

The Mountaineer Annual



1991-1992

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Volume 79

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Beargrass on Mt. Rainier

Steve Johnson

The Mountaineers

Purposes

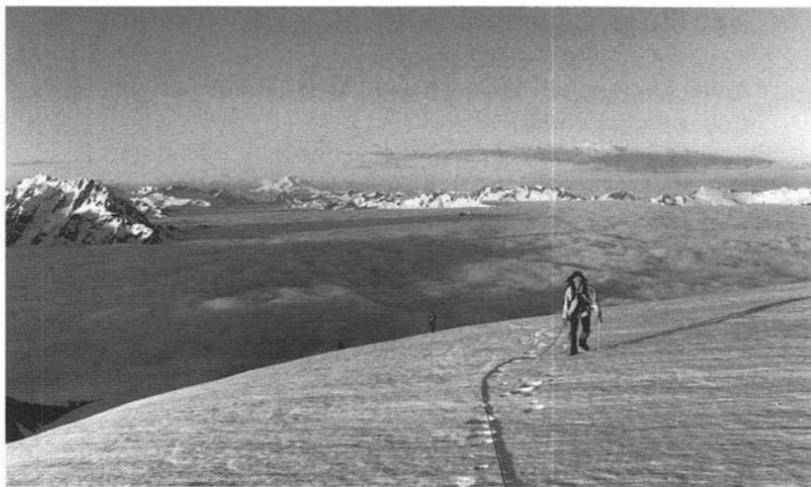
To explore and study the mountains, forests and watercourses of the Northwest;

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.



Ascending Eldorado

Royce Conrad

The Mountaineer Annual

The continuing spirit of The Mountaineers shines through in this newest edition of *The Mountaineer Annual*.

Thank you to all the creative people who so willingly gave their time and talent in producing this book.

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*The
Mountaineer
Annual*

Foreword

Greetings Mountaineers:

The time since the last issue of *The Mountaineer*, our biennial report, has gone quickly. The Club's ever-growing membership has been active in many activities while keeping balance with our conservation purpose. At best I can only highlight the many accomplishments of the past two years, but it is important to stop occasionally and consider both our efforts within the club and our impact on the wider community.

To help our members and set an example, The Mountaineers adopted a new Wilderness Ethics Policy in 1992. The Forest Service gave strong praise to the Club for this effort. The team which developed these guidelines, lead by Olympia trustee Ed Henderson, continues as a resource by preparing wilderness ethics training materials for courses and articles for *The Mountaineer* magazine.

Over the past several years, we have been taking a hard look at our impact on the larger community, and have made a commitment to increase our outreach efforts. We recently initiated a successful Conservation Education Outreach Program, led by Loren Foss. An idea that was conceived during the 1990 Strategic Planning Session, it has become a program much sought-after by our local educators. The classroom discussions focus younger grade school children on resource use, reusing and recycling. Discussions with older children cover these topics in more depth as well as dealing with growth management and the trade-offs between development and preservation. The Mountaineers Foundation is our partner in this outreach effort.

The Conservation Division, Branches and Activities Division have been working together to find a balance between preservation and usage. After crafting our positions, we meet and work with land management agencies, and state and federal legislators to implement them. Also vital to successful achievement of our positions is the continuation of our working relationships with other outdoor clubs.

The Seattle clubhouse is often the place where various conservation groups meet and forums are held, such as the Northwest Wilderness Conference in 1992. The Conservation Division educates the membership on conservation issues through various activities and articles. They have hosted multiple Ancient Forest hikes and the always-full Grizzly Bear Course. They have also held open discussions in *The Mountaineer* by presenting two opposing views when the membership is not in agreement. One interesting example of this was the discussion over the closure of the Suiattle River Road. We also engendered debate on the Alpine Lakes Wilderness Management Plan, the State forestry practices, and the

effects of mining in the Cascades.

Volunteers are the lifeblood of The Mountaineers; without you we would not exist. You lead activities and outings for the Club and conduct high quality courses which continue to satisfy our members' expectations. I thank you for all that you have done during the past two years.

We each measure the value of our Mountaineer membership differently. For some, the activities and outings are the most important; while for others, the difference we make as conservationists is the most important. Yet again, many notice the investment we make in ourselves and our families. We have held slide presentations, film festivals and book sales; upgraded the sign-up process to ease the "Monday morning call-in race"; and now offer a toll-free telephone number for members who live outside the local calling area. Many members have participated in stream cleanups, trail maintenance and revegetation projects. For others, being able to take their children as "Child Members" on appropriate activities has brought their family closer together and given the children an opportunity to see their parents in activities that spiritually rejuvenate them.

Mountaineer Lodges have made a notable financial turnaround during the past two years despite some periods of low snow levels. You, the members, are staying at the lodges more often and the lodges have made modifications to respond to a changing membership. There are more special weekends, summer openings and even the once popular "Murder Mysteries" have returned. Len Boscarine and his Lodge Chairpersons are developing a long-range plan to meet members' expectations. Might a new lodge be in our future? If you believe so, step forward with your ideas to Len.

The strategic planning process started by Del Fadden and Bill Maxwell and continued on by Carsten Lien and Dianne Hoff has been helping the Club immensely. Instead of reacting to crisis after crisis, the Club has taken charge of its future to accomplish its purposes, through step by step objectives. We are now again a "fun" organization, so much so that our annual growth rate has been near 10 percent. In order to understand this growth, Jim Miller is leading a team to investigate why and how we can manage its effect on our membership, Club resources and facilities. Then we can maintain and increase the quality of each member's experience. Also, Bill Maxwell, chair of the building planning committee, is helping to analyze the Clubhouse to ensure that we will now, and in the future, utilize it in the most effective manner.

1992 ends a long period of Club indebtedness. We paid off our building loan in June and the Snoqualmie LID in September. Removal of these debts helps to move us forward on a strong financial footing and ease the yearly expense burden on Snoqualmie Lodge. Our goal is to

continue exercising these sound accounting and business practices on into the future.

Mountaineer Books continues to do well. Many new titles were published this past year and some long time favorites were reprinted. Recent office automation has allowed Books to produce higher quality and less expensive publications, and eased some accounting tasks.

In closing, the Club is successful because you, the members, care. I urge you to continue to pick leaders who have vision, enthusiasm, confidence, and commitment to our purposes, mission and goals. May The Mountaineers continue to be the place where you achieve and exceed your wildest dreams!

Don Heck

President, 1992-



Morningstar Peak Summit

Dennis O'Callaghan

Vision for the Twenty-First Century

Dianne Hoff

President, 1990-92

Two presidents, Bill Maxwell and Carsten Lien, had cleared the way. We looked upon an open Mountaineer horizon to establish our vision for the future and focus on our goals. My responsibility was to prepare a vision for the 21st Century and to prepare others to carry The Mountaineers confidently toward that vision.

Member Value

Because members are our most important resource, we wanted to strengthen member value. We enhanced volunteerism and leadership through recognition, guidelines and development programs, emphasized the importance to the club of our leaders and volunteers and appointed a volunteer coordinator. We established computerized signup and renovated our computer system to provide fast, effective member services. We enhanced member services staff. We brought in the Banff Film Festival and featured slide shows. We analyzed the impact of membership growth, the challenges and proposed plans to ease impacts. In Seattle we restructured to form an activities division, with an executive committee focusing on leadership and recreation issues.

We developed the communication and publications program in the belief that it is a cornerstone of member value. We published the first annual since 1983. We developed the Magazine with the Foundation Conservation series and feature articles informing members about current and critical conservation issues, book excerpts, stories about honorary members Jim Whittaker and Fred Beckey, and legendary members Harvey Manning and Ira Spring. We hired a communications manager. We created a history committee to prepare and publish a history of the club prior to our Centennial. Mountaineer Books published 35 titles, highlighted by *Freedom of the Hills*, Fifth Edition, and *Wild and Scenic Rivers*. We strengthened branch relationships through coordination and taking Board of Trustee meetings to branches.

Conservation/Recreation Mission

A focused mission insures effective delivery. We wanted to focus clearly on our conservation mission and link it firmly to our recreation heritage. We built a wilderness ethics policy. We enhanced member training programs to teach conservation ethics and issues in our climbing, scrambling, hiking and boating courses and a variety of lectures and

seminars. We helped fund and found the Peshastin Pinnacles State Park, achieving our own fundraising goal of \$17,000 and building a strong community grassroots coalition. We created cooperative partnerships with Washington Wildlife and Recreation Coalition and the Mountains to Sound Greenway Trust. We coordinated Ancient Forest Hikes and trail maintenance opportunities on The Iron Goat Trail, the Pasayten Wilderness and elsewhere. We supported important recreation and conservation legislation and worked to create effective recreation management of the Royal Columns climbing area.

Properties Management and Planning

Properties belong to the whole club; risk responsibility lies with the Board of Trustees. We asked Past Mountaineer President Del Fadden to coordinate a task force to examine issues, risks and impacts of recreation lodgemanagement. Their recommendations helped us build a successful management program, including an effective and cooperative properties management committee examining budget issues, and crafting fees and policies to insure a break even philosophy. We took the club out of the hospitality business and placed the lodges squarely in the midst of other divisions and branches, emphasizing their support and involvement. We developed long range capital planning and began planning strategies for the success of the Seattle Clubhouse.

Fiscal Security

We believe that strong fiscal management, accountability and reporting are the keys to financial security. We achieved the first profitable year in Seattle's Clubhouse. After a decade of nearly stable membership, we grew by 1200 members in two years. Our annual revenues grew to \$2.9 million, including Books' \$1.8 million. We developed personnel policies and refined accounting and reporting procedures. We examined the club's relationship to Books and strengthened communication, involving them more in the club's strategies and future.

Community Outreach

In the belief that Mountaineers make a lasting contribution to the community through our leadership in recreation, safety, and first aid training, conservation and lobbying efforts, we have laid the groundwork for reaching out. We have learned many lessons in our 85 years. It is our responsibility to share those lessons generously and energetically.

This report would not be complete without a final thank you to the

Executive Committee, the Board of Trustees, Branch officers and particularly Virginia Felton and her staff. Virginia's business sense and her firm grasp of who Mountaineers are bring us continuing strength.

And I am grateful to the 13,000 Mountaineer members. Your energy, commitment, and leadership brought to me and to the Board a continuing renewal of faith in the Mountaineer mission.



Sloan Peak

Michael Young

Development of a Wilderness Ethics Policy

Edward M. Henderson, Jr.

Historically one of The Mountaineers' purposes is "To preserve by the encouragement of protective legislation or otherwise the natural beauty of Northwest America." Now, because of the pressure of greater recreational use on wilderness resources, it is time to expand the meaning of this purpose. The club must integrate its environmental ideals and conservation concerns directly into its wilderness recreational activities. Although the vast majority of club members do behave responsibly in the wilderness, we need to inform our members and the public of The Mountaineers' concern for and commitment to wilderness ethics and to provide guidance on responsible behavior in the wilderness.

One of the goals adopted by the club's leaders at their 1990 retreat was to promote a wilderness ethic in members. But what exactly is a wilderness ethic and why should The Mountaineers be promoting one?

Ethics are principles of conduct governing an individual or group. Wilderness ethics are principles of conduct in the wilderness. Since a primary focus of the Mountaineers is activities in the out-of-doors, or wilderness, it is altogether appropriate that we have some guiding principles for our conduct. Consequently the club's leadership has identified "promoting a wilderness ethic in members" as an important goal toward which the club should work.

This effort by The Mountaineers parallels other initiatives in the environmental, outdoor recreational community. The international climbing community is signing on to the Himalayan Tourist Code, and the Sierra Club has developed a similar set of guidelines for their members' conduct. Both of these guidelines are intended to apply on foreign trips in high mountain environments. While containing much useful counsel, the admonitions in these guidelines against photographing religious shrines, encouraging the hiring of local guides and paying porters fair wages are superfluous to the Mountaineers' activities in Washington. The club needs to address a narrower geographical focus and, at the same time, provide more general guidelines for the many types of environments encountered by our members on local trips.

An ad hoc committee on wilderness ethics struggled to identify means to do this. Soon after this committee started work, it reached the conclusion that one of the best ways to promote a wilderness ethic in members was to provide direction and guidance to the members and to the activity committees through a board policy which would clearly define the club's position and its expectations for members' conduct.

The committee further concluded that the policy should also concentrate on minimum impact practices as the means of exercising responsible wilderness ethics.

The committee believed that the policy should have a three-fold goal. Primarily, the policy would provide guidance on wilderness ethics and minimum impact practices for the club's members and activities, but it also should encourage participation in direct action (trail maintenance, work parties) to repair the damage caused by overuse and poor practices. In addition, it would call for involvement in political action to protect wilderness and the environment in general.

The original committee consisted of club leaders with broad experience in both the club's recreational activities and conservation efforts. It included two members of the climbing committee, seven basic climbing graduates and six intermediate climbing students or graduates. Six committee members were active in the Conservation Division and three were from branches. Three members were serving on the Board of Trustees. This committee worked throughout the spring and summer of 1991 and presented a draft policy to the Board of Trustees in October.

This draft policy achieved a number of goals. It provided a general statement, or philosophy, of purpose. It expanded the old "National Park and Forest Backcountry Use: Policy #411" into a new, more inclusive policy. It provided working definitions of "Wilderness Ethics" and "Minimum Impact." It reduced all of the numerous "Do's" and "Don'ts" of backcountry travel to eight brief, easily understood principles (The 8 Principles). And, finally, it required all of the club's activity committees to take positive actions to implement the policy and provide education to the members.

The development of the 8 Principles was one of the most significant achievements of the draft policy. The 8 Principles provide a shorthand method for quick recall of fundamental minimum impact practices. In addition, these 8 Principles can be expanded upon to form the framework for instruction. The committee envisions that one day the 8 Principles will be as widespread in the Pacific Northwest outdoor recreational community as the 10 Essentials are today.

Because of the broad application of the policy to activities throughout the club, the draft policy was presented to the club members by an explanatory article in the February 1992 issue of *The Mountaineer*. Comments on the policy and volunteers to work on a final draft were both sought. Over a dozen written comments were received, and enough new volunteers emerged to re-staff the committee! Many of the comments were editorial in nature and provided good advice which helped to sharpen the focus of the policy.

After the written comments were received, the committee held an

open meeting in which members were invited to voice their concerns. Representatives from the activity committees came forward at this time to add their support.

Three issues elicited strong comments, both pro and con. These were party size limits, resolution of trip schedule conflicts and dogs.

The original draft sought to sidestep the issue of party size and leave it up to the activity committee and individual trip leaders to determine, in accordance with the rules of the land management agency, where the trip was to take place. The overwhelming response was that this was an important principle and that The Mountaineers should take a strong, unambiguous position. The new committee quickly agreed on an upper limit of twelve. This is the general rule in both the National Parks and National Forests, and the committee felt twelve was a reasonable maximum size for safety and control. Of course, lower limits must be observed if required by regulations or if dictated by safety or environment concerns.

Because occasionally two or more Mountaineer trips are concurrently scheduled to the same location, many of the respondents felt that the policy should provide a mechanism by which conflicts in trip schedules could be resolved. They wanted the policy to require that trips be rescheduled or rerouted to avoid conflicts before surprise meetings at the trailhead. Upon review of the scant data available, the committee concluded that the problem was more one of perception, (i.e. that hordes of Mountaineers are over running the wilderness.) rather than one of substance. It appears many of the conflicts reported are with unscheduled trips or private trips by members. Furthermore no easily workable mechanism for identifying and resolving conflicts, computer based or otherwise, is readily available. So, the requirement for activity committees to resolve trip schedule conflicts was changed to a goal with some practical guidelines to follow when wilderness encounters do occur.

But the most contentious issue was the prohibition of pets in the wilderness. As presented in the draft, this was an absolute prohibition: "Leave all pets at home." The members quickly recognized that this principle applied chiefly to dogs. Strong feelings were expressed on both sides. In the spirit of compromise and with the wisdom of Solomon, the committee let the wording stand but made the principle applicable to Mountaineer sponsored activities only. There is historic precedence for prohibiting dogs on Mountaineers trips, and The Mountaineers has long since dropped trips with pack stock. Many members are uncomfortable and even angry when they have others' dogs inflicted upon them. On the other hand, there is no clear cut evidence that dogs degrade the wilderness environment any more than another human being would, and for many members the companionship of a dog on their private trip

is an integral part of a satisfying wilderness experience.

After considering all of the input, both written comments and the views expressed at the open meeting, the committee revised the draft. The final policy was presented to the Board of Trustees in May and approved at the June board meeting.

The policy requires that the activity committees teach wilderness ethics and minimum impact practices as an integral part of every course and encourage their trip leaders both to practice and instruct the participants on their trips in these practices.

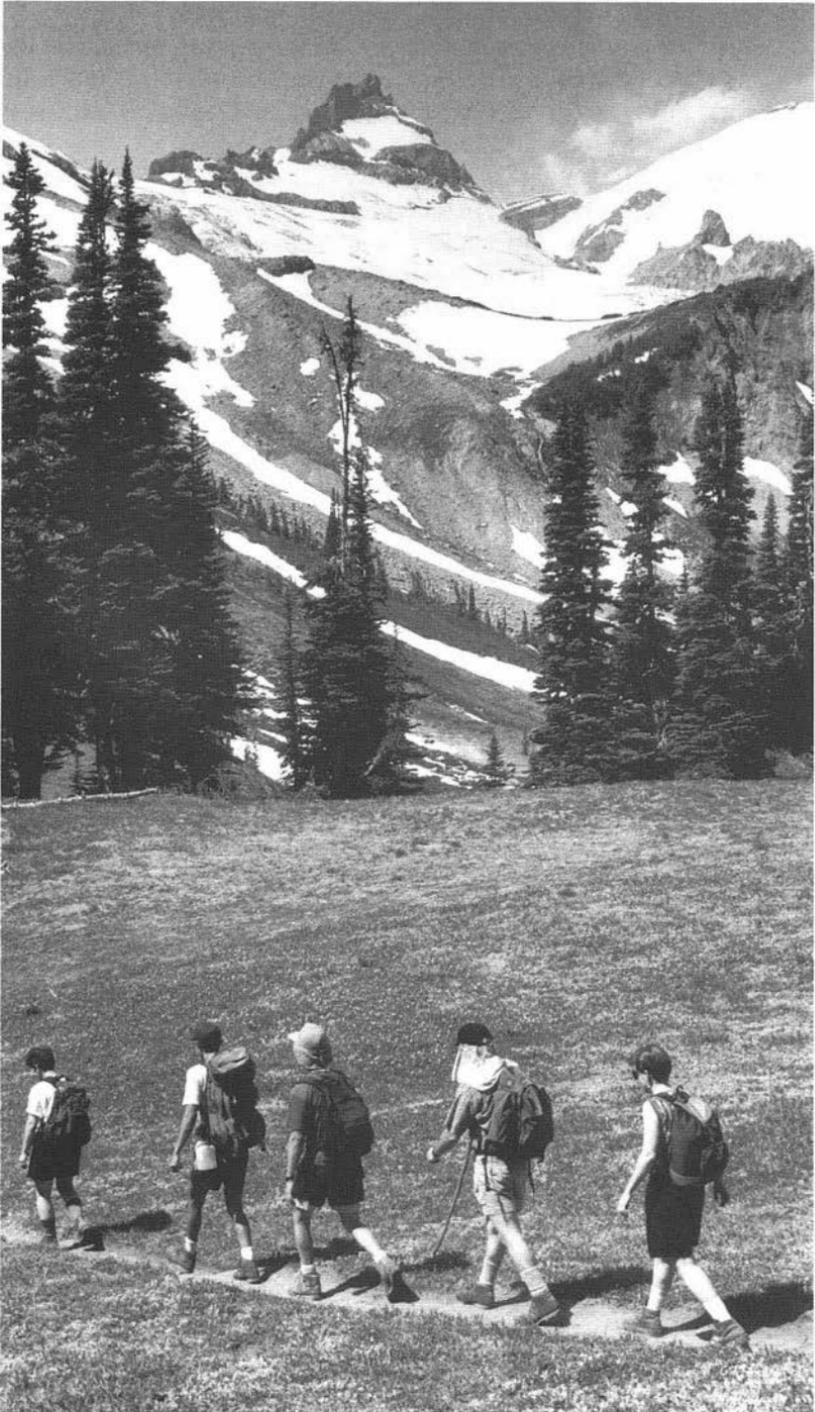
The Mountaineers' leadership recognizes that while many activities committees have made worthwhile efforts, they need resources and educational materials. To fill that need, the committee which revised the draft policy, produced a brochure and an article in the December 1992 issue of *The Mountaineer* on Minimum Impact for Winter Recreation. One member of the committee was able to draw together a number of references into a resource bibliography which gives anyone struggling to put together a lecture a place to start. These efforts will continue in order to make the best and latest information available to the individual members, trip leaders and activity committees.

Beyond the immediate and direct effect of this Wilderness Ethics Policy on the club's wilderness recreational practices, we believe that, because of the club's very large presence both as an outings club and as a major publisher of guidebooks and outdoor literature, the effects of this policy will eventually be reflected in the wilderness ethics of the general public. The club's leaders hope is that this policy is another step in our purpose to preserve the natural beauty of Northwest America.

The Himalayan Tourist Code has been adopted by the Himalayan Environmental Trust and will in all probability be adopted by the UIAA in some form.

Emerald Guildlines: Bengtson, Peter Y.; Sierra Club Outings Committee; Letter, July 11, 1991.

Cole, David N., Practice #7 page 23, Low Impact Recreational Practices for Wilderness & Backcountry; General Technical Report INT-265: USDA, Forest Service; Intermountain Research Station, Ogden, Utah; August, 1989.



Steve Johnson

Wilderness Ethics: The Eight Principles

- Stay on established trails; do not cut switchbacks. When travelling cross country, tread lightly to minimize damage to vegetation and soil slopes.
- Camp in established campsites whenever possible. Do not camp in fragile meadows. Camp on snow or rock when away from established campsites.
- Properly dispose of human waste away from water, trails and campsites.
- Use a campstove instead of building a fire.
- Wash well away from camps and water sources. Properly dispose of waste water; avoid the use of non-biodegradable soap.
- Leave flowers, rocks, and other natural features undisturbed.
- Keep wildlife healthy and self-reliant by not feeding them. Leave pets at home.
- Pack out all party litter plus a share of that left by others.



Steve Johnson

The Branch Challenge and Opportunity: Wilderness Ethics Education

Steve Payne

The onslaught upon the land continues. Wildlife is disrupted. Soil is compacted. Water is polluted. Each year, in increasing numbers, lugged soles hit the trails, traipse across meadows, and scramble up the slopes. And the impacts left behind are long lasting.

We have all seen the consequences as we have explored the woods and waterways, the valleys and the summits, from the Cascades to the Olympics, from Denali to K2: campsites are denuded of vegetation, branches chopped and young trees toppled for firewood, social trails etched into the landscape, human waste and toilet paper uncovered by melting snow, plants trampled along widened trails, litter marring the scenery.

These acts are not restricted to borderline campers hooked up to electrical outlets in the comfort of recreational vehicles. All too often we find these environmental impacts deep in the backcountry. We must confront the impacts created by the hordes who pull on the boots, hoist a pack, and head out for a casual hike, an overnight (summer or winter), a scramble, a climb, a trek, or an expedition (or a paddle, if you will).

We often talk about the need to sustain the illusion of being first when enjoying the wilderness. This goal is all the more challenging in the lower 48 states where thoughtless or careless abuses can be quite jarring and disturbing to our senses. Our family, for example, has found initials etched in moss-laden rock in the Smokies, soft drink cans in the middle of the Boundary Waters, plastic tarps in the Olympics, and trees either mutilated or toppled for campfires in every wilderness we have explored. These impacts remind us that wilderness is a finite and fragile resource susceptible to overuse...and misuse.

The simple answer would be to keep people out. Simple, but far from practical. Since keeping people out is not a solution (although restricting numbers may be in some areas), then education must be. The adoption by The Mountaineers of the Eight Wilderness Principles provides the ethical foundation to deliver a simple, consistent message to members and the general public. The Mountaineers can help all backcountry users understand that the wild lands and waters we explore and enjoy deserve respect and enlightened use. We can develop programs to give future users the knowledge and the skills they need to visit and leave the backcountry without a trace of their use.

But, before we take on the world – or just the population of greater

Puget Sound – we must set realistic objectives. What can the Mountaineer Branches do to move the guidelines from policy to practice?

In the Fall of 1992, I volunteered to help Olympia's Climbing Committee integrate the new guidelines into the Climbing and Scrambling Courses. First, we developed a new slide presentation for the 1993 lecture series. Second, we revised the course manuals to make them consistent with the new guidelines. The narratives are simple and concise. The lecture provides thorough detail on backcountry ethics and minimum impact camping.

This is only a start. We need to be as aggressive and creative as The Mountaineers has been to educate its members and the public on the 10 Essentials. When people trek into the wilds, they will remember the Eight Wilderness Principles.

The Mountaineers need to give wilderness ethics the same critical emphasis that is given to first aid skills and response. Our backcountry is being visited by thousands of people. It needs emergency care now, and we can be the care givers.

What more can be done?

* Include a fact sheet in the leadership packet for field trip instructors – for all courses – as well as experience and club climb leaders. Instructors and leaders then have an opportunity to reinforce concepts and skills during field trips and climbs.

* Distribute the fact sheet to all committee and activity leaders. Since many people will take to the wilderness on personal trips, ask the Branch Chair to include a cover letter and mail the fact sheet to all Branch members.

* Issue a bibliography for those who want to further enhance minimum impact skills.

* Increase resource materials in the Branch library on the subject, including suitable videos.

I would like to see a cadre of volunteers come together in each Branch who are interested in learning or enhancing ethical wilderness skills and teaching them to others. To be effective among volunteers, there needs to be leadership, organization, consistency, and action. A wilderness ethics education team would provide the structure and expertise needed to integrate the guidelines into all aspects of The Mountaineers at the local level. There is, after all, plenty of enjoyable and fulfilling work to do. For example:

* Provide Branch support to the club's Wilderness Ethics Committee to help plan and develop educational materials.

* Offer speakers to develop and present lectures for all Branch courses.

* Adapt materials for specific activities, courses, members, and trip leaders.

- * Distribute informational materials to, and coordinate with, committee chairs, course leaders, and trip leaders.

- * Coordinate with other Branches.

- * Monitor wilderness impact and management research to make necessary educational changes.

I also propose that this group develop and conduct wilderness ethics seminars or short courses developed and offered by each Branch for the general public, as well as for members. There is a need and an opportunity for The Mountaineers to be not only the regional model, but also the educational resource for ethical use of the backcountry in the Pacific Northwest. (The Olympia Branch Chair established a Wilderness Ethics Committee in February 1993.)

A lot of time and energy will be required to fulfill this vision. After all, we could just simply hand out the Eight Principles, which is an important and needed first step. But the wilderness resources demand much more of us, and we owe much more to the wild lands and waters we explore. As users of the last remnants of wilderness, we must work not to be the abusers.

Each of us can do better to minimize our impacts. We must begin thinking about the simple things we need to do when in the wilderness. We must think about the consequences of our actions.

I invite all Branches to make the commitment to dedicate the energy to do much more than only that first step. This is our opportunity...and our obligation.



Corteo Peak from Wing Lake

John Roper

Mountain Art and Landform Maps

Dee Molenaar



Dee Molenaar

Introduction

Mountain landscapes have been around for a long time, though not as highly visible in the western world as in the Orient, especially China and Japan, where mountain paintings are an old tradition, a thousand years before Columbus discovered America. Alpine art as we recognize it developed in Europe when travelers began reporting the mountains as more than the haunts of dragons. But many of the early Europe painters were mostly urban folks who lacked personal knowledge of the form, texture, and color of mountains and their mantles of snow, ice and glaciers. They often depicted the mountains as harsh and intimidating places, not for the likes of men, and mountain features were either exaggerated or illogically drawn. But as alpinism grew in popularity, beginning with the ascent of Mont Blanc in 1786, some of the English gentlemen-climbers included artists in their parties, and gradually more accurate portrayals were obtained of the peaks and glaciers. Edward Whymper of Matterhorn fame was an example of an observant artist on assignment to sketch the Alps.

Famous American mountain landscapists of the 1800s included such names as Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Hill, and Thomas Moran, all who painted the highlights of the western mountains as they became explored by Army units and geological survey parties. Among the well-known works are Bierstadt's somewhat exaggerated and pastoralized landscapes of the Rockies and Yosemite; Moran's oils of Yellowstone Canyon and falls and geysers, the Grand Canyon, and Yosemite Valley; and Hill's oils of Yosemite. These, along with the writings and sketchings of John Muir, helped draw eastern tourists to the Great American West – which created the foundation for eventual development of some of our first national parks – Yellowstone, Yosemite, Sequoia, and Mount Rainier.

The Mountaineers have had their share of fine mountain artists. The first one I knew was Clark Schurman, former chief guide at Mount Rainier (1939-43), whose pen and ink sketches of the various "Peak Pin" groups grace the 1939 and 1937 issues of *The Mountaineer*. Others who've since passed on were UW Geology Prof. Peter Misch, with whom I spent the summer of 1950 in the North Cascades, working mostly with geology pick and maps – but occasionally with paintbrushes during breaks in the meadows. Other local alpine artists who've also climbed their share of peaks include Joan Firey (deceased) and her daughter Carla Firey, Alex Bertulis, and Ramona Hammerly, whose fine works in watercolor and pen and ink are sought by many collectors. It's been my pleasure to have shared in local art shows with these people.

Although the advent of photography contributed somewhat to the decline in alpine paintings, there is still an abundance of subject matter in the mountains for the imaginative artist and for a variety of art styles. Mother Nature continues to provide ever-changing patterns of light, color, and texture in the clouds, meadows and forests, rock walls, and snow, ice and glacier flow. In my own mountain travels, I've found stimulation in both the physical aspects of climbing and the aesthetics of the mountain scene.

Painting on Location in the Mountains

Over the decades since I first began hiking the hill trails I've frequently had with me a small box of watercolors and pad of paper. I might even purposefully go into the mountains with hopes of capturing some scene or atmospheric "mood" among the trees, meadows, snowfields, glaciers and rocks high above. But I don't always return home with anything, and some of the stuff I bring home never gets finished to the point of matting and framing for the wall. Often I'm hurrying to reach a high ridge crest, campsite, or summit, and, aside from brief rest stops, there're not always opportunities for taking the 30-40 minutes required to capture the essence of a mountain scene. In most cases, my work is done

during a rest break or lunch stop – or at camp after the chores are done.

The major consideration is to keep the painting equipment light and simple. For this reason I use watercolors rather than oils; they are also cleaner and easier to handle and transport in the pack or pocket. I usually carry my paints and brushes in a small aluminum or plastic container. Occasionally I've taken one of those small beginner's sets of watercolors – a box about 1/2" x 2" x 8" – and replaced the paints with my own choice of tube colors of more lasting quality.

For paper, I carry a small 8" x 10" block of peel-off sheets, of 140-lb. cold press (Arches or equivalent). For protection against dirt and scuffing in the pack, I carry my materials inside a plastic bag, along with a small sponge. I carry a cup and two plastic water bottles, one for drinking and one for painting. Frequently, I end up drinking both.

Of course, a damper to artistic creativity is trying to paint under unpleasant conditions of wind and low temperatures, high or low humidity, or a bright, hot sun – and sometimes gnats and mosquitoes. Some of my best work, however, is done spontaneously and "on the spot", usually quickened by having to beat off the bugs. If possible, I try to paint where a slight breeze keeps the critters on the move, or I use a lotion that discourages their landing for blood samples.

I recall doing a painting of Mt. Adams from the campground at Takhlakh Lake, below the mountain's northwest flank. While doing the painting I noted several Clark nutcrackers eyeing me from nearby trees. Having a few peanuts left in a pouch, I sprinkled these across my artwork and quietly awaited their response. Soon a couple flew down and hopped closer, finally upon the painting, where they grabbed a few nuts before I snapped photos of them bouncing around on my tentative masterpiece.

Another common problem, which is true for most outdoor painting, is the strain on the eyes when one is continually shifting the gaze back and forth from the distant scene to the up-close, glaring white paper. Dark glasses may help, but they distort the colors of nature and in your paint tray. I usually try to paint in a shaded spot, which also allows a slower, more controlled drying time for my washes.

Doing a watercolor high on a mountain is often accompanied by a breeze and/or below-freezing temperatures, especially in the late afternoon and evenings. This is a real test of one's desire to paint. I recall starting a small watercolor at Camp Muir, in the late afternoon prior to a climb of the mountain. I'd gotten a few strokes onto the paper, but soon my fingers became chilled and I had to quit, completing the painting from a photo taken of the scene. Wool or silk gloves are sometimes necessary to keep your fingers pliable and mood expansive. On one occasion, while on Mt. Kennedy in Yukon Territory, I added a little

antifreeze to my water to offset below-freezing temperatures. On another occasion, while doing a painting en route back down the trail from a trek to Kala Patar below Mt. Everest, on a relatively warm and sunny afternoon, the paint started coming off my brush with small bits of ice in it. This made me realize it was already freezing around me, so I put the painting away and completed it upon my return home, again from photos taken of the scene.

Water is also at a premium at the higher elevations, as it often requires melting of snow or ice, and an expenditure of stove fuel that is preferred by your partners for cooking. On one occasion, after doing a small painting at 25,000 feet on the upper slopes of K2, to satisfy my fellow climbers, I drank the muddy residue upon completing the work. Later, in an article I had published in *American Artist*, the editors deleted mention of my drinking the water, later writing me that this practice should not be encouraged, as some paint pigments contain elements hazardous to one's health.

It has been both a blessing and a hindrance to have a background in geology. I often dwell on the details of the rock and geologic structures, perhaps to the exclusion of the aspects of color and composition. To me, there's a difference between the generally layered and colorful sedimentary and volcanic rocks and the more massive, often grayish granitic rocks, and I try to convey these distinctions in my paintings. But I find that rocks and geologic structures in themselves often display artistic characteristics, as do both the subtle and dramatic changes in color in snowfields and glaciers. The play of light and shadow across a glaciated peak throughout the day presents a multitude of views of the same subject – ranging from the soft, rosy “alpenglow” of dawn and dusk to the sharper highlights and shadows of mid-day. Where there are foreground meadows, additional elements of color are provided in the grasses and alpine flowers – multi-hued greens, yellows, and reds. Scattered dark-green groups of fir and hemlock – with here and there a light-colored snag – provide the sharp foreground elements to contrast with the soft, cool tones of distant peaks and snowfields.

The effects of clouds in a mountain landscape should not be ignored, and certainly clouds do enhance the “mood” that is an important ingredient of any mountain landscape. Among the least entrancing of alpine vistas is that of a front-lighted peak at high noon on a perfectly clear and cloudless day – mood and atmosphere are entirely lacking. There should be the side lighting and shadows of early morning and late afternoon to more effectively delineate the peak's form and character – the ridges, walls and cirques, and the undulations of snowfields, glaciers and icefalls.

Painting on location in the mountains provides a range and subtlety

of color hues and densities not usually captured by the camera in slides and color prints – from which many artists do their work indoors. The real world offers both a greater wealth of spontaneous subject matter and a greater sense of being a part of the scene and mountain mood. Painting from nature also provides a firmer deposit in the “memory bank.” The scenes whose details I recall most clearly years later are those I “sat” while painting, continually scrutinizing the subject for details – the variations in line, shape, color, and light and shadow, which all reflect the intricacies of the scene’s physical makeup. No camera can quite record the “soul” of a scene in the same way that it is imprinted in the mind while engaged in an outdoor painting session.

Guidebook Art

My interests in mountaineering and art have provided me the opportunity to prepare illustrations for a number of climber’s guidebooks and journal articles, and for some books by fellow climbers. Such work has involved considerable research into photos and maps – and much assistance from the climbers themselves – to accurately depict the various aspects of the peaks and routes. It has also been necessary to prepare most of the artwork for Black and White reproduction and printing. This has included doing the work in either pen and ink line drawings or in black pencil on coquille board. This latter method has proven more rapid than the painstaking efforts of ink drawing, and it often provides greater latitude than photography in depicting the terrain for guidebook purposes.

Coquille board is a light cardboard with a textured surface which, through varying degrees of pressure with black pencil, allows the artist to depict various shades of darkness, from light to dark gray through black. This simulates the density ranges in a Black and White photograph, and through artistic license one is able to accentuate (or subdue) areas of light and dark relative to what features are to be emphasized in the final illustration. For example, in many Black and White photos of mountains the shadowed sides of peaks and ridges appear too dark (sometimes black), which precludes seeing details in the shadowed terrain, whereas in sketching one can bring out these details where desired.

Art in Landform Maps

Another of my favorite forms of artwork has been the preparation (and publication) of a series of multicolored, oblique-perspective maps of the fascinating landforms of the Pacific Northwest and beyond. For me, doing these maps is a labor of love, wherein I’m able to combine my interests in art and the geologic processes that create the Earth’s fascinating surface features. While working on a landform map I’m also provided

a vicarious travel experience. While studying the topographic contours and translating these into a pictorial representation, in my mind I'm flying over and traveling through the area's terrain – over hills and valleys, streams and lakes, and at whatever pace I choose.

Many interesting geologic features are revealed when studying a map's contour patterns. These help tell me a bit of the area's geologic history – the "story behind the scenery." Below are some of the fascinating geologic features revealed in a study of topographic maps:

*Lineaments (elongate patterns of relief, such as ridges and valleys) reveal where the earth's crust has been locally folded or faulted by movements associated with *continental drift* and *plate tectonics*, such as along the western margin of the North American continent. For example, in my map of the Point Reyes National Seashore in California, the San Andreas fault zone appears as a prominent alignment of ridges, valleys and embayments that extend for many miles across the map.

*Radial patterns of stream drainage from a high mountain mass indicate where a volcano had been formed – as ash, pumice, and/or lava was issued from a centrally-situated vent. These volcanoes are quite prominent in my maps covering areas of the Pacific Northwest.

*Small, isolated "pimple" in an otherwise flat terrain indicates the past eruption of local volcanic cinder cones. Several of these old cinder cones appear on my maps of Washington State and the Mt. St. Helens area.

*Broad flat areas within mountainous terrain show where in the distant past drainages had been blocked – by glaciers, lava flows, or gigantic landslides – to create lakes and resulting broad, silt-bottomed valley floors.

*Long low ridges along the lower sides of mountain valleys indicate lateral moraines of ancient valley glaciers that had dumped their loads of sand and gravel along the ice margins.

*Deep lakes impounded behind low curving ridges at the mouths of mountain valleys show where mountain glaciers had cut into and shoved their deposits of sand, gravel and boulders onto the adjacent lowlands before melting back upvalley. These depressions were then filled by meltwater runoff and precipitation. A "textbook example" of such a morainal-dammed lake is Wallowa Lake at the base of the northwestern foothills of the Wallowa Mountains of northeastern Oregon, which are on my map of Washington State and adjacent areas.

*Flat benches and terraces along valley sides, and isolated across valley bottoms, are remnants of formerly extensive glacial outwash plains, formed below the advancing and retreating glaciers by sands and

gravels deposited by the meltwater streams issuing from the ice fronts. Subsequent “modern” streams have then cut into these formerly valley-filling materials, reducing them to small remnants of the original outwash plains.

*Steep-sided, flat-bottomed valleys indicate where ancient glaciers had cut their ways down through the high mountains. These are prominently shown in several of my maps of the Pacific Northwest.

*Steep-walled lake-filled cirques indicate where past glaciers have cut into and below mountain headwalls, creating these depressions later filled by water from ice and snow melt.

*Hummocky surfaces below steep mountain faces suggest areas of past large landslides, where great masses of rock material have fallen and rapidly crossed areas below, creating uneven hummocky topography, in some places characterized by small lakes, ponds, and swamps.



Dee Molenaar

In total, my life has been greatly enriched by my association with the mountains and climbing – and its related camaraderie – and through painting and sketching, and studying the geologic processes that brought about the Earth’s magnificent landforms. I would therefore encourage all others who enjoy the mountains and who want to “capture” a certain scene or mood: Grab your paints and brushes, or pencils and sketchpad, and head for the hills – but don’t forget your mosquito netting and lotions, and wool finger gloves...

Mountaineers at Mt. Baker Ski Area

Stella Degenhardt



Shuksan Arm Skiers – 1958

Stella Degenhardt

The deepest snow, the longest ski season, magnificent scenery, great downhill and cross-country ski terrain—in the early 1940s it was obvious The Mountaineers needed a cabin at Mt. Baker Ski Area. Obvious, but not easy. Building sites are at 4,200 feet and the building season is short; the driving time from Seattle is long and was even longer fifty years ago. Nevertheless, Mt. Baker Cabin, newest of the club's ski facilities, will celebrate its 35th anniversary in 1993. But first...

Bagley Lake Cabins

In December 1945 the club rented two cabins above Bagley Lake. It took about 15 minutes in abnormal conditions to ski in from the road. In the more usual Mt. Baker blizzard the trip could take up to two hours.

To locate the cabins, each weekend's first arrivals looked for a landmark group of trees with a shovel hanging from one. They used the shovel to dig down to the cabin entrance. Later arrivals put their skis in a snowdrift and slid down to the door.

One cabin housed the kitchen and living room and the women's dorm. The other – colder – cabin was the men's dorm. The outhouse was dubbed "Little America", after the American camp in Antarctica.

Annabelle MacDougall reported in 1949 that most weekend nights found the cabins full, with Mountaineers playing cards or studying or making music. Beginning skiers practiced on Peanut Hill and Heather Meadows. Ski tours went to Shuksan, the Dome and Austin Pass, or to Herman Saddle, or Table Mountain with its "hair raising run down the Hourglass."

The cabins were occupied until 1949 when the Forest Service condemned them. The Mountaineers then made arrangements to rent Gates Cabin, with more capacity, inside plumbing, and a location closer to the plowed road.

Gates Cabin

The pipes froze, the stove exploded, the roof dripped, and the packrats flourished. John Klos recalls: "Staying at Gates was always an adventure."

Built in the 1930s as a private family summer home, the cabin had no insulation but it was on a ridge with a wonderful view of Mt. Shuksan and the border peaks and a wind pattern that kept the entrance mostly free of snow. The wind also drove snow under the roof shakes, creating little snow reservoirs which melted and dripped into the cabin.

The weekend chairman usually drove up Friday night after work. The first task was to find the stove pipe where the snow had pushed it and put it back up on the roof. The second was to check the water and, if the pipes were frozen, to get to work with the blow torch. With luck, the advance party could hit their sacks by 2 a.m.

The cabin did indeed have running water most of the time. It came from a spring under Table Mountain and, given the effects of gravity and sufficient snow cover, all was well. When all was not well, skiers brought in pails full of snow and melted it in a 10-gallon copper boiler on the living room stove - a nearly fulltime chore when the cabin housed 30+ Mountaineers.

During the 1949-50 blizzard, the pipes froze but not before leaking and flooding the bathroom and dorms. John Klos and Bill Degenhardt spent the weekend chipping out an inch of hard ice from the floors.

When the pipes inside the cabin were frozen and impervious to the blowtorch, a hose was run from the last free-flowing section to provide water to the kitchen. First-timers were startled to see water for cooking coming from a hose originating in a hole under the toilet in the bathroom, but the weekend chairman always swore that the water was diverted BEFORE it reached the toilet.

The coal-burning cookstove was finicky at best, and had a mighty down-draft problem. An annual cleaning of stove and stovepipe was mandatory but one year the fall work parties overlooked it. Skiers came in ready for dinner to find the cabin cold and the stove in pieces on the floor. The weekend chairman had decided the only way to get the stove to function was to take it apart and clean it. Dinner was more than fashionably late that night.

Restricted kitchen space made "special orders" difficult but Don Page disliked raisins so much that the cooks usually dipped out a bowl of hot cereal for him before they added the raisins. Sometimes they slipped up, and Don would carefully remove each raisin from his mush, reciting as he did so the Alternating Currant poem: "Round and round the crust they lie, First a currant, then a fly, Alternating currant pie."

Drying arrangements for wet ski clothes consisted of a couple of galvanized steel pipes suspended by wires from the cathedral ceiling of the living room. It was a good system and clothes dried quickly, but people sitting at the dining tables sometimes got dripped on.

In addition to the summer-sized fireplace in the living room an oil heater warmed the area immediately around it. The stove was hooked in to the fireplace chimney and sometimes a sudden draft would whoosh down and blow out the flame. This happened one evening when no experienced person was handy and a helpful skier from Tacoma bent over to relight the flame. After the explosion, the skier was minus eyebrows and had a very red face – not entirely caused by embarrassment. This was the origin of the sign: "Lighting the stove while hot is not conducive to a long life." When calm returned, soot from the chimney had settled...on the tables...on the benches...on the people...on the clothes drying on the pipes...and on forty dishes of canned peaches set out for dessert. The dinner preparation committee tried to brush off the soot. They tried to wash it off. They tried to scrape it off. They finally decided that dessert was peaches with soot and each diner had a choice – eat it or not.

One winter there was an outbreak of petty thievery – an unheard of occurrence in a Mountaineer facility. People were missing keys,

sunglasses, coins, and even watches. Finally somebody became suspicious of the rustlings in the walls and took down some panelling. They discovered a packrat nest with all the "stolen" items carefully stored.

Late spring brought another animal problem. Skiers arriving one Memorial Day found a window broken and the door to a large metal food storage locker in the hall hanging open. Two sets of holes through the door showed where the visitor had tried to take a large bite of metal cabinet. The floor was littered with empty cans and a sugar sack, and a slab of bacon was missing. The bear showed up at breakfast time next morning but was not made welcome.

Gates Cabin was not large enough for the square dancing so popular at other Mountaineer ski facilities, but students studied, readers read, knitters knitted, and conversations flourished before the fireplace.

Bridge was a favorite pastime when the weather was really bad – as it was one New Year's weekend. After two days in the cabin, Neva Karrick decided to try the outdoors. She returned after an hour or so and was asked how the snow was. "Fine," she said, "quite light."

Great news. Much scurrying into parkas and ski boots. But the first person to reach the door came back indignantly: "The wind is blowing so hard the snow is coming down sideways." Neva smiled and said gently: "You asked how the snow was, not where," and went on with the bridge game.

The New Year's Eve party was always the same – a cup of cocoa at 10 p.m. and an early night to prepare for the next day's skiing. John and Janet Klos thought this was a poor celebration and at midnight would rise to welcome the New Year by banging kitchen pots and pans – to the disgust of all those sleeping skiers who were only concerned with being in line when the chair lifts started.

The final challenge of a weekend at Gates Cabin all too often was probing for cars buried in fallen or drifted snow. Once your own car was located it had to be shoveled out before the drive home could be started and another wonderful weekend at Baker faded into history.

The Mountaineers Build Mt. Baker Cabin

The present Mt. Baker Ski Cabin is a big improvement in every way. It was completed in 1958 by club volunteers on a site leased from the U.S. Forest Service. Sixty-four skiers sleep comfortably in two dry upstairs dormitories; there are dual bathroom facilities; the generator blows warm air into a separate basement drying room; a work bench is available for first aid and equipment; and there is indoor storage for skis in the entrance tunnel. The cabin is conveniently arranged for small-party use as well as capacity crowds. Tall windows provide wonderful views of Mt. Shuksan across Picture Lake. Adequate, animal-proof

storage allows food staples to be brought in during the fall when cars can be driven almost to the cabin.

Successive committee chairmen have negotiated parking and snow-removal services, so even snowfall is not so much of a problem. In the ski area, the addition of several chair lifts has opened a number of runs for downhill skiing, and ski touring remains popular.

The building of the cabin proceeded against advice that it was too far from town to attract volunteers and the building season was too short.

Possible building sites had been explored for several years and in April 1956, then Mountaineer President Chester Powell and Paul Wiseman chose the ridge north of Gates Cabin. That September Don Winslow, then Gates Cabin chairman, headed the work party which burned an old barn and cleaned up the chosen site for the new cabin.

A Mt. Baker Building Committee with Gordon Logan, chairman, Marilyn Adams, Hartcel Hobbs, and Jim McGinnis was approved by the Board of Trustees in March 1957. Two months later, Architect William Gardner's initial plans were submitted and an appropriation made. The U.S. Forest Service approved the plans and gave the club permission to build.



Mt. Baker Work Party

Marilyn Adams

A report by Building Committee Chairman Gordon Logan gives a detailed account of the process: "Construction of footings began on July 20, 1957, with Bill Cross leading blasting operations. A five-man work party succeeded in removing necessary trees, stumps, and rocks. Five subsequent work parties completed digging and form construction. On September 28-29, a crew of 28 workers turned out to pour the footings. During two brilliant fall days, 27 yards of concrete were mixed on the site

and poured into the 25 footings. The last work party of the season – on a rainy, windy October weekend – took off the forms.”

Much of the distance-from-town problem was solved when Otis Lamson donated the use of a work area behind his Rainier Valley machine shop. Pre-cutting work parties got under way at this site when six workers gathered to discuss how to lift, let alone pre-cut, the 8 x 12 "and the 8 x 14" beams measuring up to 22 feet in length. Fourteen work parties over the next four months were attended by small but efficient groups of Mountaineers. All of the posts and beams were pre-cut in Seattle to allow rapid on-site construction.

On June 27, 1958, under the direction of Clarence Carlson, all the heavy timbers used for the cabin, plus a variety of other materials, were loaded on a logging truck for transportation. The slow trek (10 mph up grades) to the building site resulted in a 4 am arrival with unloading operations beginning a few hours later.

Meanwhile, work parties at the cabin site had begun a week earlier. The year's unusually light snowfall melted early and promised the long building season needed. Work parties were held each weekend with the last just before the first ski weekend over Thanksgiving.

The first two work parties saw footing plates installed and materials transported to the site. Actual construction began on the July 4th weekend under the direction of Bill Gardner who doubled as construction supervisor as well as architect. More than 30 workers were present on all three days and erected all timbers except roof trusses which were put in place the following weekend.

Roof, floors, walls, and a variety of interior work consumed the next 14 work parties. With the season's first snowfall, a gas cookstove was moved in on October 19. The next four work parties installed the thermopane windows in the north lounge, completed the basement floor, and, in a snowstorm, finished the tunnel entrance.

On November 8, the usual evening work session was cancelled for a housewarming celebration. On November 22-23 the last work party had the satisfaction of readying the cabin for a capacity crowd over Thanksgiving. On January 1, 1959, the cabin was formally dedicated to the memory of Bill Degenhardt.

More than 1000 work days were contributed by Mountaineer members to the building of Mt. Baker Cabin with 31 members chalking up exceptional attendance. The list is headed by Norm and Norma Anderson with 47 days each, Gordon and Joan Logan with 38, and Roy and Lee Snider with 26.

Personal skills were donated by Bill Gardner, architect and construction advisor; Al Alleman, design and installation of plumbing; Clarence Carlson, transportation of pre-cut timbers and installation of

bunks; Keith Sherry, electrical design and installation; Chet Powell, design and construction of septic tank; George and Laura Lovelace, design and construction of kitchen cabinets; Don and Marion Cook, Bulletin notices; Don Winslow, Frank Moon, and Jim McGinnis, generator purchase, conversion, transport, and installation.

A total of \$12,384 was spent on materials such as timber, lumber, plumbing, wiring and heating materials, roofing, glass, equipment rental, paint and stain, tools, etc. Leo Gallagher donated 66 mattresses, Otis Lamson lent use of a pre-cutting site and many tools, Herb Scheissel provided aluminum window sash, and Tom Tokareff loaned a truck, drill, and table saw.

With all the hard work, volunteers accumulated wonderful memories: warm summer days punctuated by refreshing (and short) swims in nearby lakes; clear and crisp fall days with Norma Anderson's blueberry pancakes; and the final blustery, rainy, snowy late fall and early winter days.

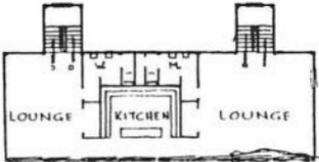
As Mt. Baker Cabin celebrates its 35th birthday, it continues to occupy a very special place in the hearts of many Mountaineers. Three studies show that since 1960 it has been "in the black" more consistently than any other Mountaineer ski cabin. Sixty-six percent of the people who stay at the cabin are Mountaineer members. The cabin is tops in year-round use—due partly to its adaptability for small-party and family use and partly to the rugged alpine beauty of its surroundings. Its very distance from Puget Sound metropolitan areas may work to its benefit in attracting people in search of a mountain environment.

The cabin is ideally situated within easy reach of the numerous commercial chair lifts which give access to a wide variety of slopes. It is equally well located for ski tours to unspoiled areas such as Table Mountain, Herman Saddle and Lake Ann as well as Shuksan Arm and other more ambitious destinations.

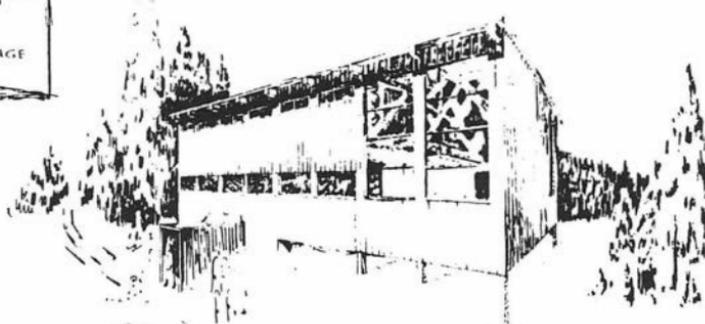
In summer, the cabin is a convenient base for hiking and Mountaineer Naturalists, Singles, Mid-Week Hikers, and Retired Rovers schedule activities there.

As in all Mountaineer cabins, operating committee membership involves a great deal of hard work in often less-than-ideal conditions, but long-time committee assignments are the rule. Jim and Elaine Hicks, Neil and Sue Hunt, Frank and Sue Peto, Dan and Asta Riccio, Jim Kurtz and current chair Bill Zauche have all served more than 20 years on the committee.

Perhaps the most important evidence that all is well at Mt. Baker is the remark of a recent visitor: "I never had such a wonderful weekend at any ski cabin."



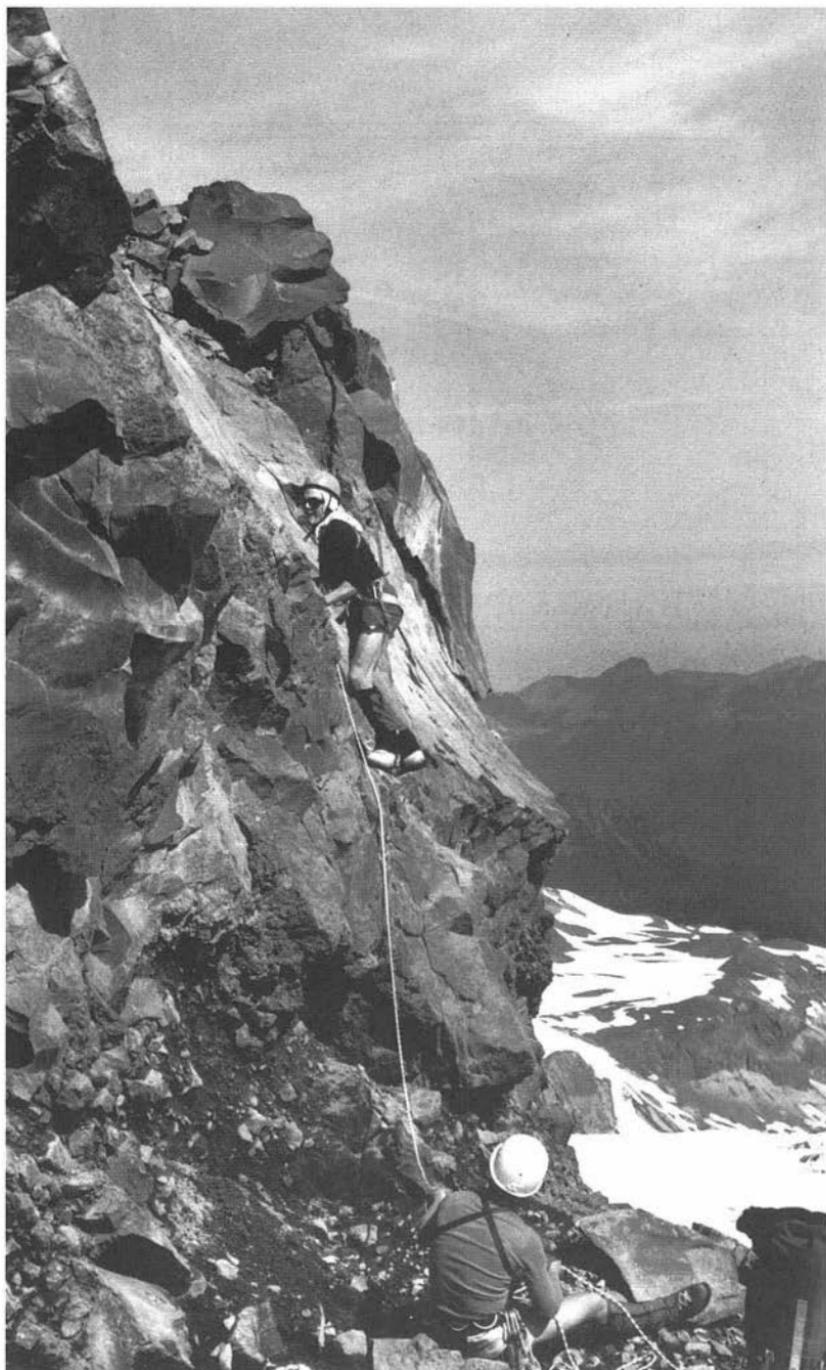
SKI
LODGE
FOR



THE MOUNTAINEERS

+ W. H. GARDNER ARCHITECT

1959 Annual Administration and Committee Reports: "The new (Mt. Baker) lodge is situated 400 ft. from the commercial Mt. Baker Lodge at a site planned to provide the best combination of accessibility to road and tows, minimum snow depth and view of Mt. Shuksan. It is a two-story, elevated wooden structure 64 feet long by 22 feet wide, with shed-type roof. Its main floor offers two lounge or recreation areas separated by the kitchen. Its upper dormitory floor will accommodate a maximum of 60 skiers. This lodge was built at a cost of \$11,500 and thousands of hours of volunteer labor by Mountaineers in its planning and erection."



On Liberty Ridge

Roy Whitcutt

An Ascent of Liberty Ridge

David L. White

"I have a collect call from Dave White. Will you accept the charge?" said the operator. My wife Debbie, answering yes, felt a twinge of concern because I had never called after a climb. "Hi, Deb," I said. "I just wanted to let you know that we are safely off the mountain . . . and we got it." With those words I informed her of our safe return from a successful climb of Liberty Ridge on Mt. Rainier's north side. I broke my pattern of not calling after a climb because of the reputation that this particular route has. The ranger at the White River entrance to the park had been eager to share with us the grimmer aspects of this route. "I've pulled a lot of bodies off that ridge," he had said. Beckey mentions that the ridge involves "continuous exposure and the possibility of stonefall." The approach through the maze of crevasses on the Carbon Glacier has caused its share of problems for several parties also.

Our planning for this climb was quite thorough. We all read the route description with great care. We got together with a friend who had climbed the route a few years earlier and discussed the route and its variations. We also received some valuable information from the park rangers. All of this information gave us a good mental picture of the route before we ever set foot on the mountain.

Our plan was a simple one that is commonly followed by Liberty Ridge climbers. Our first day would be spent hiking from the White River campground to lower Curtis Ridge. This would take us through Glacier Basin, over St. Elmo's Pass, and across the Winthrop Glacier. The next day we would drop down onto the Carbon Glacier and make our way up onto the ridge. We planned to end day two at Thumb Rock (10,775'). Our plan for day three was to continue up the ridge to its terminus at Liberty Cap. Then we planned to descend the Winthrop and Emmons glaciers to Steamboat Prow and hike out to the campground.

Our equipment plans were dictated by two priorities: the necessity of having everything needed for a safe climb and the desire to travel light. We would carry the usual gear for glacier travel. Since we expected some ice climbing we also needed ice screws and tools. Due to rockfall hazard we knew helmets would be a necessity. We would take no tent. Instead, we would use bivy sacks.

I was climbing with Roy Whitcutt and Mats Robertson. The three of us had gone through the Everett branch Basic and Intermediate climbing courses together. We had climbed together several times, the most recent being a rock climb on the Olympic Peninsula the previous weekend. We knew we were compatible and could function well as a

team. So, at noon on June 5, 1992, we left my office in Tukwila and drove to the mountain. The first stage of our climb, the approach to Curtis Ridge, was an enjoyable hike in the afternoon sun. As we were making our way across the Winthrop Glacier we got our first good look at the upper part of Liberty Ridge. Along the side of the Black Pyramid, high on the ridge, we could see bare ice. We knew the ice screws we were carrying would be put to use rather than being dead weight in our packs.

Our campsite on lower Curtis Ridge was partially enclosed by rocks. The sleeping area had been cleared out by previous parties so we had a smooth bed of gravel to use. The North Face of Rainier, Willis and Liberty Walls separated by Liberty Ridge, dominated our view. Occasionally an avalanche would thunder down the face, leaving in its wake a whitewashed scar. I took a little time to explore the area while the others prepared the stove so we could have dinner. From a distance I could see the usual flare-up of the stove igniting. But, the flame continued to burn yellow and high. Something was amiss. Mats and Roy were huddled over the stove apparently attempting some sort of surgery. The stove, our only means of melting snow for water, had developed a leak. We had no backup. It seemed a cruel irony that, on a weekend predicted to have good weather, we were poised in sight of a climb for which we had planned and thought about for the last year only to be turned back by a faulty stove.

Since our planning had included bringing a large amount of fuel, we decided to see how much we would consume that night. We wanted to be sure that we would not run short. Mats found the leak and, although unable to repair it, he arranged the fuel bottle and hose so the leak would not ignite from the flame. We used a plastic sandwich bag to catch the leaking fuel. Depending on our projected use of fuel we would either turn back or continue. One of my personal equipment decisions was not to take a sleeping bag. I felt that this would eliminate bulk and weight. I would just wear all of my warm clothing in a bivy sack. Nevertheless, I had a cold night that first night. My cold feet kept me awake most of the night. Although I wore dry socks, my boot liners were damp from sweat so they did little good. As I lay there I kept reminding myself that it was not cold enough to freeze. Therefore my feet would not get frostbitten. They would just be uncomfortable. In some odd way that kept me from being concerned about bodily harm. Were I not so cold I might have even slept. We awoke to a sunny morning. Our leaky stove had not consumed an inordinate amount of fuel so we decided to press on. After a quick breakfast we made our way down Curtis Ridge to the glacier. The Carbon Glacier was in shadow when we first set foot on it. My feet were still a bit chilled from the previous night so I was looking forward to getting into the sunshine farther up the glacier. Mats set a good pace as

we began our march up the lower section. It was not long before I started to warm up. We scrambled up a few moderately steep slopes and with only one dead end we threaded our way through the crevasses without incident. There was one interesting feature, however. At one point Mats stopped and called back to Roy to keep an eye on him. I knew he must have found an interesting obstacle. But from my vantage point I could not see what it was. Mats was obviously being careful. When Roy arrived at the same spot he stopped, looked, and told me to keep an eye on him. He took a few careful steps and then jumped a short distance. I still could not see it.

Finally it was my turn. The obstacle was a crevasse about ten feet wide bridged by a fin about ten inches wide. The bridge was certainly thick enough because it plunged into the depths of the frozen hole. I looked at it and said, "This looks interesting" and walked across. We dubbed this piece of glacial architecture, "The Fin."

Getting on to the ridge involved a short rock climb. The hazards were twofold. Since all our planning was for snow and ice, we did not have any rock pro with us. Fortunately the pitch was relatively easy, especially without a pack. The main concern was loose rock. I had to test every potential hold before committing to it. Once Roy and I got on the ridge, Mats tied the rope to my pack for us to haul it up. One little flick of the rope let loose a barrage of rocks. Mats instinctively dove for cover and only got a few scratches on his new helmet.

Once the three of us were up the short rock pitch we sat for a while. We were amused to see another party following our tracks on the glacier. They approached the Fin, stopped, looked at it for a moment, and did an end run around the crevasse rather than cross the narrow bridge.

After our brief break we repacked the rope and started making our way up the ridge. We climbed just west of the crest of the ridge. Our route took us across alternating bands of snow and loose rocks. I did not like the loose rocks. At one point I noticed I could avoid them by traversing to a continuous slope that would enable me to climb on snow all the way to Thumb Rock. So, while Mats and Roy continued their diagonal ascent, I did the traverse. I moved as quickly as I could, almost running in places, because I wanted to be out of harm's way should my partners kick any stones loose. Eventually, just before I reached the slope I intended to climb, I had to stop and put on my crampons because the snow was getting so hard that my boots only made little nicks in the surface each time I tried to kick a step.

The snow slope was a pleasure to climb. It was steep enough to be interesting yet not so steep to require the use of two tools. The snow was firm with an ice base. With each step my crampon points would punch through the surface layer of snow and bite solidly into the ice beneath.

As I tiptoed up the slope I developed a rhythm: move my axe, take two steps, move my axe, take two steps, etc. It was fun to be climbing on solid snow and ice.

Once the angle began to ease off, the convexity of the slope prevented me from seeing all of my route. My eyes could follow my tracks for fifty feet or so and then the slope would disappear. With an unobstructed view of the glacier several hundred feet below I was reminded that a fall would probably be fatal. My technique had to be flawless. This was no place to crampon myself in the leg, to stumble, or to lose a crampon.

We had decided in the early planning stages that we would climb most of the ridge unroped. It was a matter of speed providing safety. Our options were threefold. We could climb roped-up using anchored belays, a slow process which would expose us to rockfall for a greater period of time. Or we could climb roped-up, moving together with an occasional running belay, in some ways a good option but also a possible suicide pact. More than one party on Liberty Ridge has fallen to its death when one rope team member slipped. The third option was to climb unroped on most of the ridge. This would give us speed to avoid rockfall hazard without linking us together for an involuntary glissade. We did plan to rope up, however, on glaciated sections and for any extended ice climbing.

Finally, after about half an hour of solo climbing, my path crossed that of Mats and Roy. After a brief rest we kicked steps the rest of the way up to Thumb Rock. Roy and I arrived ahead of Mats. It appeared that Mats was moving slowly but steadily. We had planned to spend the night there, but since we were making good time and we were feeling up to continuing, we decided to climb higher up the ridge after a short break. We would camp at a campsite that we had heard about from other climbers. We did not know exactly where this campsite was, but we were confident that we could find it.

We weren't so lucky. We climbed above 11,000' on the ridge with no campsite presenting itself. On the way Mats had stopped for a couple of breaks. As I continued I passed a small level spot that might accommodate two of us. I mentioned it to Roy. When he reached it he disagreed and opted for climbing higher to see if he could find something more suitable. I stayed where I was while he inspected the next rocky area higher on the ridge.

Meanwhile Mats, usually a strong climber, had stopped for a long break. He had his pack off and was lying on the rocks. After a while he called up to me asking what was the easiest way down. I told him that it was to go up and over the top. Reluctantly he agreed. As Roy went higher up the ridge I had doubts that Mats was up to any more climbing that day. I was certain that we would have to make do with what skimpy

space was available there in my immediate vicinity.

After a short while Roy called from above and indicated that he had found nothing better. I told him of my concern for Mats. We decided we had little choice but to spend the night where we were. As Roy made his way back down to me he knocked some rocks loose. He yelled, "rock, rock, rock." I did not move. I wanted to see where the rocks were going before I moved to dodge them. The rocks separated just above me; half going down the east side of the ridge, half going down the west side of the ridge. Seeing this we felt other rockfall would behave similarly and we would be protected.

After Mats and Roy joined me, we decided that with a little work we could make a platform big enough for the three of us to fit most of our bodies on for the night. So while I melted water with the leaky stove, they excavated an area about 4 feet by 5 1/2 feet. It wasn't much space but it would have to do. It made for an interesting spot to bivy. Our gear was nestled in various nooks and crannies on the ridge 10-15 feet above our sleeping area. We were perched on the crest of the ridge, the slope dropping steeply on either side to the glacier two thousand feet below. It was no place to drop a boot. Mats and Roy built short walls of rocks on either side of our aerie. Hopefully, no one would roll over in their sleep.

During this construction work, I melted water and made hot drinks. Mats, feeling ill, opted out of dinner, had a cup of soup and crawled into his bag. Roy and I stayed up awhile eating, talking, and melting snow.

I had been manning the stove for several hours. By this time I was getting a bit bored with the task and wanted to crawl into my bivy sack and try to get some sleep. But then I began to appreciate my surroundings. Here I was at 11,500 feet on Mt. Rainier with two of my closest friends at sunset. The whole Puget Sound basin was displayed below us. Millions of lights were flickering. The sky had been displaying various colors in the red side of the spectrum. Low clouds were spilling over some of the lower ridges and peaks. Slowly, it was darkening. We had enjoyed a great day of climbing and we anticipated another in a few hours. In this context, the task of melting snow was no longer boring. After a cup of hot Gatorade it was with some regret that we turned off the stove and climbed into our bivy sacks for a few hours rest.

Since my feet had gotten so cold on the previous night I decided to try a different tack. My mittens were dry so I put them on my feet. I did not wear my inner boots but kept them loose in the bivy sack with me. On my hands I had a light pair of gloves. I slept much better and warmer even though this was a colder night.

Cold enough in fact to freeze water left in our cups. We awoke early, too early according to Mats. Once he realized that we were really serious about getting up at 2:00 am, he wriggled around inside of his bag getting

dressed and prepared for the day's climbing. The night's rest had done him some good and he was feeling better.

Our climb up to the base of the Black Pyramid confirmed what Roy had discovered the previous day. There were no camping spots better than what we had used until quite high on the ridge. We were eager to get on the ice that abutted the Black Pyramid. From below it had not looked difficult, just exposed. We expected it to be a fun climb. To climb quickly we decided to do running belays. We had seven ice screws with us for protection. The ice, angled at about forty five degrees, was broken with many holes and edges which could easily be hooked by using two tools in the dagger position.

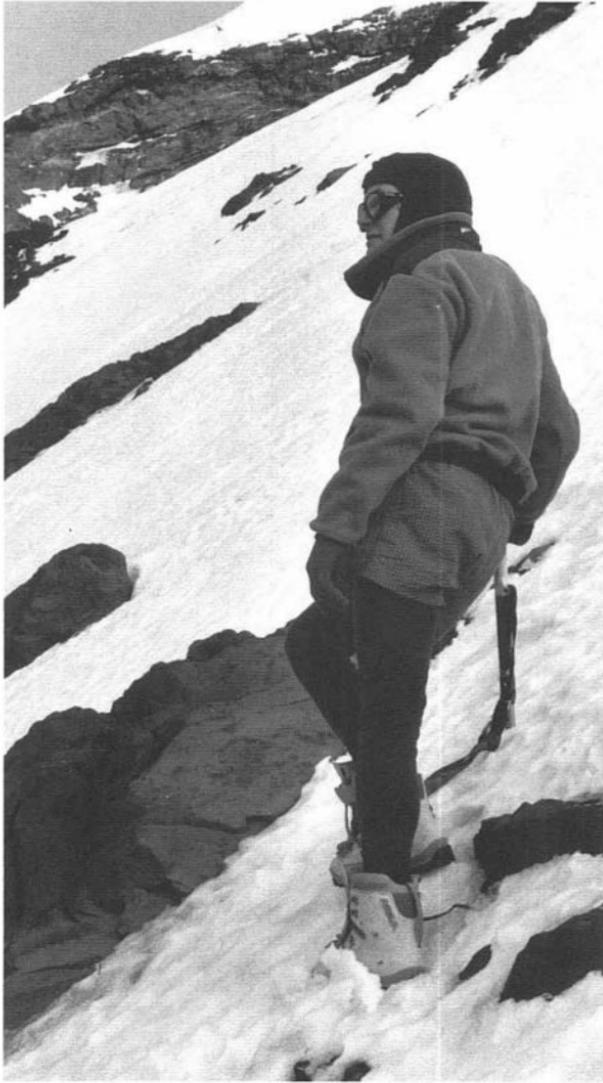
As I led one of the pitches I noticed that my right foot would just slip on the ice. I looked down and could see my crampon dangling from its safety strap. I anchored myself with my tools, made an adjustment or two, and reattached the crampon to my boot. A few leads farther up, while setting up a belay, it happened again, this time to the left foot. I finished my preparations and started belaying Mats to finish off the ice. As I was sitting with my weight supported by my one crampon it too popped. I slid. Fortunately, my anchor held and stopped my descent. As we took a break at the top of the Black Pyramid I made some major readjustments to my crampons.

The rest of the route was as straightforward as doing the standard routes on the mountain. The slope had some visible crevasses but nothing formidable. It was the typical keep-putting one-foot-in-front-of-the-other-will-this-slope-never-end-are-we-ever-going-to-get-there-type-of-climbing.

Liberty Cap was deserted. Other parties had come and gone. We could see people over on Columbia Crest, but we had no desire to join them. We had reached our goal. It was windy and cold, so we cut our stay short and made our way across the saddle over to the Winthrop Glacier.

On the way we had our first crevasse incident. Mats stepped into a hole. He went in only up to his knee. A few weeks after our ascent another party had a crevasse fall after summitting. It was fatal.

We had a quick trip down to Camp Schurman. After a long break we headed down the Emmons Glacier. Roy stepped into a crevasse to about kneedepth. It was a reminder to be careful. The beer in the car was a little warm but it tasted just fine. We were in good spirits as we luxuriated in the warm sun eating the chips, cookies and other junk food we had waiting for us. We were happy that we had done the route without injury and had had a good time. Admittedly the route had been in such good condition that it had been a relatively easy climb. Nevertheless, we had that sense of accomplishment one gets after successfully completing a challenge.



Roy Whitcutt



Ready to Climb

Judi Maxwell

Women on Mt. Rainier

Judi Maxwell

*"The difficulties were a challenge;
the danger they found acceptable."*

– Walt Unsworth, *Savage Snows*

Sometimes on a climb, circumstances force the participants to question whether they should continue on. Often it begins as just a simple feeling of uneasiness, but when the words are spoken out loud, the issue must be confronted.

Poised in the pre-dawn light, half-way up the ice, dirt and rock of 12,000' Disappointment Cleaver, streaks of red and gold in the east illuminated the shadowy figures of Lindy and Sue on the rope behind me. Our two other rope teams beyond were silhouetted in the sharp contrast as well. To the west we could see developing storms spilling over the lower mountains, engulfing them in squalls of rain and lightning. It was quiet on the Cleaver but the disturbance was heading our way. "Do you think we should turn around?" The words pierced the silence as other parties began passing us on their descent. It was our turn to make the decision, but it would not be easy – we had planned and prepared for this day for a long time.

In normal years, July is the best month to climb Mt. Rainier. The snow is firm during the night and morning climbing hours, the weather is generally good and the crevasses have not attained their wide open status of late summer. We choose July 17-20 and the route up the Emmons Glacier at our planning meeting in February. But 1992 became "The Year of the Drought" in the Pacific Northwest and the best of plans had to be changed. Prime July conditions on the Mountain appeared in May and by the end of June, the crevasses were yawning as if it were September and the climbing routes became more precarious – zigging, zagging and changing with each new day. A climber is killed in June, falling through a hidden crevasse on the Emmons right above Camp Schurman. Vacations are set, so the climb is still on, but we decide to go up from Camp Muir instead, knowing the route would be wanded by the Guide Service.

If 1992 was "The Year of the Drought" locally, nationally it was "The Year of the Woman" and somehow that theme paralled our plans for a women's climb of Mt. Rainier. As climbers, none of us could be considered world class, but each had and continues to make her own individual mark on the local climbing community, particularly in The Mountaineers.



Camp Muir

Judi Maxwell

Rope #1

Judi Maxwell: Climb leader; Climbed in Mexico and Europe; Active in all levels of the Club and served on the Board of Trustees; Professional Ski Instructor

Lindy Bruce: Avid rock and snow climber; Alpine Scramble and Snowshoe Leader, Committee Member; Dog Trainer and Freelance Editor.

Sue Alford: Avid snow and rock climber; Climbed in Mexico; Alpine Scramble Committee and Leader; Director of Human Resources for Ernst stores.

Rope #2

Dianne Hoff: International Climber; Intermediate Climbing Course Graduate; Leading trip to Russia in 1993; First Woman President of The Mountaineers, 1990-92; Renton Job Service Supervisor.

Sue Olson: Avid snow and rock climber; Alpine Scramble Committee and Trip Leader; Nutritionist at Virginia Mason Health Center.

Karin Ferguson: Assistant climb Leader; International Climber; Leads climbing trips to Ecuador; Alpine Scramble Leader; Production Illustrator at Boeing; Grandmother of two.

Rope #3

Sue Dandridge: Strong snow and rock climber; Intermediate Climbing Program; Youngest member of the group with two young children; Personnel Management Specialist with the Department of Labor.

Lynn Lively: Climbed in Mexico, Europe and Africa; Created Club Speaker's Bureau; Active in Alpine Scramble Program; Professional Speaker on Decision-Making.

Kathy Kelleher: International Climber; Alpine Scramble and Snowshoe Committee and Trip Leader; Nurse at Seattle Veterans Medical Center.

One other distinction about this group that probably got more attention than it deserved. Five of us were over fifty, three were over forty and only one was in her thirties. We had T-shirts made that read: "Almost Over the Hill, But Not Peaked Out! Women on Mt. Rainier 1992."

We left Paradise in 80 degree heat and were the only party to camp at 8,000' on the big rocky bench along the Muir snowfield, high above the jumbled and broken Nisqually Glacier. The Alpenglow on Mt. Adams, Mt. Hood and the surrounding peaks that evening was particularly enchanting. A leisurely breakfast and hike the next morning got us to Camp Muir before noon and the pick of the prime camping spots before the rest of the day's hordes arrived. After our group meeting that evening and all preparations had been made for a 12:00 am wake-up call, each woman retired to her own thoughts of tomorrow.

Astonished at how warm it still was, we headed out onto the Cowlitz Glacier at 2:00 am. The ground was frozen but the heat of the past week still hung in the air. Glittering headlamps mimicked the stars as the long line of climbers serpented their way up Cathedral Rocks in the darkness. Eventually the groups began to separate as the faster ones forged ahead. We were not the last party to head out, but did end up negotiating a somewhat tricky Ingraham Icefall alone. The route had deteriorated badly and appeared to swing higher each day as crevasses opened and snow bridges collapsed. Finally, we climbed onto Disappointment Cleaver.

"Let's go to the top of the Cleaver and see what happens with the weather." Months of training on Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Hood, Mt. Baker and other peaks had bonded us to this common goal. We would continue on but never at the expense or safety of any one of us.

A brief shower of hail and sharp drop in temperature heralded the arrival of the storm. Just as suddenly, everything was once again quiet and we could see the climbers above traversing far to the right onto the Emmons Glacier and disappearing from view. We left the Cleaver and followed suit.

The issue of continuing the climb confronted us head-on and with a vengeance somewhere between 13,500'-14,000'. Waiting in line to cross a one-way, sagging snow bridge spanning one of the largest crevasses I have ever encountered on Rainier or elsewhere, I knew each of us was having some doubts about the deteriorating conditions. Group communication was difficult because we were spread out in a somewhat precarious position with limited visibility, and the strong winds and horizontal snow purposely swooped down on each attempt to speak and spirited our words away. Finally, Karin, Dianne and Sue were able to maneuver close enough so that we could each ask the other: "What do

you think?" We all had the same answer. "We're so close. Let's give it a go!" I asked Dianne, "Would you like to lead?"

We crossed the giant crevasse, one-at-a-time, and Dianne led us to the top of Mr. Rainier in a complete white-out. The group lost its cohesiveness briefly in the relative comfort of the summit. Dianne, Sue and Karin disappeared looking for shelter in the rocks and large moats on the inside edge of the crater but to no avail. Sue D., Lynn and Kathy turned around immediately and headed down – soon realizing they should wait for the rest of us! Sue, Lindy and I were the only ones to take summit pictures – photographing each other covered with ice and snow, smiling and shivering – wishing we had brought more clothes. Ten minutes on top and we began the descent, once again moving as one. Routefinding was tricky as the blowing snow covered all footprints, but strategically placed flagging and wands helped keep us on track. We took care of each other; stress, exhaustion, lack of food and water (it was easy to forget about eating and drinking) took its toll, so each takes her turn leading or supporting the others.

Back on the Cleaver, the storm still raged above, but visibility was restored and it was warmer. Revived, we continued our descent and arrived back at Camp Muir at 6:00 pm, the last group to come off the mountain that day. We had been climbing for 16 hours.

Amid congratulations from the others at Camp Muir, one tent and its contents had to be dried out – it had rained hard all day and the temperature was 30 degrees cooler than the previous evening. Refreshed, we held our summit party at 10,000' instead of 14,411'. Each of us presented a gift she had carried to the summit for the others: a "To The Summit" felt pin; a small crystal in the shape of a snowflake; a home-grown, hand-made sachet; a picture of Mt. Rainier; miniature silver pom poms; special candies; gourmet chocolates; dried cherries...

The next morning, multi-layers of black, white and grey clouds raced around the Mountain as we left Camp Muir – hiking and glissading – laughing and shouting – descending toward Paradise. We gathered for one last group photo as soon as we got off the snow below Pebble Creek, shedding our layers of pile and rain gear to pose in the infamous T-shirts.

The following Sunday, our climb was featured in the sports pages under the headline: "Maturity Helps Group Conquer Mt. Rainier." In retrospect, however, age and gender had little to do with our success. It was simply competence, perseverance and the human spirit at its very best.



*Front: Judi Maxwell, Karin Ferguson, Sue Alford,
Lynn Lively, Sue Olson, Kathy Kelleher
Back: Dianne Hoff, Sue Dandridge, Lindy Bruce*

Climbing Notes

John Roper

We came upon a few more peaks with unturned summit stones during the last two years.

1991

"Straight Mtn" (Peak 7700 USGS Washington Pass). Highest point on Straight Ridge, 1.35 miles N of Tower Mtn and 0.1 miles N of Point 7685. Climbed from West Fork Methow River up Tower Creek to a 6840+ pass at its headwaters above Cataract Creek, then north. A 15-foot class 4 cap of granite finishes the climb. June 19. Solo. The day before, the second ascent of Holliday Mtn (8000+) was done, via a new walk-up route from Tower Creek, 10 years behind the mountaineering Trailblazers, Cliff Lawson and Dan Sjolseth.

Flagg Mountain (A map-named 7360+ foot peak in the NE corner of USGS Washington Pass). This may have been the last unclimbed named peak in the state (assuming a non-cairning geologist or prospector did not precede). More of a curiosity than a climb from Highway 20 over the 7256-foot high point on Delancy Ridge with Mark Allaback. August 30.

"Cool Mtn" (Peak 7738 USGS Pinnacle Mtn). No cairn, but also no particular difficulties up the E slope from the trail NE of Emerald Park in the land of hunters, horsemen, and miners on September 2 with Mark Allaback. A.L. Cool lived at its base at Domke Lake for 47 years until his death in 1941.

1992

"Blister Mountain" (Peak 5447 USGS Mount Blum). An obscure North Cascades ridge walk done on an exit from Icy Peak over Phantom Pass to Baker River with Dick Kegel and Bruce Gibbs. June 21. USGS helicopters have landed here.

Several unclimbed summits were found along the Ptarmigan Traverse on the Cascade Crest this year with Mark Allaback.

"Pika Peak" (Peak 8120+ USGS Cascade Pass). The east peak of Mt Formidable. Looks like a pika with two small ears and a body. The east ear is the high point. Class 4 from the SW to the W ridge. August 1.

"The Hitchhiker" (Peak 7400 USGS Dome Peak). This is a great little Fist and Thumb-shaped peak just SE of LeConte Mtn. The 7456-foot Fist was cairned. Mark Allaback soloed the first ascent of the class 5.6 Thumb via an 80-foot crack-face route on the E side while I belayed and shouted compliments. August 2.



Snowslide Peak

John Roper



Crooked Thumb and Mt. Challenger

John Roper

"Whiteout Peak" (Peak 7640+ USGS Dome Peak). 0.7 miles SW of White Rock Lakes and the first peak S of German Helmet. Steep class 3 with a little class 4 on the E face with Mark Allaback. August 3.

"Far Side Peak" (Peak 6840+ USGS Sonny Boy Lakes). One mile WSW of Long Gone Lake with Mark Allaback on exit from Ptarmigan Traverse on August 4.

"Bearcat Peak" (Peak 8035-now 7960+ on the 1988 7.5-minute USGS Lucerne). Highest point on Bearcat Ridge. Looks horrendous on the approach. We failed on an attempt in 1991, running out of time at the 7720+ foot SW summit. A corkscrew scramble route starting on the SE side below the crest was found in 1992 with Mark Allaback, after an access from the NFK Entiat River. August 6.

"Cousins Peak" (Peak 6720+ USGS Ross Dam). 0.6 miles E of Colonial Peak. Looks good from HW 20 at the Diablo Lake Overlook. A thirsty 5500 feet up the NE ridge from Colonial Creek Campground with Tex, Monte, Grady, Toby, and Nigel Steere on August 14.

Dick Kegel ("Kangaroo" of The Bulgers) and I were intrigued by three locally prominent, undisturbed summits so close to civilization on USGS Mount Stickney on a south-to-north traverse of Ragged Ridge (near Index) on August 29-30.

"Kok-shut Peak" (Peak 5080+). One mile NE of the upper end of Lake Isabel. This is the Chinook Indian term for "ragged or broken." One hands-on bit of climbing on the E ridge.

"Snowslide Peak" (Peak 5000+). 0.2 miles NW of Snowslide Lake. A little class 3+ climbing near the top.

"Headwall Peak" (Peak 4988). Peak at the head of Wallace River, visible from HW 2 at Sultan. Brushy, but no technical difficulties from the south.

• **Wilderness Ethics Footnote**

The goal of *The Mountaineers Wilderness Ethics and Backcountry Guidelines* is "to minimize the impact of our 13,500 members on our beautiful and fragile wilderness."

One additional important principle is vital to preserve the remaining undisturbed true wilderness still left out there for us and future generations to explore:

Do not mark a wilderness route.

Remove marking left by other parties.

Plastic flags, blazes, spray paint, etc. have a significant negative impact on the backcountry and turn our Washington wilderness into something less than pristine and challenging. Unmarked valleys and ridges should be left in their natural state. — John Roper

Rappel Routes to Avoid on Mt. Washington

Rex Andrew

I do not like to rappel. I no longer feel in control of my own fate when I leave rappel anchors alone above me. Too many experienced climbers have died by rappelling – Tom Patey, Gino Gervasutti, Jim Madsen, Pierre Beghin to name a few.

Oh sure, at first I thought it was really neat. The evening after our Belay Field Trip I crawled up onto the roof of the Russian House where I was living in the U District and rigged a rappel off the chimney. The steepness of the gables and slickness of the frosty tiles were intimidating, so I put on a safety prussik. Then off I went, gliding timidly past the third and second floors, carefully tending the prussik, until I reached the big picture window, where I stopped. Here, only six feet above the sidewalk, I figured I could have a little fun and negotiate this last obstacle with a dramatic commando-style slide like you see in the movies. So I kicked off and let go. Of course the prussik seized immediately, converting my graceful looping descent into a flat arc right into the window...

Nowadays I prefer down-climbable descent routes whenever possible. Rappelling is of course standard on many Mountaineer climbs, and often unavoidable. But, just as often, we find ourselves on mountains here in the Northwest with at least one easy descent route.

A typical example could be Mt. Washington in the Olympics, where the standard route (route 1A in the *Climber's Guide to the Olympic Mountains*) is mostly class 2, except for a short section on the summit massif. So I find it strange that, in only two trips to this mountain, this mountain with such a simple walk-off, I have been afflicted with no less than seven rappels.

Some, as we will see, were expected or prudent under the given conditions. But the rest? The rest seemed like some God-sent torment. Had I led an evil existence in a former life? Regardless, here they are: more rappel routes on Mt. Washington than you could ever imagine, and some you should definitely avoid.

Rappels #1 and #2: Partners CW, SL and I were afflicted with three rappels during a winter traverse from Ellinor to Washington in December 1989. Perhaps the first two can be considered safety lines. Somewhere on the connecting ridge we rounded a corner to find an innocuous little weedy gully. However, there was just enough snow to make footing uncertain so we rappelled. Later, we attained the summit by taking the guidebook suggestion to circle a bit to the right, then cut back upwards. On descent, however, we nixed this detour and came straight down. In warm weather, this is a short stretch of loose third class, but under winter

conditions we were a bit more cautious. Chalk both of these up to prudence.

Rappel #3: A cliff band separates the summit ridge from the lower SE slopes; however, in normal years, avalanche debris from the higher slopes will often form a ramp over the cliff band that makes this obstacle trivial. Not so in 1989: it had been a low-snow year, and not a single flake marked the usual location of the ramp. Not knowing the easy by-pass (see below) we decided to angle downwards to the left. Knowing we were near the top of the cliff band, we were routefinding with caution. Presently we found ourselves in a short, miserable gully whose lower end was choked with a tangle of brush. I descended a few steps more, hoping to be able to peer through the tangle to determine how the gully ran beyond. This proved impossible, but, nevertheless, I sensed something was wrong. The terrain beyond our position seemed oddly ... discontinuous, like there was just too much air on the other side. I started to turn back when two coils of rope shot by overhead. "I've set the rappel!" CW called down cheerfully. "You go first," SL added. "You're already down there!"

Thus nominated, I sighed, clipped in, and backed down into the tangle. There was a moment of resistance, and then I popped clear and over into a 30 foot free rappel with walls of rock sweeping away to either side. Welcome to cliff bands!

Rappels #4 and #5: The next rappels occurred in July, 1990. I was climbing the SE ridge (route 3) and, since the guidebook forewarned that "two rappels are necessary to continue the ascent of the ridge," I expected the first two. The first occurs at a minor notch above the buttress shoulder and could have been downclimbed.

The second occurs at a much deeper notch, a situation far more worthy of a rappel. More interesting still was a tattered, sun-bleached 11mm rope already threaded through the rappel ring. The sheath was too badly frayed for the rope to be safe, so I substituted mine. But an abandoned rappel line is an eerie discovery, and I wondered what had happened. An accident? A rescue? I never found out.

Rappel #6: After summiting, I met some locals who told me that, in dry years, the cliff bands are by-passed on the west (the left side when ascending) by means of a secret-passage-like class 2 stairwell. Soon the cliff bands were behind me and only the broad, gentle forested slope lay between me and the logging road that contoured completely across the SE face below. The normal ascent/descent path (route 1A) is clearly marked and follows the fall line, but since I had parked several hundred yards farther east, I figured it would be a simple thing to angle left as I descended and come out at my truck. Thirty minutes later, I was stuck in another brush-choked gully. The much-fabled Olympic mountain

brush was so thick I could not see below my waist: only the tinkle of water trickling down through the rocks underfoot reminded me I was in a streambed. The only way I could sustain forward progress was to lean out at a 45-degree angle, the exact angle at which the pull of gravity balanced the resistance of the saplings and vines holding me back.

Suddenly I popped clear of the tangle onto a large dome-like rock some ten yards across. The water was still no where to be seen, and I could still hear it, but now it sounded much different: each drip echoed cavernously quite close at hand. I started to study the terrain more cautiously because it seemed oddly ... discontinuous. There were only tree tops just beyond the far lip of this dome-like rock. Instead of approaching that edge, I snooped around to one side. Here I found a dank, mossy chimney, nearly vertical, but with a gravel bar landing visible far below.

I didn't want another rappel, but there seemed little choice. Retreat back up the gully was more than I could bear. Sigh. Down the chimney I went. And at the bottom, I saw that the dome-like rock was actually a monstrous chock-stone, wedged into the spillway of a 50 foot vertical waterfall. A free rappel off the chockstone lip would definitely have exacted more excitement than this mountain was supposed to provide!

Rappel #7: An hour or so later, the logging road was in sight through the trees below me. I was descending a narrowing tongue of forest: mudslides had eroded huge arches into the slopes on either side of me. Looking across, I could inspect these steep erosion slopes at close range: no where did the slopes appear loose enough to sustain a pleasant scree glissade. Instead, baked hard by weeks of hot sunshine, they were carpeted with little, sharp-edged nuggets, all cemented into the slope pointy-side up. Shortly, I could see the termination of the sward ahead: I could also see my truck parked directly at the bottom of the erosion slope. But something seemed wrong. The terrain seemed oddly ... discontinuous.

Sure enough, erosion had undercut the forest floor, creating a 10-foot vertical drop and a monstrous sod overhang! Jumping was out of the question: the hard slope below would have shredded me upon impact like a cheese grater.

Retreating up and around would have added ten or fifteen more minutes to this ordeal. So, with another sigh, I got out the rope again.

My first thought was to use a quick Dulfersitz, but as I neared the edge, the sod overhang began heaving like a trampoline. Instead, I put on a Tuber, a device which works well for rappelling when tended carefully. I started back down and again the whole roof began heaving. I figured I could negotiate this last obstacle with a dramatic commando-style slide like you see in the movies. So I kicked off and let go. Of course



On Belay

Dennis O'Callaghan

the Tuber seized immediately, converting my graceful looping descent into a flat arc that slotted me directly under the roof. The impact loosened a rain of dirt, worms, roots, sand, grubs and moss onto my head. Minutes later, down at my vehicle on the logging road, still picking the twigs and beetles out of my hair, I imagined a new entry in the guidebook: "An alternative descent route tends to the east; two rappels are necessary to continue, the second onto the logging road itself. This route, however, is NOT recommended."

P.S.: On a more serious note, these misadventures serve to remind us that, even though our local mountains are good places to have fun, they also conceal short, steep sections of terrain that can be quite lethal; and that mountain travelers should always have a few extra items in their "bag of tricks" and should also be prepared to use them as prudence and safety dictate.

Looking Back at Logan

Reminiscing on the first Cascade Pass to Rainy Pass Traverse

Karl Duff

After traversing Mt. Logan from west to east you know you are committed to the whole traverse. Bailing out through Park Creek Pass or Thunder Creek are no longer options. Even the spectacular view back up the Douglas Glacier echoes your realization, *"You are now swallowed up in this wilderness. Few have been here before you and few will follow. You are on your own."*

In our case in 1970, Mt. Logan had stood as a n even bigger obstacle, since we had gained its summit late the previous afternoon during which the weather had been severely deteriorating and heavy wind and rain had started. Rather than risk getting caught in an extended storm on the heavily crevassed Douglas Glacier (viewed previously from Storm King Mtn.), we had elected to retreat back down the west side of Logan overnight and see what the weather would bring. Only an unusual overnight shift in weather gave us a reprieve for the continuation of our trip, but it cost us nearly a day out of our itinerary.

These reminiscences are sort of another "look back" at Mt. Logan, the crux of our traverse. On the 23rd anniversary, they reflect no special occasion other than the invitation of some of the Mountaineers to reflect on the trip in a context of things that have transpired since. The August 1970 trip was published in the November 1971 *Summit* Magazine but I know relatively little of how frequently the trip has been subsequently made or reported.

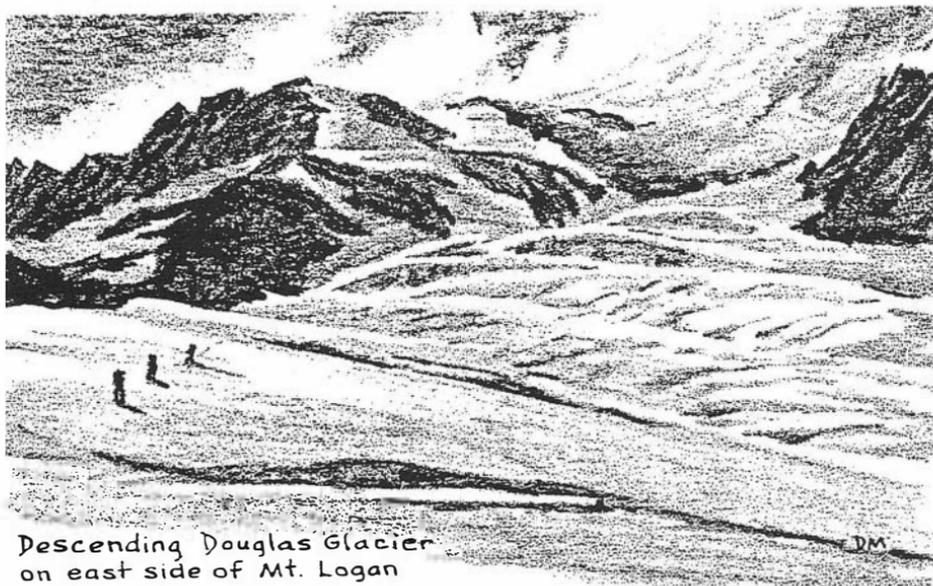
One for sure was Frank King's, made in the opposite direction two years later, in August 1972.

That year, Monty Lennox and I were eating at a roadside restaurant near Lake Wenatchee when Frank King of the Mountaineers came in and joined us. Our meeting was apparently only a few days (or was it only hours?) after he had completed the traverse. When he discovered our identity with the traverse, he launched into an emotional inquiry regarding the "terrible bushwack" along Woody Creek (on the SW drainage of Black Peak). In his inspiration to remake the trip in the opposite direction, Frank hadn't fully appreciated the *Summit* article's paragraph devoted to the terrible slide alder, sweat and our later refusal to go back (only three miles) to recover an expensive camera left on the shores of Grizzly Creek. Hence, when he experienced the difficulty firsthand, he became convinced his party was off route, refusing to believe that anyone could have previously voluntarily made such a

bushwack. He later claimed we had understated the bushwack and I guess I agree! It was the most difficult I'd ever experienced.

Earlier, when we'd come down the Douglas Glacier, it had been a low snow year and the glacier was heavily crevassed. We had to descend an ice cliff near the top, suffered a fall and temporary loss of equipment into a crevasse below the cliff and had several false leads in route finding our way down. When Frank reversed the route two years later, his party of 12 went right to the top with scarcely a crevasse in sight!

At the time we first met him, Monty and I had not yet joined the Mountaineers and didn't know Frank from anyone else in the organization. Two years later, however, we signed up for Frank's 1974 Southern Pickett traverse, another formidable effort, and recalled the above meeting in the roadside cafe. We also recalled that JoAnne Williams had been present with Frank on that first occasion. Really meeting for the first time on the Pickett traverse, Monty and JoAnne fell in love. He supported her in the completion of her doctorate in botany at the University of Washington and they married in 1975, my wife and I serving as Matron of Honor and Best Man. Through 18 years of marriage, JoAnne and Monty have continued to cover the world (as far as Patagonia) with their adventures. A couple of years ago, after I retired from the Navy, we renewed old times by making the Bacon-Blum traverse with a visiting 15-year old boy accompanying us. Now 72 years old, Monty is still strong and wiry, hikes with a featherweight pack and still usually insists that any route in view "will go", no matter how ferocious it looks.



Descending Douglas Glacier
on east side of Mt. Logan

DM

Our group in 1970 was made of a combination of personal friends from both sides of Puget Sound. Kent Heathershaw (well known in Olympic Mountain Rescue, co-author of the *Olympic Climbing Guide* and head of the Olympic College climbing course for 35 years now) was the funny bone of the trip. Kent insists persuasively on the true criteria for mountaineers ("You're not really a mountaineer if you still have any of your toes!") He claims to be qualified, having lost his in the Andes during 1962, during which he nearly also lost his life. But I don't know if anyone has really checked him on this recently and think his toes may be growing back. Kent has also coined many other criteria that have become legendary. The criteria for being in shape for a tough trip ("..If you can put on your pack while you're still standing on the straps!") has been passed on to two decades of Boy Scouts around the U.S.A. now since the Mt. Logan trip.

A close companion of Kent's and assistant in the Olympic College course for many years was Dr. Bob Yekel, as strong as an ox and with a medical kit that could compete for an Everest expedition. When my knee finally crippled me near the close of our traverse (having had the cartilage removed only four months earlier) Bob gave me one small white cortisone tablet that totally removed all trace of soreness the last two days of the trip!

In an effort to gain some "official" sponsorship for the traverse, I had offered the trip to the Washington Alpine Club, the club through which I had learned to climb. Not enough responses to the plans were gained to secure WAC's official sponsorship of the trip as a club activity, but two club members did sign up as a result. One, Norm Reed, had taken the basic climbing course with my wife and me (and Monty Lennox) in 1966 and together we had been on quite a few WAC club climbs. The other, Paul Hartl, was a seventeen year old who had just completed the basic course and was eager to bite off something more significant. He was later reputed to have organized a repeat of the traverse in about 1979, or so, but I never did obtain any first hand confirmation of this.

Our original intention had been to climb all of the peaks en route, including Mts. Fisher and Arriva, plus one peak on the east end of Spectacular Ridge that would have been a first ascent, but circumstances combined to erode our schedule's capacity for all of this. First, the State of Washington denied our request for temporary access up the roadbed (awaiting blacktopping) of the soon to open North Cascades highway at Rainy Pass. We therefore lost one of the nine days committed to the trip, just to enable our exiting from Rainy Pass. The loss of nearly another day with the storm on Mt. Logan essentially cut our total available time to seven days. Hence, Frank King picked up the first ascent on his trip two years later.



Goode Mtn and Storm King Mtn
from Spectacular Ridge

Dee Molenaar

As it was, however, we did ascend Mts. Sahale, Buckner, Booker, Storm King, Goode (unsuccessful), Logan (twice, as it were!) and Black.

One of the most memorable events was the return up from the depths of Park Creek to our high camp near Park Creek Pass after climbing Storm King and unsuccessfully attempting to find the advertised class 3 route on the W. side of Goode. (The guide book was later revised to upgrade the W. side route 1 to class 4 with one pitch of class 5.) We dragged ourselves into camp near 10:30 PM after a 14,000 vertical foot day, having had no dinner, and ran into another climbing party that persisted (from their sleeping bags!) in detailed questions regarding the approaches and routes up Storm King and Goode. After a brief, desultory account we broke off and managed the few remaining yards to our tents, wondering how we would manage to get a reasonable dinner together before falling asleep. But providence (and prudence) had persuaded Norm to stay in camp that day! By a stroke of perfect timing he had prepared and saved hot dinner for us within the hour before our arrival. The food disappeared midst the loud sounds of its being inhaled.

I was a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy at the time and was transferred to Vietnam immediately after the trip (another reason for the inflexibility of our schedule), completing three weeks of Navy training and arriving in Saigon only 24 days after completion of the traverse. While there I wrote up the article as well as sending Fred Beckey copies of my field notes and the article. Segments showed up here and there in the subsequent revision to the *Cascade Alpine Guide*, but the traverse itself was never acknowledged and as recently as July 1991 had been unknown to the historians of the North Cascades National Park.

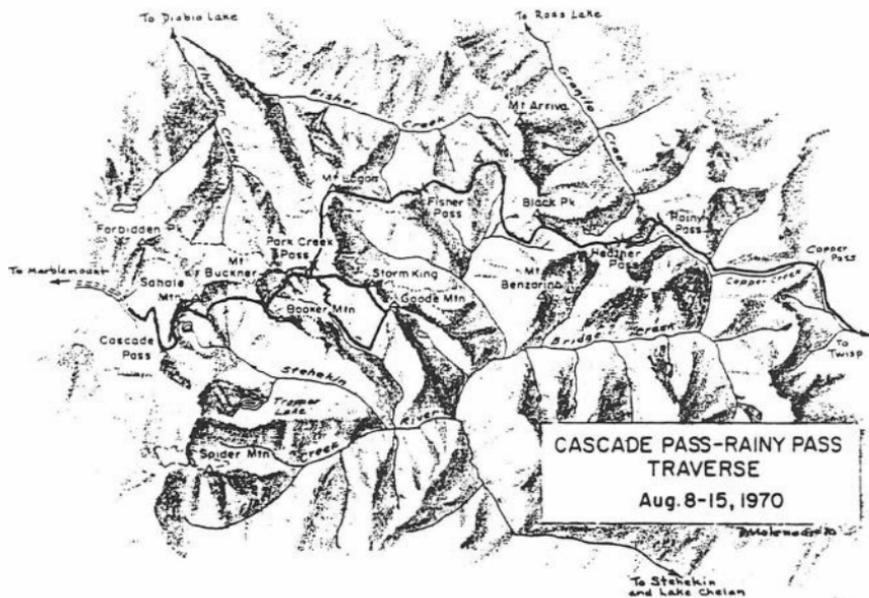
Frank King also reported that he was unable to find the large stone obelisk, ("Exclamation Point"), estimated to have been 50-60 feet tall, which we discovered just on the NE side of Spectacular Ridge, directly up (NE) from Fisher Pass. It is possible that it subsequently collapsed, but it is also possible that Frank commenced his descent in the opposite direction down the easy slopes of beckoning Fisher Pass before he got to it.

With the loss of our extra day and re-routing up Woody Creek, we also never found out if Black Peak is traversible from the north side by a party of mountaineers carrying nearly depleted loads, our original intention. This might be an interesting mountaineering goal for those who can now gain easier access to the area from the North Cascades Highway.

Reading back over the old *Summit* article, the following description seemed significant. Between Mt. Logan and Black Peak, "This wilderness country did not display a sign of human molestation over its entire distance— not one single tin can or piece of charred wood, plastic or horse manure! Beautiful ridges and peaks, pristine meadows, and virgin campsites visited by only a handful of people gave us a thrill that only beautiful unspoiled wilderness such as this can give. Even the animals seemed unused to the intrusions of man. We saw numerous deer which we were able to approach within 70-100 yards and on one occasion walked up to within 50 feet of a grazing doe who had us in full view."

We believe we left the area unmarked as well and that there has probably not been a hunter in the area since the beginning of time. It is likely as pristine now as it was in 1970.

Following Frank King's 1974 Southern Picket traverse, I had several more days of leave to devote to climbing, so Monty and I decided to revisit our earlier unsuccessful effort on Mt. Goode as well as a few other peaks in the area, taking Joanne, who by this time was inseparable from Monty. On August 7th, we climbed Goode, reaching the summit at 10:45 AM and then covered all of its SE ridge and Mamaloose. In the following three days we also climbed Mts. Bonanza and Fernow. With Joanne and Monty so much in love, I was clearly "3rd man out" over those few days,



Dee Molenaar

but I did have one consolation. I noticed that the last morning I *successfully put on my pack while still standing on the straps !!*

Shades of Mt. Logan. We can't go back! I'll never be in that kind of shape again.



Exclamation Point

Karl Duff



Chair Peak

Michael Young

A Treasury of Mountaineer Memories

Helen L. Bucey

Fifty-seven years of Mountaineer membership and editor of The Mountaineer Annual in 1943! Thinking back, the memories seem like only yesterday ...

In the fall of 1935 Lucile U'Ran (later Mrs. Harry Morgan) invited me to a class in the newly formed Climbing Course conducted by Wolf Bauer. Mountain climbing had been featured widely in the press because of a recent fatal attempt to make a solo winter climb of Mt. Rainier by Delmar Fadden (uncle of Delmar Fadden, 1984-1985 president of The Mountaineers) and of the intensive search by Mountaineer members and the Park Service before the body was found.

As the number of climbers was ever increasing, it was becoming most apparent that safety in the mountains required at least a basic knowledge of climatology, geology, route finding, proper equipment, foods and their preparation, emergency procedures and first aid, to name only a few of the factors, and these Wolf and his committee began teaching in this climbing course.

Being very impressed by the enthusiasm of the class members and the quality of the course, I accepted an invitation to join this Club of some 550 members, including both the Tacoma and Everett branches.

Our textbook was a mimeographed "tome" written by the committee (the forerunner of *Mountaineering: the Freedom of the Hills*) and my copy is in the archives at the clubroom. In addition to attending classes, members were taken on field trips to put into practice lessons learned. As a finale, a written exam was given for which I never studied harder in any university course. How proud I was of the "certificate!"

My first field trip was to the Irish Cabin peak area and contrary to what I had learned about "proper equipment," I was hiking in ill-fitting borrowed boots. Several miles from the usual "trailhead" we learned that the road was closed because of a washout. Emily Dickinson has written that unpleasant memories are "softened by time's consummate plush" but not so that day's blistered feet!

Since a number of Irish Cabin peaks are "neighbors" and all in the 5000 to 6500 foot elevation, it was decided to "peak bag" five of them on this one outing: Arthur, Fay, Florence, Hessong Rock and Mt. Pleasant. These were all "easy" climbs, but the unusually long hike in left this neophyte totally bushed. Before the next outing the borrowed boots were replaced by a pair made to order by Currin and Greene with Swiss edging nails and tricounis. This was the depths of the Depression and two weeks' salary went into their purchase, but the cost was repaid

many times over in comfort and durability. In later years, except for the most strenuous outings, their 7-pound weight was supplanted by a pair of much lighter lug-soled Raichle boots.

The Mountaineer clubrooms were in the Rialto Building on lower Second Avenue and its balustrades and stairwells provided opportunities for practicing various climbing techniques during and after class.

One memorable "graduation party" was held at the Frink Boulevard home of class member Gloria Frink Huntington. A rope was invariably part of the equipment carried about by those members ever on the lookout for an opportunity to do a little practice prussik knotting or rappelling. Hardly had we greeted the hostess and enjoyed a cup of non-alcoholic punch when the lure of a spectacular wrought-iron balcony overlooking a two-story-high foyer proved irresistible. Like a troupe of monkeys some of the guests were soon swinging up and down. As the butler came through bringing trays of refreshments, his raised eyebrows and look of utter disbelief dampened even the most enthusiastic and decorum quickly returned to the elegant surroundings!

On weekends many of the peaks in the Snoqualmie and Darrington regions were climbed, and as knowledge and endurance improved, one's thoughts turned toward more challenging conquests. The locale of the 1936 summer outing was Mt. Rainier, with a climb to the summit scheduled for August 8 and 9, led by George MacGowan.

My summit pack contained enough food to climb Everest. We spent the night at Steamboat Prow, huddling behind windbreaks of rocks. Starting off at daybreak the next morning we were awed by a rare mountain phenomena: the Spector of the Brocken (named after the highest peak in the Harz Mountains where it was first observed). We were in clear sunlight. In contrast, the valley below was filled with fog, and the sun behind us cast our shadows in the center of a complete rainbow circle on the clouds.

As we neared Columbia Crest, the wind got ever stronger (George MacGowan estimated gusts up to 90mph). Being roped in groups of three, the crampons of the person ahead would chip off the hard blue ice of our steep route. The ice chips blew into our sunburned faces, sometimes bringing blood. Being the "weak" member of our rope, I was the "middle man" and was wearing a long-skirted waterproof parka tied tightly at the waist. A gust of wind got under the parka skirt, lifting me literally off the mountain – I was floating out in space. Ben Mooers, leader of our rope, feeling the tug, turned to see the cause, and pulled me back to terra firma.

After signing the summit register we descended into the ice caves with their warm thermal steam, to rest out of the gale-force winds. Those who were in good physical condition enjoyed their trail lunches, but my

total intake during the day and a half on the mountain was two cans of juice. Exhaustion had sapped any appetite.

The next day, August 9, found hundreds of Mountaineers, young and old, gathering on Burroughs Mountain above the summer outing camp to dedicate the Meany Memorial Seat, built by The Mountaineers with special permission from the National Park Service to honor our beloved president from 1908 until his death at the age of 73 in 1935. Dr. Edmond S. Meany was esteemed by all and was the single greatest influence in charting the course of the Club. Quoting from the dedication: " ... There must be mountains where you have gone ... Climb on, old friend, climb on!"

Our climb of Mt. Baker took two attempts. Harry Jensen was the dynamic leader of "Special Outings" for several years, beginning in 1936, outings so popular they averaged in attendance over 100 each (this in a club of then only 600 members). One of his memorable outings was a climb of Mt. Baker with base camp at Baker Lake. Rain was pelting down the afternoon before our scheduled climb, and we chose to take refuge in an abandoned miner's cabin instead of putting up tents or tarpaulins. A well-rusted stove in the cabin was used to heat a minimum of food. But with a chimney long since gone, the only escape for the wood smoke was through a hole in the roof.

Some of us erred in deciding to sleep in the loft rather than on the dirt floor. A rain-soaked leather jacket absorbed the all-invasive smoke and when worn even years later it always evoked comments about "smelling like a campfire!" Heavy fog the next day found us lost amid crevasses on the upper glaciers, with temperatures so cold that the fog-encrusted rope froze stiff between climbers. A retreat was reluctantly called.

Later, a second and successful attempt was led by Jack Hossack from the Glacier side. We climbed in dense clouds, with the barometric pressure so low that when the summit was reached the aneroid barometer indicated we still were 1400 feet from the top. Johanna Olson (later Mrs. Gordon U'Ran), who was a legend for her great strength and climbing ability, was in the party and when we rested at the summit, she opened her pack and took out a watermelon and two quarts of milk – reviving the whole party!

A somewhat similar "bonanza" occurred in 1954 when once again the summer outing was a three-week trek around Mt. Rainier, led by Leo Gallagher. "Once was enough" for me to have climbed Rainier, so I enjoyed the lowland trails, often in the company of Marion Simpson (later Mrs. Ernie Freitag), Margarete Chalfant and Bob Bunn who was very knowledgeable about mountain flora, having a degree in botany. Though he spoke little about himself, we learned that because of rather poor health he did not work, but spent much of his time at the public

library, studying financial publications.

Since Marion, Magarete and I were all librarians we were pleased that Bob appreciated library resources. How well he felt the library has served him was revealed some years later at his rather early death when he left an estate of over \$7,000,000 to the Seattle Public Library as a "thank you."

On the weekend of the "summit climb banquet," an unexpected figure came striding into camp, large knapsack on his back. It was Boyd Bucey (my husband since 1941) who was sure that ice cream and fruit would be appreciated at the banquet. He had driven up from Seattle right after arriving from a summer of study at MIT, and hiked into Glacier Basin to bring several gallons of ice cream wrapped in dry ice, and fruit for a refreshing salad. He was the hero of the day! At his death in 1985, a heart-warming number of those who had been on the outing sent memorials in his name to The Mountaineer Foundation, recalling his generosity of time and effort to make the banquet so special.

Another of Harry Jensen's Special Outings was in 1937 to the newly developed ski area at Deer Park on the Olympic Peninsula, and according to the local press "the entire civic organization of Port Angeles turned out to welcome The Mountaineers." Harry had made arrangements for use of the Masonic Hall for sleeping and meals. When night came, a large curtain was drawn down the middle of the auditorium, with one side men's quarters, the other side women's quarters, and Harry said: "Welcome to the Walled-off Astoria!" Several of the men chose to sleep in the organ loft. Those who managed to get even a little rest in the general mayhem of 104 sleeping bags in one room were startled awake at 6 am by George MacGowan playing "Reveille" on the organ! The snow at Deer Park was dry powder which sparkled like diamonds. Pictures of that outing show happy smiles on every face.

The "original" Snoqualmie Lodge, designed by club member and architect Carl Gould who is still renowned for his many beautiful University of Washington buildings, was constructed in 1914 and until it tragically burned in 1944 was the mecca for the increasing hordes of skiers. Supplies had to be carried in packsacks up the 1-1/4 mile steep trail from the highway, so nothing was wasted. For one Sunday dinner, the tapioca pudding had been spread out in shallow pans to cool on the floor of a dimly lit pantry. A ski-booted member walked through several pans before skidding to a stop. The kitchen committee kept mum and the pudding was enjoyed by all.

Meany Ski Hut, built on land donated by President Meany at Martin, was dedicated in 1928. Easy access by train from Seattle at a cost of \$1.80 round trip and our own coach in which to play games and even dance if there were 15 or more passengers made it so popular that in 1939 a new

3-story addition, 24 x 30 feet, was added under the chairmanship of Jack Hossack. Hundreds of volunteer hours were given. Being among the less talented, I was sent up on the roof to help with shingling, while other more experienced and artistic members such as Boyd Bucey designed and constructed the interior decor, including scalloped wooden valances over the windows and silhouettes of fir trees cut out of the shutters. The new addition included a basement with furnace in place of the former pot-bellied stove in the middle of the living room, drying and waxing rooms and best of all – at long last – indoor plumbing!

The Forest Theater near Bremerton was dedicated very much in its present state in 1926, but being in a woodland setting required a yearly effort of “aching muscles and willing hearts” to maintain its beauty. Ola and Ronald Todd, Harriet Walker, Patience Paschall and Phyllis Cameron were among the many who were “stars” of the productions. For several plays I provided “background” music on a portable organ which those who had to carry it swore weighed 500 pounds. The out-of-tune sound was about on a par with my lack-of-practice playing. Boyd was a stage hand as well as an actor in “bit parts.” His favorite was “Rip Van Winkle” where he reported he had only five lines to memorize, but “won the hand of the maiden fair” (Wanda Powell).

Finally, to return once more to climbing: most was done as a member of a party of experienced climbers. My climb of the Grand Teton was led by Ome Daiber and Paul Petzoldt (head of the Teton Climbing School) and Ome maintained that one of his greatest climbing achievements was getting me to the summit of the Grand!

An unfortunate exception to climbing in a group was in 1951 when Marguerite Bradshaw asked me to climb Chikamin Peak with her since it was the last of her “20 Snoqualmie Peaks.” No other climb of it was scheduled and she did want to “get her pin” that year. At 7150 feet, Chikamin was the highest peak in that area and the farthest in – at the end of the Gold Creek trail. It was September and the days were short, so we planned an early start, but unfortunately a third party (best left unnamed) who had learned of our plans and had asked to join us was an hour late in arriving.

We drove to the Gold Creek trailhead and found loggers at work. We started off at a good pace to make up for lost time, but our third member was not in condition and we geared down to a slow walk, passing Kendall, Alta and Huckleberry which we could see from afar. When we at last got to Chikamin itself, the rock climbing alarmed our third person and we literally had to pull her up every obstacle with a climbing rope. The sun was already setting when we reached the summit.

Descending was even more frightening than climbing up, so Marguerite and I took turns belaying while the other went ahead to scout

the route off the mountain before total darkness, using our head lamps to find the way. Our "guest" having forgotten her flashlight, under the circumstances travel became too hazardous. Searching for a bivouac for the night, I got some distance ahead when I heard a long howl, first from the right, then another from the left. Coyotes, no doubt, but I had a mental picture of Little Red Riding Hood, and stopped where I was to build a small fire in a dry stream bed. We donned sweaters and parkas, heated in our aluminum cups water gathered from a trickle off a nearby rock face, munched from our trail lunches, and awaited "dawn's early light." Then we continued our descent, groaning at each step because of stiffened muscles. A mile or two from the car the trail was criss-crossed with felled trees. The loggers were still busy at work, and as we unhappily climbed over or under hundreds of the huge timbers, we angrily gave to every logger we came to our opinion of "their desecration of our beautiful forests!" Having realized that because of the long trek we might possibly get benighted, word had been left to alert the forest rangers only if we failed to return by the next noon. Fortunately we reached a phone about 12:30 with our "all's well" message.

These anecdotes are but a sampling of the priceless memories of over half a century of mountaineering. In retrospect the greatest treasure is not a mountain climbed but rather the myriad friendships forged for life.



Climbing to Camp Curtis

Dennis O'Callaghan

Climbing Without Permission and Fined for Not Knowing How!

Donald Morris

Article in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, July 28, 1932: "YOUTHS CLIMB MOUNT RAINIER – FINED FOR NOT KNOWING HOW!" Seattle boys broke all rules in book, didn't have experience, say rangers. Four Seattle Youths who successfully achieved the summit of Mount Rainier Sunday, after a laborious climb, were fined \$2.50 each for their trouble. Upon their return to the lower levels from their perilous ascent they were arrested by Park Rangers and charged with:

1. Failure to register
2. Failure to submit equipment for inspection
3. Failure to submit credentials showing they were qualified for climb
4. Having improper equipment

They were taken before U.S. Commissioner Edward S. Hall, according to an Associated Press dispatch from Tacoma, and assessed the minimum fine.

J.F. Henry, 24, one of the quartet, said last night he and Jack Hossack had previously climbed the mountain twice. The other youths, Donald Morris and H.C. Hallowell, are also experienced climbers, Henry declared."

Henry was right! When we appeared before Commissioner Hall we were experienced! However, the following narrative will certainly indicate that we didn't know how!

A friend and mountaineer, Jack Hossack, phoned me at last and said he had two other fellows who wanted to climb Mount Rainier, and did I want to go along? I had been talking to him about mountain climbing for some time and of course was quite excited to think I could go. I had been dreaming of mountain climbing ever since moving to the West Coast from Iowa in 1927, and had a lot of preconceived misconceptions as to what it would be like. Two friends, John and Phil from Illinois also wanted to go.

We arrived at the White River entrance about 4 pm. Henry and Hallowell soon arrived and we all piled in their car – as it cost \$1 per car to enter the National Park. In those days a dollar was more important than it seems today!

We expected to get permission to make a summit climb at the Park Entrance, but here they informed us that according to new regulations it was necessary for us to drive clear up to Yakima Park (now Sunset

Park) to get the required permission. That was 15 miles out of our way and the road was steep. Jack informed us that a year or so before the Rangers had given him and a party permission to climb, but on the party's late return there was no one available to check them in, so he didn't feel that there was a conscientious effort made to keep track of summit parties. This was as an "aside" to us – out of the Ranger's hearing. We therefore inferred that we wouldn't climb as we didn't have time to get permission and climb to Steamboat Prow that night. (Recent summit climbs by the writer have indicated that the Ranger inspections are very conscientious and that the Rangers are very helpful in every way to promote safe, successful and enjoyable climbs. Jack's experience was no doubt an isolated case.)

We drove on to the White River campground and unloaded and started up the trail. Each had a pack weighing about 40 pounds apiece, except Phil and Johnny who had one pack between them. Jack Hossack had the reputation for being a billygoat. He and I started ahead. Nowadays I would be the last in the party, but in those days it was "dog eat dog" and we certainly put on the steam! Our first stop was Glacier Meadows, about 3-1/2 miles up an old mining road. On arriving we took off our packs, hiked 1/4 mile over to the abandoned mine shaft to look it over. Then we returned to the meadows.

The rest of our party had not arrived yet but we decided to eat anyway. We started a small fire and about this time Henry and Hallowell came around the bend. Twenty minutes later Johnny and Phil arrived looking quite tired. We just didn't see how they were going to make it as we hadn't even started the evening's climb! However, they were raring to go, so after they had a chance to eat and rest we started on.

We left the timber and soon crossed Inter Glacier. After a long trek up the rocks we reached St. Elmo's Pass. The pass is on the western ridge of the side of Steamboat Prow (9700 feet), where we were heading for our evening's rest. Sounds quite restful, eh?

Phil and Johnny were behind somewhere, but Henry and Hallowell were with Jack and me. About this time they decided to wait for the other two and Jack and I went on ahead. We descended about 100 feet over rocks to the Winthrop Glacier and began the disheartening drag to Steamboat Prow. It was now dark; heavy clouds covered the moon and sky. We took fifty or a hundred fast steps and then stopped so our legs would walk some more (7000 or 8000 feet altitude).

Then we would go at it again, dodging crevasses. After awhile we reached a snow bridge. Having had no experience, I wondered how we were going to get across the crevasse. By this time Jack had started out and calmly walked over the 10-foot-wide crevasse on a 12-inch-wide bridge. There was nothing to do but follow, although it didn't make

good sense to me. I crossed, and for the first of many times over the years I began to wonder why I liked mountain climbing. I estimated that the bridge would hold ten pounds, no more.

The moon shone occasionally through the dark clouds and I could see down at least 15 or 20 feet on each side. Jack decided the others might miss the bridge, so he said I should wait there for the rest while he went on ahead. The clouds settled around me and I could dimly see ... if there had been anything to see!

I yodeled to Jack and he hollered okay. After awhile my scheduled bellows brought forth an answering shout from below. Hollowell was coming up! Jack's last shout had dwindled off up above telling of another crevasse. After shouting off and on for quite awhile, Hollowell appeared down below as a dark spot. In a few more minutes he reached the lower end of the snow bridge. He said Henry had gone back after Phil and John and he had come on ahead. Boy—were we ever strung out from here to nowhere! At the time I figured this was the way people climbed mountains and I began to see why a lot of them got killed. Anyway, I think the bridge affected Hollowell as it had me, but there was no other way so he felt his way across.

I was extremely cold and shaking all over from being still so long, so I asked him to wait there for the rest and I went on up to join Jack. He agreed, so off I went. I kept my eyes glued to Jack's tracks and puffed upward. I climbed and climbed and then climbed some more. As I later found out, he could not go farther because of a narrow crevasse with no bridge, into which he had almost fallen trying to cross. I climbed some more and soon heard crunching footsteps from above. Jack appeared and said he had left his pack up a few "blocks" by a crevasse and for me to go on ... but to watch my steps. He went on down to round up the rest.

Well, he answered my yodels for awhile (since I was from Iowa, they were more like pig calls), and then silence closed in like six walls. So did the fog, cold, and everything else – including a diminished interest in mountain climbing. I continued upward, following his tracks by watching closely. After a few "blocks" I felt as though I had climbed three miles since seeing him, but found no pack. The tracks in the snow disappeared. I looked up but there was nothing but fog.

My next guess was to the right as there was no hole in the snow, so I went that way. In 200 feet, the shading in front of my staring face seemed to change and so did the constant noise of avalanches and rock falls, so I froze. I stood and stared and with the aid of some fog pockets I saw an enormous crevasse ahead about 50 feet wide. The only thing to do was to retrace my steps through the fog. I found the "junction" and soon discovered Jack had made a sharp left turn. Eventually I reached his pack on the edge of the crevasse. I sat down and put on my extra shirt and

two jackets. In five minutes I was cold and in ten I was frozen, so I started walking up and down, keeping close so I wouldn't fall in a crevasse or lose the packs. I did that for an hour, and kept yodeling and bellowing for company. I wasn't worried about ghosts being around in a place as uncomfortable as this, but did feel as though this world was a big place and I only wanted to be in some other part of all that space.

Once the fog lifted I could see the rock wall of the prow off to the east and far down below to nothing. Eventually someone bellowed back. A cloud went by and far below I saw them coming roped together. Imagine! Another cloud and I was alone again. Each time it cleared I could see them coming closer. A big cloud settled around and I was once again in a world by myself. Off in the distance I could hear the thundering roar of snow and rock slides, and each time I waited for it to come closer – but it didn't.

They now shouted at close range and came slowly into view. They were all there. They rested; I froze. We ate. I gulped down a gob of chocolate big enough to kill a cow. In talking to the fellows it appeared that John got lost on the glacier on the other side of St. Elmo's Pass and had fallen about 200 feet down the glacier, rightfully presuming that he was being killed. Jack Henry found him awaiting the pearly gates, then located Phil, and brought them on to meet Jack Hossack at St. Elmo's Pass. They came on, picked up Hallowell at the snow bridge, and on to me. John and Phil were dropping in their tracks, but so were the rest of us!

Now, all roped together at last, Jack led, jumped the crevasse, and we followed. About every 50 fast steps we would rest. John and Phil would fall down quickly with the others a quarter of a second behind, except for those who figured getting up was harder than resting, thus they leaned on an alpenstock. (In those days only one in the party could afford an ice axe; the rest pounded a headless spike into a rake handle.)

Then the moon came out and the stars shone over our heads. 5000 feet up was the top of Mount Rainier! Well, it was beautiful and spectacular, but also discouraging. However, the cow-killing chocolate began to take effect and I actually got very frisky and felt fresh and less tired for the last quarter of a mile.

Soon after midnight we got off the glacier and onto the small rocky point of Steamboat Prow. We ate, unrolled the blankets, piled up rocks for a windbreak, and went to "sleep." Ha! Did you ever sleep on cold hard rocks with your clothes on? Anyway, we shivered til dawn.

It was clear and cold. Mount Rainier stood out 4700 feet above. The sky was brilliant orange in the east. The billowing clouds down in the valleys were rapidly changing their shapes, some skyrocketing upward and some hurtling downward. Suddenly they seemed to join forces, as

armies might unite to conquer a common enemy, and came marching up the valley wherein lies the mighty Emmons Glacier, monarch of them all. Onward and upward came the rolling, billowing mass, seeming as though it would engulf the mountain itself. A changing current of air, a rapid thinning, a breaking up into small wisps which disappeared, the onslaught was checked, then routed.



On Mt. Rainier

Royce Conrad

"Four o'clock!" shouted Jack Hossack from his sleeping bag. "Everybody up!" he shouted as he piled out. I got up, as did Hallowell and Henry. John and Phil just rolled over and laughed ... wished us a nice trip ... assured us they would await our return. Some people sure got all the brains!

We ate hurriedly, put brown (horrors) grease paint all over our faces, put on our dark glasses, made one small pack of 15 or 20 pounds, and started off up the mountain. The pack was to shift company every half hour. It shifted from Jack to me, to Hollowell and to Henry. On we went zig-zagging our way, stopping to rest, and starting on. The pack felt to me as though it weighed 80 pounds. I could barely stagger with it. When Jack Henry's turn was over he insisted on keeping it – Hossack and Hollowell argued, but not me! Henry lost and carried it on.

At 13,000 feet the rough going began. We crossed snow bridges and crevasses. Our spurts were limited to about ten steps. The ice walls above looked impossible. We sat down. Hollowell, who was quite sick by this time, decided he would stay there and wait for us ... he was too sick to go on. Jack and I were also sick. I looked up at the ice walls ahead and I, too, felt too sick to go on. Jack kept telling us we were almost at the top! I still felt I should stay there and keep Hollowell company. Jack argued, when he could get enough breath, until we finally gave up.

Upward we went. We faced walls of snow and crevasses that looked impossible to me, but Henry kept ahead. We climbed, chopped steps up a wall 15 to 20 feet high, across a wide ledge and up another wall, down into and through a large crevasse, up along a ledge on the upper side and up 4 feet to the top when the ledge petered out. Then farther up and back along another shelf. When the shelf ended we could see the top!

Jack Henry had gone ahead across the face of the steep wall but we went more directly upward, chopping steps along under a 5 or 6 foot bergschrund we could not get over. There was nothing below to stop us if we slipped. Jack was swinging away with his axe as though he were chopping down a redwood tree. Every step I belayed the rope around my alpenstock. We were on the lower knife-like lip of the bergschrund, trying to work our way up and around to the top side. Down to the left was nothing much. To the right was the bergschrund itself, a deep crevasse, to drop and be wedged in – somewhat fatal!

Suddenly, a way and down the outer side went Jack! I kept the belay but dodged to the inner side of the lip, keeping my weight on the alpenstock. About 8 feet down the rope stopped Jack, and he blithely clambered back up and had at it! He slipped off two more times without diminishing the number of steps chopped per minute, with me keeping alive by balancing my mug on one side of the knife ridge, and my wump on the other – but this was getting me down. Each time I wondered if I could do it again. I felt sure Jack had misplaced confidence in my ability. I just didn't like mountain climbing anymore! At last the bergschrund petered out, we got over and it was clear sailing ahead ... but no wind for our sails. About 500 feet of snow, 200 feet of rocks, and there was the summit!

I was already beginning to be appalled with the idea of how we were

going to get down over all of this mess of scenery. After all, by this time I was only experienced in climbing up ... not how to unclimb! Ever see a young cat scramble up a tree?

Five steps now were about our limit. We reached the rocks, solid rocks at last, unroped and collapsed. Jack Henry had reached the top. Soon I arose and started up. After an interminable time I, too, reached the crater rim and stepped through two large rocks into the crater. The wind was blowing terrifically. My clothes felt as though they would be torn off. I climbed out of the crater and over to meet Henry. We huddled there awhile behind a rock and saw Jack get up from the rock rim and start upward. Sitting there looking down on him one would think he was carrying 200 pounds on his back – 3 or 4 steps, stop – 3 or 4 steps, stop. Well, we had just done the same, and then, soon, he was with us. We sat awhile longer enjoying the scenery which was mostly clouds below. We could see north where Mt. Baker should be, but wasn't. Victoria, Vancouver, and the Straights, even the North Pole, if you wanted to look that far, but everything was covered with clouds, including, by gosh, Steamboat Prow! Now and then it was visible through the clouds. Soon, it was time to leave.

We made our way down to where Hallowell was lying. Here we ate a little, very little, then made our way across to a ledge of snow where we roped together. Wonderful things, these ropes. Henry started across a steep wall to get over to our cut steps. He reached them and Hallowell followed, but just as he reached them he stumbled, fell, and jerked Henry from the steps and down they went! I was jerked off my feet but in the air I flipped over and as I hit the shoulder of snow on my way over I drove the alpenstock into the snow and looped my arm around it. A swinging jerk and they were stopped. I sat up and kicked my heels into the snow hard and with very satisfying kicks. I was so pleased with digging in that I soon felt that I could hold and hoist three or four tons with ease. I was prepared for being pulled in two before skittering off!

Jack, behind me, planted his ice axe and belayed the rope to it. I took a firm grip and a big breath and heaved. The rope came up a few inches and Jack took up the slack. Boy, I was then a real believer in teamwork. Hallowell hollered that the rope was cutting him – for all I know maybe we tied slipknots in those days. This became a contest of endurance. I pulled, he hollered, no pull, no slack. I can definitely say one thing: I wasn't letting go, because I was tied to the rope!

Jack Hossage blithely broke the deadlock. He nonchalantly said, "Wait a minute, I'll fix him!" Anyone with a Morris-type imagination could have figured out what he meant ... but it wasn't so. Jack untied himself from the rope, wormed his way past me and down he went to Hallowell, hand over hand, on the rope.

(I should mention here that in those days crampons were not available to the common herd; in fact it was felt that possessing crampons was a type of unfair advantage which was highly unethical. If we had had crampons, I wouldn't have the fun now recalling how we almost got killed by not having them.)

Anyway, Jack went down to Hallowell's level and seemed quite busy by the bobbing of his head. The rope jerked and slacked and in a short time he said "okay" and then went on down out of sight to pass the time of day with Jack Henry, the poor forgotten soul down there on the end of the rope. I never did find out what it was like down there, and possibly it's just as well.

Soon Hossack appeared, hand over hand, kicking his toes in to help. He squirmed past me, back to his position, and yelled, "Let's go!" I'd heave a foot and he'd take up the slack, then another foot, and so on. Hallowell was soon pulled up to my level and my conviction, from his looks, is that he thought he was already dead. When Henry got back to my level and wriggled by I made some weak crack about the scenery down there and his smile, though weak, indicated he was very much in control of himself.

This, however, was only the start of our troubles. When we were all organized again, which didn't take long because it was getting late in the day and we were still at 13,000 feet with storms brewing below, we once again started across the fairly steep ice slope. This time Hossack went first with the only ice axe, to chop steps. When he reached our "upward" steps he went up, me following, then Hallowell and Henry. This was to again allow Henry to take the lead downward with Hossack and his ice axe behind as anchor man (sounds like tug of war). Well, where one can climb up in small toeholds, far apart, it is quite difficult to go downward in the same manner, physically as well as psychologically. Lacking an ice axe, Henry started cutting big steps below him with his hunting knife.

In 15 minutes we had gone only a few feet and we just had to go faster as it was getting late in the day and we were getting colder. Hossack and I began to yammer about just standing up and walking down fast using the "upward" toeholds, but Henry and Hallowell disagreed. Since Henry was in the lead, we compromised by his continuing to cut big steps with his knife. For all I know, the fact I am still alive may mean he was right. Anyway, we tried to play it safe. First Henry would whittle steps for 15 feet (the length of the rope between us), then Hallowell would go 15 feet, then Henry 15 feet, then me, and so forth like a caterpillar each of us sinking our fingernails and teeth into the ice when not moving (this isn't figuratively speaking, either!).

We continued for 200 feet. It took 1-1/2 hours with nothing below to look at for a mental stopper except clouds. By this time my shoes were

like 2 x 6 boards. Twice poor Hallowell went off into the deep, but each time Henry and I were able to stop him as there was no slack in the rope. We finally made it!

At this point we were able to re-rope up and Hossack suggested I rope up in the rear because of my new-found ability to belay, plus the fact that I was much heavier. I doubted my "ability" ... to me it was just a question of trying to postpone being dead!

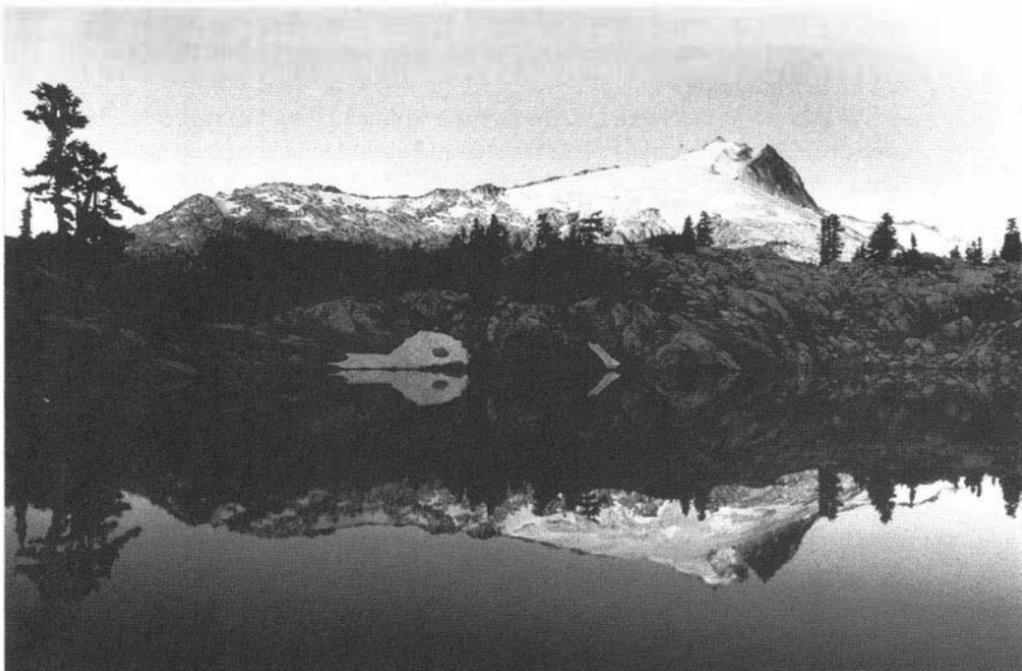
About this time we lost our up trail, or at least got mighty confused about where we had been. We just ran down the mountain roped together. We slipped, fell, jumped crevasses. At 10,000 feet, at which point I'll bet we set a downward record, Henry lost his knife in a crevasse. He wasn't leaving without it, so while they were retrieving the knife, Hossack, who was somewhat concerned by that time about Phil and John on Steamboat Prow, suggested I "run" down and let them know we were coming. This I did, and how! I ran in 8-foot strides, without knowing where I was going because a cloud had engulfed us. I ran to the right of Steamboat Prow, several hundred feet lower, and suddenly stopped on a dime. I stood quite still and tried to see what had stopped me. A rift in the clouds showed an enormous crevasse a few feet in front of me – and it didn't require any sense to see it would have been fatal!

I deduced what had happened and slowly plugged my way upward to the left and finally arrived at the prow, about the same time as the rest of the party. I was greeted by a Ranger who had been sent up to "get" us. Boy, he had his man! All I wanted were some nice solid steel bars anchored in concrete to hang onto. John and Phil were there. The Ranger had been there since noon. We rested, or at least sat down until we could get up, and then headed down in the dark, taking a route to the east of Steamboat Prow and down Inter Glacier.

We slid down the lower glacier on our pants, took the trail to Starbo, arriving at White River Camp about 10 pm, where we were officially arrested and told to be at the Federal trial the following Tuesday evening at the Longmire entrance. We piled into the cars and drove home to Seattle, arriving around 2 am the next morning.

The four of us went to trial on Tuesday night and after several hours of talking, we convinced the judge that our principal crime was climbing without permission.

Note: This account was submitted through Dee Molenaar by Jack Hossack, one of the members of the climbing party, who, at 85, has been a member of The Mountaineers for many decades.



Snowking Mountain

Michael Young



Cove Lake in the White Clouds

Bill Maxwell

The Crag Of The Icicle (The Climber's Lament)

*Words by Ed Henderson, to the tune of
"The Streets of Laredo"*

As I climbed out on the crags of the Icicle
As I climbed out on the Icicle one day
I saw a young climber all dressed in white linen
All wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

"I see from your outfit that you are a climber,"
These words he did say as I swiftly rapp'd by.
"Come sit by my side and hear my sad story
For I fell on my head and I know I must die.

"'Twas once in a harness I used to go climbing,
'Twas once in a helmet I always did climb,
But I took to free climbing and then to soloing
Now I'm a young climber cut down in my prime.

"Tell all your bold climbers so young and so wild
To place good protection and check all belays,
To put on their helmets and trust in a rope
For I came off the mountain and I'm dying today.

"Let sixteen belayers come carry my coffin,
Have sixteen lead climbers to sing me a song.
Take me to the high mountains and scatter my ashes
For I'm a young climber, I know I've done wrong."

So we banged the drum slowly and played the fife lowly
And we sang the dead march as we carried him on.
We all loved our comrade, so brave, young and handsome
For we all loved our comrade, although he done wrong.

History: Getting There Is Half the Fun – Adventures in Finding a New Clubroom

Errol Nelson
President, 1981-1984

Our First Clubroom

In the fifties it started as just a room upstairs at 523 Pike St. Membership meetings and the first climbing courses were held there. We shared the floor with REI and its two, yes two, employees. By the late fifties REI had grown and moved, and the room was too small for meetings of the expanding club. In 1959, in true Mountaineer fashion, a committee of volunteers was formed to find a "home" for the club activities, with offices and a meeting room large enough to conduct the climbing course. The search proved fruitless and the committee went dormant for several years.

In February 1965, the site acquisition committee was reactivated, with John Davis as chairman. They evaluated several buildings including: the Elliott Business Center on Elliott Ave; the Boy Scout Service Center in Rainier Valley; the Queen Anne Hall Building on 1st Ave W.; and the KTNT building on Dexter Ave; before settling on the building at 719 Pike St for \$83,500, all 7,200 square feet (per floor) of it. The purchase was made using funds from the Permanent Building and Improvement Fund: a fund the lodges paid into for building replacement. Property Division complained loudly, to no avail, as the Board stripped the (now defunct) fund to make the down payment on its' new home.

Located in a seedier section of Pike St, the Board used the second floor, while the rent from the Cabellero tavern (a true dive) and La Fiesta mexican restaurant paid off the mortgage. Pike St was also home to some low rent apartments and numerous taverns. Exotic dance studios and massage parlors moved in across the street in the 1970s. By 1975, the mortgage was paid off, and the growing Mountaineers Books operation moved in downstairs.

The Speculators Circle

By the late 70s the cry of Seattle's movers and shakers was, "We need a Convention Center," preferably downtown, of course. Immediately, they began looking at all that "free" land in the air space over the freeway. After all, Freeway Park was one of the few amenities that downtown Seattle had to offer – why not emulate it?

As the Convention Center idea expanded, speculators started looking

at the nearby properties to the preferred freeway location. In March, 1978, an offer of \$275,000 was made for Clubroom 719. The first questions were: where would we go and how much was the Clubroom worth? The answers were, we don't know, and more than they're offering. The offer quietly disappeared, and the issue of selling the Clubroom remained dormant until the end of 1980.

In December, 1980 a new player arrived on the scene, CHG International, a real estate group that was buying up properties in the area. They offered several open ended, but vague, possibilities ranging from outright purchase to build-to-suit specifications – if the Club would sign an option with them. This spurred a flurry of activity. In January 1981, another site acquisition committee—2nd verse, same as the first, with the price being higher and the rhetoric worse – was formed to determine our short and long term space requirements. John Davis was in charge of any negotiations with CHG. *Deja vu* all over again.

The short range committee quickly returned with a list of immediate space requirements. In the meantime, the long term planning committee conducted a survey of membership needs and requirements: such as location, access, parking, size, meeting rooms, etc. The bottom line was: in fifteen years our "space needs" had gone from 6,000 to 40,000 square feet, a quantum leap.

In August 1981, the situation shifted further when half-time business manager, Howard Stansbury, retired, and was replaced full-time by Sue Justen. Immediately, she became immersed in scouting buildings that met our 'space needs' and could also move into at little or no cost to the Club. However, the urgency to respond to CHG had waned and more deliberate evaluation of potential sites became the norm.

Clubrooms by the Number – Offers by the Score

From late 1981 to the middle of 1982, there was action on two fronts. Sue was scouting buildings, and CHG's brokers were also trying to find us suitable buildings. However, there were two very different definitions of suitable. There was the Klineberger Building up by REI. The size was right, but the rehabilitation costs pushed the total cost to over \$4 million: too expensive for CHG. Same for the Black Manufacturing Building in the Rainier Valley. Then there was the Moose Building by the Seattle Center (traffic problems), The Apple Theater (a porno theater), the basement of the Eagle's just around the corner, and Fairview and Hawthorne schools. The major factor in the building evaluations was the access of the site to bus routes.

It seemed like options and tender offers were being floated weekly. And, if each offer wasn't accepted now, a great "deal" would pass us by.

On this list of sites was a building out by Elliott Ave, the Norway Center, all 40,040 square feet of it. It was the right size, required no major renovation, and was on several bus routes. However, with an asking price of \$2.7 million, still too expensive for CHG's tastes.

While acquisition of a new Clubroom was moving along slowly, changes were brewing in the operation of Mountaineers Books. The Club's publishing activities started in the early '60s as a volunteer committee effort to produce a textbook for the climbing course, resulting in *Freedom of the Hills*. The venture rapidly expanded into trails and hiking guidebooks, and other outdoor books. By the early '80s, the venture had, in effect, become a business with a small paid staff. Books had experienced some rather rapid growth as a specialty publisher, gaining increasing acceptance of its' publications in the outdoor field. Ironically, one publication, *Fire And Ice*, a book about Cascade volcanos and the eruption of Mt. St. Helens, triggered an avalanche of book sales that almost overwhelmed Books operations.

It became rapidly evident that the publishing operation had far outstripped the grown-like-topsy financial systems that had served during Book's formative years. The financial reporting system was not providing the Board with a clear and accurate picture of Books status. The system could not reconcile the financial projections of the doom-and-gloom adherents with the everything-is-rosy group, and neither the Books Management Board (BMB), nor the Board, had any member with the financial expertise to figure out Book's true state of affairs.

Finally, in July, 1982, the Board and the BMB met in a joint meeting, decided that not enough information was available to make an informed decision, and requested the Club accountant to undertake an analysis of Book's financial systems and controls. An independent accounting firm was hired to evaluate Book's internal financial systems, controls and the computer system. In September, with the report in hand, the Board instituted a number of changes in the management of Books at both the staff and volunteer BMB levels. This resulted in clarification of the financial reporting requirements in a format more suitable to volunteer Boards.

Things were also happening concerning the State Environmental Policy Act. For two years, the Commission on Environmental Policy had been meeting to revise the State Environmental Policy Act (SEPA), and the administrative guidelines. Norm Winn sat on the Commission, and Jo Roberts and myself were members of supporting technical committees. The bill sent to the legislature was a hard fought compromise, endorsed, reluctantly, by both development and environmental interests. In January, 1983, the Board endorsed the Commission's bill. It passed the Senate handily and moved to the House. At the House hearings, the Washington

Environmental Council (WEC) flip-flopped, coming out in opposition to the bill. The committee Democrats (in control) lined up with the WEC opposition, and tried to bottle the bill in committee. The WEC lobbyist was blindsided, being forced to switch positions, and resigned. After some furious lobbying by the full spectrum of SEPA interests, one committee democrat, Rep. Ken Jacobsen (Seattle), decided to vote for the bill. Once released, it passed the House 85-13, and was signed into law by the Governor.

Playing Hardball Politics

In late 1982, meetings about Clubroom 719 started anew. The City of Seattle, the convention center committee, and CHG "informed" us that if we wouldn't sell, they would condemn Clubroom 719 for fair market value. Our counter strategy was to first show that they didn't need our property to construct the convention center. Failing that, we would inform our 10,000+ members, over half residing in the city, and mount a letter writing campaign opposing their tactics. Further talk about condemnation quickly died.

The State Convention Center Committee poised to make their site decision in early 1983. A meeting with them in late December reiterated our space needs and stated our willingness to work cooperatively together. The Club formed its own convention center committee and we presented the conclusions of the 1981 long range planning committee on our space needs. The Club emphasized that it was happy at 719 Pike St., and the Convention Center could work around us.

Of the three designs under consideration for the Convention Center at the freeway site, two would require the demolition of Clubroom 719. In March 1983, the Club retained an architectural firm (LMN) to evaluate the freeway site designs, and suggest alternative designs where Clubroom 719 could co-exist with the Convention Center. The Club's position, and the architectural support, was presented to the Convention Center Committee in public hearing on March 17, 1983. On March 31, after careful consideration of all the facts and sites; the State Convention Center Committee selected the freeway site as the best.

After the vote on the Convention Center at the end of March, things became eerily quiet. The Club had stated its position very clearly about remaining at Clubroom 719, and the Convention Center interests didn't know how to respond. CHG was basically fed up dealing with the Mountaineers. It appeared as if a long protracted battle was about to begin. During this period, the City of Seattle made a second effort to force us to move. They threatened to vacate the alley on the south side of the building, cutting off Books loading area. We again reminded the City that the Club had over 10,000 members, and did they want hear from

them? That was the last we heard about vacating the alley. The asking price for the Norway Center was now \$2.5 million.

The Plot Thickens

On May 31, 1983, the Convention Center interests met to discuss the sale of Clubroom 719. The asking price for the Clubroom was now at \$2 million, or \$278 per square foot. Their alternative again was condemnation. Martin Selig joined John Davis in evaluating their proposal. On June 1, the Club replied that we were not adverse to relocation, but alternate sites offered by CHG were not suitable. The Norway Center was suitable, meeting our space needs and access requirements, but CHG and the Convention Center Committee were not interested in discussing a straight purchase and trade. In the meantime, we would stay put.

The very next day, events began to move rapidly. On June 2, we contacted the Norway Center, and expressed an interest in purchasing it, if a suitable trade could be negotiated with the Convention Center interests. On June 3, Convention Center attorneys directed CHG to negotiate a reasonable trade with the Club, whatever it may be. On June 27, the Club entered into an earnest money agreement (\$50,000) to purchase the Norway Center for \$2 million—cash, good until July 15, and contingent on the sale of the building at 719 Pike St.

Snakes in the Grass

On July 8, CHG responded with an offer for \$750,000 cash and the remainder in a promissory note due at a later date. Martin Selig got it revised to \$2 million cash plus moving costs. The offer became a three-way agreement where we transferred our earnest money agreement to CHG—they would exercise our option to purchase the Norway Center—and then trade us straight across for Clubroom 719. CHG concurred and the agreement was signed and ratified by the Board on July 15.

However, there was one "minor" problem: there was another option to purchase the Norway Center ahead of ours. Everyone seemed to think it would go away because it expired June 15. It was then determined that the option was open ended and wouldn't go away. The option holder then demanded almost \$200,000 to release his interest in the option. Everything was finally reconciled on August 25, when the option was purchased by CHG and the Norway Center for \$90,000. The final price for Clubroom 719 was \$2,065,000., or \$287 per square foot, the highest purchase rate for real estate ever achieved in downtown Seattle up to that time.

The Club officially took possession of the Norway Center on

September 8, 1983. The first use in the new Clubroom was the Board meeting held on that same night. The official move-in date was October 17. The rest is another story.

Retrospective – Ten Years Later

If you think getting there was fun, staying there was even more fun. After numerous false starts and mis-steps the Board came very close to selling and getting out in 1987. However, given the problems the Norway Center had selling to us, getting out could prove to be harder than getting in, and the problems the Club was experiencing wouldn't go away at another site. The Board reevaluated the problem, and their resolve to make a go of the Clubroom. The Clubroom is now a viable operation, with room rentals, conferences and activities making it an active place to be.

In 1983, Books followed in the Clubroom footsteps, moving in a block away, remaining there for eight years before moving to their present location on Harbor Island. With the new financial controls, Books quickly recovered, and is now doing better than ever.

SEPA remains essentially unchanged since 1983. It did what it was intended to do, and is still a key force in the evaluation of plans, projects, and permits at all levels of government.

And now, ten years later, I think the Club should hold a party to celebrate the tenth anniversary of a bigger, better and more profitable Clubroom.



Cajas (Ecuador)

Karin Ferguson



In the Dolomites

Steve Johnson

Mountaineer Outings

Bill Zauche

Mountaineer Outings 1991

Type	Dates	Area	Leaders
Skiing/Hiking	March 7-24	Switzerland	Patti Polinsky
Sailing	June 22-28	Canadian Gulf Islands	Marv Walter
Backpacking/ Scrambling	June 27-Aug. 10	Alaska	Dennis Larsen
Naturalists	July 27-Aug. 4	Manning Park, BC	Bob Dreisbach
Scrambling	August 24-Sept. 2	Bender Range, BC	Ron Smith/Neil Johnson
Hiking	August 28-Sept. 10	Austrian Alps	Bev Dahlin/Steve Johnson

Mountaineer Outings 1992

Type	Dates	Area	Leaders
Skiing/Hiking	March 12-29	France	Patti Polinsky
Backpacking	July 25-Aug. 22	Chelan Mountains	Bob Dreisbach
Backpacking	July 25-Aug. 2	North Cascades	John Witters
Hiking	Aug. 13-Sept. 15	Austria/Germany	Bob Dreisbach
Scrambling	Aug. 15-23	Bailey Range	Dale Flynn
Hiking	Sept. 2-16	Italian Dolomites	Bev Dahlin/Steve Johnson
Hiking/ Climbing	Sept. 6-26	Ecuador	Karin Ferguson
Retired Rovers Tour	Sept. 9-26	Maine/Maritimes (Canada)	Marion and Russ Langstaff

The Summer of '91 in Alaska

Dennis Larsen



Doonerak

Dennis Larsen

Gates of the Arctic National Park/North Fork of the Koyukuk River

June 27-July 8

Eleven Mountaineers met and overnighted in Fairbanks. The next morning it was on to Bettles where we met our bush pilot, Steve Ruff, who was to do our flying for the next month. Sunny skies and two shuttles in Steve's Beaver placed us at Summit Lake on the Continental Divide of the Brooks Range. To celebrate our arrival we did a midnight scramble of Snowheel Mountain. The next day we backpacked down to the rim of the Koyokuk canyon to a spectacular campsite with views down-valley toward Mount Doonerak, 7457 feet. For the next few days, under sunny skies and temperatures in the high 80s, we hoisted huge packs and followed the river to the base of Doonerak. The heat kept the wildlife in bed, but we had some impressive scenery with which to solace ourselves.

Ray Heller led an exploratory trip up the slopes of Doonerak. The group didn't reach the summit, but not for lack of effort. They returned after a long, long day down a creekbed full of fresh bear sign—a guaranteed adrenalin rush!

From Doonerak we traveled downriver to Pyramid Creek and up to Holmes Pass, with more scrambles of unnamed peaks. We crossed the Clear River to our pickup point at Chimney Lake. We had enjoyed eleven days of sunshine and heat, sunbathing or trying to keep cool, depending on our inclination. Everyone went swimming at Chimney Lake as we waited for Steve and the Beaver.

Party members: Dennis Larsen, Georgia Bakke, Steve Burger, Dottie Christenson, John Christenson, John Edison, Ray Heller, Lorrie Northey, Kathy O'Toole, Jon Pollack, Stan Raucher.

Gates of the Arctic National Park/Killik River

July 9-19

Ninety degrees in Bettles. Thirty degrees on the North Slope. What a difference a day can make in the Arctic! Five new people joined up for this trip, and they were well-greeted. We woke up to frozen water bottles and "brisk" weather.

At least it brought the animals out. Early on we were treated to a close-up view of a caribou as we hunkered down in a gully. One morning Nancy alerted us to the presence of a large grizzly bear meandering around on the fringes of camp. There was much excitement as morning routines were rudely interrupted. We saw moose almost every day. But the animal climax of the trip occurred after a terrible day of mosquitoes, swamps and tussock fields.

We were camped on the shore of April Creek. John went fishing. Carol panned for gold. Ray climbed a small hill behind camp. He was soon waving his arms and shouting to get our attention. Upstream a wolf was chasing a moose. The moose ran through camp, while the wolf veered off after a grazing caribou. It chased the caribou up and down the river, killed it, and then went up on the hill and howled over its success. We had front row seats.

We also witnessed another death in the wilds. One unnamed party member (whose initials are JP) "lost it" badly one day after tripping over his one-millionth tussock. On hands and knees, with mosquitoes swarming, he dispatched the offending tuft with a deftly handled ice axe and several incoherent curses. The tussock never knew what hit it. No charges were filed, since we all had experienced murderous thoughts of our own that day!

We ended the trip at Tulilik Lake, 35 miles from our starting point, viewing another grizzly, looking forward to being warm again, and hoping never to lay eyes again on a tussock.

Party members: Sylvia Burges, Susan Carroll, John Edison, Ray Heller, Kathy Kelleher, Carol Mockridge, Lorrie Northey, Jon Pollack, Stan Raucher, Nancy Waligory.

Cape Krusenstern National Monument and The Bering Land Bridge National Preserve

July 23-30

This was my third Alaskan outing of the summer. We moved headquarters from Bettles to Kotzebue, a predominantly Eskimo town, on a point of land that juts into the Arctic Ocean. We changed bush pilots—Steve for Buck, and planes—the Beaver for a Cessna 185. Our trip to the Cape, under sunny skies, was a long beach hike, but an Arctic beach is anything but ordinary.

We saw animals: a huge grizzly bear very close to camp (Miriam got the best look), musk oxen on a far hill, and lots of birds. Some of us got a boat tour of the marshes with a local research group. We had lunch with a family of Eskimos in their summer fishing camp. Dried seal meat soaked in fish oil is probably an acquired taste!

Visitors to this area are so rare, we had our pictures taken by Eskimo families and by the local park ranger. He needed to prove to his boss that tourists actually do come to the Monument. His last visitors came three years before (from Germany). I think we were the only ones this year.

A short flight across Kotzebue Sound took us to the Bering Land Bridge and to a volcanic landscape. We were in another unvisited place. Buck landed us at Sandy Lake. It was his first trip there, and as he is the only bush pilot in the Kotzebue area, we were assured of lonely country. A yellow-billed loon and cold and wet weather greeted us. Lava flows and cinder cones dotted the area. Grizzly bears, reindeer, and birds abounded. One of our most interesting finds here was the ruins of an old Eskimo hunting camp on top of one of the cinder cones. We later learned that it predated the white man's arrival in this area.

Our trip ended in a Kotzebue hotel hiding out from yet another Arctic storm.

Party members: Dennis Larsen, Robin Day, John Edison, Miriam Gray, Kathy Kelleher, Barb Klosterman, Pam Pritzl, Larry Weimer.



Dunes at Kobuk

Dennis Larsen

Kobuk Valley National Park

July 31-August 10

How do you cram eight people, packs, four rafts, paddles, life vests, and sundry gear into a six-passenger commuter flight to the village of Ambler? You don't. You get lucky and learn there are five different commuter airlines serving Ambler (population 500) daily. And you spread the wealth among them.

Our plan was to float the 100 miles of the Kobuk River from Ambler to Kiana. We would travel through the heart of the Kobuk Valley National Park. I anticipated a wildlife bonanza. We saw a porcupine. I anticipated great salmon fishing. We caught none. (John did land a couple of sheefish.) I anticipated a leisurely float. The current was so slow and the river so wide, we had to paddle the whole 100 miles.

Still, we had fun. We poked around old abandoned cabins, did a day hike into the Great Kobuk Sand Dunes, and learned the pleasures of river travel. Pleasure #1: you don't carry 60 to 70 pounds of gear on your back.

We ended each day camped on a sand beach with views north to the Jade Mountains and south to the Baird Mountains. We visited another lonely park ranger in his cabin on the bluff. Native fishermen scooted by in their outboards. Fishing camps dotted the shore. In Kiana we met many of the local people, including Tommy our taxi driver. His taxi was a wagon pulled by an ATV.

Finally it was back to Kotzebue and home to Seattle. John and I detoured down to Katmai National Park for a week of fishing, but that's another story.

Party members: Dennis Larsen, Robin Day, John Edison, Miriam Gray, Barb Klosterman, Pam Pritzl, Larry Weimer, Pat Ziobron.

The Bailey Range Traverse

Dale Flynn

Our scramble outing began with a time-consuming, twelve person car shuttle from our exit at the North Fork Quinault trailhead to our start at Boulder Creek trailhead. Sunset found us straggling into the first camp at Appleton pass by ones and twos.

The group demonstrated its unrelenting enthusiasm for peak bagging early the next morning. We followed a fine boot path up the S.E. ridge of Peak 6100', then down to a saddle, and up Mt. Appleton. It seems odd that the higher of these twin peaks should be the unnamed one, so I nicknamed Peak 6100' "Cottleton".

The Bailey Range Traverse can be done without scaling any peaks at all. All are optional ascents. But the peaks add immensely to the beauty, diversity, and challenge of what would otherwise be merely a spectacular traverse. Over the course of our nine day trip, we also scrambled Cat Peak, Mt. Carrie, Mt. Ferry, Mt. Queets, Mt. Barnes, Mt. Seattle, and the false summit of Kimta Peak. The trip proved to be a tiring but satisfying orgy of high alpine aesthetics. Occasionally, several party members would pass up a summit in favor of an alternate aesthetic – more beauty sleep.

From Appleton Pass, the boot path to Cat Basin, once located, was surprisingly good and easy to follow. Beyond the Cat Walk, we again followed a well-trod path that is occasionally interrupted by delicate gully crossings. High above Cream Lake Basin, our trail fizzled out, and we degenerated into a mob of brush-bashing, tree-crashing rusties before renewing ourselves in the charms of Cream Lake.

As we continued, the drought of 1992 seemed more blessing than burden to us. Day after day of glorious good weather earned daily homage to the weather gods. We pressed on religiously, never quite believing our prayers for "just-one-more-good-day" would be answered. Because of the drought, I had worried about the availability of water along the way, and I encouraged party members to carry a lot. But we kept finding good water sources at regular, though not frequent, intervals.

Up high, a few snowfields remained. The largest unavoidable snowfield, near Ragamuffin, was frozen solid when we crossed it. John McManus and Johnny Jeans, who were in front, patched together a creative route of little ridges, suncups, dirty spots, cracks, rocks and scuff marks across the 300 yard minefield of ice.

The drought made mincemeat of the magnificent Elwa Snow Finger. The 2,000 foot descent was more like a Dirt and Debris Finger with a creek running through it. Midway down, the "Big Snow Hump" was a



Above the Hoh River Valley

John McManus

skeletal shell of its usual self. It was cracked, crevassed, jumbled, deeply undercut, and frozen hard.

I asked for a volunteer to go with me to scout a route over the decaying beast, hoping to enlist a certain enthusiastic bachelor. Instead, I got the enthusiastic John Beaumier, whose pregnant wife haunted my thoughts as we picked our way over the carcass of the "Big Snow Hump". Fortunately, the route went and the ice didn't.

From Low Divide, we opted for a long but scenic exit from the mountains. We followed the Skyline Trail, which is about 26 miles of high basins, bears and blueberries from the trailhead at Lake Quinault.

Our last group swim in the Quinault River was both a joy and a sorrow as it brought an end to a glorious adventure whose success was due mainly to a compatible crew that was as hearty and sunny as the mountains themselves.

Party Members: Dale Flynn (Leader), Andrew Ashmore, Georgia Bakke, John Beaumier, Peggy Goldman, Johnny Jeans, John McManus, Craig Miller, Dwayne Morrison, Steve Phillips, Steve Rinn, Linda Wachter.

Hiking and Climbing in Ecuador

Karin Ferguson



Cotopaxi

Karin Ferguson

Eleven of us left Seattle in the early hours of September 6th to meet the twelfth member of this outing group in Quito, Ecuador. This was the first Mountaineer outing to this country. I had been there twice before and as I had not summited on the volcano Cotopaxi, I especially hoped that this year we would be successful. We spent time in Quito sightseeing, shopping, eating and walking. Our scheduled flight to Cuenca in the south was cancelled because the airfield there has no lights and our flight was already delayed past 4 p.m. (Ecuador is on and close to the Equator so there is almost equal day and night).

Eventually we were in the Cajas area, hiking with day packs as horses and donkeys carried most of our gear. We all found this part of the country to be fascinating even though we had some rain. This area is included among the wet highlands called the Paramos.

After the Cajas we drove up the Pan American highway, visiting a market in Azogues where the Panama hat comes from. These hats were never made in Panama, but in Ecuador. We stopped along our drive northward in order to visit Ingapirca, Ecuador's ruins from the days of the Incas and the earlier Canar civilization.

From Riobamba we drove in our bus to the trailhead for the climb of Tungurahua (16,700') from the southeast side as opposed to from Banos on the north which is the more popular route. This route gave us the opportunity for more of a snow climb and also to climb through seracs, which were not difficult but made the climb more interesting. Soon after reaching the summit the weather closed in, eliminating any views we would have had, and we returned to camp and a hike out in the rain. (It does rain a fair amount in Ecuador!)

Our next night was spent in Banos, which is known for its hot springs heated by Tungurahua, an active volcano. Laundry became the top priority and no one, except Marco Cruz (our guide), managed the early morning visit to the hot springs. Most found plenty of tourist shops and stops before we had to depart for Cotopaxi National Park where we set up our base camp at 12,500'. On the following day we scrambled up Ruminahui (15,500') as a conditioner before climbing Cotopaxi (19,700') the following day. Climb day was siesta day until our departure for the all night climb at about 9 p.m. (In retrospect, I think that the original plan to begin the climb from the Jose Ribas refuge would have been better.) However, the climb was aborted at the glacier with the snowfall making the decision for Marco. The bus ride from the trailhead back to camp was a bit of an adventure with the new snow.

On to La Cienega, a wonderful old estate, for rest, dinner and the night. The next day we headed for the Amazonas (the jungle) with another visit and lunch in Banos en route, and yes, shopping. Some time during this day we learned of an upcoming general strike in all of Ecuador in which all roads would be blocked. So, our night in Puyo was short in order to be in Misahualli on the river by daybreak. We boarded canoes on the river Napo to take us downstream to Anaconda lodge, where we spent two nights. This was not deep in the jungle, but gave everyone somewhat of an experience, especially when two monkeys appeared in our rooms uninvited one morning! We swam in a river from the canoe and learned about the manioc plant from Indians in the area when visiting their huts.

Our return to Quito and the U.S. was uneventful.

Our guide Marco Cruz, of Expediciones Andinas, who was with us the entire trip, is very knowledgeable about his country and so this trip gave us the opportunity to learn a great deal about Ecuador.

Trip Members: Karin Ferguson (Leader), Ron Belisle, Mel Courtney, Sue Hays, Randy Jahren, Lou Ochsner, Kate Oliver, Josephine Poo, Stan Raucher, Lisa Wagner, Lavita White, Wally White.

Retired Rovers' Maine/Maritime Tour

Russ and Marion Langstaff

On September 9, 35 Retired Rovers flew to Portland, Maine, where we met our tour manager and bus driver for the start of an 18-day trip through coastal Maine, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and a bit of New Brunswick.

After comparing the L.L. Bean store in Freeport with our own REL, we headed north on the coast to our first stop at Camden, an attractive coastal town with a pretty waterfall spilling into the harbor. Then a drive to the summit lookout of nearby Mount Battie and its great view of the coastline followed, with many making the hike back down to be met by the bus.

A stay in Bar Harbor for two nights gave our group a chance to see the town, visit scenic Acadia National Park where a number took advantage of the opportunity for a hike, then back to the hotel for a last night lobster dinner. We continued to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, by ferry the next day, a six-hour crossing on the Bluenose II.

Following the south coast of Nova Scotia, highlights were visiting lighthouses and maritime museums, doing walking tours of old Loyalist towns with their interesting architecture, and getting an unplanned private tour by the owner of a lovely Victorian home in a town not ordinarily visited by a bus tour.

Halifax, capital of Nova Scotia, was an interesting city where we stayed several nights, giving us time for a city tour and sight-seeing on our own. On a one-day side trip from Halifax, we visited Grand Pre, made well-known by Longfellow's poem "Evangeline" and the site of the Acadian expulsion decree by the British. This day we also saw the tidal bore in one of the rivers emptying into the Bay of Fundy.

In Nova Scotia we also saw the restored Fortress Louisbourg, occupied by both French and British at different times, then a visit to the very fine Alexander Graham Bell Museum in Baddeck before driving around the scenic Cabot Trail on Cape Breton Island. We spent that night in Cheticamp, a French-speaking Acadian town also known for its cottage industry of locally-made hooked rugs. Unfortunately, it was Sunday so the ladies couldn't shop!

Next traveling to Prince Edward Island, we discovered this island province to be largely dependent upon fishing and agriculture, especially potatoes. Our group enjoyed a city tour of the attractive capital city of Charlottetown with its history, a walk on the red sand beach of Prince Edward Island's National Park with a visit to the nearby "Anne of Green Gables" house made famous in Montgomery's novel of the same name

and then another lobster dinner put on by a community church.

Our trip back through New Brunswick partially along the Bay of Fundy shoreline included an overnight stop in the interesting old city of St. John where we had our farewell dinner. Our last day involved an early start and long day to get back to Portland for the return flight home. The trip was deemed a success, but this was due in large part to the camaraderie of our great group of Mountaineers and to the capability, flexibility, and good nature of our tour manager and bus driver (who more than once took the bus places no tour bus had ever been before!)



Steve Johnson



1991 Row 1: Ruth Rockwood, Tacoma Branch Rep.; Virginia Felton, Executive Director; Bob Burns, Secretary; Rick Rutz; Marcia Hanson; Judi Maxwell; Margaret Miller; Bev Dahlin; Ed Henderson, Olympia Branch Rep. Row 2: Jim Miller; Jim Lowe; Dave Claar; Dianne Hoff, President; Katie Kelso; Don Heck, Vice-President



1992 Row 1: Gail McClary, Everett Branch Rep.; Virginia Felton, Executive Director; Dianne Hoff, Immediate Past President; Marcia Hanson; Judi Maxwell; Margaret Weiland; Bev Dahlin, Secretary; Ed Henderson, Olympia Branch Rep.; Rick Rutz; Katie Kelso; Jerry Scott, Books Management Board Chairman Row 2: Ruth Rockwood, Tacoma Branch Rep.; Dave Claar; Craig Rowley, Vice-President; Jim Miller; Don Heck, President; Jeff Hancock, Treaseurer; Bob Davis, Bellingham Branch Rep.

Club Leadership: 1991-1992

Officers and Board of Trustees

1991

Officers

President	Dianne Hoff
Vice President	Don Heck
Secretary	Bob Burns
Treasurer	Jeff Hancock

Board of Trustees

Dave Claar	Judi Maxwell	Bob Davis (Bellingham)
Bev Dahlin	James Miller	Gail McClary (Everett)
Marcia Hanson	Margaret Miller	Ed Henderson (Olympia)
Katie Kelso	Richard Rutz	Ruth Rockwood (Tacoma)
Jim Lowe	Margaret Weiland	

1992

Officers

President	Don Heck
Vice President	Craig Rowley
Secretary	Bev Dahlin
Treasurer	Jeff Hancock

Board of Trustees

Dianne Hoff (Past President)	James Miller	Bob Davis (Bellingham)
Dave Claar	Ken Prestrud	Gail McClary (Everett)
Marcia Hanson	Richard Rutz	Ed Henderson (Olympia)
Katie Kelso	Betty Swift	Ruth Rockwood (Tacoma)
Judi Maxwell	Margaret Weiland	

Corrections: 1990 Mountaineer Annual

1983 OFFICERS AND BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Secretary Dave Enfield/Paul Robisch

1984 OFFICERS AND BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Secretary John Milnor
 Treasurer Neva Karrick

Branch Officers and Committee Chairpersons**1991****Bellingham Branch**

Chair	Sam Houston
Vice Chair	John Bell
Secretary	Margret Cammack
Treasurer	Mike Reeve
Membership	Larry Palmer

Everett Branch

Chair	Larry Longley/Dennis Miller
Vice Chair	Dorothy Beeman/Lou Coglas
Secretary	Linda Nyman
Treasurer	Dianne Duffy/Robert Crunkilton
Membership	Dana Miller

Olympia Branch

Chair	Jim Patrick/Howard Weaver
Vice Chair	Jim Eychaner/Candyce Burroughs
Secretary	Bruce Treichler/Tom Pearson
Treasurer	Carol Cheatle/Don Grubb
Membership	Mark Hicks

Tacoma Branch

Chairman	Jeff Johnson/Dave Berry
Vice Chairman	Dave Berry/Tim Hartman
Secretary	Johanna Backus
Treasurer	Bert Daniels
Clubhouse Staff	Pam Delzell

Standing and Board Committees

Annual	Judi Maxwell
Archivist	Karyl Winn
Budget	Jeff Hancock
Exec. Editor, <i>Mountaineer</i>	Jim Kjeldsen
Library	Evelyn Peaslee/Paul Robisch
Membership	Fran Troje
Personnel	Katie Kelso
Property Directions	Del Fadden
Risk Management	Bill Maxwell

Activity Committees

Chairman	Bruce Pond
Alpine Scrambles	Tom Kovich
Backpacking	Tom Mogridge
Bicycling	Jean Henderson
Climbing	Dave LeBlanc/Kurt Hanson
Folkdance	Trudy Bartosek/Lance Loomis
Family Activities	Linda Greenwood/Allen Moore, Tony Paulson

First Aid	John Perkins
Hiking	Susan Edson
International Exchange	Donna Price
Leadership	Norm Kosky
Midweek Hikes	Trudy Ecob
MRC Representative	Glenn Eades
Naturalists	Irene Peters, Kathe Stanness
Nordic Skiing	Tim McGuigan/Craig Miller
Outing Coordinator	Bill Zauche
Photography	Lin Folsom
Retired Rovers	Rod Stone
Sailing	Julie Morgan
Sea Kayaking	Joan Bakken
Singles Activities	Jay Naylor
Ski Mountaineering	Jim Heber/Dale Rankin
Snowshoe	Karen Sykes
Trails Coordinator	Ruth Ittner
Trail Maintenance	Helga Byhre
Youth Committee	Pat Whitehill-Bates

Property Division

Chairman	Len Boscarine
Meany Lodge	Phil Christy
Mount Baker Lodge	Bill Zauche
Snoqualmie Lodge	Julio Garcia, Bob Youngs
Stevens Lodge	Ken Prestrud
Kitsap/Players Chair	Ted Bradshaw

Conservation Division

Chairman	Norm Winn
Energy/ANWR	Mary Evans
Fish/Wildlife/Ecosystems	Richard Rutz
Forest Watch	Bill Scott
Programs	Shari Hirst
Recreation Issues	Linda Wachter
Rivers	Fran Troje
Water	Polly Dyer
WEC Representative	Bob Goldberg
Wildlife	Jo Roberts
Bellingham Branch	Ken Wilcox
Everett Branch	Lou Coglas
Tacoma Branch	Bea Frederickson

Mountaineers Books

Chairman	Craig Rowley
Director	Donna DeShazo

The Mountaineers Foundation

President	Tom Allen
Vice President	Jim Dubuar
Secretary	Donna Osseward
Treasurer	Neva Karrick

1992

Bellingham Branch

Chairman	Sam Houston
Vice Chairman	John Bell/Craig Chambers
Secretary	Margaret Cammack/Jennifer Brighton
Treasurer	Mike Reeve
Membership	Larry Palmer/Joan Casey

Everett Branch

Chairman	Dennis Miller
Vice Chairman	Linda Nyman/Andy Boos
Secretary	Ginger Decker
Treasurer	Robert Crunkilton
Membership	Dana Miller

Olympia Branch

Chairwoman	Julie Smith
Vice Chairman	Dale Gilsdorf
Secretary	Steve Hyer
Treasurer	Hugh Favero

Tacoma Branch

Chairmen	Dave Berry/Tim Hartman
Vice Chairwoman	Tim Hartman/Johanna Backus
Secretary	Johanna Backus/Mike Kuntz
Treasurer	Bert Daniels/Everette Shaw
Clubhouse Staff	Pam Delzell

Standing and Board Committees

Archivist	Karyl Winn
Assistant Treasurer	Jeffrey Smith
Budget	Jeff Hancock
Exec. Editor, <i>Mountaineer</i>	Jim Kjeldsen
History	Paul Wiseman
Library	Paul Robisch
Membership	Fran Troje
Personnel	Katie Kelso
Risk Management	Bill Maxwell
Volunteer Coordinator	Marilyn O'Callaghan

Activity Committees

Chairpersons	Bruce Pond/Donna Price
Alpine Scrambling	Tom Kovich/Karen Sykes
Backcountry Skiing	Craig Miller
Backpacking	Tom Mogridge
Bicycling	Ken Winkenweder
Climbing	Kurt Hanson/Glenn Eades
Family Activities	Tony Paulson/Dan and Jan Miller, Allen Moore
Folkdance	Lance Loomis/Mary Orchard, Elke Zimmermann

First Aid	John Perkins/Carol Sue Ivory-Carline, Jan Carline
Hiking	Steve Johnson
International Exchange	Donna Price/Joann Prunty
MRC Representative	Glenn Eades
Midweek Hikes	Trudy Ecob
Naturalists	Irene Peters, Kathe Stanness
Outing Coordinator	Bill Zauche
Photography	Lin Folsom/Ted Case
Retired Rovers	Rod Stone/Bettie Browne, Marian Gurley
Sailing	Julie Morgan/Mike Lomas
Sea Kayaking	Greg Snyder/Severne Johnson
Singles Activities	Jay Naylor/Roger Bennett
Snowshoe	Karen Sykes/Dean Thetford
Trail Maintenance	Helga Byhre
Youth Committee	Jeroldine Hallberg, Jennifer Hohnstein

Property Division

Chairman	Len Boscarine
Meany Lodge	Phil Christy, Mike Lonergan
Mount Baker Lodge	Bill Zauche
Snoqualmie Lodge	Julio Garcia, Bob Youngs
Stevens Lodge	Ken Prestrud/John Brookes
Kitsap/Players Chair	Ted Bradshaw
Players	Phil & Alisan Giesy/Bev Loeffler
Kitsap Cabin	Scott Eby/James Gordon
Forest Theatre	Gardner Hicks
Secretary/Treasurer	Pam Erickson

Conservation Division

Chairman	Norm Winn
Energy/ANWR	Mary Evan
Fish/Wildlife/Ecosystems	Richard Rutz
Forest Watch	Paul Rood
Programs	Shari Hirst
Recreation Issues	Linca Wachter/Trudy Bartosek
Rivers	Fran Troje
Water	Polly Dyer
WEC Representative	Bob Goldberg/Dianne Hoff
Wildlife	Richard Rutz/Jo Roberts
Everett Branch	Lou Coglas
Olympia Branch	Judy Putera
Tacoma Branch	Bea Frederickson

Mountaineers Books Management Board

Chairman	Jerry Scott
Director	Donna DeShazo

The Mountaineers Foundation

President	Tom Allen
Vice President	Jim Dubuar
Secretary	Donna Osseward
Treasurer	Neva Karrick



Wind River Reflection

Bill Maxwell

History Committee

Paul Wiseman

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

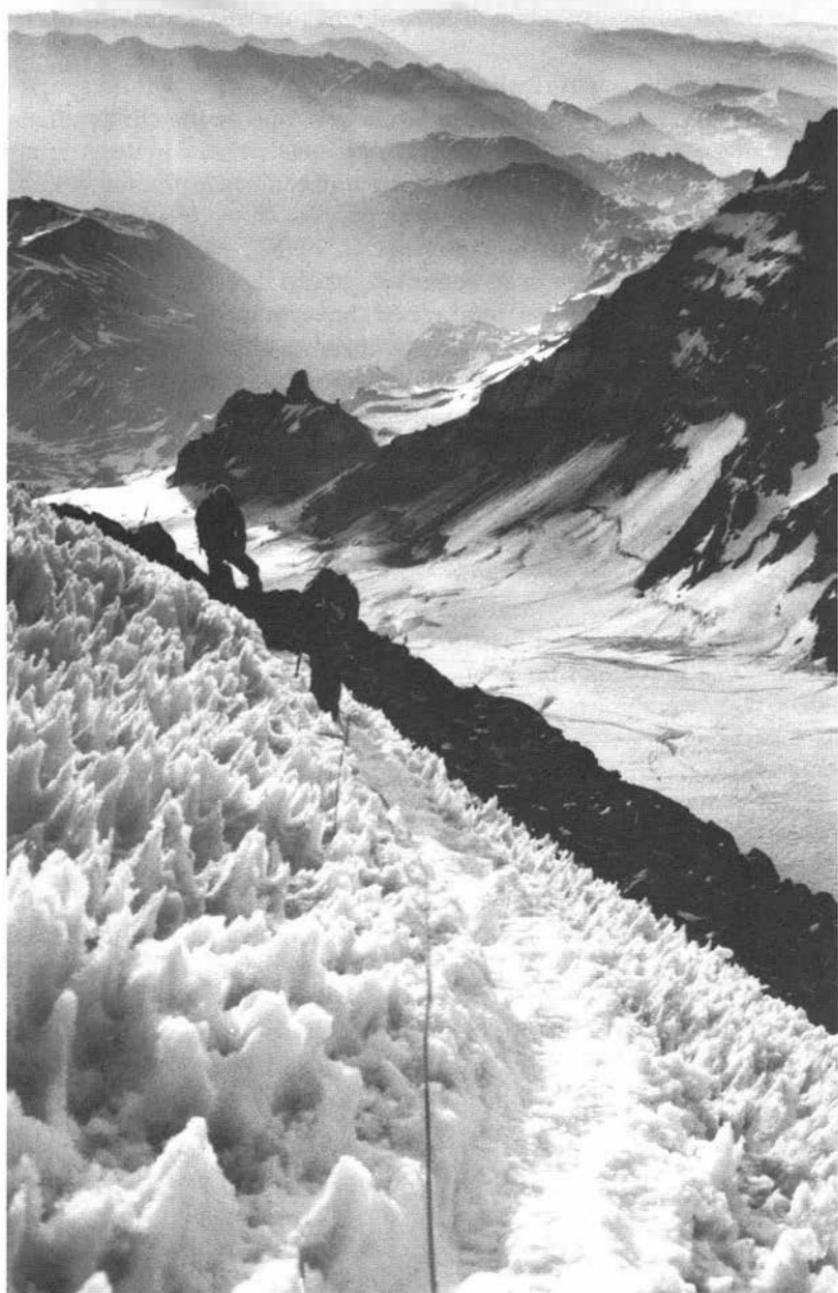
The above words are in the original bylaws and incorporation papers of our club and have remained. Until 1941 one of the club's official positions was Historian. Much history has been printed in the Annuals and in the monthly issues of *The Mountaineer* since 1907, and as a part of the book publishing program over the past three decades. Lacking, however, is a history of the club itself. In 1991 President Dianne Hoff appointed a committee to do something about that.

The Board of Trustees determined that knowledge of club history can be of value to Mountaineer members and the general public in furthering club purposes, and that the History Committee should publish history in one or more of the following forms: *The Mountaineer Annual*; a book; as a series in pamphlet form; and in *The Mountaineer* magazine. A history, authored by Stella Degenhardt, of local and Mountaineers skiing, appeared in *The Mountaineer* in October, 1992.

The committee has held many meetings and has deliberated over possible approaches to compiling club history. Major information sources are the 75 Annuals, a thousand or so monthly issues of *The Mountaineer*, the minutes of close to a thousand Board of Trustees meetings, and an unknown number of Branch board meetings. Some of this material has been indexed, some has not.

An inventory of the contents of over one hundred cartons of historical material in the clubhouse was made by Scott Zema, a committee member who is a professional appraiser. The contents are being entered into a computerized data base.

At the time of its formation, the committee was asked to identify long time members of the club and recommend a way of recognizing them. Persons with a total of at least fifty years of membership were identified. There were 91 in 1991; 101 in 1992. They received personal invitations to the club's Annual Banquet each year. Their names were listed in the banquet programs and in *The Mountaineer*. Those attending the banquets were introduced to all.



Dennis O'Callaghan

Risk Management Committee

Bill Maxwell

Back in our founding days, Mountaineers roamed the wilderness with freedom but respect for the beauty and the hazards Mother Nature might provide. It was uncomplicated because everyone appreciated the risks involved and accepted full responsibility for their participation.

But over the years, life became more complicated. Members invested in their growing club and acquired physical assets and published books, and it became prudent to protect these investments with insurance. More recently we traded for a larger clubhouse and started room rental and liquor and food service businesses which required more insurance.

Overlapping some of this history has been a creeping social change. People became more reluctant to assume responsibility for their own choices and actions and became more litigious. So we bought more insurance and instituted a waiver system to protect our most important assets, our leaders and members while engaging in the activities they loved.

In 1988, Carsten Lien, Club President, determined that protecting our club's resources would require the time of a specific group of volunteers, a Risk Management Committee. It would be responsible for managing risk exposures to protect members and businesses through education, incident investigation and review, activity monitoring, insurance purchases, recommending policy and policy changes including waivers and maintaining a risk plan. This four-person committee meets as needed with the Executive Director and recommends actions to activity committees and the Board of Trustees.

Sigh ... life has become so complicated. Wouldn't it be great to be back in the old days? I think not. I like my Gore-tex, polypro, and user-friendly light-weight gear.

Bellingham Branch Report

Jenny Brighton

1993 marks the Bellingham branch's 10th anniversary! Our branch continues to grow, currently having 226 members. We offer a variety of activities in an attempt to satisfy all of our members' interests.

Our current officers are Chairman, Sam Houston; Vice Chair, Craig Chambers; Secretary, Jenny Brighton; Treasurer, Mike Reeve; and Trustee, Bob Davis. Committee chairpersons are Climbing Committee, Dave Carpenter; Scrambling Committee, Bill Wesp; Hiking/Biking Committee, Bob Hamilton, Jeanie Schneider and Joan Casey; Membership, Joan Casey and Sandra Reese; Winter Activities, Dave Maczuga; Basic Climbing Course, Don Johnston and Asst. Brian Bongiovanni; and MOFA, Steve Glenn.

Our first public hiking seminar was held in June 1990. It included equipment selection, map reading, first-aid, wilderness ethics and a slide presentation. In 1990, we began holding a membership drive each June by hosting an informational meeting for the general public and prospective new members. Topics such as mountaineering common sense, the 10 essentials, purpose of the club and its activities, and access to the various lodges are covered. A slide presentation of local hiking areas is shown by local photographer, Steve Satushek. For the past three years we have held the "Great Gear Swap and Sale Meet" prior to our March meeting. The gear swap has been well attended and is becoming quite a popular and anticipated event in our chapter.

A 27-hour Mountain Oriented First Aid (MOFA) and CPR Certification Course was offered for the first time in 1992 to members outside the Basic Climbing Course. Ten members graduated from the course. We continue to offer the Basic Climbing Course which, for the past two years, has been full with a long waiting list.

Other educational outdoor activities include the Ski Mountaineering and Telemark Skiing Seminar which has been held annually since 1990. The seminar focuses on teaching the telemark turn and safe winter mountain travel. Our Climbing, Scrambling and Hiking Committee Chairmen work hard each year to organize leaders and plan hikes and climbs throughout the spring, summer and fall. In 1991, we created leader guidelines for hikes, climbs and scrambles, as well as participant responsibilities.

Following the example of other chapters, peak achievement pins were proposed and voted on by the board for the "Seven Sevens" and the "Baker's Dozen" (13 of the following peaks: American Border Pk., Canadian Border Pk., Mt. Baker, Bacon Pk., Mt. Blum, Cloudcap Pk.,

Hadley Pk., Mt. Hagan, Icy Pk., Larrabee Mt., Ruth Mt., Mt. Sefrit, Seward Pk., Mt. Shuksan, Tomyhoi Pk., North Twin, South Twin, Mt. Watson). The pins became a reality in 1992 and four were awarded at our last awards banquet. The awards banquet is a weekend event held each December at the Mt. Baker Lodge. Certificates are also awarded to graduates of the Basic Climbing and Scrambling Courses. Members and guests are encouraged to bring slides to share after dinner. Members also bring inner tubes, skis, snowshoes, etc. for outdoor fun during the day.

For our competitive members, a co-ed volleyball team was formed in October 1991. The team participates in the city league and has lots of fun. We have continued to hold our annual summer salmon barbecues in August at Lake Padden for members and guests. This tradition began in 1989. Everyone has a good time eating, telling outdoor adventure stories, eating, playing volleyball, eating, playing frisbee, etc.

Our conservation efforts continue through participation in the Cascade Pass Revegetation Project created in 1991 and the Adopt-a-Trail Group which was also formed in 1991 and headed by Fred Wagner. Fred works with group members, Whatcom County and the City of Bellingham to select trail maintenance sites. Since 1991, Fred has continued to arrange trail maintenance work parties. In June 1992, members helped inaugurate a 4-mile section of the Pacific Northwest Trail – Blanchard Mountain which is an 1,100 mile route using existing trails from Glacier National Park to Olympic National Park. Bellingham volunteers worked two weekends to help construct a portion of this trail. Currently, one of our main focuses is the Bay-to-Baker Trail, a 74-mile trail which connects Bellingham Bay with the high east end of Mt. Baker. Ken Wilcox of the Bellingham branch has put in many hours and much effort to help make this trail a reality. When completed, it will be enjoyed by hikers, bikers, horseback riders, joggers, disabled persons and cross country skiers.

Congratulations to our first "Baker's Dozen" pin recipients Karen Neubauer, Bob Kandiko, Sam Houston and Dave Carpenter, as well as to Ken Wilcox for certification as a graduate of the Intermediate Climbing Course. Karen and Bob also received the Classic 8 award plaque from the Everett branch. Special thanks to Diane Smith who "retired" this year as the Hiking Committee Chairperson after many years of organizing and filling our spring, summer and fall months with hikes and scrambles.

Everett Branch Report

Dennis Miller

Everett membership grew over 20% in the last two years. To summarize the period: our courses were packed and we were desperate for trip leaders as we tried to grow without becoming BIG.

In response to growth pressures many positive steps were taken. The Intermediate Climbing Course was revised to start later so that it doesn't overlap with the Basic Course. The Hiking Committee offered more seminars, family activities, and a Snowshoe Course. Scramblers held some field trips twice with smaller groups of students. And the Ski Committee provided professional training for its instructors.

All activity committees worked to strengthen their leadership standards—an effort that may have proven counter-productive considering our limited supply of leaders.

To follow-up after an accident during the Scrambles Course, a team led by Neil Johnson experimented with the mechanics of ice axe arrest from the head-first, face down position. Fundamentals such as the best place to plant the pick and which way to rotate were studied as they were surprisingly not covered in the revision of *Freedom* available at the time.

Interest in an Everett Climbing Rock surfaced again. After much debate, the Branch declined the project—mostly for perceived liability reasons. We did, however, pledge \$10,000 towards a climbing rock at Kasch Park that might be approved by the City of Everett.

Despite over 150 meetings a year, our hopes for a clubhouse were diminished when a feasibility study headed by Forrest Clark concluded that the Branch does not have enough resources to support one. We did act on a secondary recommendation to get a phone number for the Branch and remain poised for the right clubhouse opportunity.

Closely related to the clubhouse study was our membership survey, conducted by Dana Miller and Wayne Cunningham. 128 members returned questionnaires that were analyzed to help determine the needs of our members. One outcome of this survey was to initiate a kayak program for the Branch.

Another was to increase our donations. Combined, we contributed over \$4000 to outdoor education in Snohomish County schools, Bellingham's Mountain Rescue van, a patrol bicycle for the Centennial Trail, the Arlington Wildlife Care Center, Marymoor Climbing Rock, Save Our State Parks, and other conservation causes. Of note, we matched a generous donation by one of our members to purchase buffer property adjacent to the Rhododendron Preserve.

Louis Coglasc became our Conservation Chair and nurtured a renewed

interest in that committee's efforts. "Talkie Walkies" were scheduled to promote awareness by conducting hikes and exploratories with a conservation focus. We joined a local coalition for the protection of trout and salmon habitat and informed our membership about prospects for a huge county park at Lords Hill.

Lookout and Trail Maintenance became a permanent committee, with Jerry Thompson staying on as chair. In addition to Mt. Pilchuck and Three Fingers, we assisted with repairs of the Evergreen Mountain Lookout. Other projects included brushing on the Tupso Pass – Saddle Lake Trail, meadow restoration at Silver Lake above Monte Cristo, and cleanup of the Canyon Creek Forks Trail.

Our newsletter nearly met its demise with the infamous "Why Men Don't Hike with Women" article. But under the guidance of Sandy Bingaman, we recruited a new committee with a new charter to publish the newsletter quarterly for a trial period of one year. So far, the results look very promising.

At our Annual Banquet the Distinguished Service Award was presented to Dianne Duffy (1991) and Jerry Thompson (1992). The Ken Nelson Memorial Climbing award went to Art Hedstrom (1991) and Gail McClary (1992). Special recognition was given to the Everett Swallows' Nest for their support.



Tacoma Branch Report

Tim Hartman

For most of us involved in the Mountaineers and the sports we love it's generally easier to measure the passage of time by the successes or failures that occurred in the mountains. Those events taking place within committees or courses or at Board meetings in retrospect don't stand out as well as a new summit or a longed for ski trip. At first, chronicling the history of the Tacoma Branch the last three years seemed a daunting task. Daunting, that is, until I really thought about it, looked at the committee reports and Board meeting notes and realized that we did have a lot of significant accomplishments during this period.

1990 began with the purchase of a new television and video cassette recorder to be used by our various courses. The benefits were immediately apparent and all of our committee people were quite enthused about this new teaching tool.

Despite a very meager snowpack our Nordic Ski Committee did an exemplary job of organizing field trips and ski trips for the students of the Basic, Track and Backcountry courses.

In an attempt to keep up with inflation, the fee for the Basic Climbing Course was raised from \$45 to \$60, still a bargain in our opinion. Also, for the first time mechanical belay devices were introduced to the Basic students and allowed on field trips and climbs. The sitting hip belay was still taught as the primary belay. In addition, the use of true compass bearings, as opposed to magnetic, was taught to the Basic Climbing students.

The Intermediate Climbing Course offered many challenging climbs. Bill Kehner, the Intermediate Chair, was instrumental in arranging the purchase of fifteen Pieps avalanche beacons for Club usage. These beacons would be used by both the Intermediate Climbing Course and the Backcountry Ski Course.

The Alpine Travel Course graduated 19 students this year. Singles activities continued to attract more and more participants with weekly volleyball being a particularly large draw. Two programs which had been dormant for a while were resurrected. Photography, under the leadership of Bob Mead, attracted our shutterbugs and Campcrafters, due to the hard work of Don and Pam Delzell, provide activities for our members with children. Pam, besides being active with Campcrafters, replaced Linda McClincy as our Clubhouse Secretary.

1991 began with the revitalization of an old Tacoma tradition: the Irish Cabin Peaks climbing program. These 24 peaks, in or near the northwest corner of Mt. Rainier National Park, were accessible from the

Tacoma Branch's "Irish Cabin" and although the cabin is now gone, continue to bear this name within our branch. The efforts of Past Presidents Stan Engle and Don Schmidt with the help of Bob Nitzinger brought this great program back to life. A dandy looking pin is awarded for climbing both the first 12 and also for topping out on all 24.

Beginning with the climbing program but trickling down to all courses, efforts to establish leadership standards began, not without a lot of differing opinions.

This year our diehard three-pinner finally were allowed to come out of the closet. The Backcountry Ski Course, one of our most informal and laid back courses, was directed by the Board of Trustees to provide formal recognition for graduation including fancy graduation certificates and credit for the course in the Mountaineer roster. Perhaps telemarking is finally becoming socially acceptable?

Our Conservation Chair, Bea Frederickson, continued to spend a lot of time writing letters, attending meetings, and making phone calls in order to keep our Board apprised of conservation issues. Ann Vischansky, the Trail Maintenance Chair, spent a lot of time organizing work parties and working on the trails herself at Pack Forest, near Mt. Rainier.

The Campcrafters provided a number of family oriented activities for our members including the Easter egg hunt and Christmas party.

The Clubhouse finally has its own "caretakers." Our newly hired Clubhouse Maintenance Team, affectionately known as "the CMT," consists of two long time members, Stan Engle and Bob Warfield. And, to top the year off (pun intended), the Clubhouse received a new roof! No more puddles!

The highlight of our 1992 season was the celebration of our 80th anniversary! On March 18, 1992 the Tacoma Branch was 80 years old. Due primarily to the efforts of Mary McKeever a marvelous anniversary party was held. Eighteen of the past twenty-three Presidents attended and spoke of the history of our branch and its activities. It was a great evening of reminiscing, renewing old acquaintances and remembering past glories. A grand time was had by all.

After a lot of arguing, mental cogitation and hard work, an official leadership standards policy and leaders list was implemented for the climbing courses. A big change was made in the Basic Climbing Course. It was decided to teach the use of mechanical belay devices as the primary belay technique rather than the traditional hip belay. Four mechanical belay systems – the bachli, tuber, sticht plate, and munter hitch – are now taught as the primary belay with a simplified hip belay taught as a backup system. Also, the Texas kick prusik system replaced the old stair-step type of prusik. This course had 90 initial registrants with 25 joining the Intermediate Climbing Course.

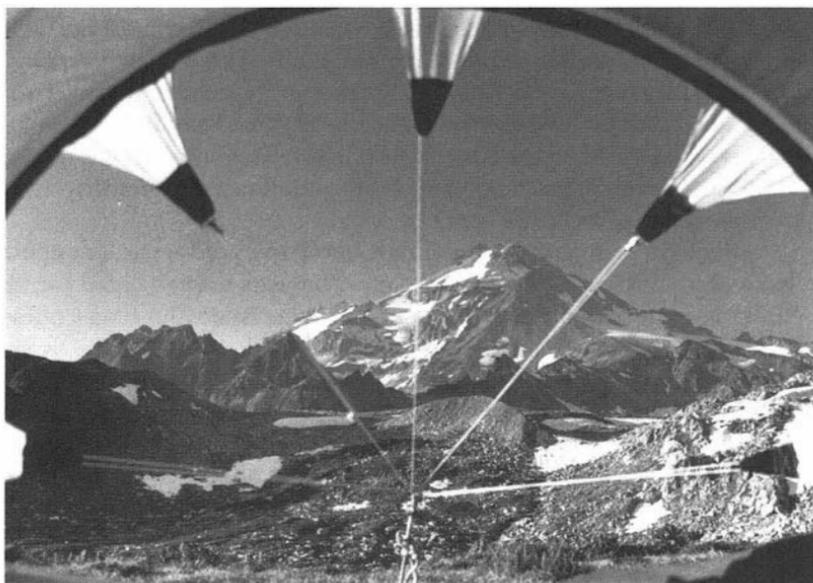
A new climbing program, the Tahoma Peaks, with an attractive new pin, was approved due mainly to the efforts of Bert Daniels, Jo Backus and Jim Pommert. The Tahoma Peaks are eight groups of four peaks each located on the west and north sides of Mount Rainier National Park.

The ski courses continued to attract a lot of winter fanatics. The Basic Ski Course provided many great days on the snow for our eager new skiers. The enrollment in the Backcountry Ski Course was the largest ever – 19 students! This course has typically had 6 to 12 students.

Thanks to Dennis Berry and his team, the Tacoma Branch now has a course for beginning trail hikers. The Hiking and Backpacking Seminar program teaches all the fundamentals for enjoying wilderness hiking on established trail systems.

Our Clubhouse Maintenance Team was kept busy. New kitchen light fixtures, a new door, electrical repairs, and refurbishing the bathrooms were only a few of the projects this ambitious team accomplished. Our Clubhouse has never looked so good!

Many thanks to all the people who have contributed so much to our branch. Your efforts are what make the Mountaineers such a fantastic club!



Glacier Peak

Dennis O'Callaghan

Olympia Branch Report

Julie Smith

Olympia currently has 658 members. Our 1991-1992 officers were: Chair, Howard Weaver; Vice-chair, Candyce Burroughs; Secretary, Tom Pearson; Treasurer, Don Grub; and Trustee, Ed Henderson. The 1992-93 officers are: Chair, Julie Smith; Vice-Chair, Dale Gilsdorf; Secretary, Steve Hyer; Treasurer, Hugh Favero; and Trustee, Ed Henderson. Numerous other members help run our courses and activities; their volunteer hours are appreciated.

Our Potluck/Slide Show Series over the last two years has included climbing trips to Nepal, Ecuador, Bolivia and Russia, kayaking in Alaska and British Columbia, marine mammals of Puget Sound and many others.

The major event each year is our Annual Banquet. In 1991 Helen Thayer presented a slide show on her trip to the Magnetic North Pole. That year we graduated the following students: Climbing 20, Scramblers 4, Canoe/Kayak 5, Nordic Skiing 5 and MOFA 20.

Jim Whittaker spoke at our 1992 Banquet on the 1990 Mt. Everest Peace Climb. In 1992 we graduated the following students: Climbing 19, Scramblers 3, Canoe/Kayak 5, and MOFA 29.

Every year we have the usual peak baggers show up, we call them the "Heavy Metal Group". In the last two years we gave out the following peak pin awards: The Five Majors, 5; Everett Peaks, 3; Snoqualmie 1st 10, 2; and the Olympia Lookout Patch, 6.

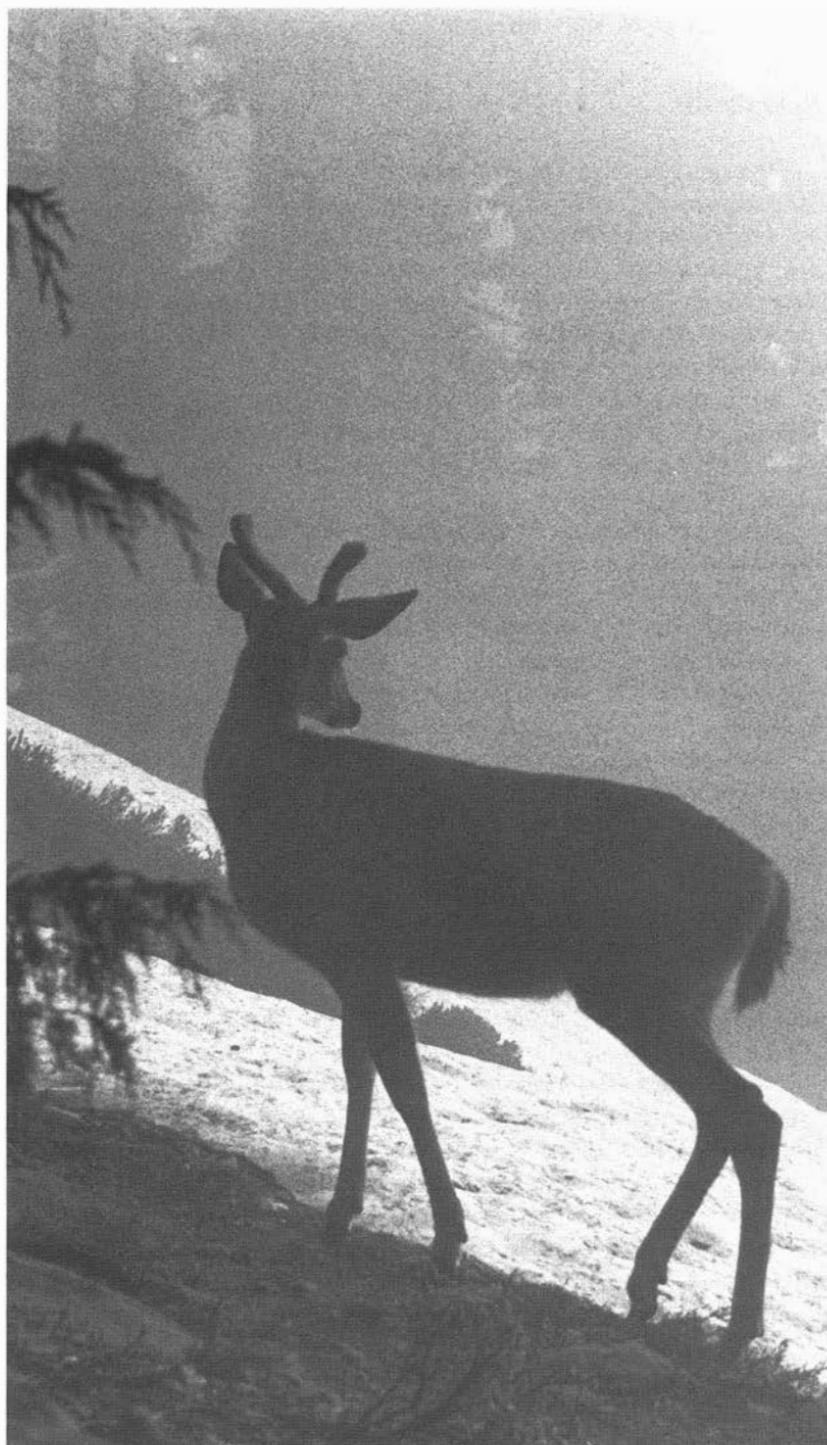
The members enjoyed another ski trip to Mt. Bachelor in Bend, Oregon. It ran from December 26 through the New Year. Chuck Erickson was our coordinator and 24 people participated.

We started a singles group this year and it has been very active. They play volleyball on Thursday evenings, have a monthly potluck and do many other outings.

We also formed a Wilderness Ethics Committee headed by Steve Payne. This committee will help to inform members of the Wilderness Ethics adopted by the club and incorporate them into our courses.

Our Policy Committee is continuing its work to establish new policies for the branch to help it run smoothly.

The Olympia Branch, like the rest of the Club, continues to be a great place to learn outdoor skills and enjoy fellowship with other outdoor enthusiasts. What a wonderful place to meet some of your very best.



Anderson Moraine, Olympic National Park

Ann Marshall/Lee McKee

Conservation Division

Norm Winn

The fight to save our Ancient Forests was a top priority for The Mountaineers in the last several years. The Mountaineers met with many members of the Washington Congressional delegation to provide information and push for a strong Ancient Forests bill. The Forest Watch Committee has been very active with Ancient Forest hikes, a Speaker's Bureau, participation in several rallies, and articles in *The Mountaineer*. The Club participated in several lawsuits against the Forest Service, appealing several Forest Plans and protesting motorbikes in the Wenatchee National Forest.

The Club was also active on state forestry issues and sponsored a lecture series on state forestry issues. The Club also participated in a lawsuit against the Forest Practices Board over inadequate environmental regulations.

The Mountaineers, along with several other environmental organizations, achieved a major victory in 1992 when Congress passed legislation to remove dams on the Elwha River near Port Angeles. The bill was a result of years of effort by environmental groups, and hopefully will result in the restoration of the magnificent salmon runs in the Elwha River.

Congress also moved forward with designation of the Olympic National Marine Sanctuary, and in 1992 passed the bill to permanently ban oil and gas leasing within the sanctuary. The Club also participated in a nationwide campaign to defend the Alaska National Wildlife Refuge against legislation which would open it up to oil drilling.

The Club has been active in wildlife issues, including participation in the Washington Wildlife and Recreation Coalition which successfully obtained \$114 million from the Legislature for wildlife habitat and recreation purchases in the state. The Club also offered an eight-hour course on grizzly bears, and published a number of articles in *The Mountaineer* on grizzlies. The Club also held a wolf symposium in June 1991 to explore the issue of wolf recovery in the state, and sent a representative to the Wolf Summit in Fairbanks, Alaska in January 1993, after Alaska reversed a plan to permit shooting of wolves from the air.

The Conservation Division has worked to develop better communication and closer ties with the branches on Conservation issues. The Tacoma Branch Conservation Committee was instrumental in getting the Foothills Trail rail-to-trail conversion running from Chehalis to Cosmopolis. The Everett Branch Conservation Committee was successful in a campaign to keep land set aside for state park purposes



Steve Johnson

on the Miller Peninsula from being traded to developers for a private resort.

The Division sponsors a legislative workshop each January in which more than 200 people learn about environmental issues facing the state Legislature. The Division helps support a WEC lobbyist who works on environmental issues while the Legislature is in session. The Division also sponsored a Wilderness Conference in May 1992 at which 250 participants learned about biological diversity and ecosystems. The Division was a sponsor of the 1991 Earth Day celebration at Seattle Center.

Property Division

Len Boscarine

Within the last two years the Property Division concentrated on an overall goal of attracting more member participation by providing worthwhile outdoor and entertainment experiences. As a testament to our success the division during that same period also experienced record levels of participation as well as unprecedented financial success.

Meany Lodge

The most isolated of the properties, Meany Lodge increased its service to The Mountaineers by hosting Murder Mystery Weekends (including one for our singles which filled up all 65 of its slots within two hours), MOFA weekend training sessions, Mountain Bike Workshops, Rail Road Buff gatherings, and the ever-popular Wild Mushroom Hunt. Of course, the Ski School and our telemark weekends are as popular as ever.

The major project completed was the excavation of about a fourth of the basement and the construction of a new classroom in its place.

Mt. Baker Lodge

Continuing to have sell-out crowds over Thanksgiving, Mt. Baker is a popular gathering place during summer and work party weekends. And, to increase their level of service to their guests during the last year, all of the Mt. Baker committee members completed First Aid Training.

Major projects at the Lodge involved reconditioning one of the generators, rescreening some of the windows and reroofing the tunnel.

Players/Kitsap

Players continued to use the outdoor theater to present outstanding stage productions such as *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Kismet*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *The Tempest*. Also, Kitsap received a letter from the state certifying that their big tree is larger than any of the trees in the state forests. Our Douglas- fir measures nine feet, nine inches in diameter, stands 207 feet tall and is estimated to be about 450 years old.

The major project for the players is digging a trench and bringing water, electrical, and telephone service to the outdoor theater. They also replaced the sound shack at the theater with a 12-foot gazebo.

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Snoqualmie Lodge

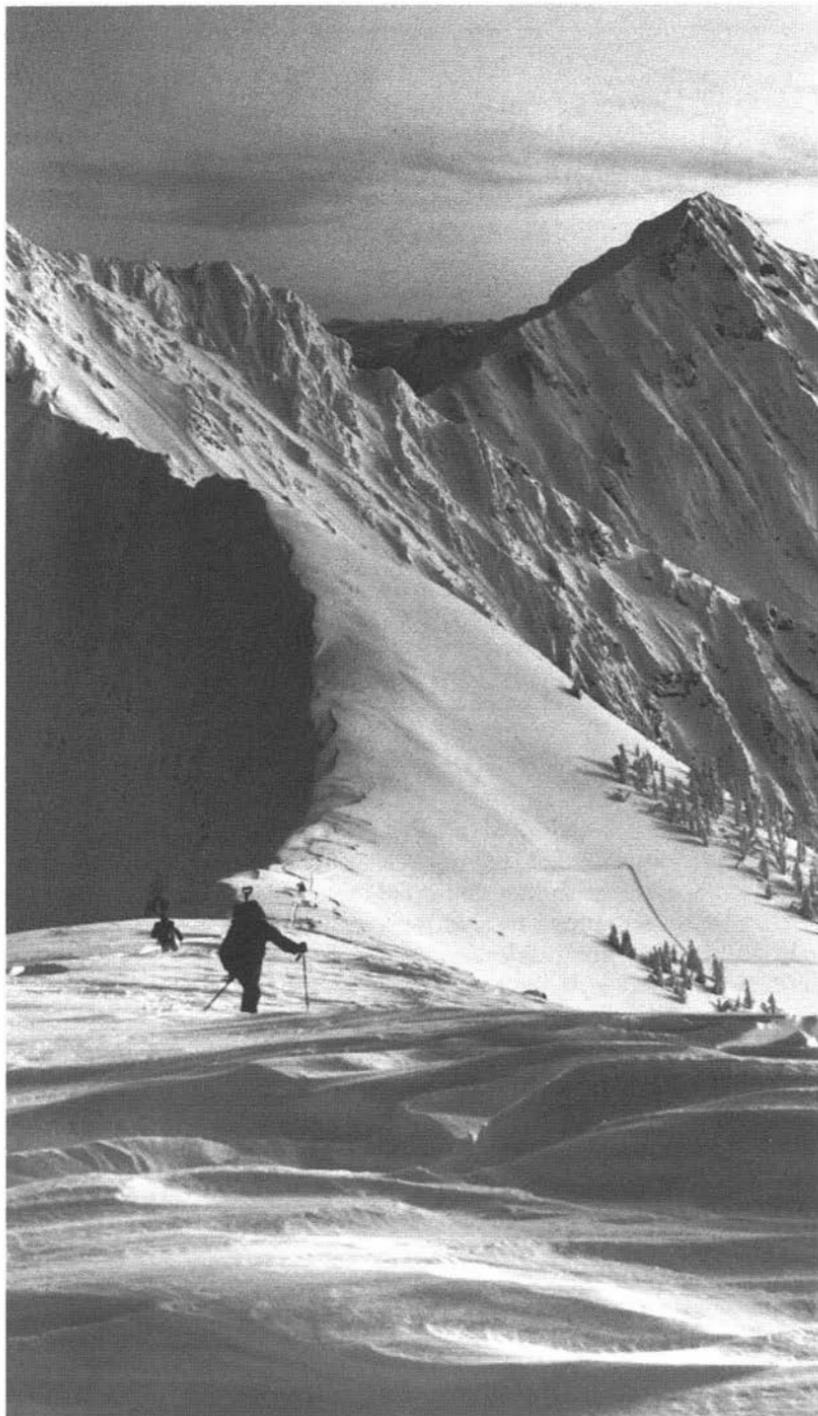
Snoqualmie also increased member use by hosting a series of MOFA training sessions, as well as having a caretaker at the Lodge throughout much of the summer so they could host hikes, fishing trips, and other warm weather activities. The Thanksgiving Family gathering continued to be very popular and singles from the Tacoma Mountaineers continue to fill the Lodge during their weekend.

Major projects completed during this period included the construction of a woodshed attached to the Lodge, and installing a new kitchen floor.

Stevens Lodge

At Stevens this year's attendance is up more than 50% – and last year Stevens had record attendance. The Lodge has become a popular area for skiers in the winter, and groups such as the Retired Rovers and the Seattle singles during warmer months.

The major improvement during the last two years was replacing the waterline and grading the service road into the Lodge. Also the popularity of the site during warmer weather resulted in the installation of a refrigerator in the Lodge.



McLeod Peak

Ray Heller

Backcountry Skiing

Craig F. Miller

1991-92 Season

The Nordic Ski Committee completed an aggressive program of education, trips, and conservation.

Education

Basic Cross-Country Ski Course

*Attended by 130 students.

Mountain 1 Telemark Course

*Attended by 75 students.

Mountain 1 Telemark Seminars

*Attended by 50 students.

Mountain 2 Telemark Seminar (new)

*Taught by professional PSIA instructors.

*Attended by 12 students.

*Food and lodging at The Mountaineers Stevens Pass Lodge.

Mountain 3 Telemark Seminar (new)

*Taught by professional PSIA instructors.

*Attended by 12 students.

*Food and lodging at The Mountaineers Stevens Pass Lodge.

Snowcamping Seminar (new)

*Attended by 25 students.

Trips

*Changed the upper ratings from "Telemark 1, 2, and 3" to "Mountain 1, 2, and 3" to be consistent with the Ski Mountaineering Committee, and encourage randonee skiers to join telemark skiers on our trips and vice versa.

*Scheduled 163 trips during the nine months from November through July in the Cascades, Olympics, and other mountain ranges.

*However, the weather was warmer and dryer, and the snow melted about a month earlier than usual.

*Therefore, only about 100 of the trips actually went as scheduled.

*Most trips were 1-day trips, but some were overnight hut or snowcamping trips. Three-pin, cable, and randonee skis were all welcome.

*For Presidents' Birthday weekend, we reserved three different hut system trips a year in advance.

*Led more outings beyond Washington to Oregon, British Columbia, and Alberta.

Conservation

*Actively pursued conservation issues.

*The Mountaineers Issues Coordinator developed a process for activity committees to support an issue, then have the Activities Division approve it, then have the Mountaineers Board of Trustees approve it.

*The specific issue we opposed was Snoqualmie Pass Ski Lifts Inc. plan to construct cross-over trails between Ski Acres and Hyak alpine areas, across the Nordic Pass wilderness ski trail. This opposition was approved unanimously by the Nordic Ski Committee, approved unanimously by the Activities Division, then voted down by The Mountaineers Board of Trustees.

Marketing

*Published a professional brochure.

*Submitted an article for *The Mountaineer Annual*.

Human Resources

*Developed new "Leadership Approval Process," "Leader Responsibilities," and "Reasons to Remove a Leader."

*Added several new leaders, for a net gain to 125 people.

Finance

*Ended the fiscal year with a positive net income.

1992-93 Season

The Nordic and Ski Mountaineering Committees voted to merge because of similar strategies. The new Backcountry Ski Committee's mission is to provide high-quality education, trips, and conservation for Mountaineer members who want to ski in the backcountry.

Education

*Provided a Winter Activities Seminar, along with the Snowshoe Committee.

*Taught a Safe Winter Driving Seminar.

*Added a new Glacier Ski Travel and Crevasse Rescue Course, for a total of nine courses and seminars.

Marketing

*Published a professional brochure.

*Submitted an article for *The Mountaineer Annual*.

Human Resources

- *Published "Backcountry Ski Leader" newsletters.
- *Added several new leaders, for a net gain to 150 people.

Photography

- *Began a slide show series of wilderness ski trips.

We hope that you will join us on the trails or slopes for another wonderful year of backcountry skiing!

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Ski the Teanaway

Dennis O'Callaghan

Climbing Committee Activities

Kurt Hanson

Basic Climbing Course

The Basic Course attracted its largest class in many years. Sign up was cut off at 240 applicants, with approximately 30 to 40 applicants turned away. From that point, normal attrition in the class took place but we were still left with about 180 students completing all of the field trips and attempting to complete three experience climbs. Course highlights include:

The re-institution of a climb reservation system to give those students unable to compete effectively over the phone on Monday morning a better chance to sign up for experience climbs.

The combining of the Crevasse Rescue field trip with Snow II into a one weekend field trip rather than two one-day field trips. This combination may not be repeated as the field trip leaders advised that coordination between the two portions of the field trip was very difficult.

Intermediate Climbing Course

A normal number of applicants, approximately 60, started the Intermediate Course this year. Between 13 to 15 students that started in previous years will graduate from this multiyear course. Course highlights include:

A novel approach at teaching the difficult skill of leadership in a lecture format.

The use of high density styrofoam to simulate hard snow/ice for the purposes of demonstration of ice climbing at the lecture.

The discovery that the lower Nisqually Glacier ice climbing practice area was virtually covered by a rock slide from higher up the mountain, making it hazardous and only marginally suitable for our use. It may take several years before the lower Nisqually returns to its former condition.

Other Committee Activities

The Course Curriculum subcommittee, a new committee this year, had the purpose of reviewing course content and making recommendations for changes in future years. The committee elected to concentrate its efforts on the Intermediate Course. A number of recommendations were presented to the entire climbing committee for its consideration. The only changes approved were sliding the

Intermediate Ice Climbing fields trips from their present July and August dates to later in the season. For 1993, the ice field trips are scheduled for August and September.

The Records subcommittee, with support from the Mountaineer Membership Services staff, made great strides to fully automating and integrating the Basic Climbing Course records with the club's membership records. Doing so will insure that students complete the course in the prescribed manner and that only eligible students are allowed to sign up for experience climbs.

The Leadership/Safety subcommittee continued its efforts to retain and recognize the work of Mountaineer climb leaders. A recognition dinner for leaders was held in January which featured a slide presentation on wilderness ethics by a North Cascades National Park climbing ranger. Two editions of Cliff Notes were published and mailed to club leaders and Intermediate students.

In May, a climbing wall was purchased by the club and the Mountaineer Board gave responsibility for its management to the Climbing Committee. The Property subcommittee of the Climbing Committee took charge for the committee. The wall's first customer was Mountaineer Books at its American Booksellers Association trade show in Anaheim. The wall's permanent home will be the back wall of the stage in the Rhododendron Room at the club house. Its "coming out" party will be the Climbers' Reunion on September 25.

Lastly, the format of the Climbers' Reunion, where course graduation certificates and peak pins are awarded, has been changed. The event will include a potluck dinner and a greater opportunity for socializing than in previous years.



Summit Pitch of Luna Peak

John Roper

Family Activities Committee

Don Miller

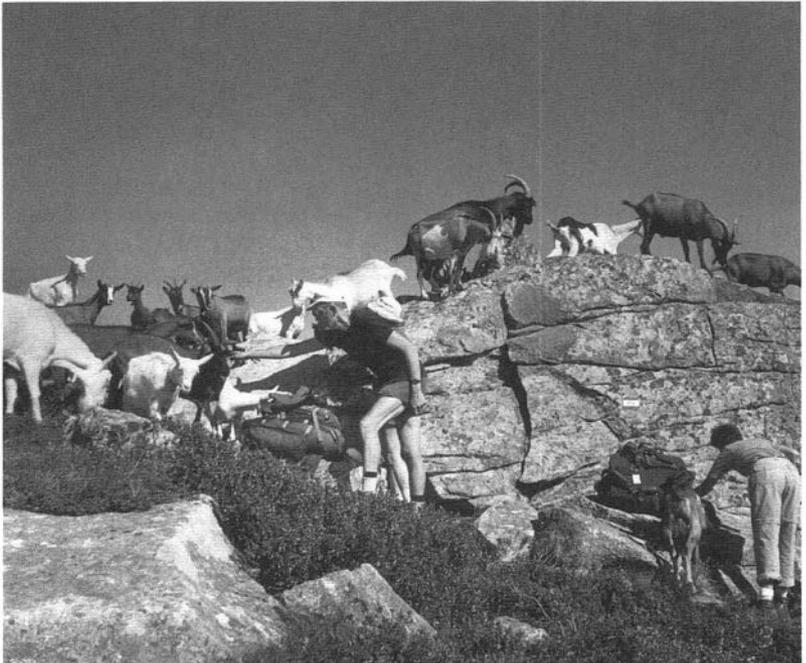
The Family Activities Committee organizes activities for families with the goal of introducing children to the wilderness. We have found that the children do better if they have playmates that come from group activities. To this end, we have organized hikes, backpacks, car camps, and cross country ski tours. The car camps have been especially popular. The Labor Day weekend at Mt. Baker lodge has been very successful and has turned into an annual event.



Dennis O'Callaghan

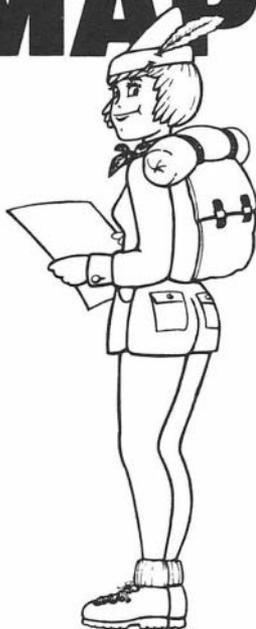


Rosie Bodien



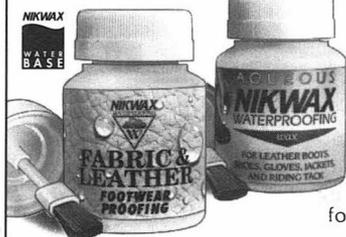
Steve Johnson

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Hiking Committee

Steve Johnson

The increase in Mountaineer membership has had a profound effect on the direction of the Hikes Committee. More volunteer leaders have been recruited and sent out to the Cascades, Olympics, Ocean Beaches and Mount Rainier. Whether a hike is along beautiful Yakima Rim as the snows melt and the balsam root bloom, or in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness as fall approaches, there will probably be twelve lucky hikers and a waiting list. It seems that hiking is the reason many new members join The Mountaineers. A team of hardworking schedulers put together a monthly program that includes all levels of ability. Especially popular are the "Newcomer Specials" offered to beginning hikers. Dungeness Spit in November is sure to attract an enthusiastic group. Weekend car-camps are another popular summer activity. These allow dayhikes to remote areas that would require a long drive home. Of course they also allow fellowship around a campfire and tent-camping without backpacking.

In 1993 the Hikes Committee is initiating leadership seminars to introduce new leaders. We explain what is expected of them as leaders and what is expected of participants. It is also an opportunity for leaders to provide feedback to the Committee. New ideas help keep a very busy group of volunteers effective.

Midweek Hikes

Rosie Bodien

The midweek hikers are a unique group. We are composed of a cross-section of hikers: retired people, those with a midweek day-off, and those with the whole week off! We have a different system of signing up for hikes...you call the leader. That way we have good communication going between hikers! We do this all with a good sense of humor as well.

Our philosophy is to provide enough hikes to accommodate as many people as possible. January through June we have two hikes per week. During peak hiking season, many weeks offer three trips and in the winter, there is at least one moderate trip each week.

Four times a year the committee of hike leaders meets for a potluck dinner. We plan trips, discuss policies and review the trips. In December there is a well-attended Christmas party for all mid-week participants.

The mid-week hikers are a special group. Come along and enjoy a hike!

Naturalist Committee

Irene Peters

The Naturalist Committee has recently celebrated its 20th birthday. In the fall of 1972, several members of the Botany Committee, led by Dina Chybinski, presented the Board of Trustees with a charter for a new committee that would broaden the scope of nature study beyond botany. The approved charter gave birth to the Naturalists, and we have been going strong ever since, offering trips on flowers, birds, geology, mushrooms, trees, insects, and ecology almost every weekend of the year. In addition, the committee sponsors several evening programs during the year that feature slide talks by speakers with special expertise in naturalist interests.

From 1990-92 we offered 150 trips, including day hikes, car camps, and backpacks. Clubroom programs have covered topics such as tropical rainforest, Yellowstone Park forest fires, relationships between plants and animals, representative flower habitats of Washington, urban wildlife, development and behavior of glaciers, geology of the North Cascades. Our annual spring Wildflower Workshop offers club members a hands-on study of flower identification. Its success has encouraged us to offer it two consecutive nights to accommodate increasing interest.

The Naturalist philosophy is that the most important objective on a trip is to see what is there along the trail—not just to reach a formal destination. A hiking pace is set which does justice to what is encountered. Join us—it's a natural world to explore.



Judi Maxwell

Photography Committee

Lorelle

The Photography Committee coordinates a popular class on photography. Usually the program is sold out one month in advance of class and it is a consistent income producer for the club. Mountaineers are invited to attend one of our monthly meetings at the Elliott Bay Book Store to explore aspects of mountain photography and have some fun and fellowship.

Each month the photography committee members meet in the Cafe section of the bookstore to watch a multi-media presentation by one of our members or a special guest. These shows cover topics such as travel, particular wildlife, vacations, art, patterns, design, colors, plants, all elements of nature – as wide and varied as the imagination. We have seen incredible presentations on macro photography, snow and mountains, as well as shows done to music. These meetings also include an update on trips and tours available that may not be listed in the magazine as well as tips on other classes and educational experiences in the community.

During the second half of the meeting we share our own slides. Each person brings eight slides. We don't critique or judge them, but you will hear a lot of oos and ahs, as well as questions on how and where the photographs were taken. It's fun learning about what other people are doing and it challenges us to try new things.

We also have programs in the works for bringing nature photography to public schools as well as conservation programs and exhibits. Many of our members work hard to promote public awareness of environmental issues by using their talent to help preserve wetlands, forests and wildlife through photography. There are photography displays in the clubhouse library as well.

The Photography Committee leads outings also. Trips include day trips to the Skagit Valley for eagle watching or tulip photography; exploring local and not-so-local unique gardens and nurseries; fairs and festivals; the Fraser River over-nighters; several day long trips to the John Day Reserve in Oregon; hiking trips and anything the members can come up with to further explore and enrich their photography interest.

It's a fun group, filled with a lot of talented and creative people. We support each other in our varied activities outside the clubhouse as well, including supplying photographic services and information, and presenting slide shows to other organizations. The support and friendships are a wonderful part of the Mountaineer family.

Sailing Committee

Michael H. Lomas

In August, 1992, the Sailing program, in its eleventh year of existence, started off the sailing season under new leadership. At the helm of the committee is Michael H. Lomas.

The new and returning crew of the committee consists, in part, of Stephen A. Bogue – Assistant Intermediate Course Coordination; Lorin R. Daggett – Skipper Approval; Jim A. Doub – Newsletter, Volunteer Contact, Introduction to Sailboat Racing; Joe H. Downs – Budget; Carol M. Greenough – Phone Calls; Booga Kay Gilbertson – Crew Equivalency and Intermediate Training; Charles R. Gustafson – Intermediate/Advanced Special Seminars; James E. Herndon – Intermediate Course Coordination and Crew Equivalency Approval; Jim Lowe – Foreign Sailing Charters; Jack L. Morton – Group Sails and Navigation Teaching; William R. Potteiger – Class Sails, Day Sails, Overnight and Extended Trips, and Group Sails; Franklin K. Thorp – Overnight Sails; Thomas H. Schacht – Skipper's Package; Marvin J. Walter – Group Sails and Foreign Outing Sails; Rosemary Susan Walter – Reunion and Foreign Outing Sails.

With the excellent help of all 24 committee members and 30 skippers, the 1992/1993 program offers a variety of intermediate seminars on sailing techniques, groups sails, overnight sails, foreign outing sails, and social gatherings.

Intermediate seminars include Northwest Weather featuring Jeff Renner, Meteorologist from KING 5 News; Coastal Navigation led by Jack Morton; Electronic Navigation presented by Dave Burch of Starpath Navigation; On-the-water Safety and Lifesling use; Sails and Sail Trim; and Cruising Fundamentals. Our ever popular Beginner's Crewing Course will be offered in 1994.

Day group sails include trips to Kingston, Eagle Harbor, and Port Madison. Some of the overnight sails planned are trips to the Viking Festival at Poulsbo, Wooden Boat Festival at Port Townsend, and the Daffodil Parade at Tacoma. Proposed foreign outing sails consist of trips to St. Martin and Grenada in the Caribbean, and Tonga and Sea of Cortez in the Pacific.

Participation in the Sailing program provides exciting recreational adventure on land and sea, camaraderie among skippers and committee members and crew, promotes new friendships while nurturing old friendships, a chance to explore different ports-of-call, and to get back to nature.

We welcome new skipper applicants, crew equivalency applicants, new committee members, and 1994 Beginner's Crew Course graduates.

Sea Kayaking

Fran Troje

Responding to the growing popularity of sea kayaking, in 1989 the charter of the Mountaineer Canoe and Kayak Activity was formally revised to become the Sea Kayaking Activity. This enabled the committee to concentrate its resources on developing and teaching a qualified course to Mountaineer members wishing to participate in this very enjoyable, yet high risk form of recreation.

The trend toward this paddling sport was immediately confirmed when the 1989 course limit soon filled and many members waitlisted for the 1990 offering. Responding again to popular demand, the 1990 class size was increased to 100 students. Again, the limit was reached prior to registration closing date. Members were invited to wait for the 1991 course, or for those anxious to begin paddling, to seek "equivalency" upon completion of a recognized course offered by the commercial guide services or to join another kayak club and complete their course. Full classes and student participation in alternate course offerings indicate that members realize kayak paddling is a sport that requires proper training and skills for safe, sane, fun and rewarding recreation.

The course has been up-graded each year, both to assure the



Barkley Sound, B.C.

Mountaineer risk management team that good training is being conducted, and also to gain recognition within the kayaking community, the commercial guide services and other clubs specializing in sea kayaking. The Mountaineer course ranks with the best for preparing the students for paddling the lakes, the Sound, and the San Juans. With additional clinics, the paddler learns skills to participate in extended trips to the waterways of British Columbia, Alaska and Baja.

The course now consists of the following: lectures on the fundamentals of sea kayaking, gear and equipment; tides, currents and navigation; current atlases, tide tables and planned navigation with charts; low impact camping and environmental ethics for shoreline usage; and hypothermia and other health concerns for paddlers. Two pool sessions consist of: passing the swim test (without aid of life vest) and successful demonstrated ability to perform wet exit from tipover; the three common rescue techniques: adjusting kayak for proper fit and correct usage of equipment; a hands-on paddle instruction followed by pool instruction for bracing and paddling strokes; instruction for maneuvering the kayak, touring, sprinting and efficient paddling strokes which take place during an on-water lake session. Two training trips must be completed sometime before the November of the course year, and one of those trips must be on saltwater. This completes graduation requirements, thereby allowing the member to sign up for Mountaineer trips commensurate with their skills and experience.

Trips are offered year round: Lake Union, Elliott Bay, South, Central, North Sound and the San Juans. Networking takes place during these trips, giving paddlers the opportunity to find paddling companions for extended trips to Barkley Sound, Desolation Sound, Lake Ozette, Ross Lake, Baker Lake and many other beautiful and challenging destinations. Less challenging, but great fun and camaraderie is enjoyed on the Fourth of July Fireworks Paddle, the Halloween Trick or Treating paddle among the houseboats, and the Christmas Carolling Paddle.

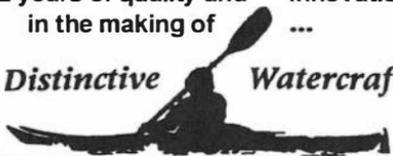
The committee spends hundreds of hours planning, scheduling, training and conducting this quality course and organizing trips for the students and former graduates. Without the contributions and volunteer efforts of the committee, the MTR-SKA (Mountaineer Sea Kayaking Activity) would not be a recognized course assuring members the quality training they need for this activity. Thanks to the efforts of: Joan Bakken, Tom Barnhart, Annette Brigham, Stan Eastwood, Steve Exe, Tom Foley, Severne Johnson, Steve Johnson, Vickie King, Alan Kinear, Norm Kosky, Gil and Linda Minato, Greg and Betty Snyder, Elizabeth Thomas, myself (Fran Troje), Les Uhrich, Beverly Wagner, Paul Westmattelman and George Gronseth for great instruction and all the SKA grads who assist with the actual pool and lake sessions. Many

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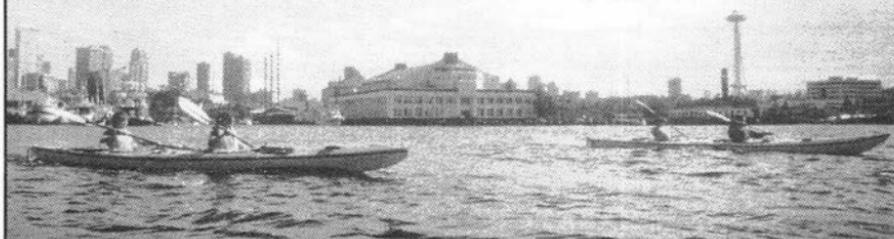
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thanks also to the trip leaders who are not members of the committee, but who plan and lead the safe trips for students, course grads and equivalent rated members. This committee, the volunteer instructors and trip leaders are truly expressing the Mountaineer "way" – learning from those we follow and teaching those that follow us. Join us ...come paddling!

Executive Director's Report: Administrative and Financial Highlights

Virginia Felton

The past two years have been marked by rapidly expanding Club membership and increased financial security. Our membership grew from 11,947 in December of 1990 to 13,738 in December of 1992, an increase of 15 percent in two years. During this time dues increased from \$34 to \$37 per year for regular membership.

As membership has grown, the staff has continued to focus on ways to increase service to members without substantially increasing dues or other direct fees. We have sought to increase non-dues income while at the same time offering services which are highly valued by members. Our small bookstore has expanded to carry on its shelves all of the books published by The Mountaineers Books as well as some by other publishers. Booksales to members have more than doubled over the last several years. We have also begun to present, for a small admission charge, slideshows and speakers which are of particular interest. Fred Beckey, Kurt Diemberger and Joe Simpson were among the noted climbers presented here in the Clubhouse over the past several years. The first slideshow by Fred Beckey was a particularly significant one, since it coincided with his election as an honorary club member. Our annual presentation of the Best of the Banff Film Festival has expanded each year, and is now being presented two evenings each November.

Other increased services to members have included the expansion and further development of our computerized membership and signup system. In addition to speeding up the signup process, this has allowed us to better serve our various committees by centralizing mailing lists, leaders lists and other data base functions. We have continued to work closely with the Club's volunteer leadership to assess the appropriate role for staff in a growing and changing volunteer organization. Without taking over leadership, the staff tries to work in partnership with the volunteers, to facilitate their work and offer technical assistance and support as appropriate. The Mountaineers has been a volunteer-based organization since its beginnings in 1906, and clearly this is where our strength lies. Yet as the nature of volunteerism changes, it becomes more important for the staff to effectively support volunteer functions without supplanting them.

In an effort to streamline committee work for Seattle-based activities, the former "Indoor" and "Outdoor" divisions were combined into a single "Activities" division. Bruce Pond was the first Activities Division chairman, followed by Donna Price. Both have increased the division's

efforts toward coordinating with the Conservation and Property Divisions on the various recreation issues which The Mountaineers is often asked to take a position on.

Financial Highlights

Mountaineers Balance Sheet

ASSETS	Sept.30, 1990	Sept.30, 1992
Current Assets		
Cash and cash equivalents	\$ 567,453	\$ 493,458
Other current assets	1,439,119	1,969,935
Land, Properties & Equipment	806,797	957,256
Less accumulated depreciation	(445,204)	(491,132)
Other	<u>74,648</u>	<u>118,532</u>
Total Assets	\$2,442,813	\$3,048,049
LIABILITIES AND FUND BALANCES		
Current Liabilities	\$ 364,777	\$ 446,951
Long Term Debt	138,537	0
Fund Balance	<u>1,939,499</u>	<u>2,601,098</u>
Total Liabilities and Fund Balance	\$2,442,813	\$3,048,049

A comparison of The Mountaineers Balance Sheet from the end of the fiscal year in 1990 to the same time in 1992 shows a substantial increase in the Club's net worth. This is due to a number of significant factors: growth in The Mountaineers Books business, growth in membership, and significantly improved financial performance by Mountaineers ski lodges. Perhaps one of the most significant financial developments was our elimination of all long term outside debt of \$138,537. We have also increased our assets in plant and equipment over the past two years. The most notable improvements included a new roof on our Seattle headquarters building and additional computer equipment. Overall, our financial goals continue to be to manage the club in a fiscally sound manner with careful attention paid to planning and budgeting, while at the same time making sure that our members are truly getting value from their membership.



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The Mountaineers Books 1990-1992

Donna DeShazo, Director

The Fiscal Years 90-91 and 91-92 were extremely busy and productive for the Club's book publishing activity, The Mountaineers Books. The operation was moved to new quarters, installed a computer network and new customer-services software, and inaugurated desktop publishing, while completing a full schedule of new titles and new editions—including the monumental Fifth Edition of the Club's flagship book, *Mountaineering: The Freedom of the Hills*.

The Mountaineers Books published (or distributed) 67 new titles/new editions during this two-year period. Several significant themes were: introducing children to outdoor activities and hiking (10 titles), and major mountaineering accounts of international interest (7 titles, including such authors as Messner, Diemberger, and Kukuczka, and a reassessment of the tragedy of the 1939 American attempt on K2). Successful conservation/history titles produced during this time included a 1000-page omnibus edition containing all eight wilderness-discovery books written by John Muir, and an authoritative profile of Alaska's Brooks Range. The Books operation was selected as the distributor for the Nature Conservancy of Washington's handsome new book on the organization's work and its accessible preserves in the state. The Club also filed for trademark registration for the artwork and words associated with the titles and cover designs of two important series of books, *Best Hikes with Children...* and *100 Hikes in...*

A milestone among new titles was the completion of *Freedom 5* the culmination of some four years of work by a volunteer committee, aided by a professional writer. For the first time, *Freedom* was published in a softcover edition as well as the traditional hardcover version. Both found instant favor in the marketplace, and sales of the new edition of this classic "how-to" text were well ahead of projections. Another major publishing event was the issuance of *Himalayan Passage*, the first winner of the "Barbara Savage/Miles From Nowhere Award," a narrative of an adventure in the high country of Tibet, Nepal, China, India and Pakistan.

Working with the Club's Climbing Committee (and sharing financing with the Club), Books' marketing department purchased a spectacular artificial climbing wall for use at publishing and outdoor trade shows. The wall, stored at the Seattle clubroom, will be used for demonstrations and seminars by the Climbing Committee throughout most of the year.

A Books Directions Committee created by the Board of Trustees met over a several months period, to consider such matters as Books' relationship to other activities of the Club, its value as an asset of the

Club, and its potential, if any, for creating risk for the Club. In a final report, the group recommended that the Books operation be continued substantially as it is.

May 1991 saw a move of the Books offices and warehouse operations to new quarters on Seattle's Harbor Island. Books had been leasing space at the Queen Anne location and was forced to move as the property was to be developed. Transportation of the thousands of books in the warehouse was as well planned as a military campaign. In their new quarters, the Books staff was soon introduced to another new wrinkle—a Novell network complete with electronic mail, and subsequently a complete new customer-service software program. Desktop publishing systems are now in place in Books' pre-press department so that typesetting, page makeup, scanning and cover color separation are now being done in-house at considerable savings in time and money.

Both fiscal years were successful for Books. Sales and income were almost on budget for 90-91; in 91-92, net sales were 25% over the previous year, and net income was well over budget. More than 770,000 individual books were sold during the two-year period, and now more than 4.5 million books carrying The Mountaineers' name and philosophy have reached the hands of readers since the beginning of the book publication program.



Cindy Odgers

The Mountaineers Foundation

Thomas E. Allen

In 1969 a group of Mountaineers formed The Mountaineers Foundation which has been approved by the IRS as a 501(c)3 charitable organization. The Board of Trustees has included and still includes a number of past Mountaineer presidents.

In 1992 the Bylaws were amended to provide for a general membership open to everyone. The Trustees hold open meetings each quarter to review activities and approve allocation of funds to worthy Northwest conservation causes. Funds for the Foundation come from small donations as well as donations of valuable land and investments. Through the thoughtfulness of a number of Mountaineers members, fairly substantial funds have been designated from estates.

Designated funds have been used to purchase additional land to expand The Rhododendron Preserve in Kitsap County. This property, protected indefinitely, is one of the largest virgin forests in the Puget Sound basin.

Other allocations have been made, for example, to the Washington Wilderness Coalition, the Snohomish County Land Trust and to the North Cascades Audubon Society.

Anyone is welcome to join The Foundation.

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	No Award Given	1935	Marjorie V. Gregg
1926	No Award Given	1936	Lawrence D. Byington
1927	No Award Given	1937	Clarence A. Garner
1928	C. A. Fisher	1938	Arthur R. Winder
1929	Charles Browne	1939	Linda M. Coleman
1930	Harry R. Morgan	1940	Ben C. Mooers
1931	H. Wilfred Playter		

Service Plaque Awards:

1942	P.M. McGregor	1970	Jesse Epstein
1943	L.A. Nelson	1971	Wallace and Ruth Bartholomew
1944	F.Q. Gorton	1972	Paul Robisch
1945	Leo Gallagher	1973	Stella Degenhardt
1946	C.G. Morrison	1974	John M. Davis
1947	Charles L. Simmons	1975	Max Hollenbeck
1948	Burge B. Bickford	1976	Frank Fickeisen
1949	Lloyd Anderson	1977	Neva L. Karrick
1950	George MacGowan	1978	Robert M. Latz
1951	John E. Hossack	1979	Joan Wilshire Firey
1952	William A. Degenhardt	1980	Norman L. Winn
1953	Mary G. Anderson	1981	Clinton M. Kelley
1954	T. Davis Castor	1982	Howard Stansbury
1955	Mrs. Irving Gavett	1983	A. J. Culver
1956	Mrs. Lee Snider	1984	Peggy Ferber
1957	Walter B. Little	1985	Edward L. Peters
1958	Joseph M. Buswell	1986	Sam Fry
1959	Roy A. Snider	1987	Ruth Ittner
1960	John Klos	1988	Bill Zauche
1961	Harriet K. Walker	1989	Beverly J. Dahlin
1962	Harvey H. Manning	1990	Rhea and Royce Natoli
1963	John M. Hansen	1991	Del Fadden
1964	Paul W. Wiseman	1992	Bill and Judi Maxwell
1965	Polly Dyer		
1966	John R. Hazle		
1967	Victor Josendal		
1968	Richard G. Merritt		
1969	Morris C. Moen		



The Needles, Okanogan National Forest

Stephen Fry

Club Presidents

Henry Landes	1907-08*	Robert N. Latz	1961-63
Edmond S. Meany	1908-35*	Frank Fickeisen	1963-65
Elvin P. Carney	1935-37*	Morris Moen	1965-67
Hollis R. Farwell	1937-38*	Jesse Epstein	1967-68*
Harry L. Jensen	1938-40*	John M. Davis	1968-69
George MacGowen	1940-42*	Max Hollenbeck	1969-71
Arthur R. Winder	1942-44*	James Henriot	1971-73
Burge B. Bickford	1944-46*	Sam Fry	1973-75
Lloyd Anderson	1946-48	Norman L. Winn	1975-77
Joseph Buswell	1948-50	James S. Sanford	1977-79
T. Davis Castor	1950-52*	A.J. Culver	1979-81
William A. Degenhardt	1952-54*	Errol Nelson	1981-84
Chester L. Powell	1954-56	Delmar Fadden	1984-86
Paul W. Wiseman	1956-58	William Maxwell	1986-88
John R. Hazle	1958-60*	Carsten Lien	1988-90
E. Allen Robinson	1960-61	Dianne Hoff	1990-92
		Don Heck	1992-

Honorary Members

Major E.S. Ingraham	1909*	David R. Brower	1967
S.E. Paschall	1921*	Patrick D. Goldsworthy	1969
J.B. Flett	1922*	Mrs. Emily Haig	1972*
S. Hall Young	1926*	Bradford Washburn	1973
Col. Wm. B. Greeley	1929*	Terris Moore	1979
Mrs. George E. Wright	1936*	Jesse Epstein	1988*
A. H. Denman	1938*	James W. Whittaker	1990
H. B. Hinman	1938*	Fred W. Beckey	1992
Charles Albertson	1940*		
Maj. O.A. Tomlinson	1942*		
Charles M. Farrer	1944*		
Clark E. Schurman	1950*		
John Osseward	1954*		
Peter M. McGregor	1946*		
W. Montelius Price	1960*		
Leo Gallagher	1960*		
Edward W. Allen	1961*		
Howard Zahniser	1962*		
Wolf Bauer	1966		
William O. Douglas	1967*		

*Deceased



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In Memoriam

1985

Boyd K. Bucey
Mary Ellen Russell

1986

Paul Bidstrup
Barbara J. Brenner
Carol H. Brown
Marion Castor
Dan Jay Lehr
Wilbert J. McCleary
Kathleen Peterson
Charlotte Riedel
H.L. Slauson
Ellen Walsh
Martin Winterton

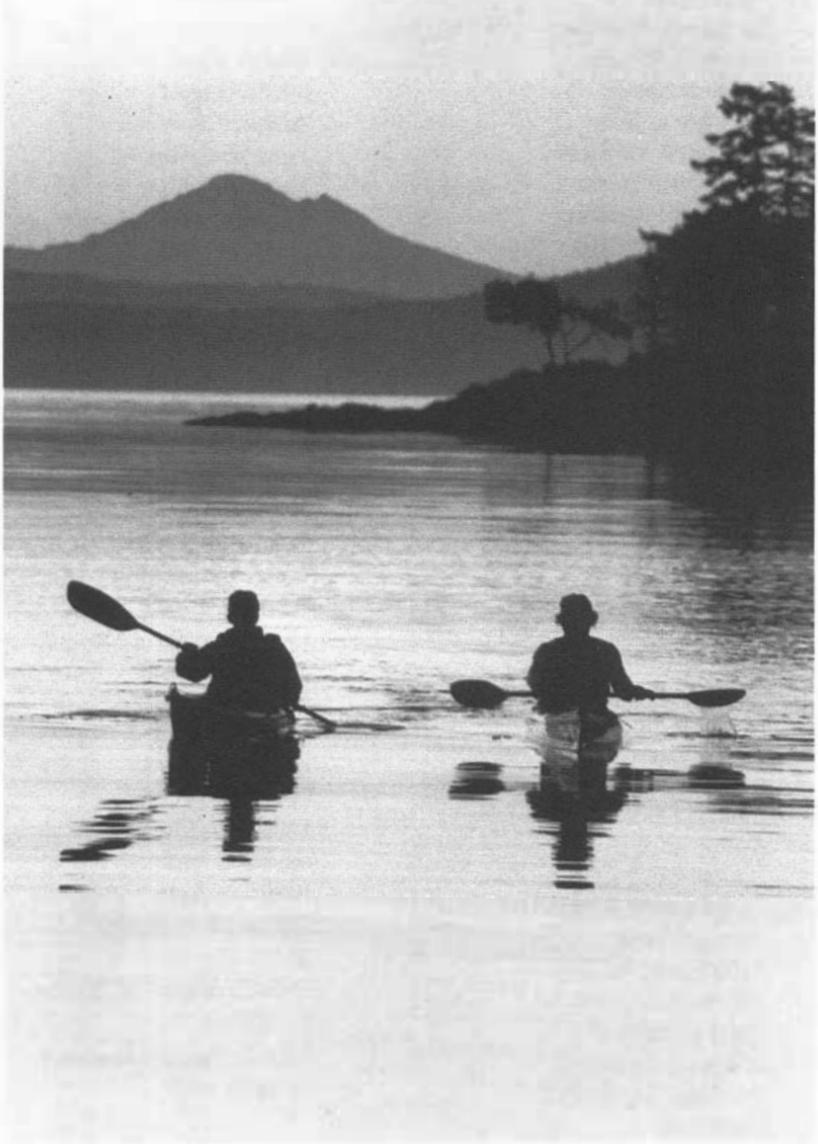
1988

Everett Lascher

1991-92

Ruth Abelson
Frank Arbelaez
George Auld
Dorothy Balcom
Frieda Bickford
Betty Blackler
Hannah Bonell
Beatrice Buzzetti
Annie Cade
Marie Celestre
Leland Clark
Kevin Coplin
Louise Cosgrove
Jack Curran
Nancy Czech
Sylvia Epstein
Allan Frees
Duane Fullmer
Aileen Gamero
William Goodhue
Olga Gull

Henrietta Haugland
Kenneth Hitchings
Walter Hoffman
Edward Jones
Anne Kearl
Grace Kent
Albert Krup
John Lesniak
Arthur Lightfoot
John McCrillis
Howard Millan
Robert Dean Nelson
Joachim Oldenbourg
Marvin Olsen
Harriet Parsons
Holly Petersen
Clifford Plouff
Lowell Raymond
Eleanor Reuter
Maria Richards
Robert Rinehart
Winifred Scofield
Laurence Sebring
Anna Sedlickas
Carolyn Sedy
Alison Sherrod
Jack Shimer
Alan Spadoni
Alice Spieseke
Frank Springgate
David Suddeth
Sarah Takamoto
Harriet Tiedt
Gordon U'Ran, Sr.
Elsie Wagner
Patricia Whitehill-Bates
Jo Wilcox
Mrs. J. Clyde Wiseman
Isabella Yen



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 singing of The Mountaineers *Good Night Song* is one of the Club's oldest traditions. It goes back to the early years of our organization when Edmund Meany presided over the final event of the Annual Summer Outing. Around the huge bonfire there would be skits, awards and group singing, concluded by this good night song, chosen by Professor Meany from the biblical story of Jacob. Jacob was fleeing through the wilderness from his brother Esau, whose birthright Jacob had stolen. That night when he stopped to camp at sundown, he found a rock for a headrest and lay down to sleep, and dreamed that a staircase, or ladder, reached from earth to heaven and angels of God were going up and down upon it. I suspect that Professor Meany chuckled over the similarity of Jacob's privations with those of us who have camped on rocky hillsides. The tune is one that was played during the sinking of the Titanic.

— Sam Fry

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