of the club's general policy or within guidelines issued by the board of trustees.

If that cannot provide a satisfactory solution, the president will usually appoint an *ad hoc* committee to study the problem and bring recommendations to the board for action. It has been the practice in recent years for the president to assign each trustee to one of the divisions as a board representative and an *ex officio* member of the division. This has provided an effective instrument of continuing liaison between the board and division activities which has proved valuable in shaping policy and has often provided people who are well informed to work on *ad hoc* committees when needed.

Further, the continuity of our business manager in that paid position has been helpful in resolving policy questions; by virtue of being in the position over a period of years, the business manager is often in a position to recall questions worked by previous boards and provide suggestions or reference to solutions worked out in previous years.²

No matter how effective our system might be, the overall interests, the purposes, the scope and operating mode of our activities remain the continuing question with which every president and board must be continually concerned. The fact that we, as an organization, must change with time just as surely as our environment and the wilderness itself changes, means that we must constantly assess where we are heading, why and what is happening to our policy—indeed, to the club itself.

A specific policy question will illustrate this point and bring into focus one of those areas of concern which has been of critical interest to the current officers and board members. That is the "professionalizing" of our book-publishing activity. The decision by the board of trustees, in June of 1978, to hire a full-time paid director for Mountaineer Books was a significant change in policy for The Mountaineers.

The club has long followed the practice of members, doing for themselves, on a volunteer basis, those things within the purposes of the club which they found they wanted to do. While the need to pay someone to do certain professional, clerical and administrative jobs

was faced and resolved long ago, these were deemed essential to the over-all operation of the club and not based on operating one specific club activity.

The decision to hire a director of Mountaineer Books demanded a lot of deep soul searching and more than a little effort to look into the future to examine the full implications of such a decision. For example, did this mean we were now conducting a business? Well, we had been publishing and selling books for years, so what was different? Did the move imply greater growth in this activity? In view of increased cost, yes, increased growth would be necessary. Would planned growth imply increased financial risk to the organization? How could the club manage to control this? Would our tax-exempt status be in jeopardy? These questions, and many more, were pursued and answered using both the volunteer resources of the club and professional outside counsel where advisable.

None of these questions, however, address one fundamental issue. We are a volunteer organization. What's happening to the role of volunteers. The answer in this case was straight forward. Volunteers would continue to run the Books activity. First, the Editorial Review Committee is the group which selects manuscripts or books which it believes The Mountaineers should publish. It is a volunteer committee. The Book Financial Advisory Committee reviews the financial status and planned commitments periodically and recommends policy to the board of trustees. That committee is also volunteer. The director of Mountaineer Books is accountable to the president and board of trustees and they, too, are volunteers.

This would seem like a nice, neat set of answers to a few selected questions. What has gone before illustrates a policy question and its current working approach to resolving it. The question does not stop there, however, accepting this nice, neat answer. It's a continuing question—in brief, where do we go from here?

How large do we want this activity to get? Is the growth of this activity bringing about an image change of the total organization? Can the volunteer committees, over the long term, maintain an effective working relationship with a professional, paid director and staff? Does the volunteer activity associated with the Books program involve enough of the membership to justify itself as an activity or does the program exist for other reasons? (The answer, incidentally, is "yes" to both of the last questions.) These are but examples of the kinds of questions which must be answered as we, our total membership, shape policy in The Mountaineers.

Involved here is a basic question of determining the criteria which justifies the existence of any of our activities; indeed, even positions which we take on public issues. As an organization, we have seldom bothered much about abstractions and theories on how to operate.

We seem to have grown no faster than our collective capability could handle.

It's interesting to reflect on the growth and changes of this organization from the time it started in 1906 to an organization of over 10,000 members, growing in an environment which has changed from pockets of cities in a wilderness to pockets of wilderness surrounded by cities.

While we admit to the necessity of change, it is important to maintain the touchstone of our original purposes. Growth of the organization has never been one of those objectives, neither has it been our aim to become a business. Profit is not an objective of the club, a point brought clear when preliminary inquiries were made by an agency interested in purchasing our clubhouse property.

In formulating Mountaineers' policy, we must keep these points in mind. We have seen examples of successful organizations growing to a point where they become top heavy with administration. We have also seen examples of organizations reaching the point where they seem to exist for the sake of the organization itself—not for the members, nor for the purposes which brought it into existence.

Today, we are still recognized as The Mountaineers; we have kept our identity. We still climb mountains and walk through the woods. We still have activities for people of all ages (and notice our most recently formed committee—The Retired Rovers). The dynamic independence and sense of responsibility which keynoted our beginnings still provide the thrust of our enduring endeavor.

We have gained wide respect and recognition and our voice is heard extolling those values which first brought us together. The continuing question of policy will go on being asked. Our changing environment will require new answers—but not new principles. Our original purposes were well formed. An active membership will assure their survival.

'This event caused serious problems for the Mazamas for several years. In *We Climb High: A Chronology of the Mazamas, 1894-1964* by John D. Scott, he says:

This (1907) was an ominous year for the Mazamas. In the winter of 1906-1907 the Mountaineers of Seattle organized as an auxiliary to the Mazamas. It did not long remain an auxiliary. Qualifications for membership were practically unrestricted, so the new club grew by leaps and bounds and understandably would not play second fiddle to anybody. Within a year the so-called "Seattle Auxiliary" of the Mazamas had withdrawn and the Mountaineers were most effectively running their own organization.

While never acknowledged as such, the loss of the Seattle branch was a terrific setback from which the Mazamas as a growing organization did not recover for more than seven long years. The membership records, and the nearly six-year gap in publishing the *Mazama*, fully confirm this conclusion.

²For an excellent description of how The Mountaineers operate and govern themselves, see "Whither The Mountains," by Sam Fry, *The Mountaineer* 1975 (Annual).

Five Poems by Joan Malory Webber

September 9, 1930-October 14, 1978

On October 14, 1978, Joan Malory Webber was killed by rockfall on a Mountaineer outing while ascending one of the Papooses, rock pinnacles on the shoulder of Sluiskin Squaw in Mount Rainier National Park. She was a distinguished Professor of English at the University of Washington, a highly accomplished climber, and a poet. As a scholar she received national acclaim for her books and articles on seventeenth century poetry, on John Donne, John Milton, and on the literary tradition of the epic; she was a member of the Executive Committee of the Modern Language Association, the largest and most powerful professional organization of literature professors in the country. As a teacher she had an enthusiastic following of both undergraduate and graduate students. She came to the University of Washington, however, because she was a climber, and it is as a climber that The Mountaineers will remember her.

Joan had climbed for nearly twenty years on the East Coast, in Colorado, and in the Northwest. Her experience as a rock climber was extensive, including many 5.7 and 5.8 routes in Boulder Canyon, Edorado Canyon, Rocky Mountain National Park (all in Colorado), and on Castle Rock and the Peshastin Pinnacles here in the Northwest. As an alpine climber she had made ascents of, among others, all fifty-three 14,000-foot peaks in Colorado; the peaks she climbed in the Cascades and Olympics, winter and summer, are too numerous to list.

Through all this she wrote poetry, much of which is scattered in journals and magazines around the country. The main inspiration for her poems—and what emerges as their recurrent theme—is the intense exhilaration of climbing, the personal challenge and fulfillment that mountains and mountain climbers brought her. Because of this, The Mountaineers are perhaps the most knowing and natural audience she might have hoped to reach.

In the following selection from her poetry, reprinted here with permission from the journals they originally appeared in, or, if unpublished, with permission of her literary estate, she articulates better than most of us can some sense of what it means to be a climber. These poems are printed here as a memorial, and as a tribute, to her commitment to the mountains she loved.

—J.C. Coldevey

Glacier Heat

My lips are charred and swollen as old paint.
I peer through slits.

Dale thought about that word, radiation, seeing
Us nearly spitting at each other:
The sun scarfed up our heat, is that
What radiation means? It drained us cold?

I thought it meant the sun
Boiled out our veins,
Bleeding crevasses black as unhealed wounds.

We sucked on glacier ice
For scant relief.

Three on a rope, threading a bridge of snow,
We pulled at one another, couldn't find
A way, uneasy strangers, to commit
Ourselves as one.

Yesterday, they said, a man fell in,
Was buried under snow, and left
Just like that by his friends for dead.

Our faces in the heat.
Clown white
Goggled in black.

We strike the tent—quickly—and head for trees.
Quickly get separated from each other.

I see
Us sloping through the forest, stunned and sly,
Harsh phantoms of ourselves.

Splitting over the Pass

Leavenworth. Stars web
The pungent rocks. My nostrils flare.

Lief, with some ivy looped about his ears,
Leans from a roadside cliff to hitch a ride
In a car full of climbers. Friends and lovers.

John, in Seattle, says,
As in a dream, "Every day now,
Walking into a bar, a house,
I think I must have come here by mistake."

Fog in Seattle. Rain. Fog
Clutching the pass. And then blue sword
Wiping the dark away, trees
Wrapped the green. Climbing again. The rock
As full as wine.

A Climb Through Thunderstorm

The summit block's a whispering
Electric bath. Up here
Our fingers trace blue fire. The hair
Under my helmet feathers like a bird.
We don't dare touch each other.

The ice-axe sings
Along my spine, unearthly news
Of current coursing over bone, sphere
Tuned on sphere.

We tiptoe down
Through sculptured space
On flickering granite, watching each other.
My foot slides to the niche
Your hand just left.

When we stop for water,
Our shadows jump and shine.

Turning Gold Under Summer Sun

In the snow I was kicking steps
For Aardvark and Buffalo. Something struck me funny.
I thought, I've got no name. Then they called me Lizard.
It seemed that was always me.

The mountains came on and on. Our eyes
Got wrinkled with the laughing and the light.

It's true things were hard sometimes. I didn't
Know enough, and we needed luck as it was.
Painfully I learned to walk down slopes,
Heels flat, toes up. Steep snow frightens me,
But I'm Lizard. On rock I flow.

More and more now, we travel in a pack. I forget
How to talk to strangers, forget
Their old-world ways. Some words are alien,
Like "he" and "she," sometimes even "me" and "you,"
Sleeping at night curled up with Buffalo.

At night I dream a life in another
Name, where there are streets, cars, offices,
Sex, money, books. But these dreams come
Less often now that the nights are short,
And daytimes, summit sleep is quick and free.

Soon, maybe my life will be all light. I think
I can see right through these lean scarred hands.
The hairs on my arms grow vertical, bright gold.

Acknowledgments

"Glacier Heat," reprinted from *Aspen Leaves*, II, 2 (Summer 1975); "Splitting over the Pass," reprinted from *101*, I, 2 (Autumn, 1974); "Turning Gold Under Summer Sun," reprinted from *The Ohio Review*, XVII, 1 (Fall 1975); "A Climb Through Thunderstorm" and "On the Mountain" from the estate of the late Joan Malory Webber.

On the Mountain

A rock struck white by storm
Shivers and throws my balance off. Green space
As far as Everest. I'm on the brink.

This second's mine, an easy touch,
The smell of lichenized rock
Locked in my brain.

Catch breath and go—
Cat burglar, all my muscles primed.
My trade,
To tiptoe skyward, finger each slippery ledge,

Grasp
Nothing, fear
Nothing, soak up
Sunlight. Sneaking by
On air.



Joan Malory Webber. Summit of Ingalls, June 1978.

John Coldewey

Thirty Miles a Day with a Plastic Sack or Eric's Wish List

William K. Longwell, Jr.

Ever have a hiking wish list? We all do, but few of us have the time, are that well organized, or have the persistence to hike systematically all the trails we wish to hike. Some of us use the Mountaineers books more than others and check off our hikes one by one. If you remember, people used the original *100 Hikes* in this manner.

Last August 30 at Joe-Edd's Saddle (ten miles north of Snoqualmie Pass on the PCT) on the third day of a three-day walk from Salmon la Sac, I met a man who had hiked every trail on his wish list. Six of us were peering down into the dark defile that holds Edds Lake when Eric scooted by. "Scooted" is the correct word. Right away I noticed his low cut shoes (Hush Puppies) and plastic sack. He carried *all* his belongings in a plastic sack.

At noon we stopped for lunch at Ridge Lake and Eric appeared again. We had passed him on Alaska Mountain as he scrambled the 85 feet from the trail to the summit.

An hour later we joined him again and enjoyed with him a more prolonged view. We stayed *near* him for most of the rest of the trip to Snoqualmie. But, to keep up with him, we literally had to run. I've never seen anyone walk as quickly as he walked. In the last three miles, two young people in our group tried in vain to match his pace.

In brief snatches, as we (not he) gasped for breath and tried to keep up with him, Eric told us about his travels throughout the mountains of the West. Ours was a most fortunate meeting.

He does not backpack. He dayhikes. Every summer, he takes a six-week hiking vacation in the Rockies, the Sierras or the Cascades. All winter long, in New York City, he pours over various hiking guide books and plans a six-week, day-by-day, schedule. This New York City dweller hikes more Cascade trails and knows more Cascade geography than any native Cascade hiker I have yet met. And, he remembers what he sees.

He carries no camera or day pack and he uses only Forest Service maps. He rents a car to move him from strategically chosen motels to various trailheads. In six weeks (I just happened to meet him on his next-to-last hiking day) he walked 706 miles and traveled over 63 trails. *Sixty-three!* All with low-cut shoes and thin soles and a plastic sack for lunch.

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Here's Eric's six-week (remember, no nights) trail walk. Note some of his long drives and long hikes. Mileages are in parentheses. Comments are from his trail notes.

A. *Glacier motel*

- 7/22 (4) Horseshoe Bend trail, along a roaring river.
- 7/23 (20) Excelsior Pass and High Divide trails. Climb Excelsior Mountain (5930). Panoramic view of snowcapped mountains, including Mt. Baker and Mt. Shuksan.
- 7/24 (10) Skyline Ridge on-trail, Chowder Ridge off-trail. Four ptarmigans.
- 7/25 (11) Keep Kool trail to Yellow Aster Meadow and cross-country over snowfields past "ice" lakes to top of mountain, south of Tomyhoi Peak.
- 7/26 (8) Goat Mountain trail. First rainy day.

B. *Marblemount motel*

- 7/27 (9) Baker Pass trail from Schrieber's Meadows to Park Butte Lookout. View of Baker's crater and Easton Glacier.
- 7/28 (33) 33-mile loop trial in Glacier Peak Wilderness Area: Milk Creek trail, PCT—Dolly-Vista section, Suiattle River trail.
- 7/29 (33) Another 33-mile hike to Image Lake, Miner's Ridge lookout, and to top of knoll above the lake (for views of Canyon Lake and Dome Peak). Reflection of Glacier Peak in Image Lake. Glorious wildflowers. Hiked 66 miles in two days.
- 7/30 (13) Trail to lookout of top of Lookout Mountain. Views of Eldorado Peak and of Monogram Lake.
- 7/31 (24) Loop trip: From Diablo Lake "swimming pool" trailhead ascend Sourdough Mountain to lookout; return via descending trail to Ross Lake.
- 8/1 (21) From Ruby Creek suspension bridge walk along Ruby Creek trail to Devils Park trail in Pasayten Wilderness to Crater Lake and higher to trail's end just below Crater Mountain.
- 8/2 (8) AM Sauk Mountain Lookout. PM Anderson and Watson Lake trail to Anderson Butte.
- 8/3 (16) Hike into Glacier Peak Wilderness from Whitechuck trailhead on Meadow Mountain trail to end along ridge.
- 8/4 (27) Hike into Glacier Peak Wilderness from Whitechuck trailhead over Kennedy Ridge trail to PCT, north on PCT to Fire Creek Pass. Wildflowers and brooks in meadows.
- 8/5 (8) Eightmile Creek route to Squire Pass. Face-to-face with Three Finger and Whitehorse Mountains.
- 8/6 (14) Hike Middle Fork Cascade River to trail's end; view of Spider Mountain, Formidable. Walk South Fork Cascade River Valley into Glacier Peak Wilderness.

C. Granite Falls/Verlot motel

- 8/7 (11) Hike to Mt. Pilchuck lookout. Late afternoon hike to Lake 22.
- 8/8 (16) Bald Eagle trail over Curry Gap past Bald Eagle Mountain, contouring Long John Mountain; climb to summit.
- 8/9 (12) AM: From Monte Cristo hike to Glacier Basin
PM: From Monte Cristo road hike to Gothic Basin
- 8/10 (10) Mt. Forgotten trail; Perry Creek waterfall, abundance of berries. Second rainy day.
- 8/11 (12) North Lake trail. Big Four Ice Caves near site of former Big Four Inn.

D. Skykomish motel

- 8/12 (14) West Fork Foss trail into Alpine Lakes Wilderness, past Copper and Little Heart Lakes.
- 8/13 (22) Surprise Creek trail from trailhead at Scenic into Alpine Lakes Wilderness past Surprise Lake to PCT, north past Glacier Lake to junction with old PCT. Loop trip clockwise around Surprise Mountain to Deception Lakes and return on new PCT. Side trip to top of Surprise Mountain.
- 8/14 (13) From Stevens Pass hike north on PCT to Lake Valhalla and Union Gap in Wenatchee NF.

E. Leavenworth motel

- 8/15 (26) From Icicle Road trailhead into Alpine Lakes to Nada Lake, Snow Lake and Enchantment Lakes as far as Rune Lake.
- 8/16 (19) From end of Icicle Road into Alpine Lakes on Icicle Creek and Whitehorse trails towards Frosty Pass. Rainy weather forces early return.
- 8/17 (18) From Eightmile Creek Road hike to Lake Caroline, Windy Pass, and along ridge towards Mt. Cashmere. Views of Stuart Range.
- 8/18 (18) From Eightmile Road trailhead hike to Colchuck Lake, to Stuart Lake and unmaintained trail to meadow beyond.
- 8/19 (26) Loop trip: Cady Creek trail to Cady Pass junction with PCT, north on PCT past Lake Sally Ann to junction with Little Wenatchee trail, Meander Meadow back to trailhead.
- 8/20 (20) Hike to Ethel Lake, Julius Lake and McCue Ridge.
- 8/21 (19) Icicle Ridge Trail to former Icicle lookout.
- 8/22 (26) Indian Creek trail to Indian Pass at junction with PCT. One porcupine and nine snakes on trail.
- 8/23 (22) French Creek trail towards Paddy-Go-Easy Pass. I followed cougar.
- 8/24 (19) Hiked Tonga Ridge twice; on a rainy morning and again in afternoon after rain had stopped. A feast of huckleberries.
- 8/25 (19) Phelps Creek trail to Spider Meadow and Spider Pass in Glacier Peak Wilderness. Walk snowfield in gully to pass. Views of Lyman Basin from pass.

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- 8/26 (25) White Pine Creek trail into Alpine Lakes Wilderness to Wildhorse trail to Frosty Pass to Icicle Ridge trail towards Ladies Pass above Lake Mary to Mary's Pass. Huckleberries.
- 8/27 (11) Fourth of July trail from Icicle Road to Icicle Ridge trail and former lookout where I had been on 8/21. This time weather is clear and I can see many of places I had hiked.

F. Cle Elum motel

- 8/28 (16) Mineral Creek trail into Alpine Lakes Wilderness past Park Lake to PCT to view of Joe Lake across valley. To ridge top for views down on Spectacle and Glacier Lakes.
- 8/29 (21) Loop trail into Alpine Lakes Wilderness. From end of Fish Lake Road hike Alternate PCT past Hyas Lake to Deception Pass, along new PCT to Cathedral Rock to Cathedral Pass, then via alternate PCT past Squaw Lake back to trailhead. Walk portions of Marmot Lake trail and Paddy-Go-Easy Pass trail.

G. North Bend motel

- 8/30 (20) From Snoqualmie Pass hike PCT north past Ridge, Gravel, Alaska and Joe to top of tiny peak above trail. View of trail towards Park Lake. Fine view of Mt. Rainier.
- 8/31 (12) Pratt Lake trail and Mt. Defiance trail. Views of lakes below trail. Pick huckleberries in the rain.

It's time to finish *your* wish list. The trails are still there. Go! Pick up a plastic sack and go!



Fisher Peak.

Susan Marsh

The Dilemma of the Inhabited Wilderness

Pat Emerson

In 1974, mountaineering exploded into the Karakoram Range of Pakistan. For political and strategic reasons, the region had been closed to all foreign visitors for 14 years. Climbers from developed nations who had poured into the Nepalese Himalaya during the 50's and 60's, now found themselves standing in front of a veritable new "candy store"—miles and miles and miles of unclimbed summits, where a 20,000-foot peak is considered minor.

In that first summer of 1974 there were three expeditions and one four-person trekking party. Each year since then the number and size of the expeditions and trekking parties have increased explosively. In 1976, the Japanese took 60 climbers and 1,500 porters to K-2. In 1978, there were 48 mountaineering expeditions and a like number of trekking parties. Every day the mail brings another brochure from another organization advertising another trek to the Karakoram of Pakistan—and those are only American groups.¹

Two things have brought this about: the developed nations have money and leisure; and the developing nations have discovered a resource—their wilderness—which does not need to be exported to be exploited. It is a mutually satisfactory situation: climbers get peaks; trekkers get wilderness experience and Pakistan gets foreign exchange.

Herein lies the concern, the dilemma. What is the impact of this sudden, massive invasion of the wilderness? It is not hard to see. We have only to look at Nepal. Hillsides are denuded of wood to build fires for parties traveling through. Campsites are full of litter and garbage. Groups are organized to follow after other groups to clean up the garbage of groups who have organized to follow after other groups, and so on. Students now get college credit for going to Nepal to clean up the litter at Everest.

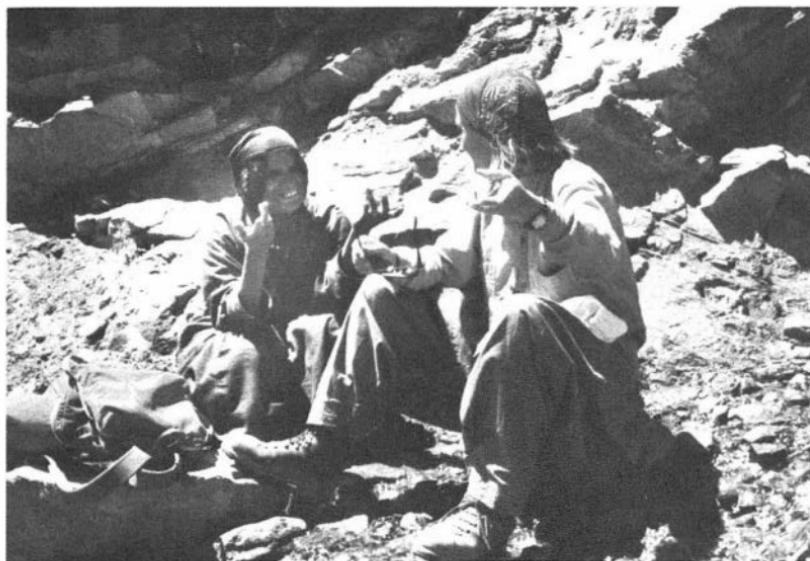
Some signs of concern are surfacing; steps are being taken to minimize the impact on the physical environment. The Nepalese government is beginning to limit permits; they are talking about nationalizing foreign trekking organizations. Some climbing parties are reducing their size, going "alpine style" (although I suspect their reason for doing so is not entirely out of concern for the environment).

While I, too, am very much concerned about the physical impact upon the wilderness terrain of the Karakoram, I have a much larger concern.

Webster's dictionary defines wilderness as "an uncultivated, *uninhabited* region; a waste." Padre Ippolito Desideri in 1715 described

the Karakoram as "that arid desolation of the vast desert of stone—that ruin of mountains." But when I first came into contact with the Karakoram my involvement was not only with that startlingly awesome wilderness moonscape of high mountains, but with the inhabitants of that wilderness. Inhabited wilderness seemed a contradiction in terms. It was only when I stopped to analyze, to intellectualize, that I became aware of the paradox. Then I began to pose definitions about what wilderness is. In what sense can it be wilderness and still have people in it? I then rejected the dictionary definition, that *Western* concept that "wilderness means uninhabited by human beings". Wilderness is not the absence of human beings, it is a matter of the balance between man and his environment. It is non-growth. It is an ecologically adaptive form of technology. An inhabited wilderness remains wilderness when the forces of nature are more potent than technological capabilities; when the human inhabitants are perpetually on the defensive. Baltistan is an inhabited wilderness.

I first became involved with the inhabitants of the wilderness of Baltistan in 1960². Extended visits in 1973, 1974, 1976 and 1977 have only deepened my liking, my respect and my concern for these people. I speak their language, ancient Tibetan. I eat their food, wheat flour, turnips, apricots and yogurt. I live in their houses of mud and rock.



The author conversing with a Balti woman.

Dick Emerson

Until 1974, the residents of Balti villages had a subsistence level economy. The land on which they live is high, rocky and barren, dominated by vast expanses of mountains. The people are grouped in little villages which have taken root in an otherwise hostile environment. Wherever a stream has deposited even a minute amount of soil, the Baltis found it, terraced it and planted it. Over the centuries they have developed an extremely effective style of hydrology to bring water to their fields. The remoteness of the region demands virtual total self-sufficiency for each village. That self-sufficiency in turn, gives a productive role to every member of the community. There is no unemployment in a Balti village.

The porters who come from this simple, subsistence life are not specialists in mountain climbing or porterage, *per se*, only able-bodied men who are acclimated to the altitude and the inhospitable surroundings.³

Western man has gone into mountains for many reasons, but for the most part there is an underlying duality, a paradox in his use of mountain wilderness. He is challenged by the lure of the wild, the untamed; and challenged by the desire to conquer that wildness. But when Western expeditions go into regions like the Karakoram they carry in something more. They carry the aid and comfort of Western technology, and the vestiges of colonialism. Sahibs hire porters to carry lawn chairs for sahibs to sit on when they pay off the porters. For the most part mountaineering and trekking groups have little concern for the inhabitants of this wilderness beyond the obligatory medical care. They go in attached to the life-line of Western technology and then retreat to their technological world. The Baltis remain—on permanent bivouac. They are left with new desires, new expectations from their exposure to that technology, and with a new capability of achieving those desires, a capability which is supplied by cash wages earned by carrying loads, and desires for radios, watches, sugar, American and Japanese nylon clothing.

But while they are working for rupees, what happens to the village labor force? In Baltistan, climbing season is planting season. The high altitude terraced fields of Baltistan produce one crop a season. For every male porter traveling to K-2 there is one less worker in the fields.

At the present time, the Pakistan government sends surplus wheat into Baltistan. "Civil rations" can be purchased at subsidized prices with the rupees earned by carrying loads. But as more and more and more turn their productive efforts into cash crops, more and more and more of the ancient and highly specialized agricultural technology will disappear; and what if the United States and Pakistan no longer have surplus wheat to send into Baltistan? Change is coming to Baltistan, coming hard and fast; and there is no planning for that change; no

concern for increasing the agricultural production. The people are turning away from their traditional culture and adopting Western cultural values.

I am part of that impact. I may try to live like a Balti, but I am not a Balti. I wear a watch; I sleep in a sleeping bag; I carry a camera. I am producing change. I find myself in a dilemma. I am part of that dilemma and I don't have any easy answers. That is the nature of dilemma.

One of the major points of misunderstanding and disagreement between the developed and the developing nations is over the question of protection of the environment. During Western history of development 'protection of the environment' was not a concern. In fact we have come to that concept only lately, and not very securely at that. During periods of development, the environment is something to exploit, not protect; it is a resource to use, not a resource to save. Many developing nations find our zeal in promoting conservation and protection of resources, naive at the least, and at the most, arrogant. We are the haves and they are the have nots and they must use what resources they have to catch up, to become 'haves.'

Expansion and increased consumption of resources is called "progress" and as each state continues to progress it thinks that human kind is the beneficiary. But this idea of progress has led to an unprecedented assault on the world's indigenous peoples and their natural resources. Self-sufficient cultures have disappeared and dramatic resources shortages and environmental and cultural disasters have "suddenly" materialized. Developing nations continue to pursue their course of expansion and consumption, competing with indigenous populations for raw materials and territories that remain relatively untouched. The last frontier on earth is now the last home and territories of indigenous peoples.

It may appear that if the political state does not recognize the moral and practical necessity of preserving the environment and culture of the indigenous people, there is little that we here can do. Developing nations are not going to cut off the foreign exchange available from tourism; and Western nations are not going to stop going on treks and expeditions to those exotic places. And I am not arrogant enough to suggest that we put a fence around the region, "preserving the culture in a human zoo". But we cannot abandon them to the fate suffered by many indigenous peoples of the world.

In an article in the 1976 *Mountaineer*, Willi Unsoeld spoke to the responsibility of Western expedition climbers to their Eastern counterparts. "When Indian or Pakistani or Nepali climbers are included in the party . . . it seems obligatory that some effort be made to train them . . ." He urged expeditions to strive for a high level of successful human relationships on an international plane.

I suggest that Western expeditions and trekkers assume a responsibility for the environment and culture of the people whose *land they are traveling through*. Any solution to the problem has to be one which respects the local autonomy of the local villages; one which gives them the knowledge and foresight to anticipate the consequences of the loss of agricultural technology; gives them the capability to utilize their new-found capital resources. But above all any solutions must respect their history, their traditions and their own cultural institutions.

I solicit your help and your suggestions. Can we put our efforts into preserving "by the encouragement of protective legislation or otherwise the natural beauty of Northwest America" and *the natural beauty of other regions of the world*.

¹In 1976, of the 31 expeditions up the Baltoro alone, 25 were Japanese.

²Vicariously, through the slides and accounts of Dick Emerson's participation in the American-Pakistan Expedition to Masherbrum.

³In contrast to the Sherpa who are not agriculturalists, but have traditionally carried loads for profit, first as traders carrying goods to and from Tibet, and later for mountaineering expeditions.



The Baltoro Spires.

Dick Emerson

Mica Base Skis: The Waxless Answer?

Pamela Heath

Waxing. Sooner or later every cross-country skier complains about it. It's the bane of many a novice skier, and the experienced skinny skier eventually faces snow that no combination of waxes seems to work well on.

Waxing does two things. When you weight the ski, snow crystals make indentations in the wax. That's grip. When you glide, friction smooths out the indentations (and actually melts a layer of water between the base and the snow). Wax enhances a ski's glide.

So far no waxless base has matched the performance of a properly waxed one. There's been no substitute to fine-tuning the wax to suit the snow. On the other hand, adapting an array of waxes to the age, moisture content, and temperature of the snow is at least an acquired skill (which is not to call it unpleasant), and occasionally frustrating, especially to beginners.

Patterned bases are a partial solution; they eliminate any hassle associated with waxing. They are also slower than a properly waxed ski—and noisy. The search for the ideal, high-performing waxless base continues.

Several years ago, a group of Norwegian ski companies—Epoke, Bonna, Skilom, Splitkein, and Madshus—teamed up with the Central Institute for Industrial Research (Oslo) to develop a waxless base. This season they introduced their answer: mica.

It's a simple idea, fresh and innovative. Flakes of the mineral mica are mixed into a polyethylene base. While the base is still molten, a magnetic field is applied to align the flakes tailward at sharp angles. The shallow, backward slanting pattern created by the mica allows the ski to grip and kick *without* slippage. At the same time, it allows the ski to glide smoothly and *quietly* forward. You can demonstrate these qualities to yourself by rubbing your hand over a mica base ski. Rubbing tip to tail, the ski feels slick. That's glide. But rubbing tail to tip, the ski base is rough, almost prickly. That's mica's grip in action, and it is, by all reports, exceptional.

Does that make mica "waxless"? Not exactly. Certainly mica can be skied unwaxed. If you're on refrozen snow, for example, you'll prefer to do just that—mica works every bit as well as any messy klister. As one Seattle ski shop says, "kiss your klisters good-by." That feature alone may sell you on mica skis, especially if you ski the wet spring snow of the Cascades.

On fresh, cold snow, the story's a little different. The base is slower than a traditional waxable base. However, the glide can be easily improved by applying a thin layer of glider wax to the ski's tips and tails. Mica, unlike other "waxless" bases, is easily waxed.

Neither do you need worry about mica somehow wearing out. As the base wears, new flakes and new edges of old flakes are exposed. You might call it self-renewing.

In short, mica offers greater waxing versatility than either waxable or patterned bases. Wax if you wish—or don't, depending on the snow and level of performance you want. If you decide to wax, the choice is simple: glider wax for speed or, if you wish, broad-range gold and gray.

Certainly the search for a truly high-performance, truly waxless cross-country ski will go on. Maybe the ski wax makers will have the last laugh. But the mica base ski is a kick-and-glide in the right direction.

You can find mica base skis in several shops around the Seattle area. The cost is just slightly higher than plain base skis and they are often available to rent.



Tatoosh Range, Mount Rainier National Park.

Susan Marsh

Leadership for Mountaineers

Lou Berkley

"Know thyself."

"Know thy customer."

"Know thy competitor."

The first sentence is by far, very far, the most famous, and is from the Delphic Oracle of Ancient Greece. The last two are out of me some years later for use in sales training.

There's really nothing new in any of the three. The struggle to "know thyself" is timeless. All the other two say is "know who's with you" and "know who's (or what's) against you", and so all three are part of our everyday lives, every-day common sense.

That's what this article is about. It is not about first aid or map and compass or menu planning for reasons I'll make clear. I'm sure it's obvious "thyself" is you, the leader; "thy customers" are the people who are with you; and "thy competitor" "what's against you" is the summit or trail that faces you.

Many volumes have been written exploring and explaining "know thyself" but I can boil them down for Mountaineer leaders to a few simple words: Anyone interested enough to read this article and interested enough in The Mountaineers to want to lead trips can be a good leader—so relax and enjoy it.

That's the first and only rule: RELAX AND ENJOY IT. If you do that, your enjoyment will be contagious and everyone else "who's with you" will also enjoy it.

There's one "easy" way to do this—DO NOTHING—except lead. On anything except the simplest one-day trail trip, you must delegate—and that takes care of first aid, map and compass, and menu planning. Easy, isn't it.

Because you want to enjoy the trip, you have the right to expect that the people with you also want to enjoy the trip and are willing to work constructively toward that end.

Let me give you a very recent example of how this delegating works. One of the things I do on extended trips is exchange bits of leadership techniques with the trip leader, and I get more than I give. On one such trip last summer I was bemoaning the questions leaders sometimes ask:

" . . . like 'Does anybody want a pit stop—party separation?' People are naturally shy about speaking up first.

"I solved this problem some years ago by *deciding* for them when they need a party separation. Trailhead is usually deserted, so I gather

the group and quote our non-existent Leaders' Manual by saying, 'The Leaders Manual says we take a party separation at the trailhead.'

"If it's only a short ride to the trailhead, we may hike for a while before I stop the group and instantly rewrite the Manual: 'The Leaders Manual says we take a party separation after the first 30 minutes'.

"Somebody might dispute me if I said, 'I think we ought to . . . , so I always quote the Leaders Manual as authority and everyone does what the Manual says. We really should have a Leaders Manual so I won't have to keep changing it and fibbing so many times as I go along."

To all of which the Trip Leader I spoke to replied, "That's a great idea. Congratulations! You just volunteered! You write it." See how this delegating works.

Actually you don't really need to quote the Leaders Manual for authority. You have it—and the accountability and responsibility that go with it. If you like, you can wear a headband that says, "The buck stops here," because it does. A trip, therefore, is more of a dictatorship than a democracy, but not really either. Be a dictator if you must, but only if you must.

I didn't dream up the Leaders Manual idea, I got it from other leaders. I'm sure if you swap ideas with a dozen different leaders, as I have, you'll end up with several dozen ideas on leader conduct, techniques and attributes. So this article is really a composite of others' ideas as well as my own. I'll tell you of some of my experiences and even my mistakes.

Motivation, Experience and Judgment

To me, the most important attributes of the leader are summed up in motivation, experience and judgment. Motivation? I lead trips to repay my debt to The Mountaineers and their leaders for the many trips I've been on. What's your motive? The same, or perhaps self-glorification, to prove to yourself and to others how smart you are? Great! This is normal and human. But if self-glorification is your only motive, don't lead trips; do it the easy way and write an article.

Experience is having "been there"—in the situation rather than the locale. Making the right decision based on past experience is relatively easy.

What is judgment? It's very much an intangible, but I call it the ability to make the right decision based on experience you never had. I consider judgment more important than experience, but because it is such an intangible I cannot say more about it. Perhaps simply "Measure twice, cut once" or "Think twice, act once."

Experience is often something you don't realize you have until the need arises and your memory banks come up with the right answer. This happened to me on a backpack trip a while ago.

The leader told us he had scouted the route and there was water "all along the trail." So I only half-filled my quart poly bottle. Well, there wasn't any water all along the trail and everyone was out or almost out of water when we stopped for lunch.

Nearby I had seen a dark streak right across the trail—water seepage down the hill. I put down my pack and had someone with an ice axe dig a hole around the dark water streak. In a few minutes the hole had filled and we all had full poly bottles and were taking "baths" in this little puddle of pure, cool, fresh, delicious water!

Does this fault the leader? No. I'd learned this seep-hole trick from somebody else years ago in Alaska. The only fault was the claim to have scouted the trail.

"I don't know about water so let's start with full bottles" is safer than easy optimism.

People and Paces

You must "know who's with you," each person individually and the group as a whole and evaluate them. The best "yardstick" I know and have for evaluation comparisons is me and so I try to judge what each person's pace might be in relation to mine.

I consider myself a hiker or backpacker of average speed and I've clocked and studied my pace over a period of years. I can start in the morning on a 10-mile backpack trip and know my estimated time of arrival, within 15 minutes.

If the scenery is particularly breathtaking and I take extended breaks to enjoy it or to take pictures, I add this time to my estimate. I enjoy views from high country and high passes and feel more at peace with my world when sitting on top of even a small peak.

But there are few campsites in high country, one reason being a lack of water, and most of the campsites are down in the valleys.

Consequently, weather permitting or encouraging, I'm loathe to leave the high pass or peak just to charge down and arrive in the usual valley camp perhaps as early as 2 or 3 o'clock of a summer afternoon.

I'd much rather drink in the view from the pass, and possibly hike up a small hill with a light pack, before I finally descend. I may not arrive at the valley campsite until 5 or 6 in the evening, still plenty of daylight to pitch tents, have dinner and relax. I can play it this close, even closer, only if I know where I am and what my pace is.

My pace for reasonably good weather and trails is:

	<i>Usual</i>	<i>In a Hurry</i>
Elevation gain or loss about zero	2-2¼ mph	3 mph
Elevation gain 500 feet/mile	1½	2
Elevation gain 800 feet/mile	1	1¼
Elevation Loss 500 feet/mile	2	2½
Elevation Loss 800 feet/mile	1	?

On a steep downhill grade, I *try*, consciously try, not to go much faster than I would if I were going uphill, to prevent pounding the knees too much. Except for glissading or plunge-stepping down a snowfield, I've never hurried down an 800 foot/mile grade and wouldn't except in an emergency.

My usual pace averages an elevation gain of 750 to 800 feet/hour; this is reasonable compared to the average snow-climb pace of perhaps 1,000 feet/hour. As trip leader, this is about what you can expect the average Mountaineer group to do.

A while ago I went on a pack trip and for logistical reasons, we couldn't reach the trailhead until one o'clock or so. We were an average group but we scheduled to tackle a 4,100-foot "up" and 8 miles and stop for lunch along the way and reach first camp at a reasonable hour. The arithmetic says 4,100 feet of constant "up" will take 5½ hours plus ½ hour for lunch, but we were optimistic.

It took us a while to arrange packs, distribute tent halves and stoves and fuel and such, and find the trail we wanted. When we started to charge up the trail, we realized it was hot! Later we learned it was over 100 degrees, not totally unusual in this area on a midsummer mid-afternoon. We decided 4,100 feet was optimistic and unrealistic and we reached a very satisfactory camp at 2,400 feet at about the time most groups make camp.

Because of the heat, I called on my desert experience and suggested we get up very early and get some miles out of the way in the cool of the morning, which we did for the rest of the trip.

My "usual" break procedure is to take a 5- or 10-minute break every hour. But conditions vary so much that I stay "loose" and flexible.

On a 500-foot/mile trail, I may call for a break every 30 minutes; on an 800-foot/mile trail, every 15 minutes and possibly even a 1-minute break every five.

On the other hand, if I get the group out of warm sleeping bags at 5 a.m. so we can get some miles out of the way in the cool of the morning, I may want to hike the first two hours without any break at all. In other words, never allow yourself to be compelled by rules if your judgment says otherwise.

My pace doesn't vary very much whether I carry a "light" day pack or a heavier backpack with full gear, the limitation being the weather, trail condition, and scenery rather than weight.

For a nine-day summer trip, my pack weighs 39 pounds, plus or minus one pound. This includes all the equipment and survival gear recommended, about 12 pounds of food, two pounds (one quart) of water—plus about 13 pounds of camera gear. Yes, I indulge myself in camera gear.

Since an average day's hike on a backpack trip, from campsite to campsite, is less than ten miles, an average group can do this in five to seven hours, rarely more than eight. But many will look at my usual pace and say "that's slow", while a few will say "that's fast". How do you handle the different paces? If the group is small, say four or five, keep them all together. If the group is larger, a "fast" group and a "slow" group might be the best solution. I have only one unbreakable rule: NOBODY HIKES ALONE.

How to handle stragglers? One general rule would be to assign a rear guard, but I'd hate to assign one to Jim Whittaker if he wanted to "straggle." I once saw a leader go back on the trail after three backpackers, two of them the very strongest in the group, who'd taken his (the leader's) suggestion to hike up a small peak to enjoy the view on a beautiful sunny day.

Leaders do have some tendency to be mother hens, but this was a bit too much because all arrived at the campsite by 3 p.m. with little to do but play games with a half-tame marmot. So keep your mother hen tendency within reasonable bounds. If I had a general rule on stragglers, it would be to use your best judgment and not embarrass anyone unless he threatens to become an emergency. After all, you might end up with egg on your face.

The "nobody hikes alone" rule has been around long before me but I became a devoted advocate during a pack trip some years ago on which almost everyone hiked alone. At one point, in open wind-swept country, the trail cut into the side of a steep round cliff. As I approached it, I could see a hiker some 200 yards ahead of me clinging to the rock face while negotiating the turn in the trail and wondered what he was doing.

When I was closer I found out. The wind rose to a hurricane pitch and I, too, had to cling to the rock face to keep from being "blown away". Yes, a sudden gust of wind could have blown me off the cliff and I wouldn't have been found for too many hours. I paused only long enough to take a picture of the trail sign, "Suicide Point".

Another incident in favor of plural hiking happened a few years ago on our own coast, south of Cape Alava. A group of Montana hikers had been forced by incoming tides up the steep tree-covered cliffs where they lost eye contact with each other, a sort of every-man-for-

himself bushwhack. One fell and the others didn't miss him until all others had straggled into camp. By then it was nightfall and they didn't know where to look for him.

Next morning, their leader hiked out at the first low tide and called the Coast Guard, who spotted the missing man's orange sleeping bag from a helicopter. He got by with only a broken leg and a very uncomfortable lonely, sleepless night.

Weigh your packs—weigh your people

My purpose in encouraging you to "know thy pace" is to help you to "know who's with you." "Weighing" people takes some doing and it's easy to make mistakes and I'll tell you of a couple I've made.

I led a pack trip a while ago and it should have been an easy trip. At one of our pre-trip meetings, I asked each person to introduce himself and tell something of his hiking and packing experience.

One was an older man, short but lean and muscular, and with a wealth of climbing experience and the backpacking that necessarily goes with climbing; so I put him down as one I would certainly have no problems with. But he made it a rough trip.

How?

By carrying a pack that weighed possibly as much as 60 pounds. The pack included two cameras, three or four lenses, including some overweight zooms, a radio, a couple of books, an overweight car-camping type sleeping bag wrapped in an Army surplus oilskin that weighed three times what it was worth, etc., all in a broken-down, wired together backpack.

My mistake was not in misjudging his physical condition but in misjudging his judgment. And in not weighing packs because he was not the only one overloaded.

I try to stay loose and flexible but I'm pigheaded in my belief a leader should never say anything like, "If anybody wants a rope, speak up!" This is like saying, "If anybody's chicken, speak up!"—so almost invariably, no one does. No one should have to. The need for a rope is a leadership decision. You decide!—depending on the condition of the trail or pitch at that particular time.

But suppose you can't be at the head of the group? Pick someone else to be up front and tell him to decide. No, not to ask, but to decide! A while ago, on a pack trip, I picked as the one to decide where a rope was needed an intermediate climber, who probably could have tripped gaily from rim to rim across the Grand Canyon on a high wire. My Monday-morning quarterbacking concludes that the person to decide when a rope is needed is not the strongest member of the group, but more like the weakest.

Incidentally, nowhere is it written that the leader must be the strongest or the fastest or the smartest. The leader need be only the leader, to bring out the use for the common good, the best of each person.

I'll end where I started:

Talk to leaders. No, they're not perfect, but they are your best Leaders Manual.

Enjoy yourself—it's later than you think.



Camp at Red Pass.

Liz Wersler

1978 Seattle Garhwal Himalaya Expedition

Michael D. Clarke

In 1976 the Indian Mountaineering Foundation gave me permission to lead an expedition to Nanda Devi. This was a great surprise as I had applied for another peak, Kamet, which, however, has been closed to foreign expeditions for many years.

So, on receiving their letter, I rushed a telegram to New Delhi accepting the offer. It is not every day one receives permission to climb a famous peak!

One of the main problems is finding a compatible party. Dave Hambly and I have climbed together for many years, including Trisul, near Nanda Devi, in 1975. So together we chose likely members from people we had climbed with or knew.

During 1977 we chose eight more climbers, using a grading system that I had devised, from about 25 applicants. I had envisaged a party of six-to-eight climbers, but we ended up with ten as, unlike many expeditions, nobody dropped out.

Five of the party are members of the Mountaineers. Jan Balut was our oldest and had climbed Trisul (23,360 feet) in 1975 and Mt. McKinley in 1977. He was the group treasurer.

Glenn Brindeiro had climbed Aconcagua (22,835 feet) in 1976 and Mt. McKinley in 1977. He was in charge of equipment.

Bruce Byers has climbed the Kain face of Mt. Robson and had been on the first winter ascent of Ptarmigan Ridge on Mt. Rainier. He took care of logistics and packing.

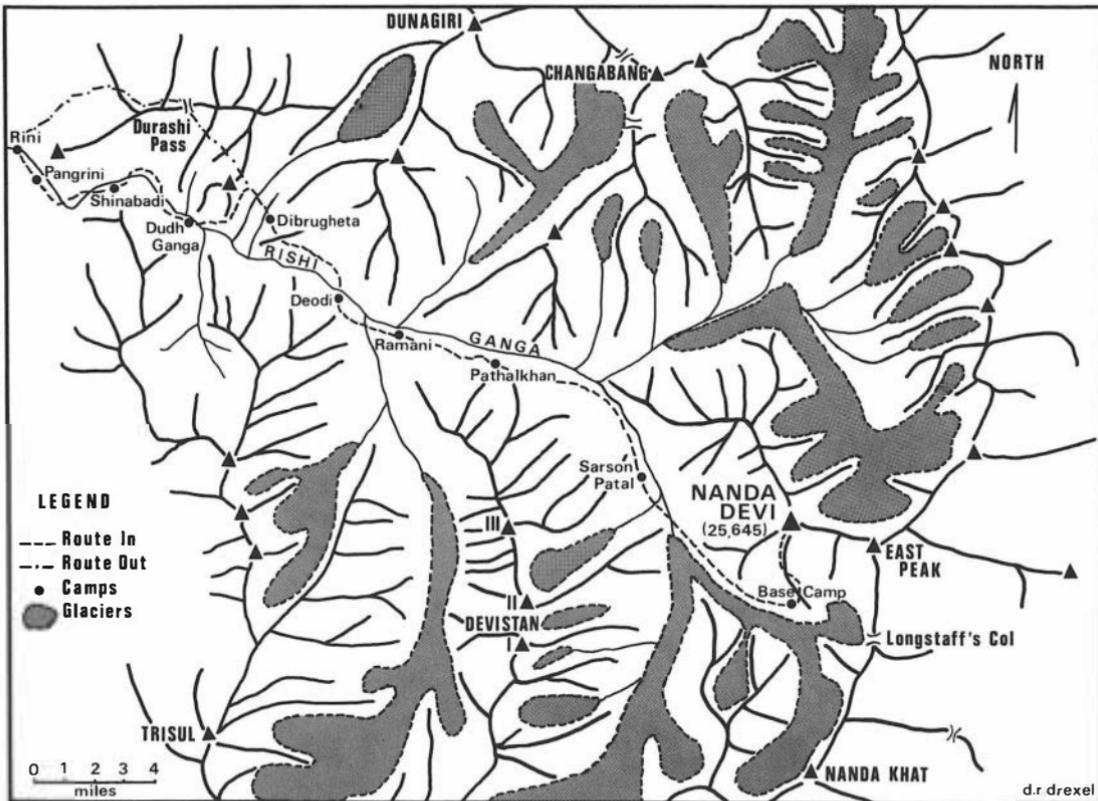
Hambly was deputy leader and has climbed Trisul, Mt. Kenya and in the Ruwenzori. He was one of the two whose task was planning the all-important food.

I had led the successful 1975 Trisul expedition and was again responsible for keeping the whole organization together. Correspondence with the Indian officials was also part of my job.

The five non-Mountaineers were Steve Casebolt, who has climbed McKinley and in the Andes, and who was initially in charge of the first-aid, and his uncle, Gerry Casebolt, a doctor, who later took care of all the expedition's medical equipment.

Bill Fryberger, one of our rock-climbing experts, is a marketing-research executive, so he took care of all travel arrangements to India and accommodations in New Delhi.

Dave McClung, who has had extensive expedition experience in the Andes and is a professional avalanche researcher in Canada, was also responsible for the expedition's food.



1978 Seattle Garhwal Himalaya Expedition.

Michael Clarke and D.R. Drexel

Dave Seman, our youngest member, is both a rock and ice expert, and one of his many contributions was the large 12-by-14-foot base-camp tent which he made. It easily held the whole party and was a major contribution to the party's morale.

On May 2, after two years of corresponding, organizing, buying and packing, we arrived at Sea-Tac Airport with 30 boxes and 20 duffel bags. This disappeared into the United Airlines baggage chute and did not appear again until we went through customs in New Delhi. As in previous years we traveled by Air India. At New York we boarded the 747 "Emperor Akbar" and felt we were almost in India already because of the decor, stewardesses in saris and, later, the curry for dinner.

The long flight to India took us first to London, where some of us stocked up with English chocolate which was welcome later on the mountain, to Rome next, Kuwait and finally, flying over the parched lands of Western India to New Delhi, after a total of about 24 hours in the air.

Although early in the day the temperature was at least 80°F, we passed through customs smoothly (although other expeditions had trouble) and then hired a bus to take us to the YMCA. This is an attractive modern building surrounded by trees and flowering bushes. Tropical birds, such as the green parakeets and the raucous keol, fluttered about in the trees. A red-turbaned doorman welcomed us in spite of the great pile of boxes and bags we deposited at his entrance.

Four days were spent in Delhi, shopping for food for the hike, such as rice, dhal, sugar, tea and cheese. We were able to obtain good-quality kerosene from the brother-in-law of a Boeing Company friend, but we had a difficult time obtaining cans to put it in. I had to visit the Indian Mountaineering Foundation to make sure that all was in order with the permission for the climb and meet the liaison officer, a tall turbaned army officer, Captain S.S. Dhillon.

We found time to visit the Red Fort and the large mosque, the Jama Mastid, as well as explore some of the narrow streets containing the numerous small shops which sell saris, shirts, copperware and other items.

Seman, Balut and the liaison officer set off for the hill town of Joshimath by taxi to ensure that the porters had been booked as arranged, while the rest of us endured the 110°F heat for another two days.

Eventually, on the morning of May 10, the bus we had booked in advance arrived at the YMCA and we loaded it up with the 50 boxes and bags, over-riding the protestations of the driver who said that the roof of his bus was not strong enough, a point proved when part of it collapsed the following day.

We traveled over the burning plains of Northern India and in the late afternoon arrived at the government tourist bungalow in Rishikesh,

where the foothills of the Himalaya rise up from the plains. We enjoyed a pleasant respite from the heat and Gerry Casebolt was able to observe more species of birds of the Himalayan foothills. (See the appendix for the list of birds identified by the expedition.)

The next morning we left for Joshimath, a hill town at 6,000 feet elevation. A long winding ride up the gorge of the Alaknanda River, which drains into the Ganges, brought us into cooler climes. Many of the hillsides are terraced—reminiscent of Nepal. A tremendous hail storm arose pounding the bus and water poured through the roof which had given way due to the combination of the load on top and the rough road.

Two members were sick, but now we were entering the high hills, passing through attractive hill towns where the bus stopped occasionally. We paused at Rudraprayag and saw the site where the famous man-eating leopard was shot by Jim Corbett in 1926 after it had killed about 125 people in the surrounding country over a period of eight years.

At Joshimath we put up in the Neelkanth "Motel" which I well remembered as being the haunt of very large spiders, some six or seven inches across. One room was particularly favored by these monsters and only Fryberger braved the night with them. Here we met Vlastimil Šmíd and some of his climbers, who had driven in a large Škoda truck all the way from Czechoslovakia to the hill town of Chamoli. There they met a bridge too narrow, so they abandoned the Škoda for smaller Indian trucks. The Czechs were hoping to make the first ascent of the difficult north ridge of Nanda Devi.

After a brief visit with the brigadier in charge of the Indian Army at Joshimath who briefed us regarding the Nanda Devi wildlife sanctuary, we set off for the trailhead, the bridge at Reni across the Rishi Ganga.

At the bridge we were soon surrounded by a milling crowd of porters, but only about half the 80 we had booked. On the other hand, we apparently had two sirdars instead of the one we had expected! Over 100 goats made up for the lack of porters; each goat could carry about 20 pounds although only about one-third of them carry anything at one time. Unfortunately too many sirdars spoil the load carrying, and we had not-so-hidden friction between the two, since the least experienced had been chosen by the authorities to be the chief sirdar while the more experienced man had a smaller number of porters to lead.

The weather was beautiful for the ten-day hike in with blue skies and sparkling snow-covered peaks above us. It was very different in 1975 when we had to bivouac with a sick man in a snowstorm just after having crossed the 14,000-foot Durashi Pass during the approach to Trisul. This year we came up the lower Rishi Ganga gorge, first tra-

versed by the Japanese in 1976. An easy trail took us through wooded country to the first camp.

The next day brought a long, hard trek along cliffs where the trail was quite "thin," through thick forest, over avalanche debris until we were held up at a point where the river flowed out of a box canyon.

Here all progress came to a halt. The bridge, possibly built by the Japanese ahead of us, had been washed out and only a few forlorn logs lay trailing in the rushing river.

The combined engineering talent of the group aided by fixed ropes, climbing ropes, Jumars, etc., contrived to get a log across the raging torrent and rocks were placed so that a cantilever structure was built across the river.

Eventually the sirdar, carefully belayed, reached the other side and then, with the porters and climbers working together, a serviceable bridge was completed. The bukri wallahs or shepherds would not bring their sheep or goats across it but returned to one a long way downstream and brought the flock round by a very circuitous route high above the gorge. For the rest of us, after crossing the bridge, a steep cliff was ascended by means of a leaning staircase of rocks and some fixed ropes.

Near the next camp some crow-like birds with a beautiful blue sheen on their feathers were darting among the trees. At one place we crossed the river on a huge avalanche-formed snow bridge before we arrived at our third camp, Dugh Ganga, where some dippers were darting into the river.

From this camp we climbed about 2,000 feet up a steep gully beside the Durashi Curtain, a huge rock cliff which is a part of the outer wall of the Nanda Devi Sanctuary. At the top of the gully we passed through some trees and emerged onto an open hillside which led us to the path we had taken in 1975. Superb views of Nanda Devi and Dunagiri were enjoyed and we rested a while in the warm sun. We then descended to Dibrugheta meadow at 11,000 feet—Tilman's "horizontal oasis in a vertical desert."

A beautiful hike above the gorge followed the next day. In a tall pine tree sat a cuckoo, whose call was evocative of summers in England, also a reddish brown hawk and two eagles sailed by. A small forest fire had swept the slope and one tree was still flaming at the top.

We crossed the river again on a permanent bridge built by the Indo-Tibetan Border Police before we camped at Deodi. The next morning a 1,000-foot climb through a rhododendron forest with many of the trees in bloom brought us to the point where the Trisul and Nanda Devi trails diverged.

After crossing the rushing torrent that comes down from the Trisul Glacier, we rejoined the Rishi Ganga, following a track just above the

river. We soon arrived at Rhamani, a rather gloomy campsite below an over-hanging cliff and closed in by deep woods.

There we met the tail-end of the Japanese expedition. Their equipment officer was surrounded by a great pile of boxes and bags and he was vainly trying to contact the rest of the expedition by radio, much to the amusement of some of our porters who mimicked him.

We began to have our problems, too. Our sirdar said he could go no further as he had no sleeping bag and other porters also had excuses as to why they could not proceed. Three young porters had to return because they had exams at their school in Joshimath!

May 19 was about the longest hike of the approach. We had to climb out of the gorge and ascend the cliffs on the south side of the valley.

Leaving Rhamani the route climbed a cliff and passed through deep woods and eventually attained the open slopes above. While never difficult, there were many places where a slip would have resulted in a fall of thousands of feet to the river far below.

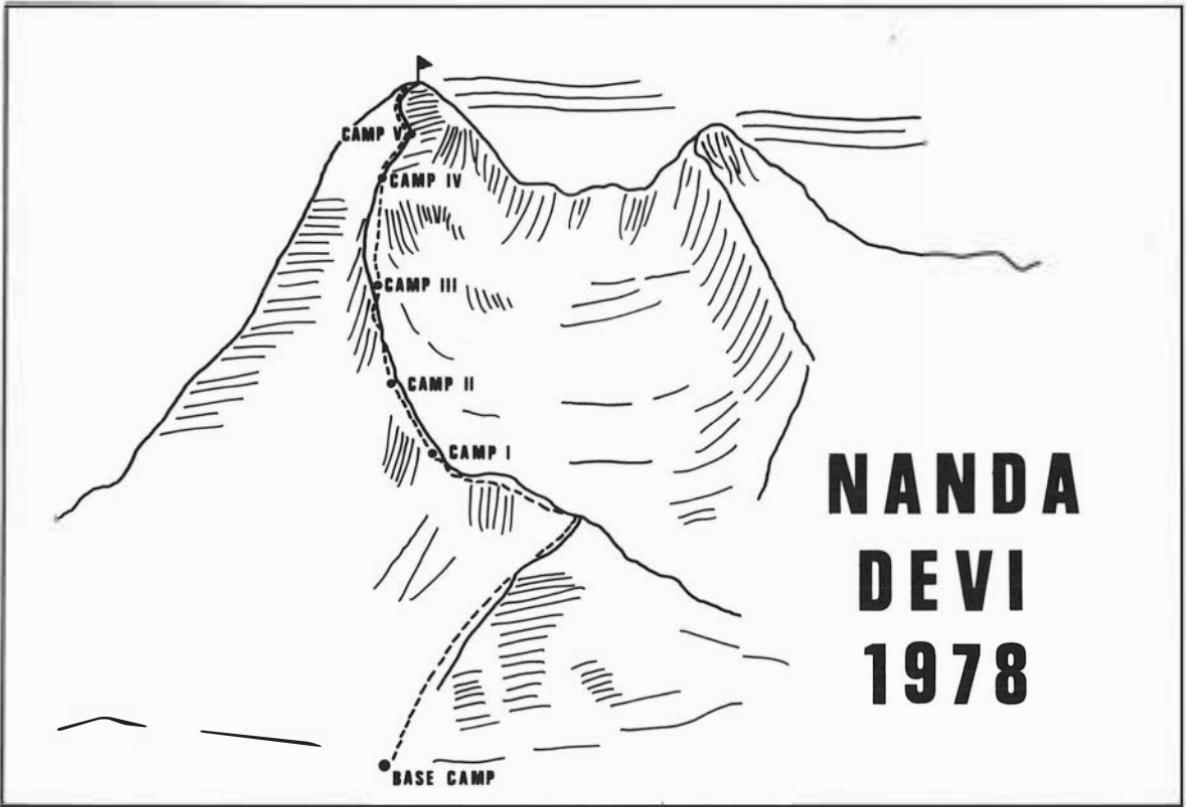
In places the Japanese had fixed ropes. Although we did not find the "slabs" resembling those in Tilman's book, we traversed some steep slabs where fixed rope was a help. As we climbed, the gorge became more arid—just yellow grass and a few small flowers and lichens on the rocks. The faint trail along the gorge rose and fell, but gradually gained altitude while the river was almost out of sight in its deep valley. Our doctor found his pack too heavy so the liaison officer or "the Captain," as we referred to him, good naturedly exchanged it for his lighter one.

Ahead were cliffs that looked unscalable. After a steep climb bypassing a vertical cliff hundreds of feet high, we reached a gully which led to a narrow path traversing under an over-hanging cliff. This, in turn, led to an ascending and then descending ledge across the face of the cliffs. Snow lay on the downward side making it a little tricky.

Later, it appeared that the route should drop down to a plateau at the mouth of the gorge where it entered the sanctuary. Two of the members did descend but, tempting as it appeared, it is a dead-end as Shipton and Tilman discovered.

As I trudged up the last gully I could see the two slowly climbing back up again. The last cliff was about Class 3—it is called "the ladder to heaven" and silhouetted against the blue sky was the black turban of the Captain and two large cairns marking the very top.

A short walk and we arrived at Patal Khan, which Tilman named "Pisgah" camp. I spent two days here with Fryberger, who was sick. We lost some more porters here, although others did double carries from Rhamani. Some of the Japanese porters came through. One was suffering from pulmonary edema, so our doctor gave him an injection of lasix. We were able to persuade some of these porters to



NANDA DEVI 1978

Camp Sites.

Michael Clarke and D.R. Drexel

carry for us to Sarson Patal the next camp and the last before base camp.

On the 22nd I moved up to this camp now that all our loads had been brought up. On scaling the steep cliff opposite the Patal Khan camp, I suddenly felt very weak and heard a gurgling in my lungs and thought that perhaps I, too, was stricken with pulmonary edema.

Luckily one of the porters was able to take my pack and I struggled to cross the beautiful meadow country; up ahead the huge rock ramparts of Nanda Devi towered up impressively. Fryberger and I straggled slowly into camp where the big tent had been erected for the first time. It was a relief to recuperate in it. Dr. Gerry Casebolt diagnosed my trouble as bronchitis and prescribed an antibiotic. Small herds of bharal or Himalayan blue sheep appeared on the hillsides high above the camp.

An advance party had scouted out the way to base camp and the next day we and the Captain persuaded all but five porters to carry up to base camp. These "five awks" refused all arguments and monetary offers.

However, the next day they, together with our other porters and the six Japanese porters carried everything to base camp. On their return we paid them off, each man signing his name in a book, when he agreed to the amount the Captain said was due to him.

One of the best porters received Rs 407 (about \$41), while the sirdar received Rs 670 (\$67).

The Captain and I dined that evening with the Brown University students who were making Sarson Patal their base camp. We heard how one of the students had fallen into the Rishi Ganga while crossing a bridge and had instantly disappeared. His body was never found.

The Captain and I finally left for base camp. The way led along the moraine of the South Nanda Devi Glacier. Soon it was snowing and several times we lost the route which was marked by small cairns here and there. Just before we arrived at base camp, a thunderstorm filled the air with a booming and crashing which echoed from the great crags and cliffs of Nanda Devi. A 300-foot climb up slippery scree brought us to the welcome sight of the large tent where there was food, drink and rest. It was May 25, and for the next month we would be living and working at 16,200 feet or above.

Base-camp life was quite comfortable. We had two smaller four-man tents set up with two men to each while seven slept in the large tent, which was also used for cooking in bad weather. In good weather we cooked in the "kitchen" area, a rock wall covered by a large tarpaulin and filled with over 100 cans of freeze-dried food, sacks of rice and other such items. We used kerosene stoves, the large Optimus III and the smaller Optimus 00. At Camp IV and higher we used Bluet stoves.

A big storm enveloped Nanda Devi on May 26 and the whole mountain was wreathed in blowing snow while large snow banners trailed from the two summits. It snowed into the night but in our large tent we were comfortable. The time was spent in sleeping, cooking and reading.

We had a large and diverse library with such titles as *A Mathematicians Apology* by G.H. Hardy, *The Thirty Years that Shook Physics*, *The Existential Pleasures of Engineering* and *The One-Dimensional Man* among many.

Compared with the Japanese whose base camp for East Nanda Devi was about 45 minutes walk away, we were poorly equipped since they had a radio, walkie-talkies, a telescope and cook boys.

There was a fair amount of bird life at base camp. The wild cries of the fast-flying ramchukors or snow cocks became very familiar as did the croaking of the yellow-billed choughs. Once, while I was sitting outside, a huge bird, probably a griffon vulture, swooshed over my head.

The next day was also a day of storm and snow so we planned the load carrying to Camp I at 19,000 feet. It was an arduous 2,800-foot climb up steep scree and snow slopes prone to rock and ice fall.

Our site for Camp I was the one used by the 1975 Indo-French expedition. It was well sheltered from the wind on a flat spot below some cliffs, but unfortunately ice and rock fall was a hazard and several holes appeared in the tent flies.

We moved up to the 1977 British site where two tent platforms had to be chopped out of the ice and frozen shale—a frightful job, hard on the ice axes and the back. However, every now and then treasure was uncovered in the form of food from the British expedition—Fox's glacier mints and jars of "marmite" for instance.

Early on June 6 Gerry Casebolt and I, who were still sleeping at the lower Camp I, heard a loud commotion outside among the pots and food cans placed on the rock shelves. On shining a flashlight I saw two pairs of eyes gleaming at me. I thought that they were owls but later I saw the same creatures at base camp one night and they seemed to resemble marmots but were flatter and somewhat sinister looking.

By the time Gerry and I had moved the tent to the upper location, Seman, Brindeiro, Steve Casebolt and the Captain had left for Camp II with loads. We continued the excavation for the tent platforms and about mid-day Seman returned.

Barely 15 minutes later we heard falling rocks and out of the clouds we saw the captain falling in a great shower of rocks down the cliffs and ice slopes. His body eventually came to rest in an area of rock-fall level with, but some distance from, the lower Camp I. We could see through binoculars that he was dead—he must have fallen at least 600

feet, but we did not go over until early next morning because of rock fall danger.

The next day we evacuated the body, Gerry having checked it medically. It was hard work at this altitude, since the captain was a big man. Two of us descended to the Japanese base camp so that one of their porters could be sent to notify the authorities at Joshimath. Several days later some Indian army men arrived and we carried the body down to about the 15,000-foot level, where a helicopter took it away.

Meanwhile the way to Camp III was being opened up. Between Camp I and Camp II it was mostly a rock ridge rising on the average about 40° with steeper steps here and there. There was a lot of fixed rope left by previous expeditions in 1976 and 1977, so much of the time our climbing was done clipped into the fixed rope by means of a jumar. In places there were gaps or the rope was inaccessible because of a change in snow conditions. The section of iced-up rock where the captain probably had slipped was such a place.

A few days later we had a two-day storm with half the party at Camp I and half at Camp II (20,200 feet). It started snowing on the afternoon of the 9th and soon a strong wind was blasting over the ridge just above Camp I. The wind came in heavy gusts and during the night our tent fly ripped and snow percolated in. Peals of thunder and great flashes of lightning rent the sky and we felt somewhat nervous about our exposed site.

All the next day the storm continued and high in the upper crags the thunderous roar of the wind was unceasing. The following night the storm still raged and a pole in our tent collapsed while the substitute fly sheet flapped and tugged at the tent. We had had no contact with the members in the upper camp for some days.

Finally Byers and Hamblly descended to Camp I having fixed rope and opened the way to Camp III at 21,600 feet. We could also see two men moving up the steep snow and ice arête high above us as they carried loads up. Camp III was situated on a snow slope above the arête and below the huge rock face. While digging platforms for the tents the remains of a tent from the 1977 Anglo-American expedition were found, also a Kelty pack, containing down clothing and a movie camera, which was abandoned by one of their climbers after a fall.

Only six climbers occupied Camp III and were in a position to attempt the summit as a result of the accident. Above Camp III the big rock face was already fixed with rope from the 1976 Japanese expedition. The rock was unpleasant to climb on and would be dangerous when heavily covered in snow. A long climb up this face angling up to the left, led to Camp IV, an airy and cramped site at 23,000-feet.

One of our high altitude tents had been rendered useless as the poles had been dropped down the mountain. We also found that we would need two camps above Camp III instead of the planned one, thus as a consequence the six climbers had to climb using a movable camp instead of putting in fixed camps. There were good views of Trisul, our old adversary in 1975, from this camp and also from higher up on the mountain. Off to the west the Badrinath peaks made a fine sight.

Above Camp IV the route went up a steep snow gully to the right of a very steep rock wall and then ascended a rock and snow ridge where the previous fixed rope was in poor condition. After a reconnaissance trip, the two tents were carried up the rock ridge, at the top of which a traverse to the right across an exposed snow slope brought one to a vertical rock step some 40 feet high. On surmounting this, Camp V, at 24,100 feet, was only a short distance away.

June 21 was summit day. At about 5:30 a.m. the six started off. It was cold and clear but the monsoon clouds were building up to the southeast. The East Peak presented a magnificent sight as it caught the sun's rays at dawn. There was no fixed rope above Camp V so each man trod his own lonely path.

Our avalanche expert was worried by the snow higher up as the route traversed steep snow slopes, where some large sloughs had already occurred. After crossing these slopes more steep snow slopes were avoided by climbing a rock step where belaying was welcomed by some of the members. At last, at about mid-day, after having climbed a long but easy snow slope, the summit, a large flat snow-field, was reached. Unfortunately, clouds prevented a good view from the top and we never had the magnificent views of the peaks to the north as we did on Trisul.

It took four days to descend to Base Camp, now a haven of comfort with grass and flowers springing forth. Two members had to bivouac on the way down as one of them had fallen over a small cliff and received two black eyes and a cut arm.

Our new liaison officer, H.C.S. Rawat, who had climbed Everest in 1965, and the two Sherpas he brought with him helped bring down some equipment remaining at Camp I.

We waited five days at base camp before our porters came to help us out. One day was spent across the Nanda Devi glacier enjoying the beautiful flowers and small meadows on top of the lateral moraine.

The return to the village of Lata took four days. The first was easy, to Sarson Patal, and during the walk many butterflies were seen—swallowtails, tortoise shells, various blues and a scintillating orange and gold one. At Sarson Patal Mr. Rawat and the Sherpas had built a fine memorial to Captain Dhillon. The porters killed a sheep for sup-

per at this camp, and we found that the meat roasted over the campfire tasted very good after all the freeze-dried food we had endured on the mountain.

The next day was long and arduous as we descended from Sarson Patal to the Trisul nala. The walk over the now green grasslands was magnificent. The sun shone but now and then mist and clouds obscured the view. There was absolute silence except for the calls of moorland birds.

Later the monsoon clouds rolled in and a cold rain fell. While crossing a lateral ridge high above the gorge, the wind seemed to drive the rain through my gortex parka. The descent down to Rhamani was made tricky by the slippery mud. We passed by the Czechs' camp but there was still no sign of our tents. Eventually after a 12-hour day, the red-and-orange tents were seen almost lost in the green jungle of the Trisul nala. Supper was poor that night, since we had little food left. Glenn Brindeiro did not appear at all—he only reached the Czech camp by nightfall, but they welcomed him for the night and he was fed royally by them.

We then left for Dibrugheta, our last camp, and the following day toiled 3,000 feet up to the Malatuni Pass, where a shepherd and his sheep were spending a peaceful summer. We then crossed to the Durashi Pass, on the way going by the site of our 1975 bivouac, which brought back many memories. The pass was free from snow and a 7,000-foot descent, first over moorland, then through pine woods, brought us to the village of Lata. As we came down the steep trail every now and then a diving bird with folded wings would whizz past with the noise of a falling stone.

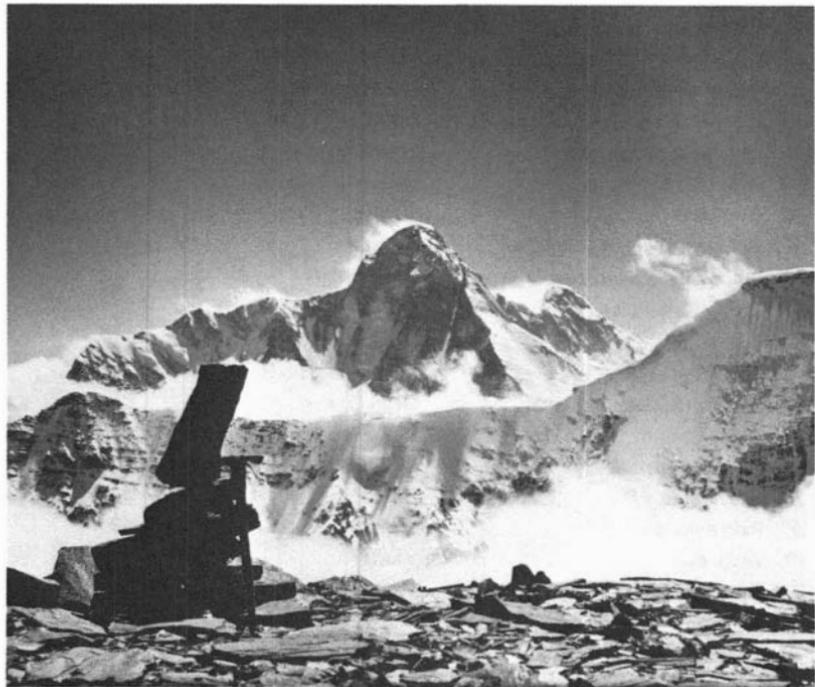
At the village we were met by Ram Krishna, a porter on our 1975 trip, and, as after the Trisul expedition, we enjoyed a fine supper at his house of rice, dhal, gutinaya, tea, chang and arak. As we leaned back against the wall of the patio in the light of the lantern we reflected that once again the end of another Himalayan expedition was nigh.

Three days were spent at an Indian Army inquiry into the death of Captain Dhillon. Then four of us visited the Valley of Flowers, although the scenery was totally obscured by the heavy monsoon rains. We also spent part of a day at the holy town of Badrinath, not far from the source of the Ganges, where we visited the temple and soaked in the hot baths.

On our return to Joshimath, we had a sumptuous meal with the commandant of the Indo-Tibetan Border Police. Before the meal we had an interesting slide show of an ascent of Nilkanta and we drank

some delicious juice made from rhododendron flowers, which is supposedly poisonous!

Three members spent two more weeks touring the notable sights of India by car and plane—the Taj Mahal, Vale of Kashmir, the Bharatpur bird sanctuary and the burning Ghats of Varanasi. Many more wonderful things were seen and even more could have been visited, but three years, let alone three months, is too short a time to do justice to that fabulous country.



Nanda Devi from Trisul.

Michael Clarke

Appendix

Birds of India seen on the 1978 Seattle Garhwal Himalaya Expedition

A. Seen in Delhi

Name	Location
1. House sparrow	YMCA
2. House crow	YMCA
3. Pariah kite	YMCA
4. Indian mynah	YMCA
5. Koel	YMCA
6. Red-vented bulbul	YMCA
7. King vulture	YMCA
8. Alexandrine parakeet	Qutab Minar
9. Rose-ringed parakeet	Qutab Minar
10. Bengal vulture	Hamayun's Tomb
11. White vulture	Hamayun's Tomb
12. House swift	Hamayun's Tomb
13. Hoopoe	Hamayun's Tomb
14. Baya weaver	Hamayun's Tomb
15. Purple sunbird	Hamayun's Tomb
16. Ring dove	Hamayun's Tomb
17. Golden-backed woodpecker	Hamayun's Tomb
18. Rufous-bellied babbler	Qutab Minar
19. Orpheum warbler	Qutab Minar
20. Blue-winged parakeet	Qutab Minar
21. Green bee-eater	Delhi Zoo (and Rishi-Kesh)
22. White-breasted Kingfisher	Delhi Zoo
23. Saurus crane	Delhi Zoo
24. Demoiselle crane	Delhi Zoo
25. Grey heron	Delhi Zoo
26. Pied mynha	Delhi
27. White eye	YMCA
28. Jungle babbler	YMCA
29. Whiskered bulbul	YMCA
30. Brown dove	YMCA
31. Coppersmith bird	YMCA
32. Tailor bird	YMCA
33. Brahmin mynha	YMCA
34. Magpie robin	YMCA

B. Seen above Delhi

35. Chestnut-capped bee-eater	Rishi-Kesh
36. Wire-tailed swallow	Rishi-Kesh

37. Long-legged buzzard (?)	Joshimath
38. Black redstart	Joshimath
39. Grey wagtail	Reni
40. Dipper	Trail—second day
41. Orange-barred tree warbler	Trail—second day
42. Red-billed alpine cough	Trail
43. Brown titmouse	Trail
44. Greenish leaf warbler	Trail
45. Rufous-bellied blue flycatcher	Trail
46. Yellow-bellied chough	Trail
47. Red-breasted rose finch	Patal Khan
48. Rufous-bellied niltava	Patal Khan
49. Snow pigeon	Patal Khan
50. Rufous-breasted accentor	Patal Khan
51. Snow partridge	Patal Khan
52. Red-headed tit (?)	Sarson Patal
53. Tibetan snow cock	Base Camp
54. Griffon vulture	Base Camp
55. Plain Himalayan finch	Base Camp (across glacier meadow)
56. Blue-fronted redstart	Base Camp (across glacier meadow)
57. Himalayan mountain finch	Base Camp
58. Robin accentor	Base Camp
59. Calandra lark	Sarson Patal
60. White-headed redstart	Sarson Patal
61. Beautiful rose finch	Sarson Patal
62. Tickell's leaf warbler	Sarson Patal
63. Hume's bush warbler	Sarson Patal
64. Crested brown tit	Trail, Trisul to Deodi
65. Jungle crow	Joshimath
66. White-cheeked bulbul	Joshimath
67. Striated babbler	Joshimath
68. Tibetan grey-backed shrike	Joshimath
69. Spotted bush warbler	Joshimath
70. Collared bush chat	Joshimath
71. Whistling thrush	Trail to Valley of Flowers
72. White-fronted redstart	Trail to Valley of Flowers
73. Plumbacedus redstart	Trail to Valley of Flowers
74. Small skylark	Valley of Flowers
75. Nepal dark finch	Valley of Flowers
76. White-fronted robin	Lodge at Ghangria
77. Pied crested cuckoo	Rishi-Kesh
78. Black-winged stilt	Rishi-Kesh
79. Grey drongo	Rishi-Kesh
80. Indian moorhen	Hardewar
81. Roller blue jay	Jaipur

82. Dusk crag martin	Jaipur
83. River tern	Jaipur
84. Indian robin	Jaipur
85. Red-wattled lapwing	Jaipur
86. Darter snake bird	Keoladeo-Bharatpur Bird Sanctuary
87. Spoonbill	same
88. Pond heron	same
89. White-necked stork	same
90. White ibis	same
91. Black-necked stork	same
92. Painted stork	same
93. Green-billed stork	same
94. Adjutant stork	same
95. Cotton teal	same
96. Comb duck	same
97. Spot-bill (grey) duck	same
98. Grey partridge	same
99. White-breasted moorhen	same
100. Purple moorhen	same
101. Bronze-winged jacana	Keoladeo
102. Pied kingfisher	Keoladeo
103. Tree pie	Keoladeo
104. White-breasted kingfisher	Keoladeo
105. Coucal	Konarak
106. Yellow-wattled lapwing	Konarak
107. Lesser racquet-tailed drongo	Konarak
108. Chestnut bittern	Srinigar Dal Lake
109. Dabchick	Srinigar Dal Lake
110. Coot	Srinigar Dal Lake
111. Iora	Rishi-Kesh
112. Black-bellied tern	Srinigar
113. Yellow-backed sunbird (?)	Rishi-Kesh
114. Common cuckoo	Above Dibrugheta
115. Golden eagle (?)	Above Dibrugheta

—Gerry Casebolt, M.D.

Family Activities: A New Group for The Mountaineers

Mary Ann Cameron

Everyone knows that the 1970s brought a renewed interest in outdoor activities of all kinds. People had more time for leisure activities and more resources to expend for their pursuit.

They took to the hills in record numbers, a trend reflected in Mountaineer membership. Demand necessitated the establishment of new committees and the roles of other committees were redefined.

The need for an active family-oriented group within the Mountaineers became apparent in the mid-70s. The co-chairmen of the Backpacking Committee were asked on many occasions if children were welcome on backpack trips. The answer was a hesitant "maybe" . . . depending on the child's age, hiking ability, and other factors.

The apprehension about including children was based on time-honored traditions of not wanting the kids to inconvenience the rest of the group by their slowness or whatever. No one had anything against children. It just seemed an unwritten rule that adults participated in Mountaineer activities and the kids stayed home. Parents who wanted to take their kids with them either went by themselves or somehow found others interested in going with them.

In the spring of 1976, a group of Mountaineer parents met and decided there was merit in having family outdoor trips. This group was sponsored by the Backpacking Committee. A list of 15 families interested was circulated and several families agreed to coordinate trips. Activities were very informal, and families contacted one another to plan trips.

The interest was there in 1976, but the activities suffered by not having someone serving as a catalyst to get things going. In the spring of 1977, the Backpacking chairman decided that a summer schedule of activities for families would be planned. A notice was included in the *Bulletin* indicating that information on Family Activities would be available to those who sent a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

The first request for input from members with children drew about 40 responses. Another mention in the *Bulletin* swelled the original group to almost 100 families. Most had children under 12 and most resided in the Greater Seattle area. However, requests for information came from Olympia, Oak Harbor, Port Angeles and points in between.

In planning trips, it was difficult to anticipate interest and response. Therefore a variety of activities were planned and trips were added as interest increased.

Securing leaders for trips presented another problem. Many families were willing to go, but felt they were not qualified to lead a group.

Signups were handled by the Backpacking chairman. Since the activity was new and many people had questions, and since there were special considerations involved with children, it was felt that this method of signing up would be the best. This system provided flexibility and worked out well.

The first Family Activities trip in May 1977 found 30 persons enjoying a trip at Bellefield Park near Bellevue. A few weeks later, a group of 40 spent the weekend at Snoqualmie Lodge.

The schedule for the rest of the summer included nine day hikes, five overnight backpack trips, and three other weekends at Mountaineer Ski Lodges.

By the fall of 1977, it was apparent that there was plenty of interest. Those who participated were eager for more activities. Families made new friends, shared experiences, and exchanged information.

The group gained recognition as a formal part of The Mountaineers Outdoor Division in the fall of 1977. The committee was chaired by the former Backpacking chairman and planning for winter and spring activities continued. Trips tapered off, but a variety of day hikes and Mountaineer Lodge weekends was offered in addition to a holiday party at the Clubroom.

During the summer of 1978, trips were planned for almost every weekend. At least one overnight backpack trip was scheduled each month, in addition to a variety of day hikes. Trips to Mountaineer Ski Lodges proved very popular throughout the year. In the winter, families who do not normally participate in winter activities enjoyed visits to the lodges just to play in the snow. Summer trips to lodges have meant having a nice base for several day hikes, plus added bonuses like berry-picking excursions. Interest in lodge trips continues very high, and during 1978, the Family Activities group visited a lodge almost every month.

Family Activities trips have been planned especially for Mountaineer members who want to do things outdoors with their children. Activities are scaled to the children and the objective of each trip is to try to give each participant a positive outdoor experience. The pace of trips is geared to the ages of the children. Destinations are set, but are revised if necessary to accommodate the participants. Rest stops are frequent. Concessions to the weather are made, and trips are postponed if weather forecasts are particularly dismal.

Participation in Family Activities has been open to anyone. Single parents have enjoyed participating for the companionship they re-

ceive from other adults and for the enjoyment their kids get from other youngsters. Families who have had minimal success with motivation while on trips by themselves have found having other children around often makes a big difference in hiking ability. Older Mountaineer members without children have often accompanied the group and have found themselves "adopted" by the children on the trip.

In summary, Mountaineer Family Activities have proved very popular during the committee's short life. During 1979, activities will be planned year-round, and will include some new events in addition to those which have proved popular in the past.



Short-billed marsh wren.

Susan Marsh

The 1977 Rhododendron Preserve Addition: A History

Morris Moen

The Mountaineers Rhododendron Preserve in Kitsap County contains almost 180 acres, but the Forest Theatre is located in a natural amphitheatre which happened to be at the very edge of our property. For many years the Players and others have been anxious to protect the theater from encroaching civilization as more roads and houses were built. Several members of The Mountaineers were in contact with the owner of the adjoining property, Mr. Wymer, and later with his son. We obtained permission to cross it with the jeep used in *The Teahouse of the August Moon* in 1957, and in more recent years for a truck to deliver a privy for use on play weekends. We asked to be given the opportunity to buy some of the property if the family decided to sell. After Mr. Wymer died, Mrs. Wymer offered to sell five or six acres to The Mountaineers in November, 1975. The events which led to the successful purchase of the property can probably best be listed in chronological order.

- Nov. 13, 1975** Letter sent by Mr. William Wymer offering to sell.
- Nov. 16, 1975** Meeting of members of the Players and Kitsap Cabin committees.
- Nov. 17, 1975** Property Division meeting. Offer reported and a special Property Division meeting requested.
- Dec. 1, 1975** Special meeting. Many aspects of the proposal were discussed and the funds normally used to buy property reviewed. The property division, with Errol Nelson as chairman, was supportive, but felt that since the Players Committee was most concerned, they should develop a plan to finance the purchase.
- Dec. 1, 1975 (later that same night)** Errol Nelson and Morris Moen reported the discussion to the Executive Committee.
- Dec. 4, 1975** Board of Trustees meeting. Discussion of offer, problems. Moved and seconded that the Property Division continue negotiations for the 5-6 acre buffer strip. Motion passed. Morris Moen and Jim Henriot to represent the Property Division.
- Dec. 17, 1975** Meeting of Morris Moen and Jim Henriot with William Wymer. Discussion of easements, access, cash required, trading property.
- Dec. 30, 1975** About 169 letters sent to "Friends of the Forest Theatre" asking for an expression of interest in helping to finance the purchase. It was felt the extent of the interest would determine whether negotiations could continue, and for how much property.

Jan. 8, 1976 Board of Trustees meeting. Results of letters, discussions of repayment, interest, risks, taxes, usage, etc. Moved and seconded that we approve the efforts to explore funding possibilities . . . We ask rapid action by the Legal Advisory Committee on the proposed specific loan and gift solicitation. Further, the Kitsap Committee should prepare a financial plan prior to final approval. Motion passed.

Jan. 17, 1976 Letter sent to William Rives, Legal Advisory Committee.

Jan. 26-30, 1976 Discussions with Legal Advisory Chairman about proposed loans from members with opinion that The Mountaineers would have to register with the Securities Division unless we were granted an exemption. (The State of Washington considers loans made to an organization like The Mountaineers as securities, like stocks and bonds, and requires very extensive legal and financial presentations to register as a seller of securities, just as if we were issuing stock. Prior to 1975, non-profit associations were exempt. However, by meeting a series of conditions which include limiting the number of lenders to ten members, it is possible to obtain an exemption from registration. Donations do not present a problem.)

Feb. 1, 1976 Letter requesting exemption sent.

Feb. 5, 1976 Board of Trustees meeting. Discussion of opinion of Legal Advisory Chairman, with estimate of cost to register, problems of trading land in Greenbelt designation, etc.

Feb. 17, 1976 Exemption from registration denied. Copy of Securities Act and application form for non-profit organizations enclosed.

Feb. 26, 1976 Meeting of members of the Players and Kitsap Cabin Committees. Discussion of Securities Act provisions, particularly the one allowing an exemption if ten or fewer persons loan money. An outline of actions to be requested from the Board of Trustees was prepared.

Feb. 27, 1976 Form for exemption requested from the Securities Division under RCW 21.20.320.

Mar. 4, 1976 Board of Trustees meeting. A comprehensive report was presented. The Division pointed out that the owner had asked for a statement of intent within 60 days; it has now been 120 days. If no decision is made, he must be told to put the property on the open market. It was moved and seconded that the Board of Trustees authorize the Treasurer to file with the Washington State Securities Division for exemption under RCW 21.20.320, which limits loans to The Mountaineers to ten individuals; . . . authorize an article asking for donations only be published in the *Bulletin*; . . . authorize in principle that The Mountaineers offer up to \$11,000 for 12.48 acres of land adjacent to the Forest Theatre in the Rhododendron Preserve, with the money to come from a special fund of loans and donations for this purpose, and that final authorization be requested if

and when the terms of the contract have been negotiated. Motion passed.

Apr. 1, 1976 April *Bulletin* features front page appeal for donations.

Apr. 8, 1976 Board of Trustees meeting. Report of \$1,300 in donations so far.

Apr. 22, 1976 Special meeting of the Board of Trustees to consider financing the clubroom remodeling. The Treasurer reported that the exemption had been approved. Moved and seconded that the Board of Trustees authorize The Mountaineers to accept loans from not more than ten individuals in total amount of not more than fifteen thousand dollars (\$15,000) for the purpose of purchasing land adjacent to the Forest Theatre in the Rhododendron Preserve, subject to the following provisions:

- (1) That the persons from whom such loans shall be accepted shall be members of The Mountaineers.
- (2) That the interest on loans shall be at a rate of 5% per annum.
- (3) That the loans shall not have a due date, but shall continue until repayment has been completed.
- (4) That repayments shall be made as follows:
 - (a) In fiscal year ending September 30, 1976, only net income of the Players Committee over and above net income previously budgeted, if any, shall apply towards repayment of loans.
 - (b) Repayments from fiscal year beginning October 1, 1976, and thereafter shall be made from net income of the Players Committee of The Mountaineers as computed, with allocated overhead expenses for use of Kitsap Cabin and the Clubroom to continue to be added to out-of-pocket expenses in making such computation.
 - (c) Repayments of loans will also be made from any funds derived from sale of property in The Mountaineers Rhododendron Preserve, or for easements or condemnations for roads, utilities, etc., of the property.
 - (d) Any future donations made to The Mountaineers for the express purpose of purchasing said property, shall be used for repayment of loans.
 - (e) No other assets of The Mountaineers will be obligated or used for repayment of said loans, unless by direction of the Board of Trustees.
- (5) That the lender shall sign a written statement directed to The Mountaineers, declaring that:
 - (a) This money is for my own account. I am loaning only my own money and no other person's money is included in my loan to The Mountaineers.

(b) I intend to retain this loan myself, and do not intend to sell or convey it to others. It is an investment with a return both monetary and intangible.

The motion was tabled until the Clubroom expense was resolved and then amended to read as follows: line (4) That repayment of accumulated interest and principle shall be made as follows: Amendment and Motion passed.

Apr. 24-May 23, 1976 Replies to original letter to "Friends of the Forest Theatre" reviewed and ten persons found who were willing to loan \$1,000 each to The Mountaineers for the purchase.

May 6, 1976 Board of Trustees meeting. It was reported that the owner now wishes to sell only 8.5 acres instead of 12.5. Donations at \$2,000.

May 18, 1976 Meeting of Morris Moen and Jim Henriot with Mr. Wymer. Basic agreement reached on almost everything (access, easements, warranty, water rights, etc.)

May 23, 1976 Letters sent to the ten persons who agreed to loan \$1,000 and to all the other persons who responded to the original letter.

May 30, 31, June 5, 6, 12, 13, 19, 20, 1976 Performances of *The Golden Apple* and acceptance of donations from the audience for the special property fund.

June 1, 1976 Long telephone conversation between Mr. Wymer and Morris Moen. Agreement reached on price to recommend to Mrs. Wymer and The Mountaineers respectively.

June 3, 1976 Board of Trustees meeting. It was moved and seconded that The Mountaineers purchase a strip of property 410 feet wide, adjacent to the Forest Theatre in the Rhododendron Preserve (Kitsap County), approximately 8.5 acres, at a purchase price not to exceed \$12,000 plus closing costs; said sum to be paid in full at the time of closing; that the Executive Committee conduct any further negotiations required; and that the President and Secretary be authorized to execute all necessary documents to conclude the purchase. Motion passed unanimously.

The following terms and conditions have been agreed to and offered by William E. Wymer on behalf of his mother, the owner of the property. The Mountaineers will receive:

1. A strip of property 410 feet wide adjacent to the Rhododendron Preserve and Forest Theatre which will include approximately 8.51 acres.
2. Access by easement over the Johnson-Pringle property from the end of David Road (by the Star Valley Market on the road from the highway) to the Navy trestle.

3. Access by easement under the trestle and across the log bridge without liability to replace the bridge except in case The Mountaineers damage the bridge.
4. Access across the Wymer property on the present road or an equal road if it should be repositioned, for members of The Mountaineers, their guests or assigns.
5. Access by any new road which may be built from the Seabeck Highway in the future.
6. An easement along the property line near the present entrance to the Rhododendron Preserve and ownership of the present entrance road from the Seabeck Highway.
7. A warranty deed.

The property is encumbered by:

1. A natural gas pipeline easement. (The line has never been built and probably will never be built.)
2. Water rights for the houses on the highway. (The existing well has an electric pump and pipe running down the hill; the wires and pipes are underground.) These water rights will terminate if a water line is built along the Seabeck Highway.
3. Other matters of record, such as restrictions of cuts and fills.

In return The Mountaineers will provide:

1. Payment of \$12,000 in cash at the time of purchase.
2. The necessary legal documents.

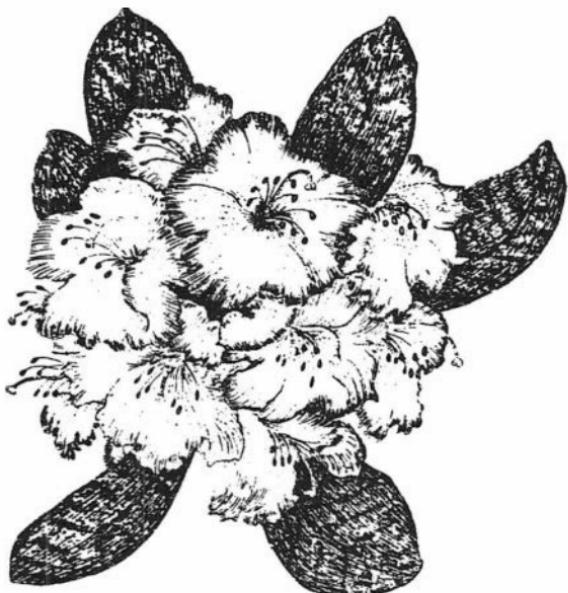
July 20, 1976 Deed signed.

Feb. 4, 11, 1977 Packrat Players present winter plays. Proceeds to property fund.

May 29, 30, June 4, 5, 11, 12, 1977 Performances of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Acceptance of donations from the audience for the special property fund.

Feb. 10, 18, 1978 Packrat Players present winter plays. Donations asked for the property fund. Only \$500 remains to be paid off.

Mar. 15, 1978 Loans from ten members repaid by The Mountaineers.



**The Mountaineer Wild-Rhododendron and Forest Preserve
Contributors to the 1977 property addition (approx 8.5 acres)**

Wolfram Abicht	Donald R. Bracken
Bill Adcock	Mr. & Mrs. George Breidenstein
Lois Aden	Mary Lutz Burfiend
Beth Adkison	Kandi Burke
Harold & Elena Alfred	Elenor G. Buswell
Barbara Jo Allen	Bea Buzzetti
Thomas E. Allen	Lawrence D. Byington
Herbert N. Anderson	L.P. Calvert
Dixie L. Arata, in memory of J. Gordon Simmons	H.D. & Phyllis Cameron
Lee & Ann Arelland	Tony Campifomo
D.L. Arnold	A.P. Carkeek
Arne & Maxine Asikainen	Maude C. Carney
Marion Bailey	Michael & Kathryn Chadwick, in memory of
H. Marc Bardsley	Lawrence D. Byington
Dan Beck	Charles Clark
Patricia D. Becker	Elvena S. Clark
Jim & Phyllis Bell	M.D. Clarke
Marilyn Benedict	Edith Conrad
Leona & Harry Bennett	Wilma C. Cooley
Rita L. Berrian	Florence Culp
Memory of Ben Berrian	Albert & Elizabeth W. Day
Elizabeth & Roger Bondy	C.B. Dempster
George Bower	The Dodsworth Family
Dorothy Bowman	Jean Earl

Verna Eastham	LaVigne
Lois Elliott	Helene LeBlond
Margaret L. Elliott	Laura J. Lindstrom
Margaret E. Enderlein	Ernest & Lynne Longstaff
Jesse Epstein	Jere J. Lord
Mrs. Erick Erickson	Miriam H. Lord
Dorothy French	Ed & Mary Lowry
Arthur C. Frey	Francia N. Luessen
Barbara Fohrman	Harolder Lysene
Eleanor C. Foster	Evelyn M. MacDonald
Philip & Marilyn Freitag	Juny K. MacDonald
Mary Fries	Laura Mahoney
Barbara Fry	Michael R. Maine
Sam & Betty Fry	Louise J. Marlin
George & Lois Fuller	Bruce Massey
Leo Gallagher	Derald & Mary Mauerman
Lee & Ruth Gentili	W. Bruce McAllister
E. Peter Geyer	Myrt McCanna
Jim Gipson	James & Barbara J. McCoy
Georgia Graham	Geneva McDonald
Olga Gull	Mrs. B. McGaughey
Sharon Lee Gustafson	Viola M. McKay
Leigh W. Hammett	Mary C. McKeever
Marilyn E. Hangartner	Evelyn M. McNeely
Mr. & Mrs. Harlan Hare	Howard McNeely
Mildred Harmonson	Theodore R. Meyer
Bob & Henrietta Haugland	Del and Borden Miles
George & Fay Hayachi	Byron Miller
Mabel Heath	Ellen Miller
Charlotte M. Heffelmire	Joel Miller
Gardner Hicks	Mr. & Mrs. Jordan Miller
Ken Hitchings	Martha Moen
Billee J. Holbrook	Morris & Lynn Moen
Max E. Hollenbeck	Harold R. Monson
Lon A. Hoover	Harry C. Morgan
Elizabeth W. Houston	Diane E. Myers
Mr. & Mrs. Myron S. Huchen	Stanley Nast
A.H. Hudson	Royce & Rhea Natoli
Helen N. Hudson	Esther Natterlund
May D. Hutchinson	Carolyn L. Naud
Mr. & Mrs. Fred Ingham	Marie Neff
Joan G. Irwin	Patricia Ann Negro
Nancy J. Jacobson	Cicely Nichols
Arnold F. Jameson	Donald & Evelyn Nickerson
David L. Johnson	Alice & Carl Nugent
Wayne O. Jones	Lillian Ojala
Richard L. Kahler	Ruby A. Olson
Mr. & Mrs. James D. Kilgore	Mary E. Page
Margaret & Merle Kimball	Frances Parks
Dick Kneeland	Roger B. Payne
Peter D. Koch	Wilma N. Payne
Roxanna Koester	Sharon & Dave Pearson
George & Joanne LaMotte	Leslie Pearson
Lillian V. Larsen	Lawrence Peterson

Wilma Peterson	Robert B. & Emily Sperlin
Dorothy Petrich	Alice W. Spieseke
Virginia & Tom Petta	Eleanor Springer
Steve & Dorothy Philipp	W.J. Stevens
Frances Pickeral	Frances Parks
Margaret J. Pitts	in memory of
Robert H. Plumb	Helen Stoody
Robert & Creta Pollock	Ellen J. Stout
Dwight P. Potter	John E. Stout
George & Joan Prater	Helen Stout
R.L. Puddicombe	John Stout
Steven D. Puddicombe	Dari & Nancy Streiffert
Alexandra Pye	Helen Strom
Polly Randall	Lucile Tatreau
Ruth Reese	Nila Taylor
Richard Reid	J.H. Thaidigsman
Virginia Reid	Harriet Tiedt
Anabel Reif	Charles & Peggy Tonningsten
H.J. Reif	Diane Tucker
Mr. & Mrs. Dennis Rerucha	Evelyn Twelker
Mr. & Mrs. Glenn W. Ritchey	Jane Utt
Keith C. Robison	Lee Utter
Thelma V. Robison	Charles D. Vail
Irma Z. Rodenhouse	Eleanor Van Etten
Mr. & Mrs. Michael Rose	Lou Vigus
Harriet Rubottom	Robert & Maria Walker
Mary A. Russell	Ellen L. Walsh
Senior Citizens of Port Angeles	Chan & Frieda Walworth
Lucile R. St. Louis	Carol Warne
Frank-Owen Shaw	Larry Weimer
Mrs. J. Gordon Simmons, in memory of	Chuck & Vi Welchko
J. Gordon Simmons	Mr. & Mrs. Carl Wener
H.L. & Morda Slauson	Wilber H. Wertz
Nedra Slauson	Mr. & Mrs. H.C. Witte
Jerry E. Smith	Patricia E. Woodworth
Harriet Smith	Carey D. Young
Arne & Louanne Sorensen	William Zauche
E. Sowles	Many anonymous donors

Meany Ski Hut Celebrates Fifty Years

Idona L. Kellogg

Fifty years ago a dream came true—Meany Ski Hut was a reality! On Armstice Day, 1928, Dr. Edmond S. Meany stood with 100 Mountaineers and guests to dedicate a two-story shelter that had been built by weekend volunteers in two months of back-breaking labor.

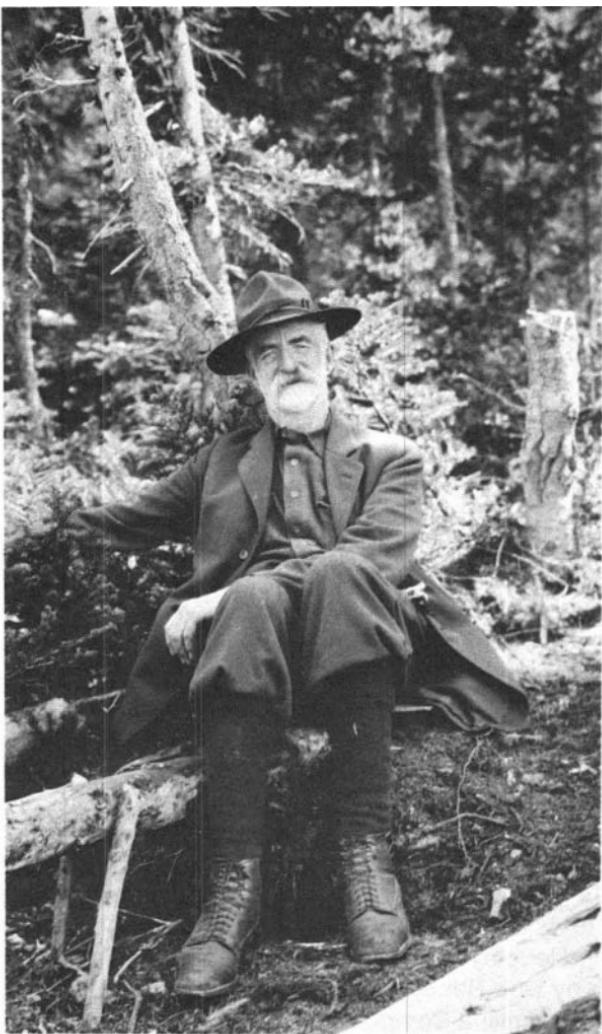
To build the hut, club members became carpenters, masons, and pack-horses hauling supplies by hand uphill 300 yards from the Northern Pacific Railroad at Martin to the Meany site. In addition to erecting a 20 by 50 two-story frame building large enough for fifty people, they made tables and benches, brought in bed springs, mattresses, and other furniture, and even managed to pull a kitchen range weighing 1,700 pounds up the mountain with block and tackle.

Dr. Meany, beloved president of The Mountaineers from 1908 to 1935 and a University of Washington Professor, had purchased for \$125 and donated fifty-four acres of the N.P.R.R. 1886 construction campsite known as Tunnel City. From 1886-1888, Tunnel City had housed at least 200 construction workers building the two-mile long Stampede Pass Train Tunnel and temporary switchbacks. By 1928, all that existed of Tunnel City and its workshops, warehouses, hospital, restaurant, and saloon was a station house labeled "Martin" and a few employees' cottages. (In the summer of 1964 N.P.R.R. destroyed all of its buildings at Martin.)

For several years prior to 1928, Mountaineers on special outings to Stampede Pass had been impressed by the open areas around the present weather station, the power line hill, and the magnificent open timber of Meany Hill. This favorable terrain and the accessibility by train so inspired these explorers that they talked the Mountaineer Board of Trustees into approving "a plain ski shelter without luxurious embellishments" and \$1,700 was appropriated for construction. Many materials and supplies for the hut were donated.

Meany Hut still stands a stone's throw from the eastern portal of the Stampede Train Tunnel, on the eastern slope of the Cascades, in the heart of acres of enchantment, almost 3,000 feet above the sea. But how Meany has changed in these last fifty years!—And this is because Meany has been blessed with a steady flow of dedicated volunteers ready to labor mightily.

Skiable areas have been created and two rope tows constructed along with a shelter for rope tow machinery which has been rebuilt several times. A 25 by 30 three-story addition to the Ski Hut went up in 1939 and the hut capacity was increased again in 1971. Fire es-



Dr. Edmond S. Meany, who donated the land for the Hut.

capes were added to both east and west ends of the hut and the drying room was enlarged and floored with concrete. Numerous other smaller building projects took shape.

Maintaining the equipment has taken an enormous number of volunteer hours. The Bombardier Sno Tractor used to haul skiers from Stampede Overpass to Meany since the trains stopped service in 1960 has needed careful attention as it is Meany's lifeline. The Cat Trail and bridge over Stampede Creek have been rebuilt several times after sections were washed out by flooding. Meany's newest crew member, a Thiokol Spryte Sno-cat which now packs Meany's lower slopes, takes hours of service time.

That's what it has taken to bring Meany through fifty highly successful years!!!

Gigantic Birthday Party—Sept. 23-24, 1978

On September 23-24, 1978 eight of the original Meany crew and 450 other Mountaineers and guests invaded Meany for a gigantic birthday party to cheer Meany into its next fifty years. The eight early Meanyites were: Gus Hudson, Harriet Taylor Tiedt, Opal Maxwell, Andy and Kay Anderson, Herb and Eugenia Strandberg, and Fred Ball. Highlights of the weekend were the Sunday dedication program and the huge salmon dinner.

Bob Cram masterfully and humorously emceed the dedication program. Royce and Rhea Natoli organized the program agenda, contacted the participants, and arranged for this variety show. Virginia Reid did a tremendous job as overall chairperson for the entire birthday weekend. Patti Polinsky-Claar took charge of the elaborate, perfectly-prepared, and very efficiently served salmon dinner.

Wanda Van DeVanter, who supervised registration, reported that Dawn Steere, former Meany woman patrol racer in the 1930's, now living in Orange, California, and Nancy and Trevor Dick and family from Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, probably came from farthest away.

Other facets of the Birthday Weekend were just as outstanding as the Sunday program and Salmon Feed. There were the tours of Meany grounds and ski runs; Coleman Leuthy's mushroom identification treks and lengthy labeled mushroom displays, films of Meany action shown by Bob Bentler, Doug Damm, and Roger Thayer; album and picture exhibits; a Campfire Songfest led by Nancy Adams; folk-dancing organized by Arne Svensson with live music by Art Nation and Richard Svensson, and a misty Sunday morning outdoor worship service led by Cadett Barnes.

And now more about that Salmon Dinner which was a lavish Indian-style feast. 174 pounds of fish fillets, turned into delicious outdoor barbecued salmon, were served with herbed brown rice, marinated



Artist's Concept of Meany Ski Hut, 1928.

Roy Nishiyori



Walter B. Little has skied Meany for forty of his fifty years.

O. Phillip Dickert

minted peas, cornbread and honey, coleslaw, and vegetable nibbles with edible apple swans. A huge birthday cake was the dessert. Unbelievably, the entire crowd was fed within 45 minutes.

The enormous birthday cake created by Idona Kellogg caused "oohs" and "ahs" as onlookers read the many signs posted near each miniature scene on the cake. The cake was meant to be a visual presentation of Meany history with the ski runs, rope tows, Hut, railroad tracks, all cut out of cake or built with small ceramics and figurines. Thirty-five one pound cake mixes were used to make the monstrous cake.

For the Sunday Birthday Ceremony, Bob Cram, old-time Meanyite and well-known cartoonist and television personality, hosted a lively hour of laughter and nostalgia as he interviewed past Hut Chairmen about "interesting" events that occurred during their reign.

Fred Ball, an energetic 81-year-old and the 1932 Hut Chairman, entertained the group by singing "Wild Bill Maxwell," a tale written by Art Winder in the 1930's about one of the best-loved and most colorful of Meany's early skiers. Much credit was given to "Max" for organizing the backbreaking labor necessary for building the Hut and clearing the lane. Maxwell's widow, Opal, proudly beamed in the audience as "Max's" story was told in song.

Bob Cram's imitation of "Charlie's" jungle noises in the men's dorm had the crowd roaring. As Cram said, "He had no rhythm to his snoring."

Bill Brockman, 1953 Hut Chairman, told of some of the technical problems of getting highly-esteemed, over-weight "Nashie," the cook, up the hill each weekend. She prepared the meals at Meany for twenty-nine years, from 1935 to 1964. Peggy Grass has been our ingenious cook for the last eleven years.

"Times were really gloomy at Meany in early 1960," Doug Damm, Hut Chairman at that time, recounted. "The trains stopped in March, 1960 and the rest of that season supplies had to be hand-carried all the way from the highway." Doug hilariously told the story of a test run behind Tom Van DeVanter's station wagon to determine how people would react to being towed in by the Cat on ropes. Apparently after a speedy start, a little panic, and a frantic call to "STOP," Tom applied the brakes and the skiers all plowed into his open tailgate.

Bob Cram said this of Walt Little, who has skied Meany for forty of its fifty years: "Walt was a pioneer in ski technique. Anything that was crazy Walt had already tried." Besides his many technical contributions Walt concocted many of the names around Meany Hill like "Psychopath" and "Lower Slobbovia". Walt, with his keen intellect, has helped create the friendly and witty Meany atmosphere.

Mountaineers President Jim Sanford, after giving some warm welcoming remarks, had his turn at story-telling as he introduced present Hut Chairman, Ray Nelson. Ray has served for twelve years.



Artist's concept of present Meany Ski Hut.

R. Nishiyori
Roy Nishiyori

Many others contributed to the program. Art Nation fiddled as dancers spun out the nine-pin reel. Steve Stout sang "In the Mountains," a song he'd just written. The "Impoverished Players" portrayed by three skits 1) the Erection of Meany Hut, 2) Life at the present day Hut, and 3) Meany of the year 2023, with skiers arriving by airbus and being served by a robot.

The technical details were carried out with incredible smoothness. There was not a traffic problem anywhere in spite of the number of cars maneuvering those narrow mountain roads. Camping, fire, water, garbage, and sewer facilities had been carefully planned for. Even the problem of getting the heavy dining room tables from inside the lodge to the grounds took ingenuity. A stage was built and straw bales brought in. Much work was done to prepare the lodge and immediate grounds.

The Birthday Weekend was another prime example of what can be accomplished by dedicated, hard-working, and determined volunteers. May that caliber of volunteer be with Meany for the next fifty years!

Meany History

Walt Little

Summer 1928	Purchase of 54 acres for \$125 by Professor Edmond S. Meany, on site of N.P.R.R. 1886 construction camp.
Autumn 1928	Construction of 20' x 50' frame building; unlined; coal stove; gasoline lanterns for light; outside 2-holers for Jane and John.
November 11, 1928	Christened "Meany Ski Hut".

Summer 1931	"Lane" was created by logging out existing forest.
Autumn 1938	Rope tow constructed which terminated about 65% of way up "Lane." Driven by Fordson Tractor. "Lane" widened by additional clearing. Logs removed for new clearing used to construct log cabin tow hut.
Autumn 1939	Constructed 25' x 30' addition to ski hut. Added basement. Moved kitchen to west end. Added drying room. Increased dorm space. Added motor-generator set for electric lights. Added new furnace; and inside plumbing. Added wiring for electric lights in hut, replacing gasoline lanterns.
Autumn 1943	Extended rope tow to top of lane. Added safety gate.
Autumn 1944	Extended basement by digging under original portion of building. Constructed drying room.
Autumn 1946	Rebuilt rope tow machinery. Discarded Fordson; replaced with Chevy truck engine and transmission and truck rear end. For driving wheels used wood rims originally mounted on Fordson tractor drive wheels.
Autumn 1949	Constructed generator shack. Moved motor-generator cut out of pantry into new shack.
Autumn 1953	Installed new propane range in kitchen. This replaced coal-fired range upon which 25 years of cooks have suffered.
Autumn 1954	BPA constructed power line over portion of Meany property to south of rope tow; the cleared area made excellent skiing. It was christened "Lower Slobbovia" by Cram and Little.
Autumn 1955	The water supply dam which BPA built to replace the original dam was defective. Meany troops built new dam for which BPA paid.
Autumn 1956	Complete relocation of rope tow, begun in 1955. Head pole moved to south about 200 feet, and 30 feet higher. Tow hut moved north about 250 feet, and about 20 feet lower. This was done to gain more altitude, and to get upper unloading closer to Lower Slobbovia . . . Rise 440'—Length 1,000'.
April 1960	NPRR discontinued local passenger train service. After 31 years of access by train, Meany must now find another way. <i>Will Meany Survive?</i>
October 1960	Rental agreement with Symington for use of Bombardier Sno Tractor to haul skiers from Snoqualmie Pass Highway across valley to Meany—3 miles.
February 1961	Exercised purchase option with Symington and now own snow tractor. Operation proved very successful. <i>Huts survived!</i>

December 1962	Flood and mud slide washed out U.S. Forest Service bridge over Stampede Creek. Log bridge suitable for winter use was constructed by Mountaineers on a beautiful sunny weekend in nice fresh powder snow.
August 1963	In 1962, Puget Sound Power and Light ran a transmission line up the center of "North Slobbovia," one of the better ski runs. They did this in the mistaken belief that they were using the Bonneville power right-of-way, whereas actually they were on Mountaineer property. The ensuing year was filled with negotiation and threats to physically remove the power line. It was finally settled in August 1963. Meany would grant an easement and PSPL Co. would place power line underground and cut the stumps on "North Slobbovia" flush with the ground.
October 15, 1963	Made connection to NPRR power line at Martin Station. Mountaineers built 600' of 2400 V single phase power line to R.R. terminus; kept motor-generator set as standby. Martin Station converted to automatic operation by NPRR.
Autumn 1966	Purchased 4-wheel drive Dodge Power Wagon (affectionately called "The OX") to use in summer work; cost \$200. Re-roofed hut with corrugated galvanized iron to replace worn wood shingles.
Autumn 1967	Added east end fire escape and fire alarm system.
Autumn 1971	Added new floor over Girls Dorm: This is named the "Fourth Peoples Form." Added fire escape at west end. Enlarged drying room and floored it with concrete.
November 1973	Completed construction of "worm tow" located parallel to "mach tow" and rising about 160 vertical feet. It runs slower for beginners.
Autumn 1974	Approximate completion date of clearing of "Railroad Meadows" and "Psychopath." Replaced water supply dam in Tombstone Creek. Complete replacement of old black iron 1 1/4" pipe with 2" plastic.
December 1975	Great Flood washed out log bridge over Stampede Creek. Replaced by emergency work party. Snow, Rain, Mud—volunteer labor prevailed again.
January 20, 1976	Connecting rod broke thru block on Bombardier sno cat on Sunday evening trip out to road. What a day—Sleet crust 3/4" thick; rain; late start. Finally got everybody to road and started home by 8:30 pm. Motor replaced in 3 days!!!
Autumn 1976	Leveled area to south of ski hut for a work and storage area. Covered the 48 year accumulation of cans and metal at east end of hut. Constructed holding bins in which to store cans and bottles until they can be hauled out in summer.

- July 1977 Purchased Thiokol Spryte snow tractor at government auction to be used as hill packer. Constructed roller out of corrugated iron culvert pipe.
- December 1977 Great flood washed out log bridge over Stampede Creek, filled culvert at Weasel Creek, flooded out road and culvert at Two-Pipe Creek. Emergency work parties on successive weekends in horrible working conditions resulted in repairs adequate for winter. Same storm washed out Burlington RR which did not operate again until July 1978.
- Summer, 1978 Forest Service logged off Section 34 which included Henrietta's Woods and No-Name Woods.
- September 23 & 24,
1978 50th ANNIVERSARY PARTY



T.M. Green

The Valhallas 1978

Bill Larson

Any trip to the Valhalla peaks of the Olympic Mountains should start with a visit to your local library to study up on Norse mythology. The 8 peaks were named after the gods, goddesses, and creatures of Norse mythology by imaginative climbers who entered the area in May 1970 (*The Mountaineer*, June 1972; pages 89-90). This group of peaks lie in a horseshoe configuration around a glacier located about 3½ miles SW of Mt. Olympus.

On July 29, 1978, the 8-member party started the 2-day, 14-mile trek up the South Fork Hoh River to base camp. The first 3½ miles is maintained on trail. The next 9 miles is river bottom and elk trails along the sidehills. Towards the end of the opening day at the 7-mile mark, one of the climbers injured his foot and wisely chose to discontinue the trip.

The remaining 7 climbers reached base camp in the alpine meadows at 4,400 feet along the ridge on July 30, 1978. A herd of 11 elk quickly left the meadows after we made our presence known. In the following 4 days the 7 climbers ascended all 8 named Valhalla peaks: (Woden—3rd ascent, Hugin—5th ascent, Munin—3rd ascent, Loki Spire—2nd ascent, Thor—3rd ascent, Frigga—2nd ascent, Baldur—3rd ascent, and Vili—2nd ascent) plus 2 first ascents: (Mimir and Bragi).

On August 1, 1978, we climbed a pinnacle that is approximately 120 feet tall from the saddle northeast of Thor. At the top of a 25-foot Class 4 narrow chimney is an excellent belay and rappel spot. From there a 15-foot pitch reaches a narrow summit big enough to stage about 3 climbers. In keeping with the theme of Norse mythology, we named the peak, "Mimir," and estimated its elevation at about 5,400 feet. "Mimir" is the giant who guarded the well of wisdom and spring of understanding that flowed into Midgard (world of men) by one of three roots of the great ash-tree, Yggdrasill.

On August 3, 1978, the party made a first ascent of a twin pinnacle adjacent to and immediately northeast of Mimir and Thor. We gained the northeast ridge of the pinnacle and climbed Class 3 rock to the summit. There was room for only one climber on top. We named the peak "Bragi" and estimated its elevation at 5,450 feet. Bragi, son of Odin (Woden), father of the gods, is known as the Norse god of poetry and eloquence.

On August 4, 1978, as prearranged, 4 climbers hiked out in one day to rejoin the responsibilities of civilization. Mike Lonac, Jim White,

and I stayed with the objective of climbing distant Pelton Peak (5,301 feet) to the southwest and two significant intervening peaks that could be seen from 5 peaks of the western Valhallas. Lonac and White each had an independent life-long goal of climbing all of the roughly 273 named Olympic Peaks over 1,000 meters high.

On August 4, 1978, we ascended "Vili Valley Basin" west of Vili and reached the ridge. The trio gratefully followed a good elk trail on a long southward descending traverse into the next major creek drainage west of Vili, Baldur, and Munin. We traversed high around the head of a basin to avoid major gulleys. The ridge extending southwest from Munin to Pelton was reached and we crossed over into the Queets River watershed for a short distance before crossing back over to the South Fork Hoh River side. Our route traversed an upper snow basin and we scrambled up Class 3 rock near the ridge to the summit. We named the mountain "Vidar North" and estimated its elevation at 5,650 feet. Vidar was one of Odin's sons who resided apart in a distant land from the rest of the gods. He was always nearby his horse, ready to ride off to avenge any wrong-doing to his father. Vidar is an appropriate name because this peak was not in the cirque of peaks surrounding the Geri-Freki Glacier, but stood apart adjacent to the Valhallas.

We descended Vidar-North and entered a major snow basin to the northwest. The small party regained the major ridge extending from Munin and climbed Class 3 rock to a very rotten and narrow notch. Class 4 rock was climbed to the highest or easternmost of the two summit horns. We named the peak "Sleipner" and estimated its elevation at 5,550 feet. Sleipner was Odin's 8-legged horse. From Vidar-North, Sleipner may be viewed as a horse with a snout, two ears, a back, at least 8 legs, and a flying tail, but a brilliant imagination is needed! From Sleipner, Pelton appeared just too far away and no easy approach route could be seen. Pelton would be saved for another trip. The night was comfortably spent bivouaced high on Sleipner. On August 5, 1978, during our return trip to base camp we made a first ascent of a significant peak on the ridge between Vidar-North and Sleipner. The peak was climbed from the west via a rotten Class 3 rock chute and named "Vidar-South." Its elevation was estimated at 5,600 feet.

During our 9-day vacation in the Valhalla area, we enjoyed perfect weather with excellent summit views. Elk were seen about every other day as well as one black bear at a respectful distance and one curious billy goat. The photographer can easily shoot a roll of film on the rarely seen back (south) side of Mt. Tom and all 3 peaks of Mt. Olympus. More people have landed on the moon than have set foot on top of the Valhallas.

The trip ended in tragedy shortly after leaving base camp on August 6, 1978. Our leader, Mike Lonac, was killed instantly in a fall over a cliff during the descent of the steep wooded slopes enroute to the boulder field of the South Fork Hoh River. Mike had been climbing for about 10 years and was an intermediate climbing student. His climbing friends had given him a tee-shirt labeled, "Mr. Olympics." With the conclusion of the Valhalla trip, Mike had climbed about 153 named Olympic Peaks over 1,000 meters high. We miss him.

Climbing party: Mike Lonac, leader; Rich Stewart, Bill Larson, Mike Merchant, Jim King, Frank Stinchfield, Jim White, Mac McCleary.



Liz Werstler

Mt. Assiniboine

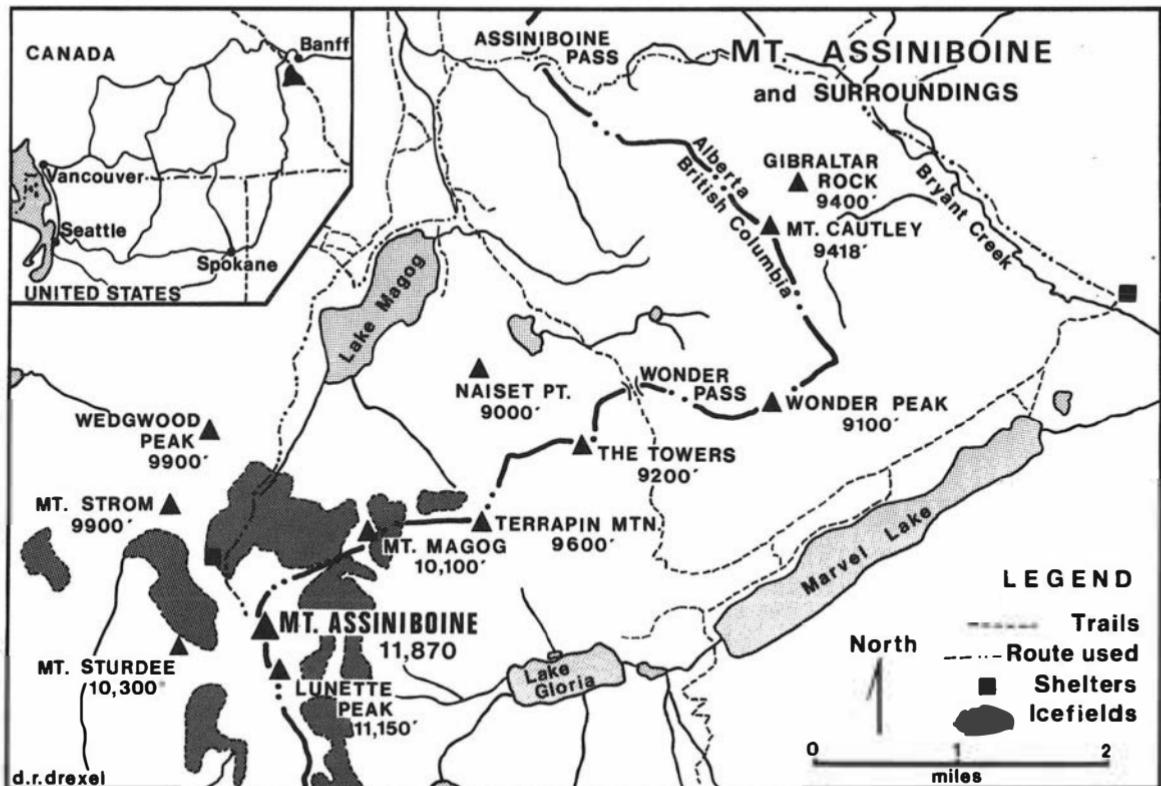
Roy Ellis

Spectacular scenery, a degree of weather stability unknown in the Cascades, and an unusually gentle gradient combine to make the Canadian Rockies a hiker's and climber's paradise. Six Mountaineers confirmed this during an extended July 4th holiday by climbing the North Ridge of Mt. Assiniboine (11,870 feet), highest peak in the southern Canadian Rockies.

The Mt. Assiniboine area, 35 miles south of the popular town of Banff, is administered as a provincial park of British Columbia. The mountain was named for the Assiniboine Indians (name meaning "those who cook by placing hot stones in water") who ventured northwesterly into the region from the high plains of Canada and America in search of new hunting grounds. Members of the Alpine Club of Canada were among the first people to recognize the outstanding recreation potential of the Mt. Assiniboine area. In 1921 they urged the government of British Columbia to protect the area, and in 1922 a small (12,700 acres) provincial park was created. In 1973 the size of the park was increased dramatically—to 95,400 acres in recognition of the outstanding recreation and scenic qualities of the area. Current use levels in the park are understandably low since access is provided only by trail, a minimum ten-mile approach. The visitor is rewarded by viewing an area of remarkable beauty where towering peaks stand guard over broad lush valleys through which ancient meandering rivers flow. Shimmering alpine lakes dot the park. With little elevation gain, hikers are able to traverse miles of breathtakingly scenic terrain, while scramblers and climbers have access to a number of peaks of varying degrees of difficulty.

Our trip to Mt. Assiniboine left Seattle Thursday evening of the holiday weekend in a rented van and soon we were sleeping under the stars at Moses Lake. An early start Friday took us through Spokane and the Idaho pan-handle and allowed us to reach the frolicking tourist town of Banff by late afternoon. Banff alone deserves a visit to view lavish hotels and resorts in the shadow of spectacular mountains and to mingle with stately British travelers, leathery motorcyclists, youthful bicyclists, and just plain tourists from around the world. Our stay now was short for thirty miles separated us from the Assiniboine trailhead.

Although Cascade hikers and climbers are convinced they are masters of driving and routefinding on obscure logging roads, the last few miles of the drive tempered such confidence. By negotiating through a maze of dead-end roads, by asking masterful questions



Mt. Assiniboine Trip.

D.R. Drexel

such as "Is this the way to the end of the road?" and by hitching a three-mile ride from a passing four-wheel-drive pickup over a muddy, potholed road we finally discovered why so few people actually get to see Mt. Assiniboine: "You can't get there from here!"

Our hiking approach began Friday as night was approaching, yet long Canadian days allowed us to reach the Bryant Creek cabin (5 miles) by dark. The Canadian concept of wilderness is very different from our own as cabins and huts are liberally sprinkled throughout the backcountry. The Bryant cabin was spacious, with bunk space for at least fifteen people, a large wood-burning stove, and lots of space for gear. The European tradition was quite evident, and after many a night setting up tents or bivouacing and trying to sleep in driving Cascade rainstorms, the cabin provided a welcome change of pace.

An early start Saturday brought us the six miles over Assiniboine Pass and down to Lake Magog (7,200 feet), unquestionably one of the most picturesque lakes in North America. Mts. Magog (10,100 feet), Wedgewood (9,900 feet), and the Matterhorn-like Assiniboine (11,870 feet) tower above the radiant lake, and the views alone justify the approach.

Sunday dawned perfectly clear with views out to a sea of Canadian Rockies peaks. The climb of Assiniboine's North Ridge began with 1,500 feet of delightful 30° hard snow but soon yielded to steeper snow and ice slopes intermingled with outcrops of loose rotten rock and ice-filled chimneys and gullies. Protection was meager, belays unreliable, and exposure relentless. After about 1,600 feet of such "mixed" climbing (we kept repeating, "not as hard as it looks, not as hard as it looks . . .") we reached the culmination of Assiniboine's North Ridge (approx. 11,800 feet). Here we had our first view of the short, but knife-edged and heavily corniced ridge leading to the main summit. Later in the season the ridge traverse would be simply a Class 3 scramble, but current snow conditions made it no such thing (the ridge had claimed the life of one of Alberta's best climbers just two weeks before). We began our descent with respect for the reality of the objective hazard and with appreciation of the time that descent would take.

There is much to be said for climbing peaks with easy descent routes since you can get the adrenalin flowing for the ascent, relax on top, and have an easier time going down. No relaxation was possible on this descent as the day's heating had made the already meager snow cover quite soft and seemingly ready to slide off the mountain at any time. "Treacherous" is an accurate description of the descent of both iced-up rotten chimneys and steep slopes with a soft shallow snow cover—and 2,000 feet of exposure. In addition, a light snow was now falling. Patience and concentration brought the relieved party

back to the hut at 8 p.m., and the foam mattresses were greeted with unrestrained joy. A sound night's sleep came easily and was just the preparation needed for the sixteen-mile hike out the next day.

Monday's exit was particularly memorable due to an encounter with the badgers of Assiniboine. After descending the tricky snowfinger of the Magog headwall, and thinking all our troubles past, we reached the spot near the shore of Lake Magog where we had cached an emergency tent, a tarp, and two pair of running shoes. We knew something was awry when we saw Max's bright red socks hanging from a bush, one of his shoes lying half-eaten in mid-trail, and Jon's tent strewn in several different directions. Looking just off the trail we saw a family of badgers, one of which was as big as an average-sized dog, seemingly licking their chops and enjoying our frustrations. A thorough search located Max's other shoe with only sweaty shoelaces chewed beyond repair, but the other pair of shoes, the tarp, and the tent poles were not to be found. While wondering what a family of badgers could do with tent poles we gave up the search, and Jon and Bob T. contemplated the unexpected costs of climbing.

The hike out from Lake Magog went rapidly, particularly since part of it was done in a mid-afternoon Rockies thunderstorm. Upon reaching the trailhead some of us were lucky enough to hitch rides for the three miles of rough road which separated us from our van, while Dennis and Bob B. proved their manhood by hiking the entire distance. As we were relaxing at the van an amazing sight came into view. Two hikers were approaching from the park and it soon became apparent that one was carrying a tarp, ten poles, and a pair of running shoes! They had been hiking around Lake Magog the evening before, noticed our things on or near the trail, and picked them up to try to locate the owners. If unsuccessful, they would have advertised in the Calgary papers! We thanked them profusely for packing the items out and pondered the camaraderie and thoughtfulness of back-country travelers in all countries.

A steam bath or swim at one of the several hot springs in the area is virtually mandatory for all visitors to Banff, but surely no one enjoyed the hot steamy waters more than we did that evening. A quick meal, a burst of renewed energy, and an all-night drive brought us back to Seattle by mid-day Tuesday to celebrate July 4 with our families. After an exciting climb in a spectacular setting, good companionship, and a safe return, we had much to celebrate.

Bob Bergstrom, leader; Roy Ellis, Jon Fox, Max Junejo, Dennis Sevonty, Bob Tillotson.

Is a Trail User Information System a Dream?

Ruth Ittner and Allan Sari

Obtaining accurate, up-to-date information about trails is a problem for trail users. Providing it is a problem for land managers. Guidebooks are one source of information. Recreation maps are another. But since trail conditions constantly change, better ways are needed to collect and distribute current trail information and conditions to users. Backcountry rules and regulations also change and confusion would diminish if the current conditions could be easily obtained by the public. We have a dream that someday users will be able to select the recreational experience they seek from an information system containing current conditions on all trails in the entire recreation opportunity spectrum. We believe dreams come true when people share ideas, mold them together, and work step by step, year by year to make these dreams a reality.

A step towards this dream of current information was the Trail Inventory Project designed to gather trail data together from many sources and place it on one page for easy reference. The stage for this project was set in November 1974 when an Ad Hoc Trail Committee composed of representatives from The Mountaineers, Alpine Lakes Protection Society (ALPS), Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs (FWOC), Signpost, Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest, Sierra Club and Northwest Alpine Guide Service met at The Mountaineers Clubroom. With the idea of taking action, they discussed significant problems relating to trails which had been the focus of several Trail Symposiums held in Washington, D.C., Colorado Springs, Portland and Wenatchee. Some of the problems discussed were: lack of sufficient, usable information on trail conditions, inadequacy of funds for trail maintenance and construction, loss of nearly half of the Forest Service trails in the last 20 years due to road construction and lack of maintenance, and recreational trail use which increases even faster than the population (a fourfold increase in hiking is predicted by the year 2020). The Trail Inventory Project really began when Lewis Moldenhour, a member of ALPS, came to one of our meetings. He showed us his completed inventory of 170 trails in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness Area, and encouraged us to dream about a trail inventory for all the trails in the state of Washington.

Inspired by this foundation, we began working with him toward his dream. To facilitate use and to incorporate additional ideas suggested by the committee Lewis redesigned his inventory form. For each trail, he also continued the painstaking work of placing a map of

proper scale and size upon each form. Our first objective was to complete Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest, from there we tackled the other national forests one by one. Many members of The Mountaineers, other outdoor clubs and Forest Service personnel spent their time helping compile information which came from many sources: Forest Service computer printouts of administrative records, ranger district trail guides (where they existed), USGS Quads, Forest Service recreation maps, and guidebooks. Ranger district personnel provided additional data from trail logs, official documents and first hand experience. The information sought included trail, name, number, trail beginning and ending locations, township and range, mileage, volume of use, maintenance record, trail users, trail conditions, trail classification, trail head facilities, water information, trail elevations, trail campsites, bibliography, with comments on adequacy of maintenance and need for relocation and/or reconstruction. Eventually the project inventoried 1216 trails in six national forests—Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie, Wenatchee, Olympic, Gifford Pinchot, Okanogan and Colville. For the first time all known information about National Forest trails was in one place and in a usable format—a significant step toward our dream.

During the summer of 1975, 1976 and 1977 hikers were encouraged to check the trail inventory, comment upon its accuracy, report changed conditions and complete missing items. To stimulate field checking a Trail Inventory Map Display 7' x 12' was placed at the exit of REI Coop. A slide show with a taped script called "The Trail Inventory and You" was also developed. It was shown to outdoor groups in Seattle, Everett, Tacoma, Sequim, Sedro Woolley, Bellingham, Yakima, Olympia and Vancouver as well as at the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs Convention. As a result of these efforts about 25 percent of the first 950 trails were field checked. But even at this rate, transcribing the feedback onto several master notebooks by hand still proved too time consuming. One evening when six of us were working on the project, Louise Marshall pointed out "Do you realize we've only completed updating ten trails in two hours? We'll have to find a better way." Nevertheless, the trail inventory for each Forest was photocopied by that Forest so that copies could be distributed to organizations assisting us in field checking. Copies were kept at the Forest Headquarters and given to the Outdoor Recreation Information Center and Ranger Districts.

While some information was missing on some trails, The Trail Inventory served as a useful reference tool for groups scheduling trips and developing meaningful comments on trail management plans. Participants became aware of problems relating to trails and cognizant of ranger district boundaries which are important to know when reporting significant changes in trail conditions.

The Trail Inventory was of value to the Forest Service because it provided them with the information they were seeking on user-established routes and abandoned trails with recreation potential. And perhaps the greatest benefit of all was that the process of developing the trail inventory let Forest Service officials know that trail users cared about trails and that trail users wanted to be partners in the planning process.

By coincidence while we were working on the Trail Inventory project, Region 6 of the Forest Service (Washington and Oregon) initiated a trail inventory and assessment in accordance with a national directive. For the first time the Forest Service officially recognized that the primary use of trails was recreational. The old concept that trails were primarily for fire and administrative purposes was abandoned. This change meant that specialists trained in recreation became responsible for planning and budgeting for the trail system and that the engineer was no longer the only staff concerned with trails.

Allan Sari, a graduate student at the University of Washington, saw the Trail Inventory Map Display at REI Coop and wanted to know more about the Trail Inventory Project. Allan and his wife Kay were invited to view the slide show presentation to a troop of Boy Scouts in the University District on March 16, 1976. After the program Allan commented, "That data should be put in a computer. It would facilitate updating it and computerized trail information could also have other potential applications. Do you suppose there is any possibility of doing this? I'd be willing to work on it."

Ruth encouraged him to draft a project proposal explaining his idea. Allan submitted his proposal within a month. The basic ideas it contained brought us another step forward.

During the next month Ruth attended a Current Issues Symposium on the Forest Service sponsored by Washington State University in Spokane which featured John McGuire, Chief of the U.S. Forest Service. She discussed the concept of a computerized trail inventory with a number of people including the Regional Forester. Their interest was so keen that before the meeting was over Ruth approached Don Campbell, Forest Supervisor, about the possibility of involving Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest in computerizing the trail inventory. He was receptive to the idea and suggested specific steps on how to proceed. This open door was another step toward our dream of a trail user information system.

Beginning in January 1977 an Ad Hoc Committee met about once a month to consider the possibility of implementing this concept. It was soon recognized that if a trail user information system was going to be of greatest value to the trail user it should include trails from other federal and state land management agencies, such as National Park Service, Fish and Wildlife Service, State Departments of Natural

Resources, Game and Parks. For this reason, we approached the Pacific Northwest Regional Office of the National Park Service with the request that one other jurisdiction be involved in the beginning phase of the project. To our surprise they wanted to include all three national parks (Mt. Rainier, Olympic and North Cascades). We thought this was great. The inclusion of Olympic National Park necessitated adding Olympic National Forest which surrounds it. Later, Department of National Resources trails were also included. Thus the geographic area encompassed by the project grew to approximately 5.4 million acres and roughly 500 trails.

At one of our Ad Hoc Committee meetings Allan explained "There are some basic principles we should keep in mind in developing a trail user information system. (Gradually the acronym TUIS was used to refer to this system). The system should be simple to operate, flexible, easy to update and maintain, and adaptable to future needs of the Forest Service and National Park Service. However, initially the system should focus on the needs of the trail user. While the system should become operational and "on-line" as soon as possible, each feature must be fully tested before the next feature is developed so that a sound, practical and workable system results."

Over the next several months our committee met to examine the types of information trail users wanted before starting on a trip. This helped us define a comprehensive list of trail characteristics which might be included in a computerized data base. We then reduced the list to the most essential items and developed a computer form upon which to place the proposed information for each trail. Along with this the committee developed guidelines for completing the form. After several revisions, the guidelines were distributed to representatives of each national park so that they could begin inventorying their trails during the off-peak season.

For the Forest Service a computer program was written to place selected items from their computerized administrative trail records on our form. Volunteers were then secured to transcribe trail inventory data on to these forms by circulating an invitation, "Meet a Trail Data Cruncher," in The Mountaineer, Alps, and Sierra Club bulletins and the magazine *Pacific Search*. About twenty people responded.

As a result of showing "The Trail Inventory and You" to the Research Committee at the Appalachian Trail Conference in Shepherdstown, West Virginia, Ruth was invited to participate in a week-long Trail Inventory Workshop in Denver, Colorado, convened by Bill Holman, Forest Service recreation officer of the Washington, D.C. office and attended by personnel from all ten regions.

At the workshop each region reported on its progress in carrying out the national directive to inventory trails mentioned earlier. Workshop participants examined user information needs and

management information needs which might be satisfied by a trail inventory processing system. After much discussion, the participants realized that an up-to-date accurate trail inventory was one way of helping trail users find the particular recreation experience they seek from amongst the wide spectrum of recreational opportunities available.

This workshop was one of the most significant events of the year because it provided us with a national perspective on the purpose, goals and values of a trail inventory, an understanding of the recreational opportunity spectrum concept, an opportunity to realize the problems involved in overall systems planning and some valuable insights into what additional elements should be included and the basic elements for trail classification. TUIS is being designed with these problems and perspectives in mind.

The insights from the Forest Service Workshop enabled the Ad Hoc Committee to focus on values of our proposed system, how it might operate, its component parts, time frame for development and hardware requirements. Later we crystalized our thinking in a written report.

Volunteers responding to our invitation worked together during an orientation period and later divided into two groups. One group under the direction of Bill Zauche transcribed Trail Inventory data onto TUIS forms for keypunching. Part of the data was verified and some additional elements added. The other group composed of computer specialists focused on overall systems design, data input, data editing, data structuring, access, report generation, and delivery methods.

During 1978 demonstration of the prototype system that the volunteers had designed and stocked with a small set of sample trails enabled us to test some of the underlying concepts and potential capabilities of the system. Those at one demonstration saw simulated actual trail data flash up on a TV screen in the order requested. A few more buttons were pressed and out popped a paper copy of the data on the screen. Another milestone had been reached in working toward our dream.

In examining this form you will note that some data is missing. The symbols under the heading "Volume of Use" and "Opportunities" will be replaced with understandable words when the system becomes fully operational. To explain the legend for now the Shady Lane Trail has medium "Volume of Use" during the summer with the "Recreational Opportunities" of fishing, swimming, mushroom picking and roaming. Note, too, that trails are listed according to trail mileage.

Up to this point all the progress towards a trail information system was the result of volunteers who had contributed their time and talents as well as paid the costs involved. Ruth Ittner coordinated these efforts as part of her responsibilities as Research Consultant at the In-

stitute of Governmental Research. The original plan was to develop the project on a totally volunteer basis. And the timetable for development under this approach would require another three years. To cover incidental costs of the project during that period one member of the Ad Hoc Committee suggested that a funding request be drafted which could be submitted to interested organizations and foundations. We prepared a funding request explaining the problems, background, recognition at the Denver Workshop, funding needs and included resumes of key volunteers working on the project. The draft was submitted to the agencies participating on the Ad Hoc Committee for their review. We believe that this funding request served as a catalyst in bringing all Committee members to the same level of understanding of what we hoped to achieve. The agencies' reaction made submitting it unnecessary.

Over our two year involvement, the agencies had come to realize that if TUIS was to be seriously considered for implementation they would need to know what the short term and long range costs would be for developing and operating the system so that they could consider incorporating these costs in their future budgets.

Part of the impetus for this request occurred after the Denver Workshop when John McGuire, Chief of the U.S. Forest Service issued a directive that the Forest Service should adopt a "host" attitude toward trail users. Our project was mentioned as one of four efforts aimed at helping people find the recreation opportunities they seek and indicated that if successful it has the potential to be applied nationally.

Another factor was that in June 1975 Region 6, U.S. Forest Service and Pacific Northwest Region, National Park Service had cooperated jointly in establishing the first Outdoor Recreation Information Center in the United States for the purpose of providing information to the public. The vulnerability of the Center to the information loss due to the promotion or transfer of key personnel caused them to recognize the possibility of this system coping with this problem as well as improving the operation of the Center.

This report was prepared. The next question was whether the three year time frame for development could be telescoped into two years.

We responded that the only way this could be accomplished was for the agencies to provide some funding for the project. They agreed. Since Allan was interested in pursuing the topic for his dissertation and Ruth had not only been actively immersed in this subject for years but also directed other projects involving graduate students, we submitted a proposal outlining plans for development during the 1979 federal fiscal year. The proposal led to a Cooperative Agreement between Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest and the University of

Washington. Under the Cooperative Agreement our informal Ad Hoc Committee became formalized as the TUIS Administrative Committee.

During the winter months, the Administrative Committee revised the guidelines based on the experience and inconsistencies which resulted from input of data under the earlier version. While there were relatively few changes in the information collected, the guidelines doubled in length to provide persons completing the form with clearer instructions and more alternatives to choose from. The TUIS input form also went through several revisions.

If we are able to proceed according to schedule, the national parks should be able to use this material to complete information on their trails for the system during spring. Keypunched Forest Service data will be edited for format and printed so that the data can be verified during that same time. Meetings will be held with Forest Service regional personnel so that they can determine how TUIS fits in with their recreational planning and we can understand how TUIS should be integrated with their other information systems.

Interested trail users will be provided an opportunity to make suggestions on what types of lists, headings and ordering would be most useful this summer. Land managers will also be contacted to obtain their input.

Research and planning for updating this information is under development. As we gain operational experience with the system we will move toward including a few more items such as current snow conditions, ripe berries, mushrooms and flowers in bloom. Information of this type should be particularly important when trail information is updated on a regular basis. Updating refers to changes in basic trail characteristics (trail relocation or construction), changes in trail conditions due to snow and changes which occur from natural forces (blowdowns, slides, rockfall and so forth).

We expect that the Outdoor Recreation Information Center located on the first floor of the New Federal Building (206-442-0170) will be able to examine computer printouts in answering trail inquiries this summer. By fall trail conditions reports should be able to be stored and retrieved directly from the computer on a test basis. And by the 1980 hiking season we hope that the "bugs" will be worked out of the system and that the Outdoor Recreation Information Center will have a computer terminal for "on-line" access in their office.

After discussion at several meetings of the Administrative Committee, it was agreed that the trails in the system should include: (1) all trails on the agencies' public distribution map, (2) any other trail managed and maintained for public use, and (3) scramble routes that are not maintained but well-known if the managing agency sees no serious safety hazard, physical impact or loss of quality of experience in having the trail generally known to the public. Furthermore it was

recommended that the following types of trails *not* be included in TUIS: (1) abandoned trails that have serious hazards or where severe physical damage will result from use and (2) user-established scramble routes where increased public use will cause deterioration of physical or social conditions beyond what is desirable.

Both trail users and land management agencies should benefit from a trail user information system.

To a large extent accurate up-to-date information depends upon trail user feedback, particularly during the snowmelt period. While land management agencies have the responsibility for managing trails, their limited resources can only go so far in accomplishing this objective. The real success of this trail user information system as well as the condition of the trail system itself depends on the continued contribution of many individuals.

Throughout the long road towards our dream The Mountaineers have been the backbone of user support. Their members have provided inspiration, direction and manpower when it was most needed, their facilities have been used for many meetings, typing and printing services have been donated, often on short notice, many inches of Bulletin space have been devoted to publicizing various stages of the project and several hundred dollars have been contributed from their budget. As an organization The Mountaineers have made this project possible.

Yes, the dream of a trail user information system can come true. It required that responsible trail users—those who care what happens to trails—report trail conditions, comment upon trail management plans and practice preventive maintenance. Trail users who are willing to act as well as to dream will make their dreams come true.

Ruth Ittner is Research Consultant, Institute of Governmental Research, University of Washington, and Chairman, Trails Coordinating Committee, The Mountaineers.

Allan Sari is Research Associate, Urban Data Center and a doctoral candidate in information systems at the University of Washington.

Climbing Notes

Compiled by Joan Firey

Mount Rainier, Willis Wall, Thermogenesis

On the last day of winter March 20, 1978, Jerome Eberharter, Jon Olson and I ascended the seldom climbed Willis Wall on Mt. Rainier. Jerome christened the new route "Thermogenesis" which followed the 55 degree couloir to the right of the West Rib and to the left of Liberty Ridge. The climb to the termination of the couloir at the 12,500-foot level was accomplished in 7 hours from a crevasse bivouac at 10,000 feet. Firm snow, water ice and some loose rock were encountered on a clear, near freezing day. None of the climbers were struck by stone-fall. A speedy descent was made the same day down Liberty Ridge. This climb is to be recommended for generally colder conditions, as the route was avalanched in its entirety twice the following day.

—Steve Doty

Editor's note: This route would not be considered safe under almost any conditions even in colder weather.

Eyrie Peak, Southwest Face

On June 16, 1978 Bob Pope, Chris Tune and I made the first ascent of Eyrie Peak of the Monte Cristo area. The peak is named and shown in the book *The Monte Cristo Area* by Harry Majors on page 166. No summit cairn or runner for rappel was found.

We took the Glacier Basin trail to less than one quarter mile below Glacier Falls then crossed Glacier creek and turned left up an obvious gully and ascended towards West Seattle Pass. We climbed just left of an obvious chimney seen from Glacier Falls. Three leads of low class 5 brought us to a notch between the false and real summit. We then climbed a small 20 foot crack to the top. Climbing rated 5.4 over fairly solid rock.

—Bob Buckley

Cadet Peak East Face, Mayflower Glacier

Mike McCoy and I climbed the east face of Cadet Peak in August 1978. Approach was from Curry Gap westwards towards Kyes Peak.

We traversed north across the Pride Glacier beneath Monte Cristo Peak to the top of the Mayflower Glacier. On the east face between Cadet's north and south summits lies a long 'Y'-shaped snow couloir that ascends to the summit crest. We climbed the left fork on 45 degree snow. The east face rock proved to be loose and treacherous.

—Jim O'Connell

Spider Mountain, West Ridge

The West Ridge of Spider was attempted on August 4, 1936 by Forest Farr and Art Winder and again in 1947 by another group; both attempts were turned back because of a major gendarme on the ridge and loose rock. Our party climbed the south face of the West Ridge, just east of the Spider-Formidable Col, first ascending a steep snow finger and then chimneys to join the ridge just east of the gendarme. With occasional moves onto the south and north faces, the ridge was followed on very friable rock to the summit. Though the poor rock was at times distracting, the climb offers spectacular views of the heart of the North Cascades the whole way. Climbed July 31, 1978 with Geoffrey Bartram (Darwin, Australia), Francisco Carro Serano (Madrid, Spain), John Boyes, M.D., and John Halsey, M.D. (both of Mt. Vernon). On the previous day, Boyes, Halsey, Paul Bleakney, and Ginny Darvill climbed a new line on the Southwest Face of Hurry Up Peak.

—Dunham Gooding

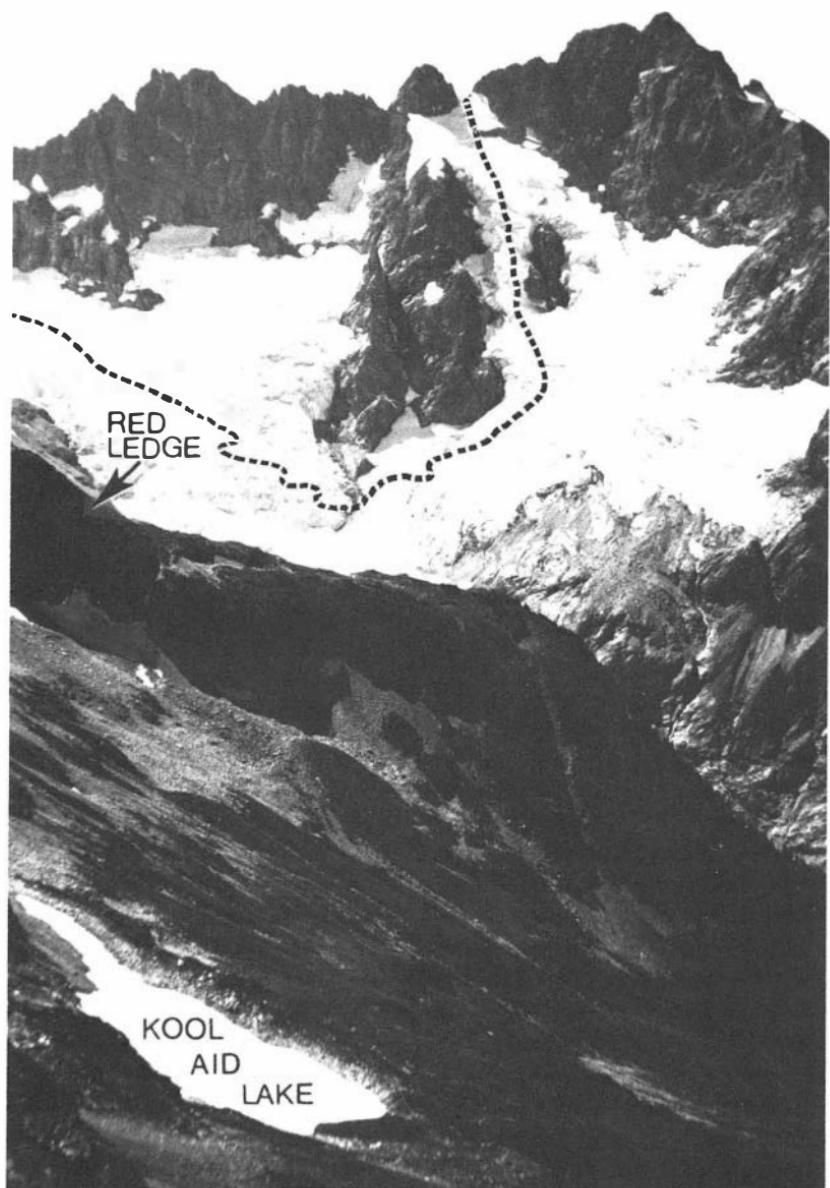
Mt. Formidable, Formidable Glacier Direct

From a camp just to the south of the Spider-Formidable Col, guides Paul Bleakney and Rob Newsom descended the Middle Cascade Glacier, crossed the icefall below the Northeast Buttress, and made a direct ascent up the steep icefall just to the west of the buttress. From just below the buttress to the col on the East Ridge where the glacier begins, the route offers 2,000 feet of ice; about two thirds of the route is steep and includes a series of pitches ranging from 70° to 90°. The ascent was made on July 31, 1978.

—Dunham Gooding

Mt. Maude, North Face, Variation

On August 13, 1978 Gene Mickle, Gary Glenn, John Mason, and I climbed a variation on the North Face of Mt. Maude. Due to a lack of



Mt. Formidable—North Face.

Dunham Gooding

snow on the standard North Face route coupled with frequent boulders of rockfall encountered there we decided to traverse to the right side of the face (west) crossing a rock buttress (which lies just west of the standard route at 7,300 feet) which placed us in a hidden couloir that lies adjacent to the west buttress of the North Face.

The snow-filled couloir was ascended to mid face (approx. 8,400 feet) where we joined briefly with the standard route then continued right staying close to the rock buttress which forms the west boundary of the face. We finished by working left (east) following the contour of the upper west buttress. The route is a good alternative late in the season when conditions on the central face are often unpleasantly dangerous.

—Donald J. Goodman

Approach to Southern Pickets, Terror Creek Basin

The road in is not marked; if a gravel pit is encountered, the correct road is to the east and two or three hundred feet higher. At the point the road is blocked, do *not* ascend but stay at the same level along a reasonably obvious tread, for approximately three miles. Good cairns mark the beginning of the upward trail, just beyond a stream. The spar tree is no longer present, and the "logged area" as described in *The Climber's Guide to the Cascade and Olympic Mountains of Washington* (1960 revised edition) is not really evident. The initial upgoing trail is well defined, but becomes more obscure close to the 3,000-foot level. There is no water after one begins the ascent of the ridge until the notch is reached at 5,000 feet. Except for the lack of water, good camp sites are at benches at the 3,900-foot level and 4,200-foot level. The latter has access to water within less than a mile by a lateral traverse. From the "rockslide bench at 3900 ft." a better route is to traverse and contour gradually to about the 4,200-foot level, crossing through the thick brush in the steep (but wide and shallow) gully to the more open area with large trees on the left-hand side of the gully. The notch on the ridge at 5,000 feet is not particularly prominent, although it is "obvious." The "contour around heather benches 1½ miles N. to a notch in the left-hand ridge" should specify the higher of two notches. The altimeter reading of 5,500 feet for this notch is incorrect. It is 6,000 feet or 6,100 feet, depending upon the day and the altimeter. The camp site near the large boulder is at 5,500 feet.

Relative to the approach to the western peaks of the group (inspiration and beyond), the glacier has grown substantially, and extends two or three hundred feet lower which makes a traverse beneath the glacier unreasonable. The glacier extends to a steep portion of the slab, and is fairly active, whereas in past years, the glacier ended on a

relatively flat portion of the slabs. The glacier itself is broken up so that we were unable to reach any of the peaks west of the Inspiration Towers. One approach to East McMillan Peak which is not mentioned in the book, but which is not only feasible but more direct and pleasant, is to go around the upper part of Terror Basin, with a magnificent view of Azure Lake. (The schrund approaching the East Peak seemed formidable in mid-August).

Concerning the two eastern-most Towers of Inspiration, the route on the south side of Don's Tower is definitely Class 5 and not Class 4 as suggested. It required only a single number 10 Hex-nut, but there was 30 feet of exposed climbing (approximately 5.5). The peak west of Don's Tower (the fourth peak going west to east) does not have an approach described in the guide. We climbed this by circling on the north side, in the moat, then ascending a rib to a secondary pinnacle on the west side. The knife-edged short ridge to the summit was climbed by a careful knee/hand straddle. An excellent, but ancient piton is in place for protection of a climbing descent.

—Warren G. Guntheroth, M.D.
(Edwin Emery also in the two-man party).

Taylor Peak Massif

On July 24, 1978 Andy Nelson, Jeff McKinstry and myself traversed the Upper Pyrites Creek basin and attempted to ascend Point 6024 of the Taylor Peak Massif (named by the Press Party) which is located at the headwaters of Rustler Creek. We traversed the south end of the ridge occasionally following elk trails. A practical approach via this route was discouraged by ridges, cliffs and a fresh ocean mist. Only mountain goats were visible as we ascended the high point on the south end of the ridge, (Point 6021 feet, 'Jeff's Peak'). A single class three lead allowed one climber at a time to cling to the pinnacle.

Since the main Taylor Peak summit was not attained a subsequent trip was organized. August 15-20, 1978 found our party based at Low Divide. The long ridge was traversed from Martin Park to the west face of Taylor Peak. Here we enjoyed some steep gully scrambling in an Olympic rainstorm. The clouds accompanied us to the summit where soggy, obscured records of two previous visits were discovered. A brief descent and short traverse on the summit snowfield allowed us to stand on the barren Peak 6000'+ to the SW of Taylor Peak. It was determined that a more enlightening day should be found for additional ridge scrambling.

—Warren McKinstry

Mt. Mathias (Appolo), First Winter Ascent

On March 22, 1978 John Mason, Dave Adams, and I climbed Mt. Mathias which lies east of Mt. Olympus in the Olympic Mtns. From a camp at 5,300 feet on the Blue Glacier we ascended to the north ridge and followed it directly to the summit encountering a bit of class three rock and steep snow. Our climb of Mathias was preceded by climbs of all three peaks of Mt. Olympus and Athena on the 21st of March.

—Donald J. Goodman

Mt. Deception, First Winter Ascent

On December 31, 1978 Dave Adams, Gordy Adams, John Mason and I climbed Mt. Deception, the third highest mountain in the Olympics. We approached via the Dosewallips River trail establishing a high camp on the 30th at 4,500 feet NW of Deception Creek.

Under ideal snow conditions we snowshoed up the West side with only minor difficulties. Temperature on the summit was a brisk -5F with a cooling 10 m.p.h. breeze.

—Donald J. Goodman



Multi-level tarns, Wiley Ridge, North Cascades.

Ramona Hammerly

Book Reviews

Climbing Ice. Yvon Chouinard. Sierra Club. \$9.95 (Paperback)
\$15.00 (Hardback)

Chouinard has again created an enigma. It would seem impossible to publish a book today for under \$15.00 But to see *Climbing Ice* with its coffee table format and numerous color photographs for \$10.00 is unbelievable! The design and layout is a master's work.

The text perpetuates the riddle.

The initial chapters are instructional. They move through walking to climbing overhanging ice. The material is clear and well stated with photographs that well illustrate the subject matter. Aspiring climbers would do best to read, practice and study these chapters, for they give the most definitive coverage to high standard ice climbing of any information now in print.

As the midpoint of the book rolls by, the nature of the writing changes. Couinard becomes more the philosopher. The reader begins to understand the man as a person. The myth starts to fall away.

The last few pages are those inspired by feelings; a strong but level knowledge. Chouinard emerges as the (uniquely) knowledgeable man attuned to his environment. The feeling floats and grows until it becomes overripe. Suddenly all is too neat. Where are those days of rain and dropped carabiners, the times when you got really scared and wondered why the hell you do climb? Too south California.

As I reread the book it became much clearer that we are to take Chouinard as the definitive figurehead of modern ice climbing. This is the downfall of the book. I'm OK, You're OK; providing you believe what I say. This dogmatism hidden in open freedom of action undermines the whole book and usurps the credibility of the author himself. This is the enigma.

Climbing Ice is one of those books of greater visual impact than the context can sustain. All in all it is easily worth the price, but, as with most things, it is not the last word.

—Van Brinkerhoff

The Challenge. Reinhold Messner. Oxford University Press. \$12.50.
(Hardback)

In the Spring of 1975 an Italian team including Reinhold Messner made an unsuccessful attempt on the South Face of Lhotse (8511m). After an interlude of only a few weeks, Messner with Peter Habeler, returned to the Himalaya and made a first ascent of the Northwest Face of Hidden Peak (8068m). The book is an account of the two expeditions.

The Lhotse expedition does not seem, under Messner's description, to have enough climbing interest to merit more than a brief article in a climbing journal. Why it was included in a book with the Hidden Peak ascent is unclear. Perhaps the intention was to show a contrast between a large expedition using standard expeditionary tactics and a small party climbing alpine-style. However, if the point is, as Messner occasionally suggests, that the latter kind of expedition would tend to succeed where the former kind would fail, it is misconceived; the fact that the Lhotse attempt failed and the Hidden Peak attempt succeeded provides, at best, extremely thin evidence for any such conclusion.

Much of the Lhotse section of the book and a short section on the interlude between the expeditions are taken up with conversations among the members of the expedition and between Messner and his wife, and with Messner's reflections on life, climbing, himself, his relation to his wife, and other important matters. Much of the conversation is apparently supposed to be Meaningful and revealing. In fact, it is mostly tedious and empty. (Often it also seems strangely stilted, though this may be a fault of the translation.) As for Messner's inner reflections, such things are not always out of place in a book like this if the author has something striking and insightful to say. But Messner does not. His only striking observations are his occasional fatuities: "Climbing is a game for hard men and, whosoever can stick it out—without women—is a real man indeed." It is unfortunate that so much of the book should be given to revelations of Messner's private life and self. The self that emerges is singularly unappealing and should have remained private.

The section on Hidden Peak is better—partly, perhaps, because the climb itself was so much more interesting. The sophomoric twaddle does not get in the way so much. Messner does tell us that the expedition gave him "an answer to the question of Mankind's fundamental existence," but we are mercifully spared any elaboration. For the most part, his descriptions of his thoughts and moods on the climb are to the point, connected with the actual climbing, and add much to an exciting and vivid account of an extraordinary mountaineering achievement: an alpine-style ascent of a very high mountain by an unsupported party of two. There are some who think that this climb marked the beginning of a new era of climbing in which small parties will regularly do alpine-style ascents of such mountains. Perhaps that will happen, but after reading this account one may wonder whether there will ever be enough Messners and Habelers for such climbs to become commonplace. The Hidden Peak section of the book is highly recommended for anyone who enjoys climb narratives. Any reader who does not already know that it is possible to be one of the

best climbers who ever lived and also to be vain, self-centered, and afflicted with galloping machismo, may wish to read the whole book.

—Ken Small

Faces of Everest. Major H.P.S. Ahluwalia. Allen & Unwin, Inc.
\$32.25 (Hardback)

Major H.P.S. Ahluwalia attained the summit of Mt. Everest as a member of the Indian expedition of 1965 which was exceptional in putting nine of its climbers on top. Ahluwalia's own ascent of Everest almost never took place due to an avalanche which buried the oxygen bottles for his summit team. And tragedy followed his success on Everest four months later when he became paralyzed.

Faces of Everest is a serious historical summary of the early exploration of Mt. Everest and of all the attempts that have been made on the peak prior to 1978. The expedition accounts stretch over that incredible period of time that began with Mallory and Irvine climbing on the North side at 28,000 feet in tweed jackets and ended with Scott and Haston climbing on the Southwest face in duvet suits. Solo and unauthorized attempts are included and a full page is devoted to a discussion of the controversial Chinese claim to have climbed Everest at night from the Tibetan side in 1960.

One major error stands out among various minor typographical ones. The book reports that five climbers were killed on the 1976 Joint British and Royal Nepalese Army Expedition to Everest. However, four of those mentioned were actually killed on Nuptse in 1975. Only Terry Thompson was killed in the 1976 Everest expedition.

Faces of Everest offers some entertaining reading as well as some basic reference information on the mountain, including appendices on climatology and lists of past and future expeditions. However, a book such as this is destined to fall out of date before publication. An unfortunate example of this is the absence of any account of Reinhold Messner and Peter Habeler's ascent of Everest without oxygen equipment. But this aside, *Faces of Everest* should remain a fairly complete volume for several years barring the start of a new era of climbing from the Tibetan side.

—Glenn Brindeford

Tales of A Western Mountaineer: C.E. Rusk. The Mountaineers.
\$6.95 (Paperback)

This book was first published in 1924 and is now reprinted with the addition of fourteen good plates and a biographical sketch by Darryl Lloyd. It will appeal to those who wish to know more of the history of

mountaineering in the Northwest, to those who are interested in recognizing their own routes from Rusk's descriptions, and to those who are able to relive through pleasant nostalgia those days when the earth was still young.

Rusk lived when it was appropriate to be romantic about mountains and he was from boyhood drawn to the great snow peaks of the Cascades. He lamented the beauty of Bird Creek Meadows ravaged by grazing sheep. He rebuked the thoughtless vandalism which resulted from the common notion that trees were to be eradicated. Once, one of his own party slipped away and set a magnificent cluster of trees afire. He records it as a thrilling, if sorrowful, spectacle leaving behind only blackened snags from which the "glory had departed forever."

Rusk delighted in all aspects of the mountains, even their storms. He and his father were the only ones of a large party to reach the false summit of Mt. Adams where the "impact of the gale produced a booming roar" as it was flung over the summit with ever increasing velocity. "A few steps more and we should have been flung over the great eastern precipice." Rusk always wanted to go to the exact summit. He complained that parties did not walk to the final snow hump on Mt. Adams. On Rainier he found that most were content to collapse at the register box while he had the energy to explore the crater, examine lichen growing on rock near the steam vents, and attain Columbia Crest.

Rusk's accounts may be of little specific use of modern climbers. He makes the summit ridge of Stuart more interesting than I remember it, but he passes off a solo descent of the icy Cooper Spur route on Mt. Hood, complete with fifty-foot fall, without much detail. His importance to climbers and mountain travellers rests in his personal example. He was a founding member of the American Alpine Club. He was strong, steady, concerned about the other members of his parties, and of sound judgment.

—Bruce E. Pond

Cross-Country Skiing Today. John Caldwell. The Stephen Green Press. \$4.95 (Paperback)

If there's such a thing as a cross-country skier's owner's manual, this handbook is it. All recreational cross-country skiers can gain from it—it's easy to read and informative.

Caldwell has completely rewritten his now-classic *New Cross-Country Ski Book*, first published in 1964. He says he updated the book because the 1976 Olympics heralded great changes in cross-country skiing. ". . . the revolution even . . ."

He refers to two events that dramatically changed the course of X-C skiing: the use of fiberglass skis by the Swedish winner of a race in the 1974 World Ski Championships, and Bill Koch's 1976 Olympic silver medal performance on fiberglass skis.

Racers were used as references for tour skiers in Caldwell's early versions of his book. In the '60s there were similarities between the two types of skiers (in technique, equipment, waxing methods and clothing). Things have changed now and his new book touches on the differences that have evolved since "the revolution."

A chapter on equipment moves quickly into fiberglass, with Caldwell acknowledging that wood skis are practically a thing of the past. He reviews what was on the market in 1977, then how to choose the correct skis, poles (and baskets), boots and bindings. "Caring for Equipment" is a separate chapter and full of hints that work to demystify.

In a mere 26 pages Caldwell covers technique, prefacing with, "But if you want to do your own thing and ski your own way, just skip this chapter . . ." (Throughout his book, Caldwell comes across as an infinitely practical man who is willing to simplify the sport to make it enjoyable.)

Cross-country for the handicapped, and how to incorporate kids into cross-country skiing are topics that will not apply to everyone. Conditioning, and how the experts do it, is covered. The serious tourer can try the suggestions.

Waxing is taken on in its own chapter. Caldwell gives techniques for both waxable and waxless skis. What he says almost makes the sometimes onerous task seem desirable.

Finally, for those who really catch the cross-country fever and want to jump into racing, there's a final chapter on organizing a citizens' race.

—Chris Goldsworthy

Caldwell on Cross-Country. John Caldwell. The Stephen Green Press. \$8.95 (Hardback)

It would be logical for the cross-country skier—newly come to awareness of the sport—to read *Cross-Country Skiing Today* first; then, with an infatuation well on its way, he can delve into *Caldwell on Cross-Country*. For this is, as the author says, intended primarily for the serious cross-country skier.

The book is heavy on training. Caldwell was U.S. Team coach from 1966-1972 and, in 1975, was named Nordic Coaches' Co-ordinator for the U.S. Ski Team program. He has coached Mike Gallagher, Bob Gray, Mike Elliott, Martha Rockwell, Tim Caldwell (his son) and Bill Koch. He was also Nordic Combined skier for the U.S. in the 1952

Olympics. So he speaks with the authority of nearly 30 years of experience.

All kinds of training are laid out, along with Caldwell's personal philosophy. He examines interval and distance training; specificity; tempo and speed training; strength training; inseason training. In short, he gives an all-inclusive outline to the person who is headed into racing—or who only wants to ski with the racer's verve.

Caldwell's writing saves the topic of training from deadliness. His style is conversational and authoritative. It travels from the presentation of scientific facts (i.e., physiological terms) to homely "Caldwellisms" and moves the reader easily through 150 pages. The book is never overwhelming.

Cross-country ski technique is squeezed, almost as an afterthought, into the last part of the book. To repeat, it's heavy on training.

There is plenty here for the conscientious outdoorsperson. Caldwell's principles can be adapted to the more vigorous Mountaineer activities. The dedicated can glean a lot from the big training picture and gain benefits for skiing, snowshoeing and climbing.

Read, and shelve this volume alongside Caldwell's other—and your manuals on waxing. Even if you don't have ambitions to race in The Kongbergers' classic, you'll get your thrills riding along with Caldwell's racers.

—Chris Goldsworthy

Pioneers on Skis. Erling Strom. Smith Clove Press.
\$12.95 (Hardback)

Now 81 years old, Erling Strom learned to ski in the winter of 1900 in one of the snowiest parts of Norway where everyone skied or stayed home. He has been at it ever since.

Pioneers on Skis relates, often with a witty sense of understatement, some of the events of a long and colorful life—winning first prize in a ski jumping contest in 1907, skiing across the Rockies and back, and over the Columbia Icefields in winter. Probably of greatest interest to both climbers and skiers is his participation in the second ascent, the first on skis, of Mt. McKinley in 1932. His party found the thermometer left by Hudson Stuck on the first ascent.

There are small incidents too—the invasion of his lodge at Assiniboine by packrats—and accounts of people he knew: Lowell Thomas and Marquis Nicholas degli Albizzi, an Italian/Russian nobleman who ". . . would have done well with Attila . . . or Genghis Kahn, or maybe Cortez . . ."

The author's varied career has usually been connected with skiing in one way or another, from the days at Lake Placid when he was the only ski instructor in America, to purchase of the "Poor Farm" at

Stowe, Vermont, for a lodge. During this time he has seen, indeed was instrumental in, the spread of the sport in this country through the development of commercial areas with mechanical tows and now the renewed interest in Nordic skiing.

Events and reminiscences are intertwined with digressions for personal and family anecdotes. Just plain good easy reading.

—Peggy Ferber

The Canoe and White Water. C.E.S. Franks. University of Toronto Press. \$15.00 (Hardback) \$7.95 (Paperback)

Recently open canoeists have begun to test the limits of their skills in white water rapids. This is a result of the development of new boat materials such as ABS and Kevlar and an increased interest in river touring, whether by raft, canoe, or kayak. However, C.E.S. Franks in *the Canoe and White Water*, points out that the birthplace of the modern canoe appears to have been the numerous lakes and rivers of Central Canada in the 18th Century. He supports his theory by tracing the development of canoes and canoeing skills from the time of the Voyagers, fur trappers, and Indians. In a treatise titled "White Water Canoeing as an Aspect of Canadian Socio-Economic History," he points out that advanced canoeing skills were forgotten when Canadians passed through the genteel age of canoeing. He further states that the recent developments in techniques are a revival rather than a new state of the art.

Although the book represents a somewhat scholarly approach to canoeing, serious white water boaters will immediately recognize the author as a fellow paddler. The skills and techniques discussed are advanced and directed towards the intermediate paddler. Franks talks about Froude numbers and the geomorphology of rivers but the matter is presented in an understandable style and it will add to the knowledge of all serious boaters.

Interwoven throughout the book are historical developments in canoeing resulting from the exploration and settlement of large portions of Canada. For example, the diet of Voyagers is added to the chapter on food and supplies; the distances early explorers traveled is enlightening when compared to todays touring distances; and excerpts from diaries and journals provide some insight into the development of paddling strokes. A chapter on the discussion of Canadian laws and ecology will be of lesser interest to Northwest boaters; however, there is some common experience that may be shared and applicable to our own problems in the Northwest.

Many paddlers will empathize with such statements as "rapids are made to run" and "whitewater concentrates the mind wonderfully." The book is a useful addition to most canoeists' libraries and is all the more interesting because of the coverage given to historical canoeing.

—John Vraspir

The Bantam Great Outdoors Guide to the United States and Canada. Val Landi. Bantam Books. \$12.95 (Paperback)

The Bantam Great Outdoors Guide is NOT a Bantam Pocket Book; at 864 pages, and weighing 3 pounds, it is a monumental effort. It is more a reference book than a detailed discussion of any one recreation activity. The scope of the book is awesome: to discuss outdoor recreation opportunities in the United States AND Canada. The size of the project probably contributes both to its strengths and weaknesses. The book contains an amazing amount of information, but during the five years of preparation, changes probably occurred which were difficult, if not impossible, to update before printing. For instance, one Seattle outfitter and guide who is given minor prominence went out of business last fall, just about the time the book was reaching the bookstores. Occasionally, guidebooks or maps cited in the text have gone out of print. These problems, of course, can plague any publication with a long production time.

Despite its size, the book can only give an overview of recreation opportunities for any one state. To plan a trip a person would have to obtain much outside information, and here the main strength of the book becomes apparent. There is a wealth of addresses of both public and private agencies, so the reader can easily write for additional information for specific areas. If a person plans to travel extensively to other states or provinces, then this book will be very useful in planning outdoor recreation trips.

Another strength of the book is the concise writing. Many interesting bits of information about history, geography, geology, folklore, and wildlife are included, along with an occasional longer discussion of individual topics. The book design is orderly and attractive, and invites browsing as well as more intensive reading into specific interests. A reader can quickly find desired information on accommodations, guides, and hunting, fishing, and hiking regulations and locations. Overall, the book should be a useful reference tool for those persons who travel extensively for outdoor recreation.

—Cliff Cameron

Trips And Trails 1: Family Camps, Short Hikes and View Roads Around the North Cascades, 2nd ed. E.M. Sterling.
The Mountaineers. \$5.95 (Paperback)

The second edition of *Trips and Trails*, like the first edition, is a well-written, well-illustrated guide for those interested in day trips accessible from established campgrounds or backroads. There are significant differences, however. The second edition adds a number of trips and trails in the Snoqualmie Pass area whereas the first edition omit-

ted this area entirely. This is accomplished with very little deletion of trips and trails along the slopes of the Cascades from Snoqualmie Pass north. Omitted however, are those trips and trails in the Olympics. Presumably, the Olympic Mountains contain so many quality trips and trails that it may be the subject of a separate publication. Inclusion of the Snoqualmie Pass area is especially appropriate considering that the area is situated around Interstate 90, the main East-West route through the Cascades, thereby providing access from the most heavily populated areas in the State.

The second edition has other pluses which recommend it to the casual day hiker or car-camper. The book is nearly 2 inches narrower than the first edition and not significantly thicker with the result that it should more readily fit into a daypack or glove compartment. The book also has a series of four symbols which indicate whether a trail is suitable for easy walking for children of all ages or is more difficult; whether it requires such equipment as lug-soled shoes; or whether a road is a Sunday-drive type or rough-riding. These symbols may make it easier to tell at a glance whether it is appropriate for a given individual or group.

All in all, the second edition should prove to be a valuable guide to the day hiker, car-camper or automobile view-seeker.

—Bob Schmitt

102 Hikes In the Alpine Lakes, South Cascades and Olympics,

2nd ed. Ira Spring and Harvey Manning. The Mountaineers.

\$6.95 (Paperback)

The second edition of *102 Hikes in the Alpine Lakes, South Cascades and Olympics*, published in June 1978, does not appear to have substantially changed the content and style of the popular first edition. However, a small number of hikes have been condensed or consolidated with adjoining hikes and several view hikes have been added. In several instances the added hikes seem to reflect a desire to illustrate hikes that have been popular, but were not included in the first edition. Like the first edition, this edition should prove to be a valuable addition to one's mountaineering library. If, however, one already has the first edition, it may not be necessary to purchase the second.

—Bob Schmitt

50 Hikes in Mount Rainier National Park, 2nd ed. Ira Spring and

Harvey Manning. The Mountaineers. \$5.95 (Paperback)

This second edition of *50 Hikes in Mount Rainier National Park* is substantially the same in text and content as the first edition. There are some changes, e.g., use of kilometers in addition to miles in measuring distance, and a narrower book which may more easily fit into one's pack, but the substance remains unchanged.

—Bob Schmitt

Footsore 2: Walks and Hikes around Puget Sound.

Harvey Manning. The Mountaineers. \$5.95 (Paperback)

Here is the continuation of *Footsore 1* to give us more fun hikes in the greater Puget Sound area. Harvey Manning's witty writing and Bob & Ira Spring's superb photography are once again combined to offer something for nearly every outdoor enthusiast, from hiker to naturalist and back packer.

Descriptions of places to go and see are very detailed and maps, professionally executed by Gary Rands, are provided for every hike. In addition, the photographs give an idea of what kind of terrain to expect.

As *Footsore 2* takes the wanderer to places nearer the mountains and away from city environs, it seems at times more of a challenge to follow the given routes. All of the country is located east of Puget Sound. Rivers define the area covered: the Tolt, Skykomish and Snoqualmie, including its North, South and Middle Forks. Much of the hiking is through tree farms and clearcuts, but fun. As Harvey Manning points out, routes can change quickly for many reasons, which he amply describes with his candid sense of humor.

This is a book to be enjoyed by many; certainly all *Footsore 1* friends will want to add it to their libraries and, of course, it makes a great gift any time of the year.

—Christa Lewis

Footsore 3: Walks and Hikes around Puget Sound.

Harvey Manning. The Mountaineers. \$5.95 (Paperback)

Footsore 3 continues to provide the foot explorer with many other places to visit in the Puget Sound area. Like *Footsore 1* and *Footsore 2*, this volume provides information about places which are relatively close to Seattle.

The area covered by *Footsore 3* extends from Everett north to Bellingham, from Whidbey Island east to Darrington, and from Bainbridge Island west to the Olympic Peninsula. Short walks, outings for an afternoon or evening, as well as longer day hikes are included.

Sixty-six specific places are discussed with many additional hike possibilities listed along the way. Round trip mileage, elevation, time estimates, and indications of when the route is snowfree are given for each.

Footsore 3 will be especially welcomed by those who like to explore beaches. Many of the suggestions deal with beach walks and the author has included much general information about beaches and their characteristics.

Maps are included for each area covered. However, no scale is given, so the walker, if he wants to be precise about the route, must ob-

tain another kind of map for that purpose. The maps are helpful, but caution is advised before relying too heavily on them.

Those who want to see new sights, and those who like exercise close to home will welcome this volume. The *Footsore* series will conclude with volume 4 covering the Tacoma-Olympia-Bremerton environs.

—Mary Ann Cameron

Exploring Washington Archaeology. Ruth Kirk with

Richard D. Dougherty. University of Washington Press.

\$5.95 (Paperback) \$12.95 (Hardback) 112 p. 200 photos,
16 in color, maps.

This is an excellent introduction to Washington prehistory. Kirk writes with conviction and flair, and her collaboration with Dougherty, dean of regional archaeologists, assures the accuracy and contemporaneity of her material, if slanting it in the direction of Washington State University's contribution. The book is lavishly illustrated with photos of the land, the artifacts, and of archaeologists and Native Americans at work. Chris Walsh's line drawings further clarify the text.

"The Land" describes the work of geological and climatological forces which set the stage for human occupation. The advance and retreat of continental ice sheets open and shut the gates from Asia via the Arctic for man's spread from the Old World. These glacial rhythms also determined the rise and fall of sea levels and periodically unleashed incredible floods across the Eastern Washington plain. Traces of lava flows and volcanic ash clouds interspersed with glacial flood gravels and changing shorelines are the pages on which the human record must be read.

"Early Man in Washington" opens with the recent Sequim mastodon discovery, securely dated at 12,000 years old. A bone spear point embedded in the extinct beast's rib places human hunters at the scene. Caribou and bison were hunted as well, though both are now long extirpated here. I was relieved that the authors treated the issue of pleistocene large mammal extinctions with caution, avoiding ascribing the demise of the ice age megafauna to the profligacy of the Paleo-Indian, as has been popular in recent years.

Archaeological research frequently keeps but a step ahead of the destruction wrought by modern development. Kirk brings home the poignancy of the flooding by the rising waters of yet another dam of a 10,000-year-long record of human life as at the Marmes Rock Shelter near Palouse Falls. The "oldest man in America" (or was it a woman?) was exhumed here along with his (or her?) basketry and needles, evidence of the sophistication of technique of this early period.

"Northwest Adaptations" survey the resources which sustained these early people. Salmon are cited as the mainstay; salmon bones

have been unearthed at the Five-mile Rapids site above The Dalles and date to 9,000 years ago. Out near Cape Flattery, the Hoko River muck has buried 3,000-year-old split-cedar root gill nets complete with attached stone sinkers at the spot where Makah Indians net the smae dog salmon today. Hunting adaptations, however, progressed from spear to spear thrower (atlatl) to bow-and-arrow during these past 10,000 years as surmised from progressive reduction in the size of stone projectile points in the archaeological record.

Kirk concludes by contrasting the Columbia Plateau and the Coast as habitat for early man. Caves and village sites reveal intimate and suggestive details of life along the middle Columbia long before King Tut: carefully crafted pipes for ritual smoking, pigments for cosmetic application, an owl skull amulet, decorative olivella shells traded from the Pacific Ocean. Life was more than the search for food: there was pride, beauty, and a grasp of what lies beyond. House floors suggest the layout of kitchen, bedroom, and work shop. Ozette is the Pompeii of the Olympic Peninsula, buried in mud just as Cortes landed in Mexico.

It is a fitting concluding chapter recreated from the minutiae of 48,000 carefully catalogued archaeological remnants, a life oriented toward the western ocean, a life captured by the mud that buried the whaling captain's harpoon heads ready for use in their cedar-bark purse.

Exploring Washington Archaeology is no license to try your hand at pot hunting. The complexities of scientific archaeology are clearly drawn as is the destruction caused by thoughtless artifact collectors. Rather the book opens our eyes to the time dimension in our experience of the Washington landscape and gives an increased appreciation of the special attachment of Indian people to this land, their home for ten millenia.

—Eugene S. Hunn
Department of Anthropology
University of Washington

Walking in the Countryside. David Sharp in collaboration with The Ramblers Association. David & Charles. \$12.95 (Hardback)

This book is intended primarily for beginner hikers in Britain and being written in the form of a manual, it cannot be recommended as reading for other than the more intrepid armchair travelers. However, for those contemplating or in the process of planning a trip to Britain for hiking or for general touring, or business, where a day or so might be available to get away into the country, this book will be a source of much useful information.

The early chapters provide background on the historic, and often pre-historic origins of the trails system; mostly for utilitarian reasons.

The evolution is followed through periods of decline and growth until the present day's expanding system is arrived at and information is given regarding the numerous groups and bodies responsible for the formation, operation, and maintenance of the trails.

The middle chapters are the "how to" part, with sections on map reading, navigation, equipment and clothing, written primarily for the novice. Some intuitive reading should enable Northwest hikers to make comparisons regarding the severity of conditions and help in deciding what to take.

The latter chapters are devoted to comprehensively listing the available hiking areas. This is conveniently done by first considering the major remote "high" country regions of interest to those planning an extensive trip. This is followed by information on rural country suitable for the tourist with an available day or so for hiking.

The descriptive matter contains much useful information and is easily read. However, a few maps would have made a welcome addition. Described separately are a number of long distance trails which join many of the areas previously listed together. Several of them approach 200 miles in length, the Pennine Way being 250 miles. The book ends with an appendix containing comprehensive lists of maps, guides and useful organizations.

—Rodger Illingworth

The Backpacker's Cookbook. Harvey Macklin. Pagurian Press.
\$4.95 (Paperback)

This small book is subtitled "A complete manual and handbook for cooking freeze-dried and wild foods on the trail and in the wilderness." It isn't, unfortunately, for such a book would be snapped up by the thousands who aren't content to simply add boiling water and stir.

Macklin provides a useful rundown of spices and herbs—what dishes they add zest to and what other spices and herbs each one complements. He has a few delightful little tips: "Lemon and grapefruit drink mixes mixed with a small amount of water will add zip to fish and pork dishes." He reminds the linear thinkers among us that we don't have to follow the directions precisely—we can, for example, reconstitute freeze-dried meats with one or another soup instead of water, which results in a pleasant taste change.

However, despite his disclaimers concerning the unavailability of firewood, many of his recipes are clearly designed for the cookfire: he grills a trout above the coals for an hour (a suspicious amount of time in itself), and others bake in the pan for 25 or more minutes.

Other chapters, as on first aid, equipment, and edible wild foods, give a quick refresher to the experienced backpacker but not enough information to the novice, a point not made very strongly in the book. Some of the information is generalized to the extreme: after specify-

ing his favorite brand of stove, he says that "the stove's tank will provide enough heat for two hot meals plus coffee at lunch for two days." Which model stove? What kind of meals? For how many people?

Ultimately, the book provides much less information than its size promises. Much information is duplicated, which is partly the result of the organization of the recipe section of the book—by meals. Thus, he suggests that fruit is a nice addition to breakfast, and then lists half a dozen dried fruits. Later, he repeats the same information for lunch. The recipe for bannock is given early in the book and then repeated when he discusses breads in general—but the variations he suggests sound tasty. Taken altogether, it would be best to browse in this book in the library and keep waiting for the definitive backpack cookbook.

—Rebecca Earnest

At Home in the Wild: New England's White Mountains.

Stephen Lyons (ed). Appalachian Mountain Club—

Friends of the Earth. \$35. (Hardcover)

"Reading about mountains is no substitute for going there,
but it may be the next best thing."

W. Kent Olson
from the Introduction

If you must settle for reading about mountains, you can hardly do better than *At Home in the Wild: New England's White Mountains*, a splendid mixture of luscious photographs and captivating text. Your eyes will initially be drawn to the collection of sixty-four color and sixteen black-and-white photos which capture the essence and tranquility of one of the nation's oldest mountain ranges. Views in all seasons and under all conditions are present: the snow and ice-crusted mountaintop in winter; the magnificent reds, yellows, and oranges of the New England forest in autumn; the expansive "carpet of green" in the summer; and the raging river after a storm.

The temptation of *At Home in the Wild* is, while having it resting on your coffee table, to sample only the wonderful photography without reading the text—and it is a fascinating text. The book details the history of New Hampshire and its White Mountains from the times the wilderness was feared as the home of the gods to the present day where man's work is ever visible. "Wilderness is what the White Mountains had, but lost", proclaims David Brower in the Preface, but the perceptive reader will come to understand the difference between *wilderness*, of which little remains in the East, and *wildness*, the basic characteristic of New England and its White Mountains. Unconstrained timber harvesting in the 18th and 19th centuries and a nearness to the recreation-craving Northeast megalopolis of the 20th century have left the White Mountains a "lived-in" wilderness. The terrain

remains, however, remarkably tranquil and wild. Conventional recreation, not adventure, draws most of the visitors to the region today, yet the book includes an enthralling account, bubbling with true adventure, of a 1924 expedition through the range.

As in any region, attempts at protection of the White Mountains began with people who knew and loved them. *At Home in the Wild* details the history of the Appalachian Mountain Club, the oldest outdoor club in the country, which for over a century has worked to protect the New England wildness yet make it accessible for recreationists who could come to know and love it as well. Treading the fine line between these two somewhat conflicting philosophies has not been an easy task for the AMC.

I have only two complaints with respect to *At Home in the Wild*, each perhaps based on my strong sense of place. Firstly, none of the magnificent photographs has a locational caption on the same page or adjacent to the photo. A full index in the front of the book provides the necessary "place" information, but with unnecessary bother. Secondly, the book is in dire need of a contemporary map laying out for the reader both the White Mountain region in general and the relative proximity to megalopolis which has induced so much pressure over the years. A 1925 map in the latter pages is visually appealing, yet is not appropriate as the solitary map in the book.

Readers following the current controversy surrounding the Forest Service's wilderness planning process, RARE II, will be aware of the unique problems of "Eastern wilderness". While "man cannot create wilderness, but can create deserts, and has", it is still not too late to preserve the wildness that is New England. Reading of and viewing the grandeur of New England in *At Home in the Wild* may be enough to instill the knowledge and care necessary for that preservation. A trip through the area might serve that task better. Through either, however, you will come to know and love the "once and future wilderness" which is the White Mountain range of New England.

—Roy Ellis

Wildlife Areas of Washington. Susan Schwartz. Photos by Bob and Ira Spring. Superior Publishing Company. \$9.95 (Paperback)

You page through your bird book and notice a drawing of the sandhill cranes' mating dance. The range map shows that they occur in Washington. But where? Your child wants to see mountain goats "up really close." Where do you go? Or you see a spot on your map labelled "Gloyd Seeps Wildlife Recreation Area." Ever wonder what sorts of animals live there? Do you ever feel frustrated when a Dr. Doolittle-type friend tells of close encounters with wildlife and all you ever seem to see are house sparrows and crows? If you want to know how, where and when to watch many kinds of animals, *Wildlife Areas of Washington* has the information you will need.

This lovely and well-written book is more than a guide to Washington's Wildlife Recreation Areas. It is an interesting introduction to watching all sorts of wildlife from elk to avocets. Bob and Ira Spring's excellent photographs abundantly illustrate Susan Schwart's informative text. This book is another happy collaboration between two of the Northwest's most talented nature photographers and one of the most readable and accurate natural history writers around.

The main body of the book is a series of one-page accounts of 46 national and state Wildlife Recreation Areas. Each account is complete with a map, information on the best season for visits, availability of camping areas and the address and telephone number of the refuge manager or regional office. Fascinating facts and explanations about the animals, bits of local history and an entertaining and occasionally poetic writing style make each account interesting as well as informative. Phrases such as ". . . the labyrinth of silver channels and dead gold grass is edged by a serpent of frozen foam" are interspersed with accurate directions, mileages and facts.

The many black-and-white photographs which illustrate this book are of the usual high quality one expects from Bob and Ira Spring. Sweeping landscapes alternate with intimate views of animals: a sleepy badger, a curious ground squirrel, a stately swan with a train of ugly ducklings, spawning carp, wildflowers.

The last section of the book is excellent: "A Primer For Watching Wildlife." It includes information on how, where, when and why one might watch wildlife as well as a good synopsis of human influences and interactions with the natural world in the form of hunting, pollution, disease and habitat destruction and alteration.

Though full of good information for the beginning wildlife-watcher, more experienced naturalists will find the Wildlife Recreation Area information useful for planning field trips to new areas. This book is an almost irresistible invitation to explore new areas of Washington to watch and enjoy the fascinating wildlife.

—Susan Hill

Ravens, Crows, Magpies and Jays. Tony Angell. University of Washington Press. \$14.95 (Hardback)

Confessions are frequently salutary, so I will begin by stating my bias: I don't like crows very much. The bird itself doesn't offend me. It is offensive only because I associate it with human litter and refuse. We make the crow the oft-seen guest at the Herfy's parking lot and provide it with a sustained yield at our "sanitary" landfills. Its success owes something to our failure.

Given my prejudice, Tony Angell's new book comes as an attractive and informative corrective. Angell, a Seattle artist and writer with a growing national reputation, has produced a convincing defense of

the family Corvidae—a family unjustly persecuted and maligned by Europeans and their American descendants. As Angell points out, corvids eat significant amounts of harmful insects and are largely beneficial to humans. Yet, they remained unprotected under the Migratory Bird Treaty between the U.S. and Mexico until 1972, and they are still frequent targets for hunters.

The first half of the book provides short narratives and an illustration of every corvid species in the fifty states. The latter half details strategies for survival, tool use by corvids, the raven in mythology and culture, and other topics. The text, which is clear, energetic, and primarily anecdotal, is equally accessible to lay people or specialists. The black and white illustrations are uniformly excellent.

The book is provocative and resurrected one question I have previously pondered. Human destruction of habitat is the prime cause for the decline of many bird species in urban areas. Crows, on the other hand, adapt to and may even flourish in this new setting. Since they are predators on smaller birds, how much, if any, has their successful adaptation further decreased other bird populations?

Finally, in early February I was absent-mindedly staring out a window when I heard shrill squeaks and cries. Outside a sharp-shinned hawk stood atop a flailing robin, but its triumph was ephemeral. Responding to the cries, a dozen crows converged on the scene, mobbed the hawk, and forced it to fly minus the robin. In his book Angell cites examples of mobbing and altruism only within the same species—crows protect crows, jays succor jays. Apparently altruism or a mobbing instinct is operative among corvids even where “outsiders” are concerned.

—Fayette Krause



“Scrub Jay at Robin’s Nest” from the book.

Tony Angell

Fungi—Delight of Curiosity. Harold J. Brodie. University of Toronto Press. \$10.00 (Hardback)

Most of us, as we grow older, acquire a high threshold of astonishment, jaded as we are by the everyday marvels of technology and the onrushing revelations of science. Not so the author of this small volume, septuagenarian Harold J. Brodie, Professor Emeritus of Botany, the University of Alberta, who, after a lifetime of loving study of the fungi, still has a full measure of bright-eyed curiosity and delighted wonderment to share with his reader.

This book is not your usual mushroom guide. There are no keys to identification, no rules for edibility or non-edibility, no recipes. Not a lot of use to the backpacker. Rather, there is a series of charming essays on how some different fungi adapt to life, essays guaranteed to open the eyes and blow the mind. How about the fungus that gathers its offspring (its spores) into little capsules, points them in the direction of brightest light and explosively launches them to better opportunities? Imagine the evolutionary process that led another fungus to fashion miniature loop snares that entrap nematodes, tiny soil worms, for its carnivorous diet. Think of tiny fungi in bizarre shapes that live exclusively on the bodies of living insects, apparently without harm to their hosts, but cleverly occupying such spots that the mating of the insects causes discharge of spores from one body to the other.

Dr. Brodie tells us much more. He chats about the sex life of the basidiomycetes, about how the infant spore grows into its mycelial adolescence, of the loneliness of carrying half of the genetic cargo that will be wasted unless the bearer of the other half is found, of the thrill of discovery, then a peculiarly prolonged platonic courtship culminating in a glorious union, and finally—beyond all expectation—one million sets of quadruplets!!! Read the book to find out about the sphere-thrower, the water-gun and others. Hollywood has no offering to match Dr. Brodie's book for drama, sex and violence—certainly nothing that measures up to his keen enthusiasm for his subject.

—Ben Woo

Wildflowers 1: The Cascades. Elizabeth Horn.
The Touchstone Press. \$7.95 (Paperback)

Wildflowers 4: Rocky Mountain Wildflowers. Ronald J. Taylor.
The Touchstone Press. \$7.95 (Paperback)

The advent of the single-lens reflex 35 mm camera and fast color film have opened the way to a wide range of introductory natural history guides to plants and animals that now crowd the booksellers'

shelves. Plants of the mountains are well served by two recent volumes:

Prof. K.L. Chambers' preface to *Wildflowers 1: The Cascades* provides this book's best description "a useful and interesting introduction to 180 of the more common and conspicuous wildflowers of the Cascades from central Washington to northern California . . . intended for use by travellers, hikers and vacationers."

As an introduction to the Cascades wildflowers for either newcomers to the region or new-comers to plant identification, it is to be highly recommended and would make a good companion for any of the 'Trips and Trails guidebooks' expeditions.

Most of the plants pictured and described could be found along any roadside or trail extending from the forested lowland up to the alpine meadows above timberline. Almost all occur throughout the range of the book—with one notable exception being the Washington lily, *Lilium washingtonianum*, which curiously enough only grows south of the Columbia River.

The first part of the book covers several topics. A concise description of the changing vegetation zones from the lowland forest to the mountain tops serves as an introduction to the following wildflower descriptions where the plants are logically and conveniently arranged by vegetation zone and habitat.

A relevant but too brief section mentions the increasing need for avoiding 'picking and trampin', especially above timberline, where the severe climate results in extremely slow growth rates and recovery. The rationale and explanation for the use of scientific nomenclature should put any beginning enthusiast at ease.

Unfortunately, while the later sections dealing with the plants themselves are well organized, this introductory material suffers from haphazard layout: some of the pages are excessively cluttered while others are almost bare.

In the second and main part of this book, the wildflowers are divided into four groups depending on their habitat. Just enough relevant description is provided for confident identification, even if the plant is out of flower. Distinctions made between edible and poisonous berries could be vital! Uses made by the Indians and early European settlers together with other miscellaneous facts all appreciably add to the excitement of differentiating one species from another. Similar and confusable species are included where necessary and briefly described. Useful cross-references from one section to another tie together related plants from different habitats. The bibliography gives useful references for those wishing to expand their expertise.

Rocky Mountain Wildflowers illustrates and describes common wildflowers, 150 in color, of the Rocky Mountains from New Mexico to the Canadian border. Most grow throughout the entire range although it is unlikely that they could all be seen during a single short visit, but as a companion on an extensive tour this book would be well worthwhile taking along.

As the mountains have been built and shaped through time, so too has the vegetation on them developed and changed. This book opens with a fine short account relating the geologic history of the many separate ranges which together comprise the Rocky Mountains to the origins and past history of the vegetation.

Increasing altitude causes changes in the species composition of the vegetation and the widespread zones that result are vividly described as sagebrush gives way to juniper-pinen, forest and finally alpine fell-field.

As in the above-mentioned Cascades Wildflowers, here, too, the material accompanying the plant descriptions is authoritative and well-written but poorly laid out; in particular I found the diagram labeling style quite confusing.

Most of the color photographs are superb, show adequate detail and good color, but there are exceptions; the dark mountain avens looks as if it were taken by moonlight. Arrangement is not by vegetation zonation but by flower color which helps rapid location of the plant (if it happens to be in bloom). However, the accompanying schematic diagrams of flower form are of little value since a glance at the well-chosen photograph is more informative. I thought the bright colors used for these diagrams unnecessarily distracted from the more subtle colors and artistry of the photographs.

The accompanying text is informative, accurate and concise but gives much more than simply naming the species. Care has been taken to simplify descriptions and clarify nomenclature. Included also are interesting comments on distribution, habitat, close relatives and palatability to wildlife all reflecting Professor Taylor's wide experience with the mountain flora.

These two volumes serve well to ease the first steps in learning something about our magnificent wild plants.

—Ola Edwards

Wild Shrubs, Finding and Growing Your Own. Joy Spurr.
Pacific Search Press. \$7.95 (Paperback)

This book acquaints the mountaineer and lowland hiker with forty species of wild shrubs, fortunately avoiding the issue of what is a tree

and what is a shrub. There is sufficient variety to help identify the most attractive shrubs likely to be encountered on a walk anywhere in the Pacific Northwest. Sketches, color plates and simple descriptions make identification easy for the beginner.

Since the author is a gardener, the reader is enticed into bringing these delightful plants into his yard. Fortunately for the conservation of wildlings, the digging of specimens is discouraged (seldom very successful anyway). Rather, Ms. Spurr shares with us her secrets of propagating shrubs from cuttings, layers, and seeds. Nurseries handling native plants are also listed for those lacking the patience or time to raise their own.

The only danger in all of this is that the mountaineer, or other reluctant gardener, may assume he merely has to plant a collection of his favorite wild shrubs and leave them to fend for themselves. After all, they are perfectly adapted to Northwestern growing conditions. This, as the author infers in the plant descriptions, is too much to expect. Each shrub has its ecological niche—forest floor, alpine meadow, bog, dry hillside, etc.—and does not necessarily readily adapt to the extreme conditions in the typical yard. Still, with a little judgment, attention and luck, anyone in the region can enjoy a varied collection of wild shrubs that appear to be quite at home under more civilized conditions.

—John Warth

Marine Mammals of the Eastern North Pacific and Arctic Waters. Delphine Haley, ed. Pacific Search Press. \$26.50 (Hardback)

While reading *Marine Mammals* for the first time, I sat in my auto at the front of the Vashon to Fauntleroy Ferry on Central Puget Sound. Suddenly, in the middle of Karl Kenyon's chapter on the walrus, I looked up to see a great black backed male orca break the placid waters dead ahead. A bit incredible to be sure, but this is Puget Sound where humankind is still attempting to integrate their activities with their brethren of nature.

This new book touches on matters of marine mammals and man and much more. It is the most ambitious publication by Pacific Search Press to date and will surely add considerably to the respect they have earned for previous efforts. The book's narrative maintains a consistency of style despite the fact that some twenty-one different researchers contributed to its writing. This is no small achievement and the editor, Delphene Haley, is to be admired. The categories for describing each mammal are informative and include size, range, reproduction, food, and conservation. The maps that accompany each species chapter are interesting on two levels. They not only suggest the animal's Pacific Ocean range, but also assist the reader in appre-

ciliating the unusual migratory commitment made by some species.

A few inconsistencies occur as to size and population numbers of some species. These are not major problems and the few feet of difference in the length of a blue whale or the baleen of a bowhead is forgotten amid the compelling narrative.

The visual portions of this volume are both dramatic and informative. A central section of color photographs portrays powerfully the animal in its element—A Steller's sea lion against the pristine north Pacific and the massive brawling forms of walruses are particularly strong.

The mood and design of Kenyon's black and white photograph of a female and juvenile sea otter looking surprised amid the kelp-festooned rocks is superb. Like most of the black and white prints throughout the text it takes the mind toward an understanding that words cannot convey.

On matters of conservation, *Marine Mammals* places particular emphasis. There are good treatments of how humankind has exploited populations of various marine mammals. What is perhaps even more important, there are discussions of the less obvious causes of their decline. The effects of DDT and heavy metals are treated where animals have been exposed to them. The birth defects and physical disorders in marine mammals that are linked with exposure to these pollutants represent still another impact on families of animals already affected by disease, parasites, diminishing habitat, and hunting.

The narrative is not all declining numbers and struggling species, however. The encouraging news is that several species have made remarkable recoveries after being given protection. While the best known story is that of the sea otter, there are implicit lessons in all the accounts of population recovery. When a species can turn back from the fatal abyss of extinction there is hope for all life.

Reading this book is much more than a gathering of facts and figures. There is a healthy deflation of self importance when we consider the size, strength, and unmeasured intelligence of these fellow mammals. We reflect a bit on a common destiny. Victor Scheffer provides an appropriate summary in his chapter on conservation. He tells us that our "concern for these creatures is powered less by a foreseen demand for their skins, bones and oil than by the other values that they offer as examples of living organisms . . . Marine mammals have become to us symbols of adjustment of fine tuning to their respective environments . . . They have opened our eyes to the far limits of power, beauty and grace that life can reach."

—Tony Angell

Pacific Seashores, A Guide to Intertidal Ecology.

Thomas Carefoot. J.J. Douglas Ltd. \$12.95 (Paperback)

Pacific Seashores is an excellent book to read before going on a one day beach hike or a shoreline backpacking trip of several days. It is not an identification guide to intertidal life—the author lists in the preface a series of references to be used for this purpose. Instead, this book presents in popular form the ways in which intertidal organisms interact with one another and with their environment. An introductory chapter briefly treats the evolution of the modern shoreline, touches on the seasonal changes in beach topography due to wave action, and describes the changing conditions caused by tides. Later sections describe the forces which affect the distribution of organisms on the shore, the adaptations seashore life forms have made as a result of competition and predation, and the flow of energy through the food web. There are also chapters on mariculture, shoreline pollution, and the ecology of the sand dune environment.

The greatest benefit of this book is that it should encourage the seashore hiker to be more observant of the various features of intertidal life and stimulate curiosity as to how the particular pattern developed. Many casual beach walkers have noticed the bands of seaweed, mussels, and barnacles situated at different tide levels on a rocky shoreline. The author describes the effects of the physical factors of desiccation, temperature, and light, and the biological factors of competition and predation in establishing the upper and lower tide levels at which each species can be found. Some barnacles, for instance, are better adapted than others to withstand desiccation for long periods and thus are able to live higher on shorelines than other species. At lower shoreline levels, however, these barnacles may be crowded out by faster growing species competing for space and food. Some species have developed particular adaptations for living in areas of high surf, such as strong attachment devices, thick shells, and flattened or streamlined shapes. Clustering, such as of mussels, goose barnacles, or the sea palm *Postelsia*, also affords protection from the pounding action of the waves. During low tide, the purple sea urchin *Strongylocentrotus purpuratus* retreats to the security of a hollow in the rock which it has gradually created from abrasion with its spines.

The author has obviously kept up to date with recent field studies and laboratory experiments dealing with intertidal flora and fauna. Not only are the major findings of these studies explained clearly, but areas of shoreline ecology that have not yet been studied are pointed out. For these reasons, *Pacific Seashores* would serve as a good college text for a course in intertidal ecology. The serious student of a particular subject is referred to more detailed articles in scientific journals. The casual reader, however, should not be discouraged by the quantity of seemingly complicated graphs, for these are explained

simply in the text. In addition, the book is packed with an abundance of high quality line drawings which, together with a section of color photographs, illustrate all of the major concepts. Due to the shortage of investigations in some subject areas, examples are sometimes drawn from studies conducted on other coasts, but the author points out the applicability of the basic principles to Pacific coast situations.

—Janet M. Wall

Volcanoes Maurice B. Lamber. University of Washington Press.
\$10.95 (Hardback)

Don't be fooled by the large quarto size, colorful paper jacket photo and relatively high price of this slim 64-page volume—it is not the coffee-table-top "non-book" it appears to be. A coffee-table non-book can be defined as a collection of spectacular glossy colored photos to which has been added an inconsequential or trivial text. Your first hasty leaf-through of *Volcanoes* will disclose instead only black and white photos and a distinctly pithy if not weighty text. If the book has a fault, it is not that the text is built around a collection of photos but rather that it goes on its own determined way without much reference to the illustrations, some of which are difficult to relate back to any treatment in the text.

On Mountaineers trips the statement, "I wish I knew more about geology," is frequently heard. Of all the natural sciences that are used as hobbies or in outdoor recreation, geology has been given the least attention by the popularizers. In recent years this situation has begun to change, and the present volume contributes to this worthwhile cause. Another contribution is the recently published Mountaineers book, *Fire and Ice—the Cascade Volcanoes* by Stephen Harris. Harris' book dwells primarily on the history of the Cascade volcanoes and their effect on man, rather than going into great details on the geology. However, their geology is adequately covered in an interesting and readable manner. Lambert's book, in comparison, tells you everything you ever wanted to know about volcanoes: their genesis, products, landforms, destructive effects, usefulness, legends, and more. Unfortunately, this is done in the style of an expanded encyclopedia article.

All the wonder and excitement of plate tectonics and the new insight it gives to the reasons behind lava and volcano genesis (and in fact the larger vision of crustal rock's life cycle which would put volcanoes in their proper perspective for lay readers) are conspicuously absent here. Opportunity is there early on in a cross-section clearly illustrating a subduction zone, but it is ignored. The only brief reference to plate tectonics and its relation to volcanoes is in the very last chapter. A crustal plate map appears almost as an afterthought, after the epilogue and after another full-page "epilogual" photo.

There are far too few books on geologic subjects. All carping aside, here is one whose illustrations are more than adequately interesting and whose text is a concise and pithy summary statement on the world of volcanoes. And it does look impressive on your coffee table.

—Marvin A. Pistrang

Weather of the Pacific Coast: Washington, Oregon,

British Columbia. Walter Rue. Writing Works/Soules.

\$4.95 (Paperback)

Everyone talks about the weather, but Walter Rue did something about it. For twenty years he wrote a weather column for the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, and this little volume is a summary of the facts, figures, and anecdotes he unearthed in the process.

As might be expected, the book concentrates on Washington, especially the Puget Sound area, with statistics from Rapid City, Paris, and elsewhere thrown in for comparison. The author reminisces about the weather of the past, tells how to forecast the weather of the future, and describes, in enthusiastic detail, the weather of the present. He expounds on weather and health, weather and fishing, and even weather and baseball pitching, not to mention weather proverbs, terminology, and record breakers. He answers weather questions received from readers of his column, and briefly explains such mysteries as occluded fronts, cirrostratus clouds, and microclimates.

The book has its weaknesses: an over-generous helping of statistics, a rather disjointed style, and a relentlessly cheerful attitude about Seattle's gray skies. Certainly only a true weather enthusiast would want to read it straight through. But for casual browsing, or checking out the annual snowfall at Paradise or the last time Green Lake froze, *Weather of the Pacific Coast* is just the thing.

—Deborah Schneider

Kinsey Photographer. A half century of negatives by Darius and Tabitha May Kinsey. Produced by Dan Bohn and Rudolf Petschik. Prism Editions. \$19.95 (Paperback)

Darius Kinsey's photographic career spanned roughly 50 years, to the year 1940. During that time he built up a considerable collection of photographs, primarily of landscapes and of early logging operations in the Northwest. The book is comprised of a selection of these photographs, many of them 11 x 14 contact prints, which have been reproduced very faithfully to this full size. It also contains reminiscences of friends, relatives, cardroom helpers, associates, and loggers concerning Mr. Kinsey; background material on the family history, and a note by Dave Bohn concerning the photography collection.

The value of the work derives mainly from the fine documentary sense which Kinsey possessed. The photographs are remarkably well preserved, technically very well done (considering the problems involved) and focus very keenly on the class of people who lived in a different time and faced a different set of problems from us today. We get a glimpse of enormous trees, of a size no longer prevalent, and the faintly expressive features of a people who faced a great deal of hard labor. The landscape part of the photographs is nothing extraordinary, but the documentation of this region at this particular time is something special. We see the laborious attempts to cut the trees down; the building of gorge-spanning bridges made entirely of wooden poles; early logging camps; a fiddler in front of his shake cabin; and an early attempt to climb Mt. Baker (the hard way).

I try to visualize what it must have been like to be a photographer in Kinsey's day. The work to a large extent was dictated by the physical limitations (he had to get from place to place without a car for many years; the bulk and height of the camera equipment, plus the glass plates, hampered easy mobility); and the work was shaped by the rugged environment he knew. One of the major accomplishments had to be his ability to build a business and make it successful. He had his wife, Tabitha, to thank in that respect, because she evidently was in charge of developing (by inspection) and printing (contact printing by sunlight).

—Kim Ziegler

Rock Climbing. Peter Livesey. The Mountaineers. \$8.95 (Hardback)

Peter Livesey is one of England's top rock climbers, celebrated for technical proficiency and for many difficult new routes in the English climbing centers. In *Rock Climbing*, Livesey has written an unpretentious, yet comprehensive introduction to the art of moving around on rock. His book is instructional in nature—a "how to" guide which is extremely well illustrated with accompanying black and white photographs. Indeed the quality and quantity of the photographs are two of the best parts of this modest book.

Throughout, Livesey adds to technical instruction a measure of pragmatic common sense, e.g., the dangers of learning from an incompetent teacher, the fallacy of carrying too much equipment and the need for an awareness of one's own limits. These admonitions are universally appropriate, but often ignored in introductory books on climbing technique. One has the impression that Livesey is both bold and wise—essential ingredients for top rock climbers who survive and valuable to any novice seeking his or her basic mental orientation to the sport of climbing.

The book is arranged logically, beginning with sections on clothing and equipment; then progressing to rope technique, choosing proper protection, climbing techniques and two chapters dealing with the art of leading. Final chapters introduce the reader to "Trouble—and How to Get Out of It: climbing ethics and a brief, almost extraneous, chapter on what to do now that you've mastered the introductory material.

In "Climbing Techniques I," the first chapter dealing with body positions, Livesey quite correctly states, "Climbing techniques should not be stylized; they should be an attempt to return to natural movement that utilizes the natural talents of the body type we possessed as young children . . . there are skills we can develop to aid that natural fluidity; a deep awareness of balance and distribution of our body weight is perhaps the most important of climbing skills." He proceeds to explain, in a very clear, concise manner, the techniques used on various different kinds of holds and cracks. Each description is aided by the excellent photography. The explanation of technique is augmented with mention of the need for anticipation, thoughtfulness and smoothness.

Despite the fact that this book is small and unassuming, obviously meant for the beginner, it should not be underestimated. It is full of useful hints which might otherwise be overlooked until after considerable experience has been gained. Careful study of the photographs will reveal many subtleties.

Rock Climbing reads very quickly and has an obvious bias toward the British "scene." This is by no means disticting; indeed it makes the book more interesting. Livesey has combined appropriate measures of factual information, subjective advice and contagious enthusiasm in a book that would be an excellent addition to any aspiring rock climber's library.

—Clark Gerhardt

Avalanches and Snow Safety. Colin Fraser,
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$14.95. (Hardback)

Colin Fraser has produced another fine chronicle in *Avalanches and Snow Safety*. It is a completely updated version of his earlier *Avalanche Enigma*. Avalanche buffs who enjoyed *Avalanche Enigma* will enjoy the new work even more.

The book is entertaining and some of Colin Fraser's recounts of avalanche incidents are as intensely gripping as a good mystery.

Each chapter, from historical events through snow formation and change, avalanche buildup and release, avalanche rescue, and finally, avalanche control and defenses, is a complete subject in itself. The

book does not need to be read in sequence to gain desired information.

Avalanches and Snow Safety is based almost entirely on Fraser's work and experiences in the Swiss Alps. Readers may question the application of what they read to their particular part of the country. Snow crystals differ mainly as they are affected by temperature and available water vapor in the atmosphere. The atmospheric conditions and local weather during most winters in the Alps are more similar to those of the Pacific Northwest than they are of the Rocky Mountain region. Use his material with confidence wherever you are.

Colin Fraser has created adventurous, exciting reading from textbook data. Photographs provide appropriate illustrations. His experiences with the Parsenndieust as an avalanche control and avalanche rescue crewman add to the book's credibility.

Buy it. Read it—or someone else's. IT'S GOOD!

—Paul Frankenstein

Mountaineer Outings 1978

Compiled by Christa Lewis

Type	Dates	Area	Leaders
Backpack	April 1-16	Arizona	Frank King
Backpack	Aug. 5-12	Olympic National Park—Low Divide	Pat Abbott
Backpack	July 22-30	North Cascades National Park	Tom Coen
Backpack	July 16-27	Pasayten Wilderness	David Werstler
Backpack Naturalists	Aug. 12-27	Wonderland Trail, Mount Rainier National Park	Verna Ness, Ruth Arnold
Base Group Camp	Aug. 6-19	Yoho National Park British Columbia	Peggy Ferber
Bicycle	June 26-30	Columbia Gorge— Mt. Hood Loop	Jan Turman
Campcrafters— Family Camping	July 22-Aug. 6	Mt. Jefferson & Mt. Washington	Ed Lipinski
Climbing	July 22-Aug. 6	Grand Teton National Park	Jeff Snow
Climbing	July 29-Aug. 6	North Cascades National Park	Frank King
Foreign Outing	May 10-24; June 19-July 3	Hawaiian Islands	Lou Berkley
Foreign Outing	July 6-28	Swiss Alps	Paul Wiseman
Foreign Outing— Bicycle	Sept. 6-Oct. 4	England	Winifred Carlson

Backpack Trip—North Fork Quinault River—Low Divide Area

On a warm, sunny day, August 5, 1978, nine eager backpackers started up the North Fork Quinault Trail destined for the Low Divide Area. Weary bones rested the first night at a very pleasant breezy campsite along the Quinault River, 12 miles away from the trailhead. Tents were not used in favor of sleeping underneath the canopy of the trees as the weather was very warm. On the second day we arrived at our base camp located on the south side of Low Divide and "house-keeping" was set up under the trees.

A packer with two horses brought us our food supply for the next six days. The afternoon was spent sunning and swimming at Lake Margaret. It was a pastime we were able to enjoy for most of our stay at Low Divide.

The third day out—Monday—we went exploring. There are many attractive mountain meadows in the Olympics but Martins Park has to rate near the top for sheer beauty. It is a short but steep hike up a rocky bushy draw—a mile in distance—from the Low Divide Area. The large grassy meadow is surrounded on all three sides by rugged spurs of Mt. Christie. There are several brooks, fed by snow melt, that flow through the meadow which features a variety of wildflowers. Some of us lay in the sun and enjoyed its warmth while the more ambitious scrambled up on the snow to look at a cave. Another 600 feet higher are two aquamarine colored lakes where we ate our lunch. From a viewpoint we were able to see Mt. Seattle, Mt. Queets, Mt. Meany and bits of the Elwha Snow Finger toward the Dodwell Rixon Pass.

Tuesday, August 8, is a day well etched in our memories. We were on the trail practically at dawn and returned in the lengthening shadows of the evening—hot, dusty, weary—savoring in our minds the things we had seen. It was a day of considerable altitude gain and loss and gain and loss—blazing sun and the cool welcome shade of the forest. We saw beautiful meadows, traversed several open slopes, crossed numerous basin areas and mountain streams. At times the trail was rough, rock strewn and narrow with several drop-offs; at other times the trail was smooth where we crossed meadow land. Probably the most breathtaking view was when we came around a bend and saw the full length of the entire Mt. Olympus Range in the late afternoon sun.

On the sixth day our luck ran out as it started raining. We hiked down from the Low Divide to the Elwha River at Chicago Camp and followed the river trail to its end where the Elwha Basin and the route to the Dodwell Rixon Pass starts.

We left the Low Divide Area in a vigorous rain and hiked about nine miles to Trapper Shelter where we spent the night in somewhat cozy

circumstances. The last and eighth day of our trip ended with a non freeze-dried lunch at the Quinault Lodge.

—Pat Abbott

Pat Abbott, leader; Inez Burkhard, Joyce Carlson, Margaret Caraway, Hazel Hale, Lee Landrud, Jim Mason, Elliott Mack and Billie Ross.

Pasayten Wilderness Outing

Sunday, July 16, our group of eleven Mountaineers started our trip leaving the Robinson Creek trailhead while a steady rain was falling and low hanging clouds obscured the ridges above. The rain continued most of the day as we hiked up the Robinson Creek canyon. The trail was muddy in places from the rain. The canyon was a pretty place despite the weather, meadows alternating with strips of forest between avalanche-swept open areas. Towards evening we made camp in a rocky meadow a few miles short of Robinson Pass. The weather was still threatening, but no rain fell that night.

The next day we climbed up to the lovely meadows or Robinson Pass (6,200 feet). When we arrived at the pass the sun was beginning to burn off the clouds from the ridgetops. After a short rest, our party continued on, the trail now dropping down into the Middle Fork Pasayten River valley.

The various meadows that we passed were covered with a wide variety of flowers, especially in the more marshy areas. A few of the varieties noted were: larkspur, red Indian paintbrush, wild strawberry, cow parsley, lupine, spirea, fireweed, arrowleaf groundsel, white bog orchid, columbine and tiger lily.

After following the Middle Fork, we stopped to eat lunch and enjoy the warmth of the sun. Too soon we were off again, hiking to the junction of Fred's Lake trail with Middle Fork trail. In the heat of the afternoon we climbed Fred's Lake trail, ascending steeply in tight switchbacks and then traversing up to the outlet of Fred's Lake. At the lake we set up camp and hauled clothes out of packs as a chill wind was blowing from the northwest, sending clouds scudding across the sky.

Tuesday we left Fred's Lake, a lovely blue cirque lake, and climbed a talus and snow covered pass high above Lake Doris and the Eureka Creek Basin. Lake Doris was another charmer, deep, transparent blue, set in a circle of rock and larch. We spent lunch exploring the lake and gazing at the brooding peaks of the Eureka Creek valley, Oscela Peak, Monument, Black Cap, Mt. Lago, Mt. Rollo. Their flanks rose up precipitously from the rounded glacially carved valley.

Again we moved on, now dropping down into the Eureka Creek valley, following the faint trail through lush meadow and around the

plentiful blow-downs, with only occasional help from cairns, and blaze marks. It was a bit obvious that the trail had not received much use recently and had been ignored by trail crews. Ah, but no crowds! We did encounter a couple who hiked into the valley before us and who could not find the trail up to Shellrock Pass, the highest pass (7,500 feet) that we were to cross. Our leader, Dave, was just a little bit apprehensive.

We found camps in a flat meadowy area below Shellrock Pass with the lovely Eureka Creek flowing by, fresh from the snowfields above.

Members of our group located the trail and placed cairns for our party and any others that might follow us into the valley.

Wednesday, July 19, we made the ascent of Shellrock, apparently the first to use it that season as we had to carve out kicksteps in the old snow at the lip of the pass. Views were enjoyed, especially those to the west towards the Cascade Crest. Lunch was spent in grassy meadows below the pass. Again the trail was sketchy in places, but we soon picked it up and dropped down into the Monument Creek valley.

It was very apparent that we had entered a different climate zone, because the ground cover was very sparse and the trees mainly small lodgepole, pine growing close together on very rocky soil. Also, the weather was growing warmer and the bugs more active. We camped that night near Clint's Cabin, not highly recommended. Of note, also, was the crossing of Monument Creek, just short of the cabin, on two very thin, bouncy poles set at an angle—one bank higher than the other—across the foamy creek. One woman of our party noticed that one of the poles was hanging onto the edge of the creek by a mere half inch. "Balance" was maintained by hanging onto a third and equally thin pole. *Interesting!*

Thursday was much warmer, especially as we began a short but stiff climb out of the Monument Creek Valley to Lake of the Woods (6,400 feet). This lake is located about one quarter of a mile off the main trail, reached by following a faint horse trail or just going cross country. Choice camps were found at the lake, a pretty, shallow lake edged with larch and whitebark pine forest and the towering walls of Lake Mountain and Pistol Peaks. It was decided we would spend another day at the lake, something we all needed, especially in view of the stiff hike we faced (12 miles, 4,400 feet loss) on the last day out.

Friday, July 21, was spent lazing around the lake, swimming, doing camp chores, short hikes and generally relaxing. With the ever increasing temperatures the growing bug battalions were also becoming impressive in numbers, each taking turns in leading forays: ants, bees, flies, mosquitoes and gnats, all were there.

The Pistol Peaks and Lake Mountain were very photogenic. Few varieties of flowers were to be seen; however, mountain heather, al-

pine laborador tea, and mountain azalea were in abundance. White-bark pine, spruce, alpine fir and larch were some of the trees surrounding the lake.

On the last day of the outing, the group made the quick ascent to Pistol Pass (7,100 feet) early in the morning in order to beat the heat of the coming day. The Monument Creek trail then traversed below the backside of the Pistol Peaks, with many ups and downs, very rocky and cliffy in spots. The trail finally reached a ridge where it lost elevation in a series of steps, until reaching the final steep, rocky and very hot switchbacks dropping down to the confluence of Eureka Creek and the Lost River. It was there with much gratitude that we soaked our feet in the very cold, clear water of Eureka Creek and sat in the shade, gathering up strength to do the final 3½ miles along the Lost River to trail's end.

The final miles were done as quickly as possible in the head-thumping heat (we found out later that the thermometer reading was close to 100°F., but where we were, on rocks, it was much, much hotter. It was with great relief that we reached the car parked at the trail-head, and were soon able to splash in Robinson Creek. A strenuous end to a strenuous but rewarding trip into a little known region (to backpackers) of the Pasayten Wilderness.

—Dave and Liz Werstler

Dave Werstler, leader; Don Bogucki, Alice Bond, Mary Fries, Edi Goodman, Marge Goodman, Kristie Pfahl, Carl Semon, Bill Weber, Liz Werstler, Gary Westerlund.

Wonderland Trail Outing

Eight of us set off in a clockwise direction around the mountain at 10:25 in the morning from the White River Campground. We followed the road a bit, then turned on to the Wonderland Trail. It was narrow until intercepted by the regular Summerland trail which starts off the main road. We encountered rain on much of the trail, which is pleasant and easy for the first two miles. As it follows Frying Pan Creek it becomes more of an ascent; after passing the creek it is a series of steep switchbacks. The first group arrived at the Summerland shelter about 2:30; the last, about 4. The Summerland shelter is stone and does not, as of this writing, leak. The next day we set out in the rain for Indian Bar. The climb up to Panhandle Gap was cold and steep—heavy mist over everything. At the top there was some sun and clearing. The trail leads past a long snow field, then up a ridge and down mountain meadows. The shelter at Indian Bar is also stone, also leak-proof.

August 14 was a gloomy fog-bound day—we left our incredibly beautiful (but foggy) setting at Indian Bar and went up three or four

miles of steep switchbacks, through mountain meadows onto a ridge. There were no views because of the mist. The descent is through forest to Nickel Creek. There it was wet, and the wooden shelter leaked, so we pitched our tents *inside* the shelter. August 15 brought a long 10.5-mile hike to the Paradise River campground (no shelter). The weather had cleared up somewhat during the day. This is a pleasant hike, despite its write-up in *50 Hikes in Mt. Rainier National Park*. It leads down through forest to Box Canyon, then up a ways across the road, and a long descent down to Stevens Creek, which we followed for many miles on a gradually ascending trail to Reflection Lakes, the road, for the most part, far, far across on the other side of the river. We hiked around the lakes, across the road to Narada Falls, then down to our campground which has no shelter. Four of our group hitchhiked from Box Canyon to Paradise Lodge, three plus one of the hikers spent the night there. This is a good hike, especially if the sun shines, for there are marvelous views of the mountains the higher one gets; the elevation gain is not that extreme. We left Nickel Creek at 8 a.m.; the first hiker arrived at 3 p.m.; the last at 5.

On August 16, we all reached Longmire Inn about noon. The trip from Paradise River campsite is mainly down hill, close to the Paradise River, and, at Ricksecker Point, allows for splendid views of glacial action. The inclement weather, and promise of more, discouraged all but two of the party. Six of us picked up our caches and left for Seattle, to reassemble two days later for a Pacific Crest Trail jaunt in the Pasayten wilderness, two started out that day with Devil's Dream, just south of Indian Henry's, as their destination for the day.

—Verna Ness

The starters: Lou Berkley, Margie Coe, Neil Hunt, Hank Nelson, Verna Ness, Lucile Townsend. The completers: Rosie Carmody, Karen Sanders.

Part II

Rosie and I left Longmire and our group at 10:15 a.m. on August 17, in light rain, as usual. We climbed over Rampart Ridge, dropped down to Kautz Creek and then climbed steeply to Devil's Dream Campground, a gain of 2,900 feet. Campsites there are unattractive and a long way from water. The only other person we saw all day was the ranger who passed through and checked our permit. We were completely alone all night, except for the resident doe and fawn nearby.

After a very cold night, we woke to bright sunshine and blue skies—the first of the trip—on August 18. After washing our hair in an ice-cold stream, we hiked up to Indian Henry's Hunting Ground where we sat in the meadow in the sunshine and studied the glaciers on the

now-exposed mountain. It was the first and only complete view of the mountain during the entire trip. Reluctantly we dropped down from Indian Henry's to Tahoma Creek, crossed the swinging bridge and climbed to Emerald Ridge where the views of the glacier were absolutely breathtaking. It was hard to leave the emerald green ridge, but our weather was changing fast. That evening at South Puyallup River Camp we stood in the pouring rain and worked at getting a fire going.

August 19 was another foggy, rainy, cold day. We climbed to St. Andrews and Klapatche Park and had occasional sun breaks but never saw the mountain. A steep drop down to the North Puyallup and our supplier was waiting with a food cache and fresh clothes.

It rained all night again and August 20 promised another rainy day as well. Our climb to Golden Lakes was fast due to the rain cancelling out the side trips, so we spent the day in the shelter at the mosquito-ridden lakes. There we were joined by three people from Wisconsin who had been on the trail 10 days and had never once seen Rainier! Later in the day at least 15 other hikers arrived and camped where they could in the muddy campsites.

On our way down to the South Mowich River the next day we passed a fella pushing a heavily loaded bicycle over the trail with a loaded backpack slung over one shoulder. He said he was on his way to Missouri! The new shelter on the South Mowich was clean, cozy and dry and we built a beautiful fire in the rain in front of the shelter. Good water was $\frac{1}{2}$ mile away. It rained hard all night but we had the shelter all to ourselves and were very comfortable.

August 22 was a miserable day; steady rain as we climbed to Mowich Lake and dropped down to Ipsut Creek. There we picked up our last cache from the ranger and tried in vain to get a fire going. I discovered that mice can easily eat through styrofoam ice buckets and one had evidently taken up residence in my food cache. He had eaten all my pilot biscuits, apple sauce and some of my dried orange juice. But it had been a tiring 10-mile day and I ignored the rain and the mice and went to bed early.

On August 23rd the sun almost came out. But by 1 p.m., when we had climbed the 3,900 feet to Moraine Park, the rain and clouds were back again. It was a grueling climb with our new food supplies on our backs—the steepest of the trip. When we arrived at Mystic Lake we took one of the few remaining sites. During the night it rained so hard that our tent was covered with splattered mud. We couldn't even find a dry spot under a tree to eat breakfast the next morning.

Day number 13 of the trip, August 24, dawned—you guessed it—rainy. The tent was a disaster; we were wet and tired of being wet. I decided that I was going home that day, or else. So we trudged up over Skyscraper Pass, past Frozen Lake and Sunrise and down the steep drop to White River Campground where we had started on the

12th. That day we covered 12½ miles in rain, sleet and cold winds and were really staggering down the last three miles. At White River we met our transportation home and the trip came to an end—96.8 miles and over 20,000 feet of elevation gained! How lucky I was to have a tentmate with a real sense of humor and never-flagging spirits.

—Karen Sanders

Ottertail Base Camp Outing

Although a U-Haul truck and car camp are a far cry from the style of the traditional packtrain-supported Summer Outings, the trip to Yoho National Park was, judging by the response of its some fifty participants, a resounding success.

Ottertail Group Campground is located at the deadend of a gated spur road off Trans-Canada 1, about six miles west of Eidl, B.C. As Canadian Rockies elevations go, it is relatively low, set in a hardy, forested area. Water was supplied by a pump (which expired shortly after our arrival, but was miraculously repaired the afternoon the superintendent was due to visit the camp), and there was more than adequate room for choice of campsites, from the riverfront property to the backcountry beyond the outhouses, and of course the prime sites near the center of attraction, the cook tent. After a few nights most people even managed to sleep through the passage of the trains that thundered through regularly, although at least initially everyone was somewhat unnerved by the screaming of the wheels as they rounded the bend above camp and gained speed, sounding as though they would imminently derail into our midst.

From this location small groups, usually four a day, fanned out by car to the east or west, on hikes ranging in distance from two or three miles to seven or eight, and occasionally up to fifteen. Sherbrooke Lake and Paget Lookout, Emerald Lake, and the Lake Louise area proved to be most popular. Difficulty ranged from ambles along the Ottertail River to a climb by four members of 11,626-foot Mt. Temple. Weather during the first week was superb.

However, on Saturday the monsoon struck. A large tarp was brought out and stretched over picnic tables to provide a semi-protected place to get out of the weather. Activities shifted to reading, bridge tournaments, crossword puzzles, cribbage games, snacking, and creation of revolting doggerel. In spite of the inclement weather, intrepid souls ventured out to test the limits of hypothermia, returning well exercised and dampened. Excursions (escapes?) to the shops of Banff became more popular.

Every evening after dinner dishes had been cleared away, the entire group met at the call of "Cammmpfire!" for a summary of the day's

activities, announcements of coming attractions, and general merrymaking. On one of these evenings, we were treated to the company of Superintendent Frank Stevens, his wife, and one of the Park naturalists, from whom we learned about the local mammals: black and grizzly bears, elk, mountain goats, cougars, and moose. Although we did not see any grizzly bears, a black bear did range through the area of our camp, as evidenced by scat in the road and a couple of sightings.

On another evening Superintendent Stevens returned with Bruce Leeson, head of the Western Region of the Natural History Research of Parks, Canada, a group which studies the impact of recreation on wildlife and ecosystems, and plans for minimization of this impact. The Mountaineers were most interested in the techniques of back-country management and trail development, and deference towards animals' habit patterns. Park personnel seemed impressed by The Mountaineers' obvious concern for the sensitive use and protection of the environment.

For one night we shared the campground with a Mercedes Benz bus and its twenty-five German passengers traveling from Los Angeles to Anchorage. In spite of language barriers, enough English-speaking Germans and German-speaking Americans in each group, plus a lively curiosity and much hand-waving resulted in an interesting exchange as the Germans high-stepped through the wet grass between the bus and the outhouses.

With only one day of relief from the rain during the second week, the group was ready to decamp a day early, although reluctant to leave the beautiful Canadian Rockies.

The average age of the group was higher than that of most Mountaineer activities, but the fact that the signup list was full in early March attested to the popularity of this type of activity. At departure time, however, there were enough cancellations to accommodate the waiting list. The something-for-everyone variety makes it attractive for couples with differing physical abilities, and the luxury of a hired cook is beyond description (where else do you get hot home-made bread on a camping trip?). Two major problems need to be met: finding a suitable location for a large enough group to keep the per capita cost low, and securing leadership bright enough to handle the job and dumb enough to take it. Long live the Summer Outings!

—Peggy Ferber

Peggy Ferber, leader; Bill Shervey, assistant leader; Evelyn Peaslee, secretary-treasurer; Harry Whippo, trips chairman; Bob Ferber, equipment chairman; Renita Peres, cook; Gina Higgins, cook's helper; Julie Balinski, Bill and Betsey Ballou*, Irvin and Ethel Boyar*, Virginia Brinsfield, Bea Buzzetti, Florence Culp, Jean Earl, Nellie Erickson, Garth Ferber*, Bernie and Mary Fischer, Jane Galloway, Harry and Maxine Hag-

en, John and Mary Hossack, Dick Howell, Ruth Ittner, John and Janet Klos, Henry and Jean Kyle, Greg and Dusty Linder, Edrie Marquard**, Martin Matyas, Mac and Muriel McClintick, Robert McFann, Viola McKay, Helen Nelson, Louis Ochsner, Frances Parks, Jesse Peaslee, Robert and Creta Pollock, Ruth Rockwood, Frank Shaw, Harriet Shervey, Gerry Shevlin, Adelaide Thompson**, Barbara Vance, Miriam Whippo, Robert Wood, Marjorie Woodhead**

*first week only

**second week only

Mt. Jefferson and Mt. Washington Wilderness Areas

The Campcrafters chose Central Oregon for their 33rd Annual Gypsy Tour this summer and discovered a great abundance of inviting forest camps, more interesting trails than two weeks would allow us to explore, an impressive variety of wildflowers (one of the group identified 35) and trails lined with wild rhododendrons. There were also wonderful rivers and lakes for swimming, and startling contrasts in scenery—from the high, flower-strewn, alpine meadows of beautiful, snow-covered Mt. Jefferson to the desolate but fascinating McKenzie Pass area, with its nearly naked, lava-covered slopes, in the Mt. Washington Wilderness.

The group spent the first week in the Mt. Jefferson Wilderness Area at Riverside Forest Camp, an ideal site on the Santiam River, stocked with fish every three days by the ranger and containing a made-to-order "swimming hole" where the hikers cooled off every afternoon. Some of the trips from this base camp were a 16-mile backpack through Eight Lakes Basin, with its more than 30 mountain tarns, and day hikes to Lake Ann (alive with thousands of polliwogs), Marian Lake, Independence Rock, Phantom Bridge (a striking, natural arch on a steep mountainside), Breitenbush Gorge, and Ollalie Lake. Also possible were day hikes to Pamelia Lake (a lovely, shimmering lake when our first group visited it but little more than a mud hole only a few days later) and numerous scenic drives, including one to a hot springs where most of us had a truly unique experience—that of soaking in a steaming hot, indoor, community bath. This was followed by a dip in the icy river just outside the door, and then by lazy sunning on the river bank, where we observed a colorfully-costumed group from a Russian colony making their annual pilgrimage to the hot springs.

The highlight of the entire trip for most was spectacular Jefferson Park, an idyllic, high, mountain meadow carpeted thickly with stunning fuchsia paintbrush, lavender and white heather, and spectacular stands of bear grass silhouetted against an unbelievably blue sky. The braver ones swam in Russell Lake and Scout Lake (elevations around 6,000 feet) which had snow still on their banks in places. Some backpacked to the Park, others took one or both day hikes—the first, a 14-

mile round trip hike from the Whitewater side; and the second, a hike over snowfields, through flower fields, and along an open ridge from the Breitenbush side. Either way, the reward was the same—a magnificent, intimate view of Mt. Jefferson. On the weekend the Park was teeming with people and tents, but during the week it was tranquil and nearly deserted except for our group.

The second week, our home was South Shore Suttle Lake Forest Camp. Although only 25 to 30 miles away, this new area offered entirely different activities and scenery. There are still lakes (Square, Booth and around Suttle), but there were also caves (Sawyers and others), waterfalls (Sahalie and Proxy), Dee Wright Observatory overlooking the lava flows, and the climb up the rickety, 80-foot fire lookout tower atop Black Butte, with its 360° view of Jefferson, Washington, Hood, and Adams, as well as The Sisters and Broken Top. There were visits to a luxury resort-ranch, a llama farm, and a famous rock garden. Exploring the quaint, western town of Sisters, driving the Cascade Lakes Highway (Century Drive) and seeing the osprey sanctuary, and visiting the headwaters of the Metolius River were other highlights. For the perfect ending to each adventure-filled day, there was an exceptional degree of warm camaraderie at the campfires. Some Campcrafters began or ended this trip by attending the Shakespeare Festival at Ashland, and others made side trips to Crater Lake, one family even bicycling clear around it.

We were so impressed with our neighboring state that many voiced a desire for a repeat outing there!

—Prudy Brown

Chuck and Anita Karr and Kerry Little, leaders; Kevin Bell (guest), Prudy and Holly Brown, John, Marilyn and Siri Carlson, Dave and Marion Castor, Lucille Conrad, Neil and Susan Hunt, Paul Karr, Bill Little, Ed and Mary Lowry, Harold and Polly Monson, Michelle Nugent (guest), Dick and Kary Paterson, Bob and Elsie Rinehart, Dick and Barbara Sacksteder, Harriet Scott, Nell Slade (guest), Pete, Mary Jane, Diane, David, and Dana Steele, Glenn and Doris Tarbell, Harriet Tiedt, Jim Wasson, Hub and Blanche West, and Don Woods.

Climbers Outing—Grand Teton National Park

Ed Vervoort, a veteran of several other Teton climbing trips, warned us the first time we met. "The Tetons," he said, "are big mountains. They're high. The routes are long. The pioneers—Durrance, Underhill, Ortenberger—were good, better than most of us, so don't sell the 'standard' routes short." Ed suggested that we start off slowly to get a perspective on all this before acting on our bolder fantasies. Within two days we all had learned the wisdom of that advice. In superb climbing weather we all failed on our first climbs. The reasons varied:

a fall, the flu, slow pace. We re-examined the guidebook and lowered our sights. Successes followed on the CMC route on Mt. Moran, the east ridge of Mt. Owen, the east ridge of Nez Perce, the Exum route on the Grand, and some good crag climbs.

Climbing in the Tetons, one experiences the most controlled climbing environment in the country. The primary climbing area—the three Tetons, Owen, Teewinot, Disappointment Peak and Nez Perce—is compact. The peaks are very big but lie in an area equivalent to the Stuart-Sherpa-Argonaut massif. There are many climbing routes. Their height and length are such that high camps or bivouacs are necessary for almost all of them. Therein lies the problem. The viable sites for camping/bivouacing are very limited. Park regulations control access to those sites with a system of backcountry permits. By doing so they control climbing traffic.

Like any regulatory system, the park's can be obnoxious. We all had to make adjustments in climbing plans at one time or another. However, it works. Campsites aren't overrun with people and most climbing routes have little traffic on them. A key to the system's operation is the ranger staff which administers it. With few exceptions, we found them to be friendly, anxious to help, and knowledgeable about climbing.

—Jeff Snow

Jeff Snow, leader; John Christiansen, Steve Estvanik, Norm Kosky, Tamara McCollom, Harry Romberg, Ken Small, Ed Vervoort.

Traverse from Ross Lake to Chilliwack Lake

Friday evening, July 28, 1978, seven climbers loaded into our rented mini-bus and drove to Mt. Vernon, where we met three more climbers. It was then on to Rockport where sleeping bags were thrown out on the grass near the river, and all settled down for the night.

Saturday arrived with valley fog. We had breakfast at a delightful restaurant along the shore of Diablo Lake, where the last climber met us. Two large catamarans with large twin outboards whisked us up Ross Lake to Silver Creek. Disembarking was a tricky maneuver of carrying large packs while balancing on floating logs. We plunged into the brush, waded Silver Creek and after awhile found a trail leading to an old miner's cabin, where we stopped for lunch. Due to the heat, absence of water higher up and the heavy loads, the decision was made to stay with the trail instead of climbing the 3,700 feet to the ridge. The trail soon became faint and at times covered with blow-down. Water became a problem. Just as we were becoming desperate, a trickle of a creek was crossed. As the afternoon wore on, the

trail became non-existent, the blowdown and brush more plentiful, the breaks longer and the water bottles empty. Again, as things looked hopeless, a clear stream was crossed and our leader proclaimed, "We'll camp here".

After a comfortable night, for those who had put up bug proof tents, Sunday was upon us. Gullies were crossed and brush fought. The party worked steadily upward and toward the valley head wall. Lunch was taken early on a scenic rock outcropping into a steep gully. A few more steep gullies later, we could see the creek coming down the head wall from Silver Lake and spraying into the air like a high pressure fire hose. We traversed under cliffs and out onto talus and then open heather, with only 1,500 feet of easy uphill ahead of us.

The ridge above Silver Lake was reached, its campsites sparse and windy. The outlet from the Lake looked like a straight bulldozer cut, 50 feet deep. An eighth of a mile northwest of the outlet, a heather knoll was found down by the lake. Silver Lake was very scenic with a silver crescent of surface ice and with miniature icebergs from the glacier. Custer Ridge was above us to the north and northwest and Mt. Spickard at the other end of the Lake to the southwest.

Our goal for the day had been the moraine below Mt. Spickard at the other end of the lake. But in our fatigued condition, the traverse around the north side of the lake appeared utterly impossible. So we camped the night on our scenic knoll. Monday morning we found that the angle on the lower slopes of Custer Ridge actually looked quite promising. The traverse was made with little difficulty. Camping on the low-lying terminal moraine was not too great as it tended to be a little damp in the late afternoon because of the melting glacier above. However, it put us at the base of Mt. Spickard, and that's where we wanted to be.

After a long lunch, ten of the group headed up Custer Ridge for a peak and the view. A minor peak, 8,160 feet high, was scrambled up. We had our first view of Mt. Redoubt, which, along with Mt. Spickard, was capped with afternoon thunderheads. This was to be the weather picture for the next couple of days: sparkling clear mornings, thunderheads in the afternoon and clearing in the evenings.

With morning, a party of eight headed up Mt. Spickard. The bergschrund looked impassable, wall to wall. It ran, however, almost horizontally into the mountain, and the lower lip stuck way out from the upper. After an interesting lunch on the summit, the careful descent on quite loose rock was made back into the bergschrund, then full speed back to camp.

After dinner, four energetic types decided to see if they would get through the cliff to the southeast of camp in hopes of promoting a climb the next morning on a peak northeast of Mt. Spickard. They found a series of ramps and ledges and waltzed their way right up, re-

turning to camp by dark. Wednesday morning, six climbers headed for this new peak. The rest climbed to the col above Silver Lake and descended over some very large and sharp talus to get around a buttress. A traverse was made around the basin above Depot Creek and below Mox Peaks onto the Redoubt Glacier to a snow col southeast of the Mt. Redoubt towers. We descended and traversed to a lovely heather ridge south of Mt. Redoubt and east-southeast of Bear Lake at about 6,600 feet. Camp was made and the afternoon enjoyed. The successful six came in, very tired, late in the evening.

Thursday was the day for Mt. Redoubt, in two groups. The climb for both groups was a success. Friday was "do your thing" day with three attempting the eastern and most difficult Mox Peak. There was some doubt about the high route under the north face of Bear Mountain, so it was scouted and proved to be a very good high route.

Saturday, we started the Bear Lake High Route (yeah, we named it). We circled and descended south and then west under the north side of Bear Mountain, then ascended a talus gully southeast of peak 6,824 to step out onto rolling heather meadows with views of Mt. Shuksan and Mt. Baker to the west. A fine place to camp.

After a long lunch, we began a leisurely climb of Bear Mountain. It almost became a foot race! Eight climbers went to the summit (two little pinnacles with enough room for three people to sit on each, with awesome exposure off the north side). Ptarmigan were observed on the way back to camp, and our last night in the mountains was enjoyed.

Sunday, the high route was continued under cloudy skies. We descended along a ridge, traveling northwest until we hit brush, then fought our way down to the Chilliwack Trail about a mile south of Bear Creek. We headed north for Chilliwack Lake in Canada, where we went swimming or at least wading while waiting for our mini-bus pickup.

—Bill Arundell

Frank King, leader; Bill Arundell, Herb Earle, Alan Hall, Marilyn Jensen, Stan Jensen, Dean Mills, Harry Morgan, Fred Reeks, Ron Thomson, John Wegman.

Bear Lake High Route, North Cascades National Park USGS Mt. Challenger Wash.

Descended by Mountaineer party led by Frank King August 5-6, 1978.

Leave the Chilliwack River Trail about one mile south of where Bear Creek crosses the trail and climb east through steep, heavy brush, which thins as 5,000 feet is approached. At a ridge at about 5,300 feet (above a small pond that drains into Bear Creek) travel southeast

along the ridge to about 6,100 feet. Circle south, then east around the south side of Peak 6,824 to the col between that peak and the main part of Bear Mountain at 6,500 feet. Good camping is to be found here. Bear Mountain may be climbed from here.

From the col, descend northeast on talus (or snow) to get below the cliffs on the north side of Bear Mountain. At about 5,500 feet bear east, then east-southeast along the base of the cliff (or a little lower) till the glacier is in sight. Descend along the moraine below the glacier, east (some rock fall hazard), to the stream at about 4,800 feet that flows northwest through the wall in the cliff band. Follow the creek southeast through cliff band to about 5,600 feet. Climb northeast to the ridge top at 6,700 feet. Good camping. Good approach to Mt. Redoubt. Bear Lake is northeast and 900 feet down, also good camping.

—Bill Arundell

Backpack Hawaii

"...not just an outing—an ADVENTURE!!!", to quote a participant.

And indeed it was.

On the first day, we landed in Honolulu, changed planes to Lihue on the island of Kauai and donned swim suits for a dip at Poipu Beach, widely known for its beautiful sunsets.

We were scheduled to eat a freeze-dried dinner we'd brought from Seattle, but the consensus was that we eat at a Japanese restaurant instead. We camped Lydgate State Park by the ocean and in the absence of moonlight, pitched tents by flashlight. Yes, we'd had a full day.

The second day, we started from Ke'e Beach, trailhead of the Kalalau Trail on the Na Pali coast, on a rough two-mile hike to Hanakapiai.

How can a *two-mile* hike be rough?

Well, we caught more rain than I'd had when I hiked this same stretch of trail during the rainy season four years earlier. So the trail was clayey and slidey and slippery.

We hiked to Hanakapiai, forded the stream, pitched tents and made dinner, except that one of us turned over his alcohol stove and burned himself. So Hugh Campbell, Assistant Leader, and I hiked him out to medical attention and we came back by flashlight.

The third day, we first hiked an easy mile and a half to Hanakapiai Falls, took a dip in the beautiful pool at the base of the falls, then back to the beach and off to our next camp at Hanakoa, an easy four-mile hike away. Easy, except one of the group was carrying 60 or so

pounds, which he couldn't handle and, with the rain, that's how you get hypothermia in tropical Hawaii.

Arriving at Hanakoa after rear-guarding the hypothermiac, I was greeted by several of the group who advised me the campground was a swamp and the cabin was occupied by two hippie types who refused to share the cabin. At this point I was in no mood for such nonsense. I was told afterward that I simply charged into the cabin and confronted the hippies with a very polite ROAR:

"You don't mind sharing this cabin with a bunch of wet, tired, hungry people—DO YOU?"

The roar convinced them they didn't mind at all. We moved in en masse and the hypothermiac was fed hot broth and put into his sleeping bag. A couple of hours later we heard strange noises coming from his direction and discovered he was packing a portable radio, an item specifically forbidden on the trails by some hiking clubs.

The next day, Hanakoa to Kalalau Beach, was made eventful by a considerable degree of exposure, much more than we'd encountered earlier on the trail. The exposure plus the slippery conditions called for a fixed rope to be put up on one section of the trail. I strongly recommend that any group hiking the full 11-mile Kalalau Trail carry a rope.

The trail is hundreds of years old and leads to ancient Hawaiian farms and villages and totally qualifies for "non-maintained" status. When we returned to Lihue some days later, I called the group together for a brief but very sincere prayer to thank God or whoever that no one had been hurt on the trail.

The rest of our time on the Na Pali coast was leisurely, as it was planned to be, but still like the adventure it was also planned to be. We helicoptered from Kalalau Beach to Mololi'i Beach for a day of drying out and light hiking and then helicoptered again, across the island back to Lihue for laundering, sightseeing and a night between clean sheets on a motel bed.

Next we flew to Maui for a week. We had a day of sightseeing and ended by car camping at Hosmer Grove, again pitching tents by flashlight. Up the next morning at 4 a.m., we drove to the 10,000-foot summit of Haleakala, which means "House of the Sun," to see the famous sunrise.

After breakfast, it was an easy hike down 3,000-plus feet to the floor of Haleakala crater.

Haleakala has a maze of trails into and out of the crater and it was easy to spend three leisurely days hiking from one scenic spot to another in small groups, each going pretty much at its own pace.

Haleakala National Park has cabins and campgrounds spaced an easy day's hike apart so you can stop when and where you want for viewing, rest, lunch, conversation or picture taking.

The floor of Haleakala crater averages over 6,000 feet in elevation. Our last stop there was at Paliku cabin at 6,400 feet. We had to descend from this to sea level over the eight-mile Kaupo Trail. The trail is very steep, averaging about 800 feet per mile elevation loss with maximums over 1,000 feet per mile. This is a 20% grade, more like a climbing grade than a hiking grade. But the trail is wide and well kept, totally different from the Kalalau Trail, and toward the lower end becomes a jeep road.

Sea level greeted us at Kaupo, from where some rode a truck and some hiked the next ten miles to the Seven Pools.

With its many pools, this is an area to swim, rest in, and hike if only for two or four miles to other pools away from the tourists.

After a few days of car camping in the area, we drove to Hana for another night of luxury between sheets. From Hana and its secluded Red Sand Beach and other attractions, we caught an airplane to Kahului for another night, a farewell for some.

A few flew back to Seattle but most of the group went on to the Big Island, Hawaii. On Hawaii the mood was mostly for day hikes out of the very inexpensive cabins provided in Hawaii Volcanoes National Park. After three days, we went back to Honolulu for sightseeing, staying in hotels at first, with some lingering on at the dormitory of the Hawaiian Trail & Mountain Club. I joined them on two weekend hikes.

The Hawaiian Outing became so popular that two groups went, one in May and another in June. In between trips, a hiker was swept into the sea by Hanakapiai Creek when it overflowed after heavy rains.

This and the hazards of the May group along the Kalalau Trail convinced me the June group should not hike the full length of this trail.

In June, we hiked only the first two miles of this trail and even more rain made this more than enough. We hiked back to Ke'e Beach, the trailhead, and went from there to Kalalau by rubber boats.

All of us, including the leader, were scared at this thought, and even more so because of the rain, winds and high seas we saw from the safety of land the night before launching. But Mountaineer intrepidity, tempered by sound judgment, prevailed and launch we did. And we landlubbers found the trip delightful.

This one-hour boat ride gave us more time to enjoy Kalalau, helped by an impromptu luau suddenly arranged for us by the Park Rangers. This was the first such event they'd ever had for visitors and included talks by several of the rangers on the flora and history of the area. The Mountaineers appreciated it.

The Hawaii Outings were an enjoyable mix of hiking, car camping, sightseeing, helicoptering and riding the waves on rubber boats. Some Mountaineers, including the leader, look askance at helicoptering and boating as part of our activities but they are essential for a

full, well-rounded trip. If we ban them, we may as well insist the group walk on water from Seattle to Hawaii.

Hmm. Hmm. It's an idea. Anybody interested?

P.S. Further details on the trails can be found in the 1975 Annual in an excellent article by John Klos on "Hiking in Hawaii".

—Lou Berkley

Lou Berkley, leader, May Group: Hugh Campbell, assistant leader; John and Joyce Andrilenas, Jo Archuleta, Ed Dahlgren, Priscilla Devin, Eva Burk, Eloise Christianson, Shirley Cox, Peggy Enderlein, Paul Hodsdon, Angie LaVigne, Norma Mason, Jack Paterson, Dick Rocek, Marty Rucker, Theresa Sickles, Nell Wasson.

June Group: Larry Weimer, assistant leader; Al and Lorrie Dempke, Herman and Josh Newkirk, Elaine Puderbaugh, Mary Beth Earle, Walt Entenmann, Jackie Karon, Gerry Shevlin, Jan Grimes, Len Greenaway, Fred Epps, Carly Houser, Brian Barker, Ruth Abelson.

Swiss Outing

For the third successive year Paul Wiseman led a group of Mountaineers on a 22-day summer outing in the Swiss Alps. The group left Sea-Tac Airport on July 6; 14 persons flew back from Geneva at the outing's official conclusion July 28, while the eight others in the group scattered for more travel in various parts of Europe.

Our initial sight of Switzerland—Zurich—was through a mist of rain. Nevertheless, we explored some of this old city the afternoon we arrived and again the next morning. Some outing members didn't get their luggage until 11 p.m. because of our fast plane change in Copenhagen. One climbing rope never did show up and may be wandering around Europe even now. We had our first experience the next day with Switzerland's splendid railway system, which carried us south into the Bernese Oberland and Grindelwald, our home for the next four days.

Mist and fog screened the Eiger and other peaks from our view for the first couple of days. But we hiked out anyway, of course, rain ponchos making us look like so many orange, red and blue tents on legs. During a rest stop on the hike to Grosse Scheidegg (6,430 feet), several persons photographed a spectacular but distant waterfall across the valley. A few moments later, when another photographer took aim, the "waterfall" was gone! It had been an avalanche. A trip on the postal bus from Grosse Scheidegg down to the town of Meiringen demonstrated the driver's skill in wheeling around many hairpin curves without intimidating drivers of oncoming cars, at least not excessively.

When a fair morning dawned on our third day in Grindelwald, many of the group decided to take the cogwheel train in Jungfraujoch (11,3-

33 feet). This 5.8-mile railway from Kleine Scheidegg has grades of up to 25 per cent; the upper 4.4 miles are through the solid rock of the Eiger-Monch massif. Jungfrau, Monch and Eiger were superbly visible when we arrived, as was the 13.7-mile-long Aletschgletscher, largest in Europe. But the weather soon closed in and by early afternoon a blizzard was effectively blocking out the scenery.

Groups on two different days enjoyed the chairlift ride to First (7,112 feet) and a five-mile hike up to Faulhorn (8,796 feet) during our Grindelwald stay. Other destinations included Mannlichen Point and the towns of Wengen and Murren, all reached by train and/or aerial tram, and Kleine Scheidegg via a high ridge trail from Mannlichen Point.

The climbers in the party, queried each evening in Grindelwald about their plans for the next day, would reply, "It depends on the weather." The weather was slow to cooperate. But most of the outing group had two splendid days in the Tschingelhorn area after leaving Grindelwald, which inspired the climbers to schedule an attempt on Jungfrau (13,642 feet). A group of five made reservations at the "Ritz Hotel" at Kleine Scheidegg for overnight and took the 3 a.m. climbers' train to Jungfraujoch the next day in clear weather. Leader Rolla Sexauer described the trip:

"After a long march down the Aletschgletscher, we skirted the end of the ridge leading to the Rottalsattel from which the Jungfrau's summit is approached. The ridge is then climbed from its more gradual south side. As we gained the top of the ridge, it was apparent that the snow was not well consolidated. We moved on toward the schrund at the Rottalsattel and met two climbers just down from the route above. They reported very soft snow ahead. We reluctantly put caution ahead of desire and turned back."

While the climbers were on Jungfrau, other outing members traveled by train and aerial tram to Schilthorn (9,744 feet) for a fast look at the surrounding peaks before the weather closed in. Then it was back on the tram for the descent from Schilthorn's restaurant-equipped summit, followed by rides on a cogwheel railway, inclined railway, three other trains, a chairlift and the last mile on foot to reach Lake Oeschinen. All this in one day that began with a steep, three-mile walk down from Tschingelhorn Inn.

A highlight of the visit to Oeschinensee was hiking up to Blumlisalp Hut (9,300 feet) in perfect weather, with close-up views of Blumlisalp and Weissfrau and more distant views of Jungfrau, Eiger and Monch plus many other peaks. Our accommodations at Oeschinensee were in a cozy *matratzenlager* (dormitory) whose occupants also included a dozen middle-aged women who told jokes in German that apparently were hilarious. As the hour grew later, their hilarity increased.

Hikers and climbers rendezvoused in Interlaken for an unscheduled day and a chance to catch up on laundry and letters. Some people chose to spend the day in Lucerne, while others went to Bern or Brienz, all easily reached by the comfortable electric trains that go nearly everywhere in Switzerland. When we left Interlaken for Zermatt the next day, a soft rain was falling but as we traveled south the weather improved. By evening the clouds had cleared and there was the Matterhorn, towering over Zermatt and looking just like it does in the calendar pictures.

Low clouds the next morning didn't dull our enthusiasm to travel the cogwheel railway to Gornergrat Station (10,135 feet) and then by tram to Stockhorn Station (11,165 feet). The train was well-filled with hikers, climbers and tourists, all of whom applauded as the train broke out above the clouds just below Gornergrat. Leaving the train, we climbed aboard the first of the two aerial trams which carried us above 11,000 feet, to a point from which it was only a 40-minute walk through well-trodden snow to Stockhorn summit (11,588 feet). The mountain panorama before us, as we launched in the lee of the summit's rocks, included Monte Rosa, highest in the Alps, and Liskamm, Castor and Pollux, Breithorn (one of several Swiss mountains with that name), Kleine Matterhorn and—dominating the landscape—the Matterhorn. The weather was perfect and through binoculars we could see several groups of climbers descending from Monte Rosa.

Hikers' destinations in the Zermatt area included Fluhalp, Zmutt and Trift and beyond, plus a memorable two-day trip to Schonbiel Hut, just across the Zmuttgletscher from the Matterhorn's north face. A full moon at 2 a.m. sailing over the summit was an unforgettable sight, but the hut's food is best forgotten. The menu was posted in three languages—German, French and English—and the cook spoke none of them. Breakfast was less of a disaster than dinner; the cheese was fairly good and the dead fly entombed in it was well-preserved. But the threat of starvation drove the group down from Schonbiel and on to the attractive village of Saas-Fee, located one train ride, one bus ride and a coupe-danemark* away from Zermatt. Here the group found comfortable lodgings and good food, even without reservations. Cows grazed outside the hotel windows, their bells providing background music, and residents scythed hay on in-town fields that are ski slopes in winter. In the Swiss manner, aerial trams carry visitors up to the Feegletscher and other viewpoints and to the ubiquitous restaurants. A marked trail across the Feegletscher from Langfluh to Felskinn was posted against travel without being roped. We had not brought a rope or ice axes to Langfluh, so we did not go beyond the sign. Nor did we see others take the glacier trail unroped. But we saw several roped groups in which no one had an ice ax, making

us wonder how they would arrest a companion's fall into a hidden crevasse.

July 26, our last day in the mountains, dawned fair and we headed for Geneva in French-speaking Switzerland and a reunion dinner before heading home or elsewhere. The group had become well-scattered during the past few unscheduled days, visiting Venice, Rome, and Nuremberg as well as Swiss cities such as Montreux and Lausanne. And two of our climbers had gone to France for an attempt on Mont Blanc. (See following article.) A popular conversation topic was, "Did Bob and Maxine get to the summit of Mont Blanc?" At the reunion dinner we learned that they'd had a splendid climb in perfect weather, thus making the only major-peak ascent during the 1978 Swiss Outing.

Everyone has his/her own memories of our Switzerland adventure. Here are some of them:

. . . the avalanche we saw from Tschingelhorn Inn, a giant wave of snow cascading down from 9,000 to 3,000 feet and continuing for at least 18 minutes;

. . . hiking the alpine areas above Zermatt and discovering tiny villages, an old church established in 1640, and fragrant alpine meadows;

. . . the beautiful town of Murren, the beginning of a fantastic ride to Schilthorn, where we enjoyed sipping coffee with cognac in the revolving restaurant, seeing the unbelievable mountain panorama;

. . . the lush accommodations of the matratzenlager, where "cuddle power" took on a new significance;

. . . the music of the alpine meadows as played by cattle and goats on their bells;

. . . the engineering talents of the Swiss, who can fasten the end of a cable in the rock, hook the other end into other rock a quarter of a mile, or more, away, hang little cars on it and swing them from one end to the other in apparently perfect safety.

—Nedra Slauson

Paul Wiseman, leader; Rolla Sexauer, climbing; Roger Barrett, Norma Barrett, Carolyn Bassett, Polly Cadd, Byron Clark, Ruby Egbert, Jeff Goulden, Margie Goulden, Maxine Carpenter, Robert Hansmann, Brian Kansky, Kathleen Kansky, Mary Mueller, Josephine Poo, Lowell Raymond, Dorothy Raymond, Noni Sexauer, Nedra Slauson, Frederick Stone, Bruce Tenney.

Mont Blanc—1978

Two of us, Maxine Carpenter and Bob Hansmann, left the group in Zermatt and headed for Chamonix in the French Alps and a long-planned climb of Mont Blanc, at 15,800 feet the highest mountain in

the Alps. We arrived in Chamonix on Friday, July 21, and in accordance with advance arrangements, headed for La Maison de la Montagne and were assigned a guide, John Blanchard. We had allotted six days for the climb in order to minimize the risk of unfavorable weather conditions. Thus we were not quite psyched-up for John's pronouncement. "We go tomorrow. The weather will be good and if you are in shape to climb we will make the summit." From Chamonix Mont Blanc appears most intimidating. We hadn't had time to get mentally ready but nonetheless we "sucked it in", and told John we were ready. He replied: "Good! I will meet you in Les Houches at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning."

The weather on Saturday, July 22, was indeed good. As directed, we met John in Les Houches, boarded a telepherique to a high station, Bellevue, caught a train to Nid d'Aigle and began our climb at about 7,800 feet. We lunched at the Refuge de la Tete Rousse, about 10,400 feet, and by late afternoon had climbed to the Refuge de Aiguille du Gouter, about 12,700 feet. The setting was breathtaking and we witnessed a most gorgeous sunset. The hut was very crowded and after a tossing, sleepless night we were roused at 2:30 a.m., gulped a hasty breakfast and started our summit climb at 3:15 a.m. We trudged without pause for four hours, passing the Dome du Gouter, crossing the Arete des Bosses and, finally, the arete leading to the summit. The final arete was hackle-raising, what with being only a few feet wide and with Italy nearly three miles down on our right and the Glacier des Bossons several thousand feet down on our left. The snow was crunchy hard, the cramponing excellent, the weather cold but exquisitely clear, and the views unlimited. At 7:15 a.m., we were on the small summit. Our guide John, who was everything good that a Chamonix guide should be, offered us a choice of routes down: the normal route via the Grand Plateau and des Grands Mulets or "an interesting route" involving a traverse of the Mont Blanc massif via Mont Maudi (14,650 feet), Mont Blanc du Tacul (13,950 feet) and, finally, La Vallee Blanche and the Aiguille du Midi (12,600 feet). From the Aiguille du Midi, John explained, we would ride the telepherique down to Chamonix. We opted for the "interesting route" and interesting it was too!!! It was a high route which involved climbing up to near summits, climbing down to cols, climbing back up again—and again—and again. The traverse of the massif was at elevations between 11,500 feet and 14,500 feet, and it was a glorious mountaineering experience. Dog-tired but thoroughly exhilarated we terminated our climb, after one last hair-raising arete, at the Aiguille du Midi. It was then 1 p.m., and by 3 p.m. we were back in Chamonix quaffing, nay, gulping marvelous French beer.

A final comment about the guide service. John was an excellent guide. Nevertheless, for Mountaineer-trained climbers, our Mont

Blanc climb was a very different experience. We did not travel roped-up and spread out as is our wont. We were "roped", not like a rope team but more like puppies on a leash. The safety of our party depended solely upon the considerable skill of our guide. The rule was, "John, The Guide, Must Not Fall!" If the guide falls there is little the leashed climbers can do to help. Further, had we stumbled upon a hidden crevasse it is probable that all three of us would have gone in the hole since most of the climbing rope was either looped around the guide's shoulders or carried in his pack. There was insufficient space between climbers should anything untoward occur. In defense of the guides we should remember that they get all kinds of climbers and I would guess that for the most part their patrons are untrained or at best ill-trained. Consequently, the guides guide on the general premise that their patrons are not trained climbers. But Mont Blanc is a killer mountain and we would suggest that even good climbers who are familiar with the mountain may find the guide service to still be their best bet. We were fortunate. John Blanchard was a very good guide. We won him over by being in shape and ready to climb. He rewarded our efforts with the Traverse de Mont Blanc, a real mountaineer treat.

—Bob Hansmann and Maxine Carpenter

Mountaineers in England

After more than a year of anticipation and planning, eight Mountaineer cyclists landed at Heathrow Airport, London, on 7 September, 1978 at 11:15 a.m. The date was chosen to avoid summer crowds and higher air fares. Our APEX tickets had to be reserved and paid for far ahead, but savings of \$200-400 made this worthwhile. We arrived with a detailed map of the bicycle route out of Heathrow Airport and itineraries listing destinations for each day. In some cases, overnight reservations had been made. One of us had joined the Cycle Touring Club of England and found it helpful in planning the trip. Services provided included an itinerary with highlighted points of interest, a handbook listing approved "Bed and Breakfasts", and a schedule of maps needed. Except for the immediate greater London area, we used the Bartholomew 1:100,000 maps and they proved satisfactory. Around the airport, we found the Ordnance Survey map 1:50,000 useful as it showed every small road for our escape from Heathrow.

Before leaving Seattle, participants purchased "Open To View" cards. This pass, admitting us to National Trust and Department of the Environment castles, gardens and stately homes, was found to be a bargain as well as convenient. Some of us obtained travelers' checks in pound sterling and English money in cash from local banks. We also joined the American Youth Hostel Association, but only two of us used a hostel. The main difficulty was that hostels were closed until 5

p.m., and we could not be sure of accommodations. Hostel use would have cut costs sharply and we would have met a different type of traveler. Each participant spent about \$1000 including airfare for three weeks cycling plus five days in London.

The route planned consisted of a southern leg which led south from Heathrow Airport through Thames Ditton to Dorking. From Dorking we headed west through Godalming, Winchester, Salisbury, Wells, Bath to the Severn River. The next leg was a northerly route along the Welsh Border through Monmouth, Hereford, Ludlow to Shrewsbury. From Shrewsbury we went generally southeast through Much Wenlock, Worcester, Stratford-Upon-Avon, the Cotswolds to Oxford, Windsor and back to London.

We had planned to stay mainly in "Bed and Breakfasts" which are private homes or guest houses providing bedrooms with running water, shared bathrooms plus large breakfasts for about \$7 per night. We wore our native costume of shorts, bright shirts, jackets and helmets. Several of us had especially bright green and yellow Mountaineer bicycling jerseys or jackets designed by Dick Wetmore. We never saw an English bicyclist in shorts or helmet. They were commuters: the British women rode in dresses, heels, long coats and the men in conservative business suits or work clothes.

Our daily itinerary of 30 to 50 miles needed to be revised because we wished to sightsee more extensively than planned, and we started on the late side because we wanted our share of the English breakfasts. We used the British rail system and eliminated a portion of our trip into the highlands of Wales in order to catch up.

We rode through chalk country, clay country, the Mendips Hills, and Cotswold Hills, over famous trout fishing streams, on straight Roman roads. We became well acquainted with the road system of England. The route led us along pleasant lanes approximately 10 feet wide or along "B" roads, corresponding to our secondary system, and generally lightly traveled. We tried to avoid "A" roads wherever possible because of heavy traffic, although in order to reach the towns, we were often forced to use them and found many narrow with heavy truck and bus use. Drivers seemed competent and courteous.

England is a wonderful destination for Seattle area cyclists—a non-stop, 9-hour airplane trip from Seatac—a foreign country without too many language problems—helpful, friendly natives—so much history pertinent to our own—a great variety of scenery and geography in a small area—their Bed and Breakfast system gave us a chance to meet the British and even stay in their homes. We all plan to go back someday to see the rest of the British Isles.

—Win Carlson

Joe Berling, Walt Carlson, Win Carlson, Herman Groninger, Jack Hohein (at the end of the trip), Bernice Tillson, Marie Wells, Dick Wetmore, Jo Ann Wetmore—a very congenial group.

Officers—1978

President	James Sanford
Vice President	Lee Helser
Secretary	Pat Abbott
Treasurer	Frank Sincock

Board of Trustees

Marc Bardsley	Cliff Cameron
Patti Polinsky Claar	Errol Nelson
Helen Engle	Ed Peters
Paul Robisch	Fay Pullen
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Norm Winn (ex-officio)	Ron Seibold (Olympia)
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Vice Chairman	Byron Robertson
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Olympia

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Committee Chairpersons—1978 Term

Advisory Committees

Budget	Frank Sincock, Max Hollenbeck
History	Loretta Slater
Insurance	Howard Stansbury
Legal	William Rives
Publications	Lee Helser

Conservation Division

Mark Follett

Conservation Legislation	Emily Haig
South Cascades	David Howard
WEC Representative	Fay Ogilvie
Secretary	Mary Wieckowicz

Indoor Division

Royce Natoli

Annual Banquet	Howard Stansbury
Art	Jane Stevenson
Dance	Allen Thorsett
Dinner Meetings	Evelyn Nickerson
Membership	Royce Natoli (Acting)
Museum	Noreen Edwards
Photography	O. Phillip Dickert
Players	Ray Puddicombe, Evelyn MacDonald

Outdoor Division

A.J. Culver

Alpine Scramblers	Jack High
Backpacking	Joe Toynbee
Bicycling	Bill (W.D.) Brown
Canoe & Kayak	David Lee
Climbing	Sharon Gross
Family Activities	Mary Ann Cameron
First Aid	Chris Madden
Foreign Outing Coordinator	Loretta Slater
Mountain Rescue Council Representative	Peggy Cummings
Naturalists	Rodger Illingworth

Nordic Skiing	Fay Pullen
Safety	Clint Kelley
Ski Mountaineering	Paul Gauthier
Snowshoe	Don Northey
Swingles	Don Miller
Trail Trips	Ed Lewin
Trails Coordinating	Ruth Ittner
Trails Maintenance	Diane M. Altwein

Property Division

Daniel Solomonson

Irish Cabin	Theo Kissick
Kitsap Cabin	John Davidson
Meany Ski Hut	Ray Nelson
Mt. Baker Cabin	Dan Riccio
Snoqualmie Lodge	Robert Youngs
Stevens Lodge	Eleanor Rolfe
Tacoma Clubhouse	Bernard Dixon

Administration Report

Compiled by Pat Abbott

The Mountaineers gained 285 new members in 1978, with total membership at the end of the year of 9,726. 7,609 are members of the non-branch, 1,174 are in Tacoma, 499 in Olympia and 444 in Everett.

The Pike Street Improvement District (LID) plans were approved by all participants, including The Mountaineers. Construction is scheduled to start in early 1979. Trees of different sizes and variety will be planted, new light features will be installed and new drinking fountains, newspaper stands, phone booths and trash containers will be constructed. The project will cost The Mountaineers \$18,040.00 plus 6% interest to be paid over a fifteen year period.

To prevent further loss of valuable books in our library, new locking cabinets were installed to house these books. A project will be undertaken in 1979 to create a complete record of all our books in the library and to place a monetary value on our collection for insurance against theft and fire.

In order to increase our services to those calling the clubroom after working hours and on weekends, a recording device was installed on the phones to give a recorded message to the caller.

Because of the increased activities and greater exposure to possible liability claims, The Mountaineers has found it necessary to increase the amount of liability insurance it carries.

The "Revised" Standards of The Mountaineers were adopted by the Board of Trustees at its April 6, 1978 meeting. It became necessary to revise several standards to reflect changes in environmental priorities. The standards as adopted are as stated:

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 water-courses; 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.

Conservation Division

The Mountaineers and the Conservation Division were involved in a wide range of conservation activities and issues during the past year. These ranged from important national issues, such as Alaska Wilderness and RARE II, to local activities such as recycling and programs of local ranger districts.

The Board of Trustees took a number of significant actions. The Board authorized The Mountaineers to be a plaintiff in a lawsuit brought by a number of conservation organizations against the Department of Ecology and the Department of Natural Resources challenging the exemption of forest practice activities from the state Environmental Policy Act. Participation in environmental litigation is not a normal function of The Mountaineers, and this action reflected the importance of this issue to the Board.

The Board also authorized a spokesman to attend a public hearing and speak in opposition to a proposed mineral-processing plant on Highway 2 near Leavenworth. The Board also adopted a resolution supporting returnable beverage container legislation.

Members of the Club and the Conservation Division participated in a wide range of activities during the past year. Members provided input for a conference on human impact on wildlands sponsored by the Forest Service and the Parks Service.

Members attended a public hearing sponsored by the Olympic National Park on its shelter criteria and the Conservation Division and the Outdoor Division cooperated in providing input for a letter to the Parks Service. The policy which was adopted by the Parks Service in general followed the recommendations made by The Mountaineers. A representative of The Mountaineers also attended a public hearing on the proposed Pacific Northwest Trail, and reported to the Board on the comments expressed at that meeting.

The Conservation Division sponsored a number of seminars including a slide show by the Greenpeace Foundation on the need for whale preservation and a slide show by the Forest Service on "no-trace" camping. The Skykomish District Ranger made a presentation on the Five-Year Action Plan for that district.

One of the major conservation issues was the proposed wilderness legislation for the Cougar Lakes and Norse Peak area. Several bulletin articles were prepared on Cougar Lakes, and members were encouraged to write to Forest Service officials. The Conservation Division also conferred with public officials and obtained their support for the conservationist Cougar Lakes proposal.

Another major conservation battle was the fight in Congress over the Alaska Wilderness Bill, HR 39. A bulletin article was prepared on this subject, and the president wrote to congressmen expressing the official Mountaineer position in support of HR 39.

Another nationwide conservation issue was the Forest Service RARE II program. Several bulletin articles were prepared on this program and a letter was signed by the President and sent to the Forest Service strongly criticizing the inadequacies of the RARE II program.

The Board also expressed its support for legislation to enact returnable beverage container legislation.

The president of The Mountaineers wrote to various governmental agencies expressing Mountaineer policies on the following subjects:

- Canal Front Planning Unit.
- U.S. Task Force Report on Nationwide Trails Systems.
- U.S. Task Force Report on the Role of Non-Profit Organizations.
- National Parks Service Acquisition Policy.
- Kittitas Planning Unit Land Management Plan.
- Proposed Forest Service Acquisition of Trinity Property.

The Conservation Division looks forward to participation in major conservation issues in the future and encourages all members to attend Conservation Division meetings or contact the Conservation Chairman for further information.

Indoor Division

Division activities continued to attract interest and participation from Mountaineers. Attendance was on the increase for all of them.

The **Mountaineer Annual Banquet** this year was the most popular of any banquets in our history with 976 members and guests attending.

The speakers were Jim Whittaker, leader of the successful American K2 Expedition, and his wife Dianne Roberts, giving their first presentation of the climb.

Interest was so high that we were forced to cancel at the Bellevue Holiday Inn, where we had normally held our banquet, and switch to the Grand Ballroom of the Washington Plaza Hotel. In spite of that, there were many who were unable to get tickets because of the lack of space.

The **Art Committee** has reached outside the membership again this year to display continuous and changing exhibits in the Club-rooms. Each month a new artist is asked to show his or her individual response to nature's world. The medium is often camerawork and frequently oil, acrylics, watercolor, pen and ink, and pencil.

The Committee would like to encourage members to share their talents. The Club retains nothing from art sales and offers a wide audience to view and appreciate the visual art displayed on its walls.

Although each exhibit requires hard work, as well as talent and time, it provides all viewers with a special opportunity to enjoy and reflect on the reasons they participate in Mountaineer outdoor activities.

Dinner Meeting members and guests saw programs that took them "Bicycling thru Tunis, Italy and Greece", to "Norway and Siberia", and even to the warmer climate of "Hawaii by Backpack" as well as the "Baja Peninsula". Interest is still holding up with approximately 500 people attending last year.

The **Folkdancers** continued with two monthly dances on the first and third Friday of the month. The Third Friday dance was held throughout the summer. The quarterly lessons were popular with beginners, and intermediate level instruction was also offered. New dancers joined the "old-timers" and attendance averaged 350.

The **Membership Committee** presented twelve Information Meetings this year. About 150 new and prospective members attended each meeting. The slide show was updated and new committee activities were added. An excellent number of Committee Representatives were present to answer questions.

This past year the **Mountaineers Museum** began full operation. The exhibit cases in the Auditorium were completed in August, and the first exhibit presented to the Mountaineers in September. The Committee's first efforts were favorably received by the members.

Through the use of artifacts, the Committee plans to show the changes in mountaineering equipment, the accomplishments of our members, and the history of the organization. Exhibits will be changed on a regular basis.

Donations of artifacts by mountaineers is essential to the Museum's success.

Interest was excellent in the nine slide shows presented by the **Photography Committee**. As many as 80 attended the programs. Topics this year ranged from "Creativity in the Camera" to programs on climbing in California, a boat trip down the Colorado River and European wanderings. A few of those in attendance showed a keen interest in competition and evaluative comments on slides submitted.

The **Players** presentation of *The Marvelous Land of Oz*, an original musical based on L. Frank Baum's second book of Oz and written by Mountaineer Evelyn MacDonald, premiered to enthusiastic audience and press acclaim in the beautiful Forest Theatre on May 28, 1978.

Total attendance was 4,174 for the six performances. MacDonald contributed her play to the Mountaineer Players without royalty.

Youngsters in the audience hurried down to the earth "stage" after the show to meet the strange people of Oz, including new characters T.E. Wogglebug, Jack Pumpkinhead and the regulars Tin Woodman, Scarecrow and Lion.

A dedicated group of Players and helpers worked from October through May learning lines, making costumes, building scenery, gathering props, and preparing for the crowds who annually come to the unique presentations. This was the 55th year since annual productions began in the Rhododendron Preserve, located on the Bremerton-Seabeck Road.

Winter plays presented by the Players in the Clubrooms, at Everett and at ski lodges were *The Red Lamp* and a melodrama *Curse You, Jack Dalton*. Kitsap Cabin was the scene for traditional Player parties at Halloween, Christmas and St. Patrick's Day.

The musical, *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum* was chosen for the 1979 production.



While trying to recapture the City of Oz, King Scarecrow and his friends are startled by the appearance of T.E. Wogglebug, in this scene from *The Marvelous Land of Oz*, which premiered in The Mountaineers Forest Theatre in May, 1978.

Don Ellis

Outdoor Division

The **Alpine Scramblers** had a very successful 1978 season. The number of Scrambles offered was increased to over 100, with 2 to 5 per week from April through October. Most were one-day trips. The participation was generally good, when the weather cooperated. Mid-week trips were popular.

The Alpine Scramble Course was enjoyed by many again this year. Of the 200 who signed up for it, 92 completed all the requirements and were graduated. All will remember well the snow-techniques overnight field trip on Mazama Ridge, for which the weather was perfect.

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

The **Backpackers** had a successful year in 1978 with fairly strong turnout; 48 trips were scheduled and 41 actually went, with weather and lack of sign-up contributing to cancellations in August and September.

The three outings sponsored by the Backpackers—Low Divide—Olympics, Chelan Crest and the Middle Pasayten Wilderness—were all well attended and enjoyed by the participants. Also, a Backpack Workshop was held in May for beginning Backpackers.

The increase in **Bicycling** as a recreational endeavor as well as an enjoyable means of transportation has brought increased numbers of bicyclists to the Mountaineers. Leadership, more varied and continuously improving has been a happy outcome.

Statistically, sans outings, 2,480 miles of trips were planned and led by 47 leaders. Of the 58 rides which averaged 39 miles per trip, five were designed for beginners and ten were more than 50 miles. Four rides included one or two overnights and five were held in the evening. Emphasis was placed on geographical variety, alternating Saturday and Sunday rides and committee involvement of participants.

Of two outings, one toured the Columbia Gorge in five days in the month of June. Multnomah Falls, Bonneville Dam, Maryhill, Stonehedge and an overnight at Mr. Hood's Timberline Lodge highlighted the trip for the 30 travelers.

In September eight bicyclists, to the accompaniment of beautiful weather, toured southern England.

With continuing interest in bicycling space and safety, two Mountaineer members continue serving on the Seattle Bicycle Advisory Board, and another on the committee to advise the Bellevue Engineering Department on bicycle matters. Mountaineer bicyclists participated actively in Bicycle Week in May. Support was given to the strong turnout that week at a meeting with the Washington State Senate and House Transportation Committee.

The underlying philosophy of the **Climbing Committee** this year, as in recent years, was to provide programs and activities which would reach all Mountaineers interested in climbing with the Club. The Basic and Intermediate Climbing Courses, and the Basic Refresher Course offered lectures and field trips geared to three distinct backgrounds.

The Basic Course enrolled the limit of 210 and graduated 115. The Intermediate Course enrolled 52 and graduated 16 from pre-1977 classes. The Refresher Course enrolled 54 and graduated 10.

An extensive Seminars program offered graduates of these courses informal short-term instruction in a wide range of climbing and mountaineering topics. Climbs were scheduled to meet the needs

of enrollees in and graduates of each course: over 120 Basic Climbs, almost 100 Intermediate Climbs, 3 Refresher Climbs, and 60 Club Climbs. In addition, climbing outings were sponsored to Grand Teton National Park, North Cascades National Park, and the Swiss Alps.

Persons seeking Basic Climbing Course Equivalency who appeared to be qualified were given the option of completing the Refresher Course and mountaineering-oriented First Aid or completing two Basic Equivalency Workshops and mountaineering-oriented First Aid to gain this status, thus acquainting them with Mountaineer climbing methods and philosophy and allowing Climbing Committee members to determine whether or not their backgrounds were in fact equivalent to those of our Basic Climbing Course graduates. Of 16 applicants, 6 were granted Basic Equivalent Status.

The Mountaineer Belay and the Texas Prusik method were taught to Basic and Refresher course students. As these methods were unfamiliar to Intermediate students and many climb leaders, considerable effort was expended by Climbing Committee members in communicating information on these "new" techniques.

Climbing Committee members also continued working on improving sign-up procedures for climbs. An improved reservations system was used in both the Basic and Intermediate courses and the Intermediates continued to have the option of self-organized climbs as well as the new wrinkle of "claiming" a climb and then recruiting a leader for it.

These things seemed to alleviate the pressure on students and Clubroom staff previously experienced when only the traditional phone-in method was used. Some people still claim to have dialed their fingers raw and Katie Kelso was beginning to develop a telephone receiver-shaped ear, but things were better. Aside from the terrible weather after mid-August, most climbers had a fine season.

Three highly successful **Foreign Outings** were conducted in 1978. Lou Berkeley organized and led two backpacking trips to Hawaii in May and June in which 19 and 17 members respectively participated.

Paul Wiseman organized and led a three-week trip to Switzerland in July with 22 members participating. The trip followed the same general plan of the two previous trips, involving both hiking and climbing.

Proposals for trips to Iceland and Austria in 1979 were reviewed and approved by the Committee. A bicycle outing to Ireland is also under consideration.

During the year the **Naturalists** have been able to run trips most weekends. Our main emphasis continues to be botanical and we have run a number of more technical trips. Attempts to broaden our scope have resulted in more birding-oriented trips. We have not been so successful in the geology field.

Our summer outing was transferred after a few days from the rainy Wonderland Trail to the not-so-rainy Pasayten Wilderness.

We have started an informal flower study group which includes in its activities work on flower lists and a flower slide collection; the group will continue to meet during the winter.

Naturalist clubroom programs were organized during the 1977-1978 fall, winter and spring but have not been scheduled for the fall of 1978; however, we hope we will be able to schedule programs during 1979.

Interest in **Nordic Skiing** continued to grow during the 1977-78 season. 202 persons registered for the Nordic Skiing Course of which 73 graduated. 69 trips were scheduled and 59 were successful with an average attendance of 12 persons per trip.

This year for the first time we offered Beginner Special trips especially designed for the beginning skier and they proved to be very popular. Also for the first time, we had two successful Advanced day tours, a weekend backpack overnight and a three-day car-camping trip to the Sun Mountain area. The committee feels that the popularity of such trips will continue to grow in the future. Over-all it was a successful season for Nordic Skiing.

Snowshoeing had a successful year with many tours completed despite the lack of snow. There were 48 graduates from a class of 130 in the Winter Travel course.

The Chairman of the **Trails Coordinating Committee** is serving as The Mountaineers' representative on the steering committee for the Pacific Northwest National Scenic Trail Study. The proposed National Scenic Trail would extend from the Continental Divide in Glacier National Park to the Pacific Ocean in the Olympic National Park.

A cooperative agreement has been entered into by Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest and the University of Washington for the development of an automated trail-user information system enabling the outdoor-recreation information center to provide the trail user with accurate up-to-date trail information. Mountaineer members are assisting in this effort which used the original trail inventory as its base.

Over the past few years a seven-mile hiker trail has been laid out and constructed by Mountaineers. Although the land is in checkerboard ownership of the Department of Natural Resources and Weyerhaeuser both land managers are willing to have their land used in this manner. This area may be a good example of developing hiker recreational trails and growing trees for harvest.

Legislation passed providing for the establishment of a Mt. Si Preservation area and DNR and State Parks were authorized to determine costs involved in acquisition. A Mountaineer representative participated in meetings which focused on land acquisition priorities and timber cutting procedures on DNR managed trust lands.

A Mountaineer representative continues to serve on the Winter Recreation Parking Advisory Committee which assists the Washington State Parks and Recreation Commission in administering the Sno-Park Program.

The **Trail Trip Committee** reports another good season, with a full schedule of hikes throughout the year.

Our weekend hikes have as usual been the mainstay of our activities. The burden of organizing these hikes, which was becoming a formidable task, is shared with the **Swingles** group.

The midweek hikes have increased in popularity, and are being scheduled in greater numbers. This, together with the formation of the **Retired Ramblers**, is a gratifying indication that we do not have to slave at our jobs until we drop.

We have enjoyed our usual weekly owl hikes in the summer and fall evenings. These are popular with those who enjoy, in addition to a short hike, a campfire with wiener roast, a few songs, and tall stories.

Property Division

Kitsap Lodge, in addition to the Players' activities, has had a varied year. The theater was used for two weddings (a bear visited one) and the Pacific Science Center used the facility one weekend. New lighting was put into the kitchen and the parking lot was regraded and backbladed. The property is still plagued with vandalism, locks have been shot off, the parking lot gates were stolen and garbage was dumped in same. Payment for the twelve buffer acres has been completed this year by the Players' efforts. The process to acquire the lower parking lot from Lone Star Industries has begun. Lastly, on a note of conservation, the Suquamish Indian Tribal Fisheries Department initiated a salmon enhancement program. To assist them in this, The Mountaineers through the Washington Department of Fisheries gave permission for 300 female chum and 150 male chum to be taken above the required escapement levels from Chico Creek. The forthcoming salmon released by the Tribe will also contribute significantly to non-Indian sport and commercial fishing.

It all began at **Meany Ski Hut** this season with preparation for the Meany 50th Birthday Party, Sept. 23-24. This turned out to be an exceptionally well-organized spectacular event with 450 participants.

A highlight of the ski season was the carnival weekend which featured many corny contests and crazy races, a clowns contest, and a "European Feast" complete with German hot potato salad and home-

made European pastries, pretzels, and breadsticks. Many fancy relish trays with elaborate flowered vegetable "nibblies" and apple swans served from an outdoor snow table is an example of how embellished and painstaking the carnival events were. This fantastic weekend was masterminded by Patti Polinsky-Claar.

One extra special Saturday night program was the dedication banquet for Walter's Woods with Master of Ceremonies Lee Helser cleverly spicing the evening and a film on Walter shown by Bob Bentler. A huge cake shaped like a bald head contained a hidden cavity which was opened to reveal Walter's thoughts in the form of sayings on heart-shaped candies.

A very important change to the Meany vicinity was made in the summer of 1978 when the Forest Service logged Section 34 which included "Henrietta's Woods" and "No-Name-Woods." These areas are now known as "Henrietta's Meadow" and "Walter's Woods." The gulley between the two has been christened "RBCSA GULCH" and the cross-country ski trail labeled "Al's Fringe." (RBCSA means Retroactive Birth Control Society of America.)

In September 1978 a gigantic Wolf gas kitchen range with two large ovens was somehow hauled into Meany's kitchen.

Mt. Baker Cabin saw a continuation of the "water problem mysteries" in early 1978 though it appears they may be behind us—for a year or so. However, this was not allowed to get in the way of some fine high country skiing and ski touring the early 1978 season. In late spring we had a group of Seattle central area gradeschoolers up for a few days, many of whom had never been in the mountains or to a ski area cabin such as ours. Thanks to Sue Hunt, these kids shared an experience that will linger many years.

In memory of Dimne Cote, a dear Mt. Baker "regular" who passed away untimely, a heavy wood slab picnic bench was built just outside the cabin overlooking the lake, with a Mt. Shuksan panorama to contemplate. Dimne, who served as the committee secretary, loved Mt. Baker Cabin and had many friends there over the years.

Winter season started slowly with our traditional Thanksgiving opening decidedly lacking in snow. By Christmas conditions were up to normal with a beautiful snowfall and superb downhill skiing. Frank Peto will remember the end of the year well; he took over the duty when the ten-day unusually hard, cold freeze culminated in a perfectly timed array of frozen, burst plumbing on New Year's Day.

Unlike the previous season, the winter of '78-'79 was a welcome return to normal snow conditions at **Snoqualmie Lodge**. The snow outlasted the skiers, when by mid-April thoughts turned to boating, gardening, hiking and other springtime activities.

However, spurred on by memories of brush-skiing the year before, the enthusiastic hill committee organized a late May brush-

cutting party. This endeavor, sparked by Cal Bannon, Ralph Domenowske, the Lenkers, Bringlemans, and Chris and Cathy Robertson, proved to be very effective on the upper hill where brush had gotten out of hand.

Last summer marked the start on a parking/play area below the Lodge, intended to enhance the facility for off-season group use. Unfortunately, very wet conditions in late summer stopped progress before completion. In fact, considerable effort was necessary "unsticking" the D-9 cat so it could be used to improve access for the snow cat through the woods to the Summit Ski Area.

Fall activities included the usual wood cutting, hill maintenance and lodge preparation. The new dishwasher and stainless-steel counter tops were installed under the guidance of Gary Schweers. This addition will help insure "squeaky" clean dishes and trays for seasons to come. Other improvements included carpeting the dorms to reduce noise and make it more sleepable for overnighters.

Snow came early and we were skiing shortly after the grand Thanksgiving Feast, put together by Liz Robertson, in late November.

At long last, **Stevens Lodge** has become "modern". Indoor facilities were completed during the fall work parties. The exceedingly low temperatures over the New Year's weekend, around minus 15°F, and during January, aggravated the operation of the lodge. With special attention given to pumping out drains every weekend, the "flushies" never failed, though the old outhouse remains, just in case!

The ski season started later than usual, the annual Thanksgiving weekend was canceled for lack of snow. However, when the snow came the lodge had high attendance and many different members served as chairmen and cooks. Committee chairman Ellie Rolfe and commissary chairman Jan McGrann operated the lodge efficiently and economically, always with the supportive efforts of the expanded committee. Stevens Lodge is very fortunate to have many junior members who participate in the operation of the lodge as enthusiastically as they ski.

The foundation for the rear fire escape was completed during the fall work parties, future projects include the completion of the fire escape and installation of a new underground electrical service. This is to be completed during the Fall '79 work parties and will permit installation of an additional hot-water tank to expand the use of the new showers.

Publications

The Mountaineers has become a leading publisher of top quality books on all aspects of mountaineering. Many of our books have attained highest stature both nationally and internationally.

This is especially true of *Mountaineering—The Freedom of the Hills*, which has become an international standard textbook for climbing courses with total sales in excess of 110,000 copies. That is about 11 copies per club member at our current membership level.

So many aspects of our publication efforts have expanded that significant reorganization and change of methods was inevitable. Therefore, the new look in our books efforts is as follows:

The Mountaineers • Books

This is the new name of the club book-publication efforts. With typical flair and style, we chose this very catchy title. We feel proud of this naming effort since it certainly gets directly to the point.

John Pollock joined The Mountaineers • Books during 1978 as its full-time director. In this capacity, he continues his long time association with our books, which has included both membership and later chairmanship of the former Literary Fund Committee (LFC).

Later in the year, Rebecca Earnest joined the staff as Publication Coordinator. An editor by training, she brings both skills and knowledge of the complex publications world to The Mountaineers • Books.

Editorial Review Committee

All potential books to be considered are thoroughly screened by a dedicated volunteer committee to insure proper quality, content, and congruence with The Mountaineers purposes and goals. This committee is made up essentially of the former LFC members plus the board members so assigned.

The Editorial Review Committee (ERC), chaired by Peggy Ferber, has the responsibility to recommend for or against pursuing any candidate publication activities to keep The Mountaineer Executive Board fully briefed on all upcoming releases. In the end, the final decision on publication of a specific item is voted on by the Board based on the filtering and the recommendation of the ERC.

Financial Advisory Committee

This independent committee was established as a fiscal advisor for The Mountaineers • Books. This committee is chaired by The Mountaineer Treasurer, Frank Sincock, and includes the membership of the Vice President, Lee Helser plus John Davis, Dick Barden, Neva Karrick as advisors and Isabel Walgren, our accountant. The committee is vested with the responsibility of monitoring the financial soundness of planning and general cash flow and cash commitment for the over-all activities of The Mountaineers • Books.

In summary, the former Literary Fund Committee or LFC has been replaced by three mutually supporting activities; one to insure con-

tent, one to assure financial soundness and the third to actually publish and distribute The Mountaineers • Books.

For the first time in several years, *The Mountaineer* (Bulletin) did not do its usual; that is, change Editor(s). The dual Editor concept developed during 1977—that of having a Managing Editor, who is a club volunteer, and a Production Editor, who is a member of the office staff—proved to be very workable and was continued for 1978. The success of the year for the Bulletin can be measured by the facts that both the Managing Editor, Paul Robisch, and the Production Editor, Verna Ness, continued in their duties for a second year; that the Bulletin was out on time to the majority of the members each month; and that the number of complaints from the membership was minimal.

Unfortunately, some members of the club, especially those in Bellevue, will not agree that the Bulletin gets out on time, but the fault was firmly traced to the Postal Service. Like the speed of light, the speed of transporting the Bulletins from Seattle to Bellevue cannot be increased.

However, by astute planning of publication date, we can hit the mails before the month-end flood of bills. This seems to assure the timely receipt of the Bulletin by all but those with RFD—Mexico addresses.

The *Roster* and the *Annual* were printed in two separate volumes this year; however, because of postal regulations requiring that the Roster be more than just a list of names and addresses to qualify for the postal book rate, outing and administrative reports were included in the Roster. The Annual, itself, contained several historical articles on The Mountaineers, expedition and foreign-travel reports, book reviews and a variety of wildlife descriptions.

A number of drawings from several artists illustrated the book. A color picture of larch tree and Prusik Peak was on the cover of the Annual and black and white photographs were used throughout the volume.

The Annual has followed the Bulletin in the division of editorship; the production editor is a member of the office staff and the managing editor is a volunteer representing the membership. Financing continues to be a problem and for the second year the Literary Fund Committee came to the rescue of the Annual.

Everett Branch

Judy Terrill

Looking back on 1978, we see the Everett Branch continuing to grow in many ways.

Membership increased. Our Advanced Climbing Class got under way with 16 applicants and 8 transferees, and the Basic Climbing Class got off to a good start at Legion Hall, a new location this year.

Members of the Advanced Class made the first ascent of the North Face of Whitechuck.

The Everett Branch also helped sponsor a climb in Mexico and had an excellent program of slides, narration, music, and tapes presented by members who went on the Expedition.

Conservation played a key roll in our programs. Henry Kral and his conservationists kept us informed of Alaska Public Lands, the Alaska Wilderness Bill, Cougar Lakes Wilderness Area, and numerous other areas of concern.

Herman Felder, a member since 1933, donated several Bulletins, dating back to the '40's to the newer members. His wife, Helen, was one of 19 who climbed Mt. Pilchuck 50 years ago.

We updated the peaks on our Lookout Peaks Patch, deleting Ruth and Evergreen Mountains and replacing them with Sourdough Mountain and Mt. David. Also, the trailhead to Mt. Pilchuck is now located at Bear Lake and the trail crosses 20 Lakes Basin.

Hikes, overnights, the Steak Walk, Salmon Bake, the Annual Banquet—traditions. We enjoyed it all. It was a very good year.

Olympia Branch

Chubb Foster

The Olympia Branch, though active, maintained a relatively constant membership for the first time in several years of about 600. Branch assets have increased to over \$10,000. The two main activities of the branch, hikes and backpacking, and climbing, were both well supported by active committees leading new classes.

The Backpacking Committee, co-chaired by Arlene Mills and Steve Reyda, had better success than in some past years due to a more innovative program and to the establishment of an interim or alternate award for completion of the hiking portion of the program.

The Climbing Committee, chaired by Ron Seibold, entered over 60 students and graduated a high percentage at the course graduation in July. Bill Larson was Club Climbs chairman and scheduled several new and unusual outings. As a result of Bill's efforts, several members know that Mt. Storm King in the North Olympics is not the afternoon hike some may have thought!

Several Olympia members participated in multi-day climbs in both the Cascades and Olympics. Most notable of these was a two-week climbing outing in the Valhallas. Although marred by a fatal accident on the return from the climb, several members enjoyed the opportunity to participate in what are considered to be first recorded ascents.

The branch used the Snoqualmie Lodge for a group function for the first time in many years. Those who had not participated before all wondered why and promised to be back.

One member found, though, that the combination of cooperative living and volunteering can lead to making six dozen oatmeal cookies at 11 p.m., a relatively untried assignment for many male members.

Tacoma Branch

Judy Brune

Irish Cabin—the keeper of many fond and lingering memories and inspiration for Tacoma's peak pins—vandalized, deteriorating, unsafe.

Early in 1978, the Tacoma Board of Trustees closed Irish Cabin to all and selected a committee of interested individuals under Marjorie Goodman to propose alternative uses for the Mountaineer property. These proposals were set before the membership as part of a questionnaire.

The results were: 29% response to the questionnaire, and of these responding 34% favored total tearing down of the cabin; 34% favored retaining a portion of the cabin; 9% favored leaving it as is; and 22% had no opinion. The dilemma now facing the Board of Trustees is how to plan the property for maximum use and enjoyment according to the interests of the membership.

With Irish Cabin closed, the annual Thanksgiving Dinner was held at the Clubhouse. Denise Johnson planned the dinner and program. Bob Mead and Dave Strait had removed the copper plates from the fireplace at Irish Cabin, framed them, and presented them to Dorothy Newcomer at the Dinner. Dorothy will find an appropriate spot in the Clubhouse for this treasure.

Other special events were enjoyed by Tacoma members. Maxine Hansmann organized the Mountaineer Fair, Art Robinson handled the Salmon Bake, and John and Sally Lynn, for the Annual Banquet, brought us John Roskelly and the successful American climb of K2.

The success of the K2 team this summer is notable to all mountaineers, but individuals in Tacoma had satisfaction in attaining their personal goals. From Mexican volcanoes to the south to Mt. McKinley and high mountains in between, climbers had a fairly good season. Rock climbers were seen in the Yosemite Valley and north to the Bugaboos in Canada.

Cy Perkins headed the climbing committee this year. Winnie Scofield kept the hikers moving, and the backpackers had several extended trips from which to choose. With interest in Winter Mountaineering rising, snowshoe and cross-country ski trips were scheduled. The Basic Climbing and Alpine Travel Courses recorded the lowest enrollment in many years, but close to 50% of those enrolled in each class completed requirements for graduation.

September brought the death of Leo Gallagher, Mountaineer member since 1919 and a generous man who gave of his time and knowledge to the whole Mountaineer organization. May The Mountaineers be sent more like him.



**The Mountaineers
(A Washington Corporation)
Seattle, Washington**

Financial Statements

September 30, 1978



VOJTA, LEW & RAMSEY
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

To the Members of
The Mountaineers

We have examined the statement of assets, liabilities and fund balances of The Mountaineers as of September 30, 1978 and the related statement of income, expenses and changes in fund balances and statement of changes in financial position for the year ended September 30, 1978. 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, 1978 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 & Ramsey

Seattle, Washington
December 15, 1978

The Mountaineers
Assets, Liabilities and Fund Balances
September 30, 1978

Assets

Current Assets

Cash	\$138,941
Accounts receivable—trade Note 1	72,815
Overpayment of Federal income taxes Note 2	9,000
Merchandise on hand Note 1	210,315
Prepaid expenses	12,028
Deposits	1,948
Total Current Assets	<u>445,047</u>

Investments

U.S. Savings Bonds	956
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Property and Equipment Note 1

Less accumulated depreciation	192,256
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Land

.....	66,286
.....	<u>\$653,253</u>

Liabilities and Fund Balances

Current Liabilities

Accounts payable	\$ 15,856
Accrued royalties	16,143
Payroll and business taxes payable	4,763
Rental deposits	500
Total Current Liabilities	<u>\$ 37,262</u>

Fund Balances

General fund	\$199,000
Literary fund	370,783
Permanent building and improvement fund ..	(26,924)
Permanent fund	9,114
Property fund	7,049
Seymour Memorial Fund	2,443
Mountaineers Safety Education fund	807
Mountaineers life membership fund	4,549
Tacoma branch	28,264
Everett branch	8,563
Olympia branch	12,343
Total	<u>\$653,253</u>

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

The Mountaineers
Statement of Income and Expenses and
Fund Balances
For the Year Ended September 30, 1978

	General Fund	Literary Fund
Income		
Dues and initiation fees Note 1	\$124,276	
Committee operations—net	26,339	
Sale of books	8,051	\$433,073
Gross rentals—club buildings	10,050	
Interest income	1,141	3,200
Miscellaneous income	1,142	1,453
Overhead allocation	5,000	(5,000)
Total Income	<u>\$175,999</u>	<u>\$432,726</u>
Expenses		
Cost of books sold		166,339
Salaries	44,273	46,450
Publication of annual roster and bulletin	23,367	5,428
Office	25,264	6,140
Postage and shipping	4,614	12,948
Payroll and business taxes	5,620	7,889
Promotion and advertising		38,513
Election expenses	2,390	
Conservation	4,405	
Seattle and Tacoma Club buildings	18,914	
Bad debts	10	17
Royalties		63,150
General expenses	10,822	23,354
Total expenses	<u>\$139,679</u>	<u>\$370,228</u>
Net Income	<u>\$36,320</u>	<u>\$62,498</u>
Fund Balance		
Balance, September 30, 1977	165,670	308,285
Transfer of Fund Balances	(2,642)	
Additional Federal income taxes for the year ended September 30, 1976	(348)	
Purchase of library items		
Balance September 30, 1978	<u>\$199,000</u>	<u>\$370,783</u>

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

Other Funds	Tacoma Branch	Everett Branch	Olympia Branch	Total
\$ 2,882	\$ 4,728 (441)	\$ 1,768 (252)	\$ 2,296 605 188	\$135,950 26,251 441,312 14,228
698	4,178 495	340 15	493 12	6,367 2,622 —0—
<u>\$ 3,580</u>	<u>\$ 8,960</u>	<u>\$ 1,871</u>	<u>\$ 3,594</u>	<u>\$626,730</u>
			181	166,520
	2,204			92,927
				28,795
	1,039		145	32,588
		48		17,610
	268			13,777
				38,513
				2,390
				4,405
	4,240			23,154
				27
				63,150
<u>\$ 73</u>	<u>\$ 1,348</u>	<u>\$ 686</u>	<u>\$ 1,614</u>	<u>\$ 37,897</u>
<u>\$ 73</u>	<u>\$ 9,099</u>	<u>\$ 734</u>	<u>\$ 1,940</u>	<u>\$521,753</u>
<u>3,507</u>	<u>(139)</u>	<u>1,137</u>	<u>1,654</u>	<u>104,977</u>
(8,714) 2,642	28,404	7,426	10,689	511,760 —0—
(398)				(348)
<u>\$(2,963)</u>	<u>\$28,265</u>	<u>\$8,563</u>	<u>\$12,343</u>	<u>\$615,991</u>

The Mountaineers
Statement of Changes in Financial Position
For the Year Ended September 30, 1978

Financing Provided

Net income for the year	\$104,977
Add income charges not affecting working capital:	
Depreciation	19,119
Financing Provided from Operations	124,096
Reduction of investment in joint venture	582
Proceeds from sale of equipment net of gain	1,345
Total Financing Provided	\$126,023

Financing Applied

Increase in investment of U.S. bonds	69
Purchase of property and equipment	39,806
Additional Federal income tax assessed for the year ended September 30, 1976	348
Reduction in long-term debt	26,300
Dissolution of Haynes Memorial fund to purchase library items	398
Total Financing Applied	\$ 66,921

Increase in Working Capital

\$ 59,102

Changes in Elements of Working Capital

Increase (decrease) in current assets	
Cash	\$ 35,948
Accounts receivable—trade	23,229
Overpayment of Federal income taxes	8,161
Merchandise on hand	1,767
Prepaid expenses	1,713
Deposits	(5,266)
	\$ 65,552

Increase (decrease) in current liabilities

Accounts payable	\$ 4,429
Accrued royalties	99
Payroll and business taxes payable	2,050
Equipment contract payable	(128)

\$ 6,450

Increase in Working Capital

\$ 59,102

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

The Mountaineers
Notes to Financial Statements
September 30, 1978

Note 1—Accounting Policies

Basis of Accounting

Assets and liabilities and revenues and expenses are recognized on the accrual basis of accounting with the exception of dues and initiation fees, which are recorded as income when collected.

Accounts Receivable

The Club is on a direct charge off method for recognizing bad debts.

Inventories

Inventories are stated at lower of cost or market. Cost is computed using the first-in, first-out method.

Property, Equipment Depreciation

Property and equipment are carried at cost. Ordinary maintenance and repairs are expensed; replacements and betterments are capitalized. The straightline method of depreciation is being used over the estimated useful lives of the assets. The buildings are depreciated from 15 to 30 years; equipment 3 to 5 years; furniture and fixtures 10 years. The depreciation expense for the year amounted to \$19,119.

Note 2—Federal Income Taxes

The Federal income tax returns for the year ended September 30, 1978 and subsequent years are subject to review by the Internal Revenue Service. Investment credit was accounted for by the flow through method.

The Club received notice June 23, 1978 from the Internal Revenue Service approving the Club's application for exemption from Federal income tax. On December 6, 1978 the Club filed a claim for refund of Federal income taxes.

Note 3—Special Use Permits

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

Note 4—Other Funds

Funds included on Exhibit B under the heading of "Other Funds" are as follows:

Permanent Building and Improvement Fund

Permanent Fund

Property Fund

Haynes Memorial Fund

Seymour Memorial Fund

Mountaineers Safety Education Fund

Mountaineers Life Membership Fund

Note 5—Lease

The Club leases a paper copier at \$80 per month. The lease is for 36 months and expires during October, 1980.

In Memoriam 1978

Mrs. Joseph Appa
Anne K. Berling
Mrs. Raymond E. Bruns
Irving M. Clarke Jr.
Mrs. Dimne W. Cote
Leo Gallagher
Mrs. Neil Haig
Michael A. Lonac
F.D. Mack
Joseph C. Malecki Jr.
Brian Minault
W. Roy Nelson
Patience Paschall
Margaret L. Pelz
Norman D. Setter
Dennis Sevonty
Paul Shorrock
Nathaniel N. Wagner
Joan Webber

Honorary Members

In 1978, The Mountaineers lost two honorary members. In recognition of their achievements, the following tributes are given.

Leo Gallagher

Leo Gallagher joined The Mountaineers in 1919. At his death in 1978 he held the membership record in the Tacoma Branch.

Persuaded by older members that he would not be a true Mountaineer until he participated in the longer outings, he first attended week-long winter outings at Paradise. Then came the three-week summer outings, and he loved to tell the story of trying to catch up with a group camped in Queets Basin and arriving after dark. He made it across the river only to be stopped by a deep gully. In the morning he saw the party's tents on the other side, found a way across, and was able to join the Olympus climbing party. Such experiences de-

veloped camaradie and led to Leo's going on every outing thereafter, helping on the committee and then assuming a leadership role which involved finding leaders, finding cooks and packers, finding places to go, storing outing equipment and much more. When the problems involved began to defeat everyone else, Leo carried on almost alone for a number of years.

Leo was an early conservationist, one of the founders of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, a winner of the North Cascades Conservation Council's Irving Clark Sr. Conservation Award, and a guardian of the Rhododendron Preserve.

With several companions he "discovered" Irish Cabin, and helped with its acquisition. A firm believer in the importance of a home for club activities, he also gave the lot for the Tacoma Branch club-house.

He held numerous offices and committee chairmanships, both in the branch and for the entire club. As a climb leader he espoused the early-day philosophy of a slow and steady pace to enable everyone to get to the top. Many a novice or marginal cimber made major peaks on his rope team.

Peripheral activities included Sierra Club participation, helping with the establishment of the Crystal Mountain ski development to take the pressure off Mount Rainier, and Boy Scout and church youth groups including the acquisition of summer camps.

—*Mary Fries*

Emily Huddart Haig

There is no doubt about it—there are people whose intelligence, vigor, example, and tireless work for projects in which they believe inspire others. Such a person was Mrs. Neil Haig (Emily Huddart Haig) upon whom The Mountaineers conferred Honorary Membership on October 7, 1971, and who died at the age of 87 on July 21, 1978. Honorary Membership is rarely bestowed and is given only for distinguished and outstanding service to the spirit, ideals, and purposes of The Mountaineers. Mrs. Haig was the eighth person so honored—and the only woman—since the founding of The Mountaineers in 1906.

Emily Haig had been an active member of The Mountaineers from the time she joined in 1958. Her leadership in the Conservation Division was especially effective in her chairmanships of the Legislative and Educations Committees, and she often represented The Mountaineers at Congressional and other legislative and administrative meetings. It was Emily who conceived, wrote, designed, and arranged for broad distribution of the organization's brochure explain-

ing the differences between the National Park Service and the U.S. Forest Service as well as the role of The Mountaineers and other conservation groups.

As an author and lecturer on ecological subjects, she rendered pioneering services in the cause of wilderness and wildlife conservation and had a wide-ranging influence on the development of today's environmentally conscious citizens. Her activities included membership in the Sierra Club (starting in 1912 in California) and Chair of its Pacific Northwest Chapter; President as well as Conservation Chair of the Seattle Audubon Society; a founding Board member of the North Cascades Conservation Council from which she received the NCCC's Irving M. Clark, Sr., Conservation Award in 1977; the Board of Trustees for the Olympic Park Associates and becoming an Honorary Member of the Board in 1976; President of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs 1961-62 and 1962 Chairman of the Northwest Wilderness Conference; The Mountaineer representative to the Board of Directors of the Washington Environmental Council; and a long-time Board member of the Arboretum Foundation and the person most responsible for establishment of Foster Island Bird Sanctuary and the Japanese Garden. An acknowledged authority on birds, she shared her knowledge not only individually with many but through lectures and, for some years, her column, "Birds for Beginners", in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

Emily has been credited with being the individual who single-handedly lobbied through the Washington State Legislature a bill to protect sea mammals in Washington State waters. She played leading roles in the campaigns to save mountain goats; establish the North Cascades National Park; maintain the integrity of Olympic National Park's wild forests, alpine meadows, coast, and wildlife; and protect some of the natural beaches and wildlife habitat in state parks along the coast.

Besides her virtually full-time volunteer activities as a conservation leader, Emily Haig gained equal distinction in other fields. She served over thirty years in the Red Cross, receiving the 30-year pin in 1967; the Girl Scouts had Emily as an active member for 35 years and for many of those she was their parliamentarian; and she was President of the Washington State Congress of Parents and Teachers. In 1961 Women in Communications honored her at its annual Matrix Table; and she was recognized by being listed in both "Who's Who Among American Women" and "Who's Who on the Pacific Coast".

Emily Haig, continually active with and for The Mountaineers from the time she joined at the age of 67, worked ceaselessly for her own convictions and for the purposes of The Mountaineers—especially those to assure that its members and others would always be able "to

explore and study the mountains, forests, and watercourses of the Northwest; to make expeditions into these regions . . . ; to encourage a spirit of good fellowship among all lovers of outdoor life." Her efforts "To preserve by the encouragement of protective legislation or otherwise the natural beauty of Northwest America" will long be appreciated by all members.

Emily Huddart Haig indeed upheld and exemplified the spirit, ideals, and purposes of The Mountaineers.

—Polly Dyer

Mountaineers Good Night Song

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone.

Still in my dreams I'll be
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Good night, we must part,
God keep watch, o'er us all,
 where we go.
Till we meet, once again,
 Good Night!

The 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	1961	Harriet K. Walker
1943	L.A. Nelson	1962	Harvey H. Manning
1944	F.Q. Gorton	1963	John M. Hansen
1945	Leo Gallagher	1964	Paul W. Wiseman
1946	C.G. Morrison	1965	Mrs. Polly Dyer
1947	Charles L. Simmons	1966	John R. Hazle
1948	Burge B. Bickford	1967	Victor Josendal
1949	Lloyd Anderson	1968	Richard G. Merritt
1950	George MacGowan	1969	Morris C. Moen
1951	John E. Hossack	1970	Jesse Epstein
1952	William A. Degenhardt	1971	Ruth Bartholomew
1953	Mary G. Anderson	1971	Wallace Bartholomew
1954	T. Davis Castor	1972	Paul Robisch
1955	Mrs. Irving Gavett	1973	Stella Degenhardt
1956	Mrs. Lee Snider	1974	John M. Davis
1957	Walter B. Little	1975	Max Hollenbeck
1958	Joseph M. Buswell	1976	Frank Fickeisen
1959	Roy A. Snider	1977	Neva L. Karrick
1960	John Klos	1978	Robert N. Latz

The Mountaineer Climbing Code

- A climbing party of three is the minimum, unless adequate pre-arranged support is available. On crevassed glaciers, two rope teams are recommended.
- Carry at all times the clothing, food and equipment necessary.
- Rope up on all exposed places and for all glacier travel.
- Keep the party together and obey the leader or majority rule.
- Never climb beyond your ability and knowledge.
- Never let judgment be swayed by desire when choosing the route or turning back.
- Leave the trip schedule with a responsible person.
- Follow the precepts of sound mountaineering as set forth in textbooks of recognized merit.
- Behave at all times in a manner that will not reflect unfavorably upon . . . mountaineering.

Club Presidents

Henry Landes, 1907-08	Paul W. Wiseman, 1956-58
Edmond S. Meany, 1908-35	John R. Hazle, 1958-60
Elvin P. Carney, 1935-37	E. Allen Robinson, 1960-61
Hollis R. Farwell, 1937-38	Robert N. Latz, 1961-63
Harry L. Jensen, 1938-40	Frank Fickeison, 1963-65
George MacGowan, 1940-42	Morris Moen, 1965-67
Arthur R. Winder, 1942-44	Jesse Epstein, 1967-68
Burge B. Bickford, 1944-46	John M. Davis, 1968-69
Lloyd Anderson, 1946-48	Max Hollenbeck, 1969-71
Joseph Buswell, 1948-50	James Henriot, 1971-73
T. Davis Castor, 1950-52	Sam Fry, 1973-75
William Degenhardt, 1952-54	Norman L. Winn, 1975-77
Chester L. Powell, 1954-56	James S. Sanford, 1977-

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Patrick Goldsworthy	Wolf Bauer
John Osseward	David Brower
Brad Washburn	Justice Wm. O. Douglas

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Mrs. Angela Auer	Grace Kent
Florence Benson	W.A. Langlow
Mrs. Burge Bickford	Karla Leland
Alice C. Bond	George P. Lindberg
Earl S. Brickell	Peter Maloney
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Inez Burkhard	Mildred Mattson
Charles C. Cairns	Warren D. McClintick
Joseph M. Chybinski	Howard C. McNeely
Dorothy Collins	R.E. Merrell
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Ruth F. Cox	Hugh E. Mitchell
Zbigniew Czaykowski	Joachim Oldenbourg
Eunice W. Darley	Clara Opsall
Eileen B. Doherty	Mrs. Olive Otterson
John A. Dyer	Constance B. Pease
Mrs. Erik Erickson	Mildred V. Polinsky
Paul H. Garver	Diadama Pratt
Thelma F. Gould	Wilma Rosenow
Georgia Graham	Anna M. Sedlicas
Mildred M. Harmonson	Frank O. Shaw
Ella Hess	Hans W. Smith
Harold W. Hobert	Robert Sperlin
Mrs. Henry Hoff	Herman Stegman
Mrs. Edwin Hollenbeck	Ferd G. Turner
Mrs. Charles M. Itner	E. Gerald Volkersz
Mrs. Arthur L. Johnson	

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*Andrew W. Anderson	*A.H. Hudson
Thomas E. Austin	Robert M. Latz
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*Hannah Bonell	Robert R. McInturff
Scott D. Boone	Edmond S. Meany, Jr.
Billie Jean F. Brown	Thomas W. Miller
*Charles B. Browne	*Mrs. C.G. Morrison
*Douglas M. Burckett	Hunter Morrison
*Wallace H. Burr	Isabella Savery Morrison
*Mrs. Wallace Burr	Arthur W.C. Nation
Clifford D. Cameron	A.L. (Andy) Nelson
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Donna M. DeShazo	Gerry Shevlin
*Elizabeth Dickerson	Loretta Slater
*Florence F. Dodge	*Col. Clarence E. Sperry (ret.)
Fred Epps	*Mary Stemke
Helen Falter	Suzanne Faure Steward
Paul Ferrier	*A. Vernon Stoneman
Sheri Fike	*Harriet M. Tiedt
*Floyd E. Franklin	A.T. (Tom) Van Devanter, Jr.
Duane E. Fullmer	Wanda L. Van Devanter
Antonio Gamero	James A. White
Edith G. Goodman	*Helen W. Wilke
Warren Hall, M.D.	*Arthur Winder
*Mrs. Emily Harris	Paul Wiseman
*Mrs. Joseph T. Hazard	*Frances E. Wright
*Charles Hazelhurst	

*Fifty-year member

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)
2. Castle Peak (6,116)
3. East Bearhead Mountain (6,000)
4. Fay Peak (6,500)
5. Florence Peak (5,501)
6. Hessong Rock (6,149)
7. First Mother Mountain (6,540)
8. Mount Pleasant (6,453)
9. Old Baldy Mountain (5,790)
10. Pitcher Peak (5,930)
11. Gove Peak (5,321)
12. Tolmie Peak (5,939)
13. Arthur Peak (5,471)
14. Echo Rock (7,862)
15. Crescent Peak (6,703)
16. Old Desolate (7,130)
17. Mineral Mountain (5,500)
18. Second Mother Mountain (6,389)
19. Observation Rock (8,364)
20. Sluiskin Chief (7,015)
21. Third Mother Mountain (6,400)
22. Redstone Peak (5,700)
23. Sluiskin Squaw (6,990)
24. Tyee Peak (6,030)

IV. The Everett Peaks (Any Six Per Group)

(a) Darrington Group

1. Mt. Chaval (7,090)
2. Jumbo Mountain (5,840)
3. Liberty Mountain (5,688)
4. Pugh Mountain (7,224)
5. Three Fingers Mountain (6,870)
6. White Chuck Mountain (6,995)
7. Whitehorse Mountain (6,852)

(b) Monte Cristo Group

1. Big Four Mountain (6,135)
2. Cadet Peak (7,100)
3. Columbia Peak (7,134)
4. Del Campo Peak (6,617)
5. Silvertip Peak (6,100)
6. Sloan Peak (7,841)
7. Vesper Peak (6,214)

(c) Index Group

1. Baring Mountain (6,125)
2. Gunn Peak (6,245)
3. Mt. Index (5,979)
4. Merchant Peak (5,827)
5. Mt. Persis (5,452)
6. Spire Peak (6,100)
7. Mt. Stickney (5,367)

V. The Olympia Peaks

(Ten—At Least One in Each Area)

Constance-Greywolf Area

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

Olympic-Soleduck Area

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

Elwha Area

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

Dosewallips Area

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

Skokomish-Duckabush Area

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

Legend Symbols**1. Climbing Courses Completed**

- B Basic Climbing
- I Intermediate Climbing
- S Ski Mountaineering
- A Alpine Travel (also Olympia
Wilderness Travel)
- W Winter Travel (Snowshoeing)
- N Nordic Skiing
- AE Alpine Travel Equivalent
- BE Basic Climbing Equivalent

2. Awards

- | | |
|-----|-----------------------|
| \$ | Six Peaks Climbed |
| * | Snoqualmie First Ten |
| ** | Snoqualmie Second Ten |
| □ | Tacoma First Twelve |
| □□ | Tacoma Second Twelve |
| / | Everett Bronze |
| // | Everett Silver |
| /// | Everett Gold |
| # | Olympia First |

Clubroom, Staff and Information

Seattle Clubroom: 719 Pike Street, Seattle, Washington 98101

Business Manager	Howard Stansbury
Accountant	Isabel Walgren
Librarian, Publications Assistant	Verna Ness
Secretaries	Jeanne Goings, Judy Hennes
Activities Sign Up	Katie Kelso

Clubroom Business Telephone: 623-2314

Sign-Up Telephone: 622-0808

Open during week, 8:30-5:00

Saturday, 10:00-2:00

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