

BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

President.....Jim Blilie..77-87..237-7102	Conservation.....Eric Wetzel..41-60..655-3859
Vice President.....John Kokes..81-38..773-1252	Echo Editor.....Ken Johnson..05-66..342-5341
Treasurer.....John Shipway..6W-29..237-2303	Equipment.....Dan Lewinski..77-46..237-2007
Secretary.....Carey Chaplin..47-10..764-0153	Librarian...Jeff Stonebraker..0Y-05..342-8915
Past President..Mike Fitzpatrick..1E-95..395-6396	Membership....Bryan Kriewald..19-38..655-0697
Activities.....Mike Froebe..77-46..237-4480	Programs.....Paul Michelson..9H-87..394-3424

- - - JANUARY MEETING - - -

Thursday, January 9, 1986, 7:30 PM

(NOTE - This is the SECOND Thursday of the month)

At new recreation center - Kent

CLASSIC CLIMBS IN THE CASCADES

The West Ridge of Forbidden, Liberty Ridge on Mt. Rainier, the Price Glacier on Mt. Shuksan, Liberty Crack on Liberty Bell, the North Ridge on Mt. Stuart, and the Northeast Buttress on Mt. Slesse - these routes are considered some of the finest climbs in the Cascades and all are included in the book, "Fifty Classic Climbs In North America". BOEALPS member Jerry Sommerman will relate his experiences on these superb routes. Come and enjoy a show about some excellent climbs in the Cascades.

# ALPINE ECHO

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ICE CLIMBING - ICICLE CREEK/WENATCHEE RIVER\* JAN 18 & 19, 1986

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COME OUT FOR BOTH DAYS OR EITHER ONE (PROBABLY) AND TRY OUT CLIMBING ON WATER ICE. THIS SHOULD BE A GOOD WAY TO TRY IT FOR THE FIRST TIME, TRY OUT SOME DIFFERENT TOOLS OR JUST SHAKE THE DUST OFF OF YOUR FRONT POINTING TECHNIQUE. LEADER WILL PROVIDE SEVERAL TOOLS TO TRY OUT, ICE SCREWS, TWO ROPES, AND SOME ADVICE IF DESIRED (OR MAYBE EVEN IF NOT DESIRED!). SATURDAY NIGHT WILL BE A CAMP OUT AT SNOW CREEK TRAIL HEAD OR NEARBY (UNLESS THE MOTELS IN LEAVENWORTH BECOME TOO IRRESISTABLE). STIFF BOOTS, CRAMPONS, AND WARM DUDS ARE REQUIRED. CALL JIM BLILIE AT 237-7102.

\*ALTERNATE LOCATIONS ARE POSSIBLE (IDEAS?)

CROSS COUNTRY SKIING - YELLOW JACKET ROAD NEAR WHITE PASS FEB. 15, 1986

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THIS TRIP SHOULD BE A GOOD ONE FOR BEGINNERS, ALTHOUGH THERE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE SOME GOOD CLEAR-CUTS ALONG THE WAY FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO TELEMAR. THE BOOK SAYS YOU GET MAXIMUM VIEWS FOR NOMINAL CLIMB ON THIS TRIP. WE SHOULD GET GOOD VIEWS OF THE GOAT ROCKS WILDERNESS, THE TATOOSH RANGE, AND RAINIER. CALL JIM BLILIE AT 237-7102.

ICE CLIMBING - ICICLE CREEK/WENATCHEE RIVER\* FEB 22 & 23, 1986

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COME OUT FOR BOTH DAYS OR EITHER ONE (PROBABLY) AND TRY OUT CLIMBING ON WATER ICE. THIS SHOULD BE A GOOD WAY TO TRY IT FOR THE FIRST TIME, TRY OUT SOME DIFFERENT TOOLS OR JUST SHAKE THE DUST OFF OF YOUR FRONT POINTING TECHNIQUE. LEADER WILL PROVIDE SEVERAL TOOLS TO TRY OUT, ICE SCREWS, TWO ROPES, AND SOME ADVICE IF DESIRED (OR MAYBE EVEN IF NOT DESIRED!). SATURDAY NIGHT WILL BE A

CAMP OUT AT SNOW CREEK TRAIL HEAD OR NEARBY (UNLESS THE MOTELS IN LEAVENWORTH BECOME TOO IRRESISTABLE). STIFF BOOTS, CRAMPONS, AND WARM DUDS ARE REQUIRED.

CALL JIM BLILIE AT 237-7102.

\*ALTERNATE LOCATIONS ARE POSSIBLE (IDEAS?) |

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18<sup>th</sup> - NATAPOC MOUNTAIN (2200 ft. gain)

Come and begin your outing year with this snowshoe trip.

Call Eric Wetzel for details - 655-3859.

## "SOLOING AND RESPONSIBILITY"

by

Frank Leeds

5, December, 1985

Sometimes when out in the mountains of the Pacific Northwest one can have that mystical experience of being one with nature, one with your climbing companions, of being better than you were the time before and knowing you'll be better the next time. That sensation has struck all of us at sometime in our mountaineering experiences and that sensation is part of what leads us back to the mountains.

Some of us find that to bring that sensation back we must find new challenges, the challenge of one rock less on a route on the UW climbing rock or attempting a new, higher peak, or perhaps an old peak by a new route in winter. Some climbers, in their search for new sensations of fulfillment and accomplishment, finally reach the pinnacle of the climbing mystique and begin to solo their mountain ascents or their rock climbs. But after reaching that pinnacle a new realm of the question of responsibility arises for the climber.

A climber who is soloing has released himself or herself from the restraints and protection of society. Only three things stand between the climber and injury or death. First, the climber's skill, second, the climber's equipment, and third, but certainly not least the foibles of the mountains. A climber who is even contemplating soloing should be very aware of those three items.

Even though a soloing climber really is only dealing with himself or herself the climber still has a certain responsibility, at the barest minimum to himself or herself, for making sure that the first two items mentioned above are taken care of properly. This responsibility comes from the fact that climbing was and is not ever intended to be a grandiose method of suicide. The sport of climbing is just that, a sport conceived for the maximum enjoyment of those who participate.

- 1 The uninitiated automatically assume that climbing is dangerous...There is a great deal of factual support for this generalization...Despite these bad experiences climbing seems to me one of the safest and certainly the healthiest things I do. Much more healthy than sitting at a typewriter...The dangers of climbing are specific to situations and people: Some routes are more dangerous than others.

So a climber who goes out a soloing has a responsibility to the sport to perform the solo in the safest manner possible accepting of course that ... "some routes are more dangerous than others". The climb is not an end in itself. The climber must realize that whatever he or she does out in the field has some ramification, however slight, upon the entire climbing community. They are not an end in themselves.

Many climbers, as they are a fiercely independent group, would say that a climber is responsible only to himself or herself, and not even that if there is a tavern (from the night before) that is involved. But in the Pacific Northwest there is always some additional responsibility because the climber is seldom alone in the mountains these days.

Sometimes overwhelming numbers of climbers and mountaineers are out for the day. A soloist out for a climb and taking a fall in the Northwest will probably, though not for sure, be spotted by someone or if the minimum precautions were taken, will be reported missing by the next morning. Now the climber, if alive, is no longer solo...there are many people attempting to reach his or her last know position. People are now being put into hazardous positions due to an action of the climbing individual.

Granted a soloist has taken the responsibility upon his or her shoulders to attempt to do the climb properly and with an acceptable level of risk. And S & R folks take the responsibility of rescue upon their own shoulders...no one makes them perform rescue operations. But humans by their very nature (at least we hope so) will become involved in a mishap of serious consequences. So the climber, whether he or she likes it or not, have involved more than just themselves in the solo climb.

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1 Loughman, Michael, Learning to Rock Climb,  
Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1981.

The above prose has not attempted to be definitive about soloing. In fact it should raise, rather than answer, questions of responsibility and accountability with respect to soloing. How much responsibility does the soloist have, to the climbing community, in general, to be prepared and trained to climb solo? How much responsibility is there to other climbers in the area and to the search & rescue teams that will be involved in a soloist's fall? Remember this is not just a question for soloists, but for all mountaineers going out to the mountains.

In closing the following quote from Yvon Chouinard's classic book "Climbing Ice", is given:

- <sup>2</sup> The greatest of the Scottish solo ice climbers, Tom Patey, has written a most literate (though hardly serious) plea for solo climbing in his book, "One Man's Mountain":

Once in a while it is very refreshing to climb alone. The practice is traditionally indefensible. I will therefore attempt to defend it. There are two cardinal precepts in mountaineering: (1) the leader must not fall, (2) the leader must climb as if the rope were not there. The first commandment is self-evident. No useful purpose could be served by a leader falling except to provide his followers with belaying practice. For the second commandment, there is only one way to ensure that a leader climbs as if his rope was not there...take away the rope. Now, it is also a fact that two men climbing unroped are no more secure than one. Ergo...the best solution is to climb solo.

Good luck out there all you soloists. Remember, those of us who won't, write.

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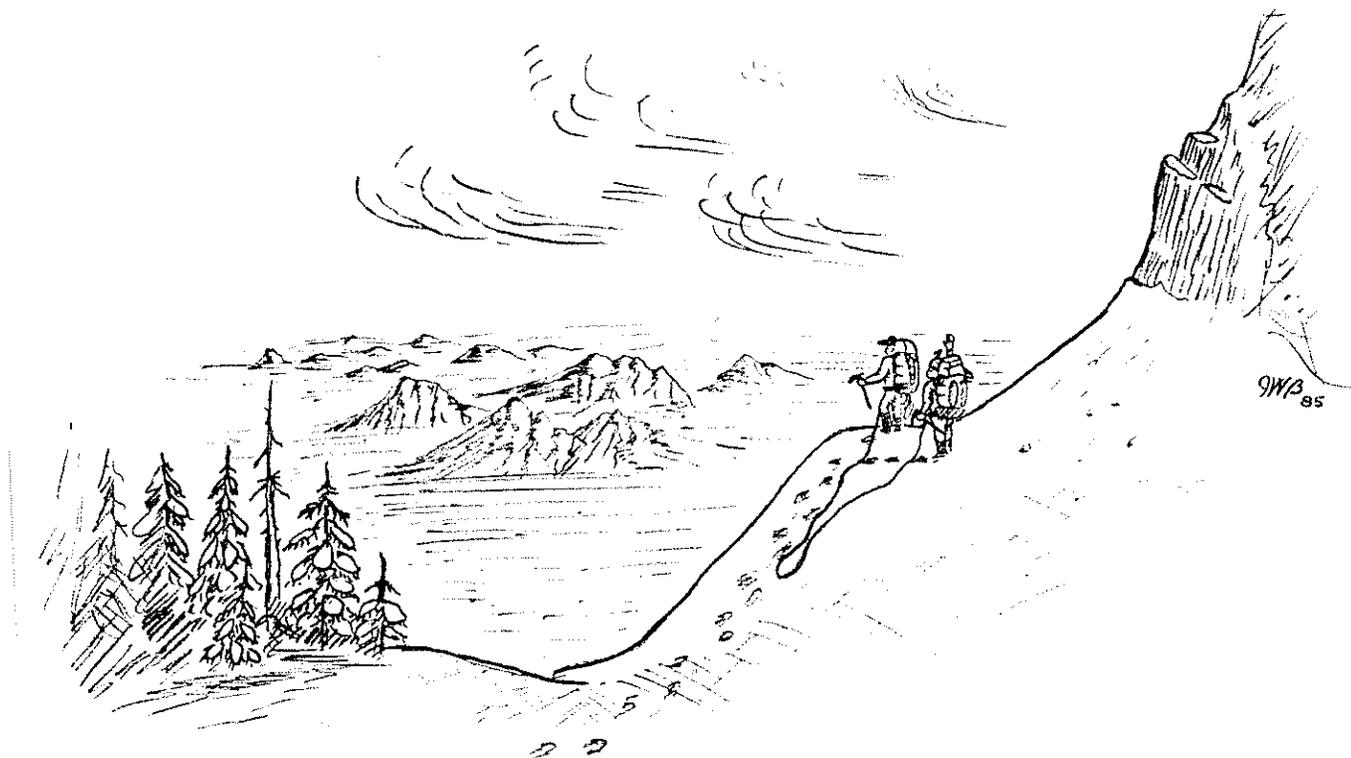
<sup>2</sup> Yvon Chouinard, Climbing Ice, Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1978.

--- DEADLINE --- DEADLINE --- DEADLINE ---

The next deadline for the ECHO will be  
January 17th, 1986.

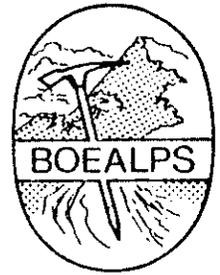
\*\*\*\*\* NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENTS APPEARING IN THIS \*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* PUBLICATION ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE BOEING COMPANY \*\*\*\*\*



WILDERNESS IS MORE THAN AN INTERESTING VACATION LAND. IT REPRESENTS SPIRITUAL AND AESTHETIC VALUES MEASURABLE BY THE SONG OF BIRDS, BY AN ABUNDANCE OF WILDLIFE, BY SUNSETS, AND BY MUSIC OF THE CONIFERS. WE MAY WELL DISCOVER IN THE WILDERNESS, AND IN OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD IT, MANY OF THE ESSENTIALS FOR SURVIVAL ITSELF.

--WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS



**BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.**

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----- FEBRUARY MEETING -----

Thursday, February 6, 1986, 7:30 pm

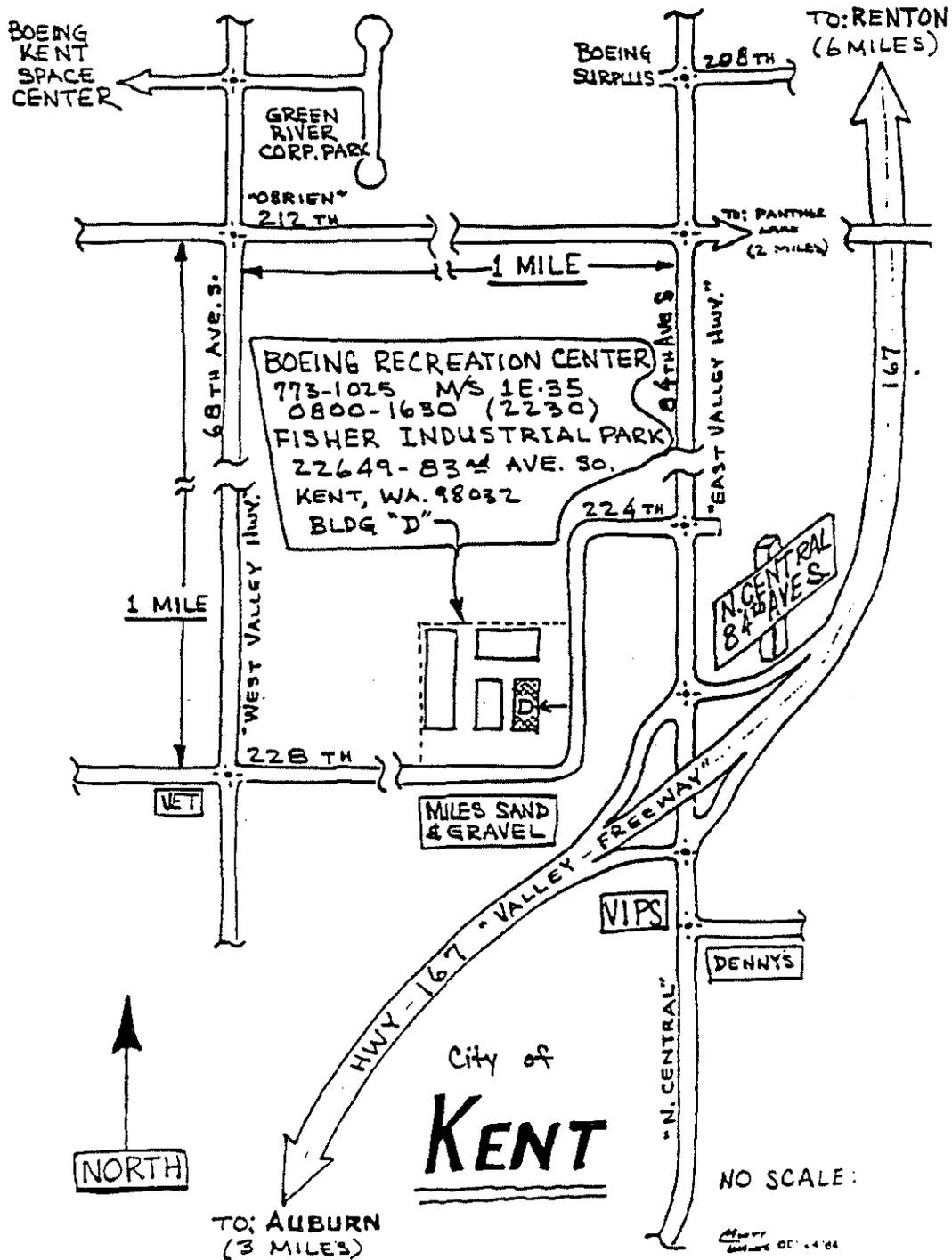
Kent Recreation Center, Room D

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*           AN ALASKAN ADVENTURE           *
*           -----                       *
*
* The February meetings will feature a multi-media slide *
* presentation by BOEALPS member Dave Curran. During *
* the past two summers Dave has traveled to Alaska and *
* explored some not too frequently visited areas. The *
* presentation will feature his visits to Denali, Katmai, *
* and Gate of the Arctic National Parks as well as some *
* kayaking in Misty Fjords National Monument and Sitka. *
* Come and learn about some of the vast wilderness areas *
* of Alaska that are available for exploration. *
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In case you were wondering where we meet:



## HELLO, EVERYONE

Well, it's finally happened. The Echo has a new Editor, and it looks like I'm it. The Echo has always fascinated me because of the insight it gives to the Washington climbing environment. Being a newcomer from the dry and sunny slopes of the Colorado Front Range, I was more than a little apprehensive about the overall scene. I must say that I am pleasantly surprised! The climbing community has welcomed me with open arms and plenty of good advice. The route descriptions in the Echo gave me an idea of what climbing is like here, as well as showing me that the BOEALPS are involved in a lot more than just climbing. Cross country skiing, first aid, and conservation are just a few of the areas I would like to get into, if I can find the time. The library has also been a real inspiration. Needless to say, I am impressed with the things that this club is doing, and I am honored to be able to be a working part of it.

The mountains here are fascinating. Their abundance and diversity never ceases to amaze me. Mount Ranier takes my breath away everytime I see it, and the backcountry is so rugged and wild that I am resigned to the fact that I will never be privileged to become acquainted with more than a fraction of it. While the technical rock climbing is not quite as good or plentiful as in Colorado (personal bias?), there is certainly enough to keep me busy for a long time. There is also seems to be more of a 'push' to become a more well rounded mountaineer. This is fine with me, since I am very interested in trying other facets of climbing. Keeping this in mind, I no longer have any excuse to stay home in this 'less than perfect' Cascade weather. From gentle rolling hills to awesome vertical walls, forest-fringed alpine meadows to majestic ice-clad peaks, the Pacific Northwest has it all. To think that I had resigned myself to a life among tame, wet, sunless hills, far away from the 'real' mountains of my native land!

But enough ramblings from the awestruck newcomer. I am looking forward to my task of providing a means of communication for my fellow BOEALPS.

It can be a very effective tool, but only if it is used. We hope to be able to incorporate such features as a Tips Section, question and answer sessions, fiction, poetry, meaningful dialogue on ethical issues, and classifieds for everything from selling those old boots to finding someone crazy enough to try that Epic you've been obsessed with. Help us all out, and write something. If you send it in, I personally guarantee it will be printed.

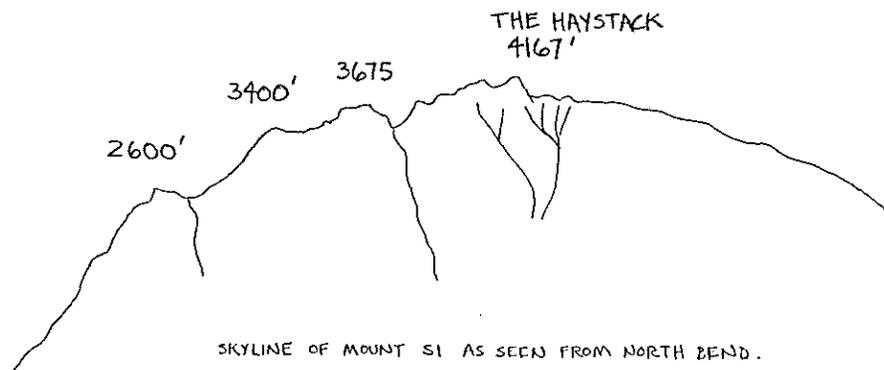
In closing I would like to thank Jim Maloney who helped me to get started. I hope I can do as good of a job as he has done for the past year or so. If there is anything you want to see printed, just let me know and I will be glad to help out if I can. Remember, this is YOUR newsletter. Use it well.

Ken Johnson

CROSS COUNTRY SKIING - YELLOW JACKET ROAD NEAR WHITE PASS FEB. 15, 1986

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THIS TRIP SHOULD BE A GOOD ONE FOR BEGINNERS. ALTHOUGH THERE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE SOME GOOD CLEAR-CUTS ALONG THE WAY FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO TELEMAR. THE BOOK SAYS YOU GET MAXIMUM VIEWS FOR NOMINAL CLIMB ON THIS TRIP. WE SHOULD GET GOOD VIEWS OF THE GOAT ROCKS WILDERNESS, THE TATOOSH RANGE, AND RAINIER. CALL JIM BLILIE AT 237-7102.



Saturday, February 8      Minor summit of Mount Si.

Exploratory scramble to 2600' minor (northernmost) summit of Mount Si "massif." Route is cross-country through forest and up a gully. Hardhat recommended. Possibility of ascent of neighboring summit (3400'). Easy pace.

If gully is snow-filled, alternative is a snow scramble up the west face of Mount Si (avoiding gullies). Snowshoes probably not needed.

Contact leader for details:  
Dave Beedon 277-0945 (home; call before 9 p.m.).

## **AGRIS MORUSS MEMORIAL GRANT**

Applications are now being accepted for a grant in the memory of Agris Moruss. Agris was a BOEALPS Climbing Class Instructor for several years. This fund was set up by fellow climbers and BOEALPS after his tragic death while teaching a BOEALPS class on Lundin Peak in 1982.

The Agris Moruss Memorial Grant is awarded to worthy individuals in support of their alpine endeavors. If your trip seems like a good one to you, it may well seem that way to the Board too, please apply. The number and size of the grant(s) is at the sole discretion of the Board of Trustees. Members of the Boeing Employees Alpine Society wishing to be eligible for a 1986 grant should submit a written application no later than March 21, 1986. Contact your Past President, Mike Fitzpatrick, for further information or to submit applications.

## **AVALANCHE AWARENESS COURSE**

This course will be taught by Ray Smutek of the Mountain School and is undoubtedly one of the most intense and complete seminars in the area. Many club members have taken the course and have come away with a thorough understanding of the avalanche phenomenon. Last year's course included about 20 hours of classroom lecture in two days and a one day field trip. The lecture covers topics such as: types of avalanches, formation and types of snow crystals, snowpack evaluation, wind effects, avalanche path identification, avalanche rescue, and the use of rescue beacons. Heavy emphasis is placed on awareness touring by the use of case studies. The field trip consists of a visit to a popular area and evaluating the avalanche hazard in that area by digging snow pits and observing local conditions.

The course is scheduled for the first and second weekends in March. The cost is \$75 dollars per person. Spots are limited, so sign up now. If you want more information or would like to sign up, contact Activities Chairman Mike Froebe at 237-4480.

## **BOEALPS Ski/Snowshoe Kegger:**

Join the funn at Big Four Campground the weekend of February 15th and 16th. This will be an excellent way to have fun in the snow. Alternate sites are being scoped out in case of a lack of the white stuff. What this outing may lack in aesthetic purity will be more than made up by hearty companionship. Contact John Kokes at 773-1252 for more information.

**THE BROTHERS, elev. 6866**

Join fellow BOEALPS for the first outing of 1986 in a relaxed atmosphere and yet bag a prominent summit. The Brothers are named for the Faunterlory brothers who pioneered in Seattle.

The trip will start early Saturday morning (6am) in the Seattle area. Breakfast will follow in Hoodspport to prepare for the hike to Lena Lake and lunch. A two hour hike after the lake will bring us to our camp. A campfire and singing will provide entertainment for the evening. Sunday morning after an early start will find us kicking steps toward either the North Summit or the South Summit. Lunch, photos, and a nap in the sunshine on the summit will be followed by long glissades back to camp. Pack up, hike out, and dinner in Hoodspport will top off the weekend. Plans are to arrive back in Seattle at 10:00 pm.

All are welcome, the technical and physical demands are minimal. So join us on "The Brothers".

Contact - Jerry Baillie      655-0824 / 367-1455

**BOEALPS T-SHIRT DESIGN CONTEST**

ATTENTION MEMBERS! THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO BE CREATIVE. A CHANCE TO LET THAT ARTIST IN YOU COME FORTH FOR A WORTHY CAUSE.

OUR AGRIS MORUSS FUND IS IN NEED OF SOME HELP. THE PROFITS RAISED FROM THE UP COMING T-SHIRT SALE WILL HELP TO INCREASE FUTURE GRANTS (SEE RELATED ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE). HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO CREATE A DESIGN:

- 1) MAXIMUM SIZE: 8 INCHES X 8 INCHES.
- 2) USE A MAXIMUM OF 3 COLORS.
- 3) SUBMIT A COLORED EXAMPLE BY MARCH 31 TO BRYAN KRIEWALD, 19-38 OR JIM BLILIE, 77-87.

THE DESIGN WILL BE VOTED UPON BY THE MEMBERSHIP AT THE APRIL MEETING. IF YOUR DESIGN IS CHOSEN, YOU WILL RECEIVE FAME AND GLORY IN THE ANNALS OF BOEALPS HISTORY AND A FREE T-SHIRT.

IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS CALL BRYAN AT 655-0697 OR JIM AT 237-7102.

ICE CLIMBING - ICICLE CREEK CANYON/WENATCHEE RIVER FEB 22/23, 1986

COME OUT FOR BOTH DAYS OR EITHER ONE (PROBABLY) AND TRY OUT CLIMBING ON WATER ICE. THIS SHOULD BE A GOOD WAY TO TRY IT FOR THE FIRST TIME. TRY OUT SOME DIFFERENT TOOLS OR JUST SHAKE THE DUST OFF OF YOUR FRONT POINTING TECHNIQUE. THE LEADER WILL PROVIDE SEVERAL TOOLS TO TRY OUT: ICE SCREWS, TWO ROPES, AND SOME ADVICE IF DESIRED (OR MAYBE EVEN IF NOT DESIRED!). SATURDAY NIGHT WILL BE A CAMP OUT AT SNOW CREEK TRAIL HEAD OR NEARBY (UNLESS THE MOTELS IN LEAVENWORTH BECOME TOO IRRESISTABLE), STIFF BOOTS, CRAMPONS, AND WARM DUDS ARE REQUIRED. (ALTERNATE SITE SUGGESTIONS ARE WELCOME)

CALL JIM BLILIE AT 237-7102.

**ATTENTION ALL DEADBEATS!**

Or perhaps your memory is failing due to lack of oxygen. The time has come to renew your BOEALPS membership. Don't miss out on all the fun and excitement. Fill out the form and send it in now (with money of course), or face the wrath of the Mountain Spirits!

For  
your  
info :

Estimated Wind Speed MPH		WIND CHILL CHART											
		ACTUAL THERMOMETER READING											
		50	40	30	20	10	0	-10	-20	-30	-40	-50	-60
		EQUIVALENT TEMPERATURE OF											
Calm		50	40	30	20	10	0	-10	-20	-30	-40	-50	-60
5		48	37	27	16	6	-5	-15	-26	-36	-47	-57	-68
10		40	28	16	4	-9	-21	-33	-46	-58	-70	-83	-95
15		36	22	9	-5	-18	-36	-45	-58	-72	-85	-99	-112
20		32	18	4	-10	-25	-39	-53	-67	-82	-96	-110	-124
25		30	16	0	-15	-29	-44	-59	-74	-88	-104	-118	-133
30		28	13	-2	-18	-33	-48	-63	-79	-94	-109	-125	-140
35		27	11	-4	-20	-35	-49	-67	-82	-98	-113	-129	-145
40		26	10	-6	-21	-37	-53	-69	-85	-100	-116	-132	-148

LITTLE DANGER For Properly Clothed Person

INCREASING DANGER Flesh May Freeze Within One Minute

GREAT DANGER Flesh May Freeze Within 30 Seconds

I left work at lunch break; 7:30 p.m., went home to finish packing and to get a good nights sleep. I left home about 7:00 a.m. heading for Snoq. Pass, which turned out to be clouded over. It appeared as if the mountains were closed today as I was the only car there at 8:15. This was my first solo trip in two years so I had a little anxiety.

The first 1½ miles were easy on skis, but I soon stashed them and strapped on the snowshoes. At about 4 miles the Gold Creek Valley narrows and turns easternly, here one leaves the valley to ascend west along the creek to Alaska Lake (4200'). I made camp here by the lake, then went ahead to check route and snow conditions. With the early darkness there is not a lot to do by yourself, so I was asleep by 7:00 p.m.

It warmed up nearly 10 degrees at night to 30 degrees at 6:00 a.m. After contouring the lake, I ascended the slope to Bumble Bee Pass. I feel this is the most avalanche prone place on this route.

From this pass the route becomes obvious and the mountain impressive. From here you drop into a large bowl the contour to swath of trees which is ascended until you can climb up to a 5600' notch in the east ridge. I finally dropped the snowshoes and climbed straight to the summit, the last 50 ft. is exposed and I had to push it a bit to make the top. I found the register under 10 inches of snow, had lunch and enjoyed the fine views. At 11:30 I had to go. I reached the lake at 12:30 after lots of glissading. The trudge back out of the valley is tough plus I had to keep a sharp eye overhead for widow-makers dropping from the trees. I was wet and exhausted when I picked up the skis, but I pushed on to the car which I reached at 5:00. It was dark now and I was satisfied.

SAM GRUBENHOFF

## OFFICIAL BUSINESS:

**Deadline for the March Echo will be February 14th, 1986.**

\*\*\*\* **NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENTS APPEARING** \*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\* **IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE** \*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\* **OF THE BOEING COMPANY** \*\*\*\*

## Lake Valhalla Ski Trip, November 30-December 1

The area north of Stevens Pass offers many fine backcountry skiing opportunities, both one day and overnight trips alike. Look at the Labyrinth Mtn. quadrangle and let your mind wander. Several lakes and peaks are good ski objectives, and avalanche danger can be avoided on most routes due to extensive tree cover on all but the highest terrain.

Dave Curran and I left the car on Yodelin Road (about 1 mile from Stevens Pass) about 10:00 a.m. Saturday morning. The sounds of the highway soon faded behind us as we skied the remainder of the road. From the road's end we followed the Nason Creek drainage until we intersected the Pacific Crest trail. Here we attempted to ski over the creek on a large log covered with 4 feet of snow. Dave performed a swan dive into the creek bank before reaching the other side. I fell when two thirds of the way across, but managed to grab the log on my way down, which left me dangling above the creek and feeling somewhat helpless. However, Dave informed me that my skis were only 1 foot above the ground so I made the terrifying drop and we continued.

We managed to follow the Crest trail in for a couple of miles but then lost it and deviated from the ideal route, but what the hell, exploring is fun! To add some amusement to the trip, we were constantly running a gauntlet of large snow bombs loosened by the wind and dropping from the trees 40 feet above. A nice meadow provided a good place for lunch, and the temperature had risen to a balmy 10° F.

We then skied on a rising traverse to the northeast, somewhere above the Crest trail, and eventually reached the pseudo-saddle where the Crest trail breaks out above the lake, about 3:00 p.m. It was here that I had camped on a previous trip in January, 1984 and here we camped again, making a good base for exploring. The cold soon drove us into the tent and we had an early dinner. That night the temperature reached -7° F and the wind blew through in gusts.

The next morning we skied off in search of the fabled 'Cascade powder'. Our earlier ambitions of doing a ski ascent/descent of a nearby peak were tempered by the biting wind and subzero cold. After exploring the saddle and ridge east of the lake we contented ourselves for the rest of the day by skiing the slopes above the lake. Here we made some very exhilarating runs and headplants in powder snow. Steep and deep. All things must pass, though, and we broke camp at 2:00 p.m. and headed out. Other than Dave getting 'clotheslined' by a tree branch and me being pounded by a large snow bomb, the trip out was uneventful. And to supply a happy ending, my car started!

Submitted by Mark Dale

CONSERVATION NEWS

On Saturday, January 11<sup>th</sup>, I attended an Enviromental Workshop sponsored by several outdoor clubs/groups. The purpose of the workshop was twofold: 1) to educate the attendees on the inner workings of our state legislature and what professional lobbyists do, and; 2) to present the bills of enviromental interest that will be debated during this short legislative session. Several legislators and professional lobbyists spoke on the techniques of getting your representative to vote "your" way. I will try to disseminate this data in a future Echo (Echoes, perhaps?).

There were 22 specific bills discussed, which fell into the categories of:

- Air Pollution
- Recreational Vehicles
- Fish and Wildlife
- Solid and Hazardous Waste
- Energy Issues
- Water Quality
- Enviromental Education

The bill of greatest concern to our club deals with Off-Road Vehicle (ORV) Gas Tax. By the time you recieve this Echo, the vote should have come and gone. I have, however, sent a letter to the committee chair expressing our views. There is still time for any and all interested people to send in their views on many other bills. If you want a copy of a specific bill or any info, call me and I'll try to help.

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Thanks to all who participated in the gathering of signatures for Initiative 90 (Wildlife Funding)!! When the final tally was in, over twice the minimum number of signatures were recorded; this fo<sup>r</sup>ces the Initiative onto the ballot next fall.

MINUTES OF THE BOEALPS BOARD/COMITTEE CHAIR MEETING, 1-13-86

ATTENDEES:

JIM BLILIE  
MIKE FITZPATRICK  
PAUL MICHELSON  
DAVE GLOGER  
ERIC WETZEL  
KEN JOHNSON  
JOHN SHIPWAY  
CAREY CHAPLIN  
DAN LEWINSKI  
MIKE FROEBE  
BRYAN KRIEWALD

ABSENT:

JEFF STONEBRAKER  
JOHN KOKES

1. PROGRESS ON THE 1986 CLIMBING CLASS WAS REPORTED BY JIM BLILIE AND MIKE FITZPATRICK.
  - HEAD INSTRUCTOR(S) HAVE NOT YET BEEN FOUND. BOB MONDRYZK AND DAVE LARSON WERE ASKED TO SHARE THE DUTY.
  - SCHEDULE DETERMINED BY THE COMITTEE WAS PASSED AROUND.
  - MINUTES OF THE COMITTEE MEETING WERE PASSED AROUND.
  - JIM BLILIE WILL FORWARD THOSE MINUTES TO ALL BOARD MEMBERS.
  
2. PHOTO CONTEST FOR THE MARCH MEETING.
  - ART WOLFE CANNOT BE THE M.C.
  - PAUL MICHELSON WILL ASK GREG COX TO RUN THE SLIDES.
  - PRIZES WERE DECIDED UPON:
    - FOR EACH CATEGORY (PRINTS INCLUDED):
    - 1ST PLACE: 36 EXP. ROLL OF KODAK SLIDE FILM W/PROCESSING
    - 2ND PLACE: 24 EXP. ROLL OF KODAK SLIDE FILM W/PROC.
    - 3RD PLACE: 24 EXP. ROLL OF KODAK SLIDE FILM W/PROC.
  - MIKE FITZPATRICK WILL PURCHASE THE PRIZES.
  - LIMIT FOR EACH SLIDE CATEGORY IS 2 PER PERSON, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE "PEOPLE" CATEGORY FOR WHICH IT WILL BE 3 SLIDES/PERSON.
  - ALL CONTESTANTS WILL BE ASKED TO ARRIVE BY 6:30 PM TO REGISTER THEIR ENTRIES.
  - PRINTS WILL BE SELF-REGISTERED, SLIDES WILL REQUIRE ONE PERSON TO REGISTER EACH CATEGORY.
  - PAUL MICHELSON AND DAVE GLOGER WILL WORK UP THE FORMS NECESSARY FOR THE CONTEST, HANDLE THE ECHO ITEMS, AND RECRUIT VOLUNTEERS TO REGISTER SLIDES.
  - PAUL WILL PROVIDE SMALL LAMP FOR THE M.C.
  - JIM BLILIE WILL BRING PENCILS TO DO THE JUDGING
  - NO PREVIOUS WINNING PHOTOS WILL BE ALLOWED.
  
3. AUCTION:
  - AUCTION WILL BE AT THE APRIL MEETING.
  - PAUL MICHELSON WILL ASK JOHN POLLOCK & WALT BAUERMEISTER TO OFFICIATE.
  - A FEE OF 25 CENTS FOR EACH ITEM UNDER \$10 AND 50 CENTS FOR EACH ITEM OVER \$10 WILL BE ASSESSED THIS YEAR. THE FIRST TWO TIEMS WILL BE FREE.
  - FEES COLLECTED WILL BE ADDED TO THE AGRIS MORUSS MEMORIAL FUND.
  - TABLES WILL BE ARRANGED BETTER THIS YEAR.
  
4. REPORT ON ACTIVITIES SURVEY.
  - LOW RESPONSE FROM THE MEMBERS.
  - ROCK, ICE, AND CREVASSE SEMINARS WERE REQUESTED.
  - MORE CLUB TRIPS WERE REQUESTED.
  - FEW VOLUNTEERED TO LEAD THESE TRIPS.

5. NO REPORT ON ALTERNATE LOCATIONS.
6. NO NEW DEVELOPEMENTS ON PURCHASING A COMPUTER.
7. IDEAS FOR A BANQUET SPEAKER/MONTHLY PROGRAMS
  - BANQUET
    - JIM WICKWIRE ON THE CASCADES
    - NO MORE HIMALAYAN SHOWS
    - JIM/LOU WHITTAKER ON THE CASCADES
    - JOHN ROSKELLY
    - JEFF LOWE
  - MONTHLY PROGRAMS
    - PRESENTATION ON ALPINE CONSERVATION
    - SEVERAL NEW FILMS ARE AVAILABLE
    - MARK DALE ON S. AMERICA
  - PAUL MICHELSON WILL LOOK INTO THE BANQUET SPEAKERS
  - DECISION WILL BE MADE BY MAY ON THE BANQUET SPEAKER
  - ERIC WETZEL WILL LOOK INTO A CONSERVATION SPEAKER
8. POSSIBLE PLANS TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE AGRIS MORUSS FUND.
  - PROCEEDS FROM THE AUCTION
  - MIKE FITZPATRICK IS WRITING A BLURB ABOUT AGRIS. WE WILL PUBLISH THAT ALONG WITH AN EXPLANATION OF THE FUND AN A DIRECT SOLICITATION FOR FUNDS IN A FUTURE ECHO.
  - A TEE-SHIRT SALE WILL OCCUR THIS YEAR:
    - A CONTEST FOR THE DESIGN WILL BE HELD; ANN. NEXT ECHO
    - DEADLINE FOR ENTRIES: MARCH 31.
    - DESIGNS WILL BE JUDGED (BY THE MEMBERS) AT THE APRIL MEETING.
    - TEE SHIRTS WILL BE AVAILBLE BEFORE THE END OF THE CLASS.
    - BRYAN KRIEWALD WILL WRITE THE ARTICLES FOR THE ECHO, AND INVESTIGATE AN ARTIST TO PRODUCE THE SHIRTS, CONS W/JOHN KOKES.
9. MISCELANEOUS:
  - ERIC WETZEL WILL INVESTIGATE STORAGE SPACE FOR CLUB EQUIPMENT AT THE NEW OXBOW SITE BUILDING.
  - A CLIMBING ROCK IS BEING CONSTRUCTED AT FOREST PARK IN EVERETT. SIMILAR TO CAMP LONG ROCK WITH THESE NOTABLE EXCEPTIONS:
    - THE FIRST FEW MOVES WILL BE TOUGH TO KEEP THE RIFF-RAFF OFF, AND THE BASE WILL BE PEA GRAVEL RATHER THAN CONCRETE.
    - THE EVERETT MOUNTAINEERS CONTACTED JIM BLILIE TO ASK FOR FUNDS, MATERIALS, OR HELP FOR THE CONSTRUCTION. NO CLUB FUNDS ARE PRESENTLY AVAILABLE, BUT JIM WILL PUT AN ARTICLE IN THE ECHO AND ASK FOR HELP AT THE MEETING (SIGN UP SHEET)
  - LETTER FROM B.E.R.C. ANNOUNCING OUR ALLOCATION OF FUNDS WAS SHOWN. ONLY \$331 WAS ALLOCATED BY B.E.R.C. (\$1500 WAS REQUESTED). THIS SETS A BAD PRECEDENT AND IT WAS DECIDED THAT AN APPEAL WOULD BE SUBMITTED TO B.E.R.C. AND CAM HASLAM (REC. COORDINATOR). THE ALLOCATION THEY PROPOSE WOULD LEAVE US WITH ZERO AT THE END OF THE YEAR. JIM BLILIE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE APPEAL.

BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY

1986 MEMBERSHIP REGISTRATION

-----  
LAST NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

FIRST NAME & INITIAL

-----  
STREET ADDRESS

-----  
CITY

STATE

ZIP

-----  
HOME PHONE

WORK PHONE

MAIL STOP

AGE

BOEING EMPLOYEE? YES / NO

TYPE OF MEMBERSHIP (CHECK ONE)

NEW MEMBER? YES / NO

- \_\_\_REGULAR BOEING (\$7)
- \_\_\_BOEING FAMILY (\$10)
- \_\_\_FRIEND (\$14)
- \_\_\_FAMILY FRIEND (\$17)

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: BOEALPS

SEND COMPLETED FORM TO: BRYAN KRIEWALD @ M/S 19-38  
 OR  
 6224 S 119TH ST  
 SEATTLE, WA 98178

-----  
Please take a few moments to answer a few questions. Thanks.

1. How often do you use club equipment?

- |                        |                        |                 |
|------------------------|------------------------|-----------------|
| 1- at least monthly    | Small tents -----      | Altimeters ---- |
| 2- a few times a year  | Large tents -----      | Stoves -----    |
| 3- at most once a year | Snowshoes -----        | Ice Axes -----  |
| 4- never               | Avalanche beacons ---- | Footfands ----- |

2. What item(s) would you like to see added to the club inventory?  
-----

3. How often do you use the club library?

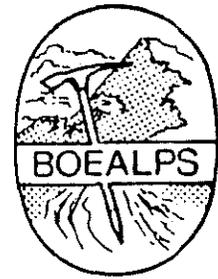
---- Monthly    ---- Occasionally    ---- Rarely    ---- Never

4. What type of club activities would you like to see more often?  
-----

5. Any other comments, suggestions, gripes ? -----  
-----  
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# ALPINE ECHO





## BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

President . . . . .	Jim Blilie. .77-87. .237-7102	Conservation . . . . .	Erik Wetzel. .8R-38. .773-9256
Vice President. . . . .	John Kokes. .81-38. .773-1252	Echo Editor . . . . .	Ken Johnson. .01-24. .342-5341
Treasurer. . . . .	John Shipway. .6W-29. .237-2303	Equipment . . . . .	Dan Lewinski. .70-71. .237-3718
Secretary. . . . .	Carey Chaplin. .47-10. .764-0153	Librarian. . . . .	Jeff Stonebraker. .0Y-05. .342-8915
Past President . .	Mike Fitzpatrick. .8J-93. .773-4285	Membership . .	Bryan Kriewald. .19-38. .655-0697
Activities . . . . .	Mike Froebe. .70-71. .237-2007	Programs. . . . .	Paul Michelson. .9H-87. .394-3424

MARCH MEETING  
THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1986, 7:30 P.M.  
KENT RECREATION CENTER, ROOM D

ANNUAL BOEALPS PHOTO CONTEST

AT MARCH MEETING

SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS

## ANNUAL PHOTO CONTEST

The photo contest will once again be the feature of the March meeting. As in previous years, all Boealps members in good standing are eligible to enter slides or photos. However, there are a few changes for this year, so a summary a rules for the contest are provided below.

- o All entries should have the general flavor of the club's interests (i.e. - no pictures of the family dog, prize dahlias, or the six week old baby - unless the baby leads 5.6 rock.)
- o Each person is limited to 2 slides in each category - 3 slides allowed in the people category (note that this is a reduction from previous years.)
- o Each person may enter 3 photos in the print categories.
- o Popular voting will be conducted during the meeting with valuable prizes (in addition to fame and glory) for the top finishers in all categories.
- o Put your name and category on each slide - this makes it a lot easier to sort out the slides at the end.
- o For each slide category that you want to enter, you must fill out a separate form (provided elsewhere in the Echo and at the meeting).
- o Forms for the print categories will be available at the meeting.
- o Please do not re-enter a slide or photo that has won in previous years.
- o Persons entering slides or photos should show up at 6:30 P.M.

### SLIDE CATEGORIES

- 1) General Mountainscapes
- 2) Flora
- 3) Water & Waterfalls
- 4) Fauna
- 5) Sunsets and Sunrises
- 6) Climbing
- 7) Nature Patterns
- 8) Inclement Weather
- 9) People

### PRINT CATEGORIES

- 1) Mountainscapes
- 2) Flora and Fauna
- 3) General (i.e. - everything else)

## BOEALPS AUCTION - APRIL MEETING

The April meeting will feature the BOEALPS auction. This is a good chance to sell some equipment which you are no longer using or pick up some new equipment for this season's climbing. Feel free to invite a friend who may be interested in the auction.

In an attempt to prevent an inorderly large number of items at the auction, a small fee will be charged for persons who submit more than two items to be auctioned off. The fee for more than two items will be 25¢ for items priced under \$10 and 50¢ for those over \$10. Any money collected from this will be contributed to the Agris Moruss Fund.

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**ANNUAL SPRING OLYMPICS TRIP**

**MARCH 15,16 1986**

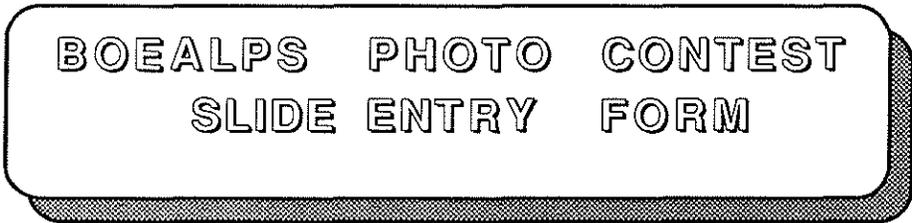
**THE BROTHERS, elev. 6866**

Join fellow BOEALPS for the first outing of 1986 in a relaxed atmosphere and yet bag a prominent summit. The Brothers are named for the Faunterlorry brothers who pioneered in Seattle.

The trip will start early Saturday morning (6am) in the Seattle area. Breakfast will follow in Hoodspport to prepare for the hike to Lena Lake and lunch. A two hour hike after the lake will bring us to our camp. A campfire and singing will provide entertainment for the evening. Sunday morning after an early start will find us kicking steps toward either the North Summit or the South Summit. Lunch, photos, and a nap in the sunshine on the summit will be followed by long glissades back to camp. Pack up, hike out, and dinner in Hoodspport will top off the weekend. Plans are to arrive back in Seattle at 10:00 pm.

All are welcome, the technical and physical demands are minimal. So join us on "The Brothers".

Contact - Jerry Baillie 241-3663 / 367-1455 or sign up at March meeting.



YOUR NAME

SLIDE CATEGORY

SLIDE 1	_____
	(Title)
SLIDE 2	_____
	(Title)
SLIDE 3	_____
(PEOPLE CATEGORY ONLY)	(Title)

**NOTE : A SEPARATE FORM MUST BE FILLED OUT FOR EACH SLIDE CATEGORY**

ECHO COLLECTION

The club is currently looking for a few old issues of the Alpine Echo to complete its collection, which goes back to 1963. When the collection is complete, it will be bound up and put in the club library. If you have any of the issues listed below, and would like to donate them to the club collection, please contact past president Mike Fitzpatrick. Thanks.

MISSING ISSUES --- January, 1970  
July, 1970  
February, 1976  
March, 1981  
May, 1981  
September, 1981  
Sept-Dec, 1982

\*\*\*\*\* MARCH 15TH, SATURDAY \*\*\*\*\*

Join us for some FUN spring training on Saturday, March 15th, for a ride around the north end of Lake Washington. The plan is to meet at Marymoor park in Redmond and depart at approximately 9:00 AM. Those on the Westside can join the group at 10:15 at Leschi where we will continue north through the U of W Arboretum, and follow the Burke-Gilman trail through Bothell and back to Marymoor. We will be cycling 50 miles and will take about 5 hours including a sack lunch stop. Just show up or contact David Bowlin, 828-2487 or Lori Walls, 292-0240 for more information.

\*\*\*\*\* MARCH 16TH, SUNDAY \*\*\*\*\*

Spring training continues on Sunday, March 16th, with a trip to Paradise on Mt. Rainier. Bring your toys- snowshoes, X-C skis, innertubes, kids, etc. and join us at 7:00 AM outside the Boeing Kent Activities Center (where we hold our monthly meetings) for carpooling or join us at Paradise upper lot at 9:00. Weather permitting, one group will climb to Camp Muir while the rest will stay and play. Just show up or contact David Bowlin, 828-2487 or Lori Walls, 292-0240 for more information.

\*\*\*\*\*

**OFFICIAL BUSINESS:**

**Deadline for the March Echo will be March 14th, 1986.**

**This will be the last issue for those of you who have not sent in your 1986 dues. Contact Bryan Kriewald at 655-0697 for more information. We warned you about those mountain spirits!**

\*\*\*\* **NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENTS APPEARING** \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\* **IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE** \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\* **OF THE BOEING COMPANY** \*\*\*\*

## AGRIS MORUSS MEMORIAL GRANT

Applications are now being accepted for a grant from the Agris Moruss fund. If your trip seems like a good one, send in an application. The number and size of the grant(s) is at the sole discretion of the Board of Trustees of the fund. Members of the club wishing to be considered for a grant should submit a written application no later than March 21, 1986. Contact the Past President Mike Fitzpatrick, for further information or to submit an application.

## AGRIS MORUSS 1941 - 1982

Agris was born in Latvia. Rather than live under Soviet rule, his family went first to Germany, then later to the U.S. when he was about ten. He attended Longview High School and the University of Washington, receiving academic honors at both.

In 1974, he took the BOEALPS' basic mountaineering course where he quickly stood out as not just a powerful and excellent climber, but as a generous and patient friend of his fellow students and instructors. By 1976, he had been voted the "Most Valuable Member" of a group which had successfully climbed 20,320 ft. Mount McKinley, the physical high point of his climbing activities. He was also helping teach new climbers each year, generously sharing both his knowledge and love of the mountains. Although he climbed from Canada to California, he seldom ventured far from his beloved Cascades; there he could always find the challenge, the beauty, and the inspiration he needed.

Climbing was not his only love. He skied at every opportunity and would join his companions on any run, beginner to expert. In recent years, he became a serious runner and successfully completed three marathons, including the Boston Marathon, as well as many shorter runs. He gave generously of both his strength and finances during construction of the Latvian Meeting Hall.

On May 9th, 1982, Agris was with a team of climbing class students on Lundin Peak. The summit rocks were later than usual in emerging from the winter's heavy snows. He was carrying a rope across the short slab on the summit ridge to set up a secure belay for his students when his foot slipped and he fell into the fog to his death. It took four hours for his team to find him in extreme whiteout conditions and another two hours to lower him to Commonwealth Basin. Many of his friends were there to give him a simple but very touching farewell.

Agris is survived by his father Viktors, with whom he lived, and two sisters, Inta and Liga, both of whom are currently living in Europe.

The Agris Moruss Fund was established by his many friends in his memory. One or more grants will be made annually to provide financial assistance to climbers in support of their financial endeavors.

After making a late exit out of the Winchell's on 45th at 8:05 am Saturday morning we were soon speeding towards Darrington and that enigmatic peak, Whitehorse Mountain. We five were out to make a stylish ascent of this magnificent peak, which we had all wanted to climb for a long time, by doing it in winter. We planned to do it in two days with a bivouac at Lone Tree Pass.

The forecasts for beautiful (clear and cold) weather were what had us out, hyped for the climb. Our first views heightened our excitement, as the peaks stood out stark, cold, and challenging. Soon the road to Darrington became the rutted track leading to the Neiderplum trailhead and we were hoisting our packs in the cool morning air at 800 feet elevation.

We made quick work of the first few miles of trail, in spite of heavy boots and packs and the necessity of stripping down to just our poly longjohns. When the trail proper ended, some good route finding (flag/blaze following) by Paul and Bryan led us through snow-covered roots, logs, and steep slopes to the large basins below Lone Tree Pass. The views, even this far down were terrific. We climbed through knee to crotch deep snow to the final avalanche slopes just below the pass, and stopped to contemplate man's mortality. We decided lunch would bolster our confidence so we ate and then dug a snow pit. The pit showed the deep new snow which overlaid the older concrete to be fairly stable. With this information (and a pieps and snowshovel for everyone) we made our way with some trepidation across the slopes and up to the pass and (thank God) camp.

Each of us leveled a spot for our bivvy bag among the trees at the pass and we settled in to absorb the last of the sunshine of Saturday. As the sun's warmth waned we started stoves and melted snow and heated our polyethylene-enclosed gas generators (seal-a-meals). After dinner, some jello for dessert, and spectacular views of alpenglow covering the entire northern Cascades we slithered into our goretex and down cocoons and tried to sleep away the twelve hours of night.

Rising before dawn, we quickly ate breakfast, packed our packs, and were headed up the Northwest Shoulder by 7:10 am, just enough light to see well by. Following the multitude of old and new flags we made our way, up and down, across the south face of the peak between Lone Tree and "high" passes. The snow was mostly deep and soft, the route finding difficult, and the views getting better by the minute. Since none of us had ever been past Lone Tree Pass the route finding was taking much longer than expected, and the snow was slowing us down. It was already about 10:00 am by the time we were at the base of the snow finger leading to high pass.

The snow to the pass was more of the same, steep and deep, always with that little voice in the back of your mind saying, "avalanche." Topping out of the couloir at high pass, we drank great draughts of "water" with pine needle flavoring. From here the route was clear, traverse the steep front of the glacier over to the final snow rib to the summit. The snow continued to be sheer labor, with some areas covered with just enough wind slab on top to make you look foolish. The views, among the finest I've seen, and the tantalizingly near summit kept us slogging forward.

The final snow rib was the best. It continuously steepened until it reached an angle of 45+ degrees for the last 30 feet to the top. Here Bryan, after kicking most of the rib, led the way up the final slope. About 20 feet from the top, the snow became snow-covered ice and extremely interesting without crampons. This was especially true since a slip would mean a thirty second ride back to Darrington which seemed to be directly beneath our feet. A bash through the small cornice at the top and a lever up the small vertical step led to the top of the ridge. On looking over the edge, Bryan, along with every one of the rest of us when we got there, exclaimed in strong oaths such as "holy @##\*@!, mother %\$#@\*^&! " There was lots of fresh air on the other side.

The ridge was a NARROW snow-covered arete that led to the true summit. Luckily it was only about 15 feet long and not as bad as it looked on the first glance. Soon we were all basking in the sunshine on the summit and trying not to think about the descent. We took summit shots including the Boealps pennant which Mike

to be continued:

Here's a summary of the climbing reports found in the ECHO for the past three years. You can use this list to help plan trips and determine the usual time of year for various climbs. This list will probably be updated in a few months.

MOUNTAIN	ROUTE	TRIP DATE	ECHO
ADAMS	NORTH RIDGE	AUG 10,11	SEP 85
ADAMS	SOUTH SLOPE	SEPT 3-5	OCT 83
ADAMS	SOUTH SPUR	JUNE 8,9	AUG 85
ALPINE LAKES	SKI TRIP	MAR 17-22	MAY 84
ALTA MTN.		JAN 25,26	MAR 85
BAKER	COLEMAN HEADW.	APR 23,24	JUN 83
BAKER	on skinny skis	FEB 5	MAR 83
BARING		JUNE 2	JUL 85
BARING	NORTH FACE !	MAY 28,29	AUG 83
BIG FOUR	DRY CREEK	MAY	JUN 83
BLACK PK		OCT 1,2	DEC 83
BONANZA		JUNE	SEP 83
BOX TOP(TEMPLE)		SEPT 3-5	OCT 83
BROTHERS		MAR 19,20	MAY 83
BROTHERS	SOUTH PEAK	MAR 10,11	JUN 84
BRYANT PK.		MAR 9,10	APR 85
BUCKINDY-ILABOT	TRAVERSE	AUG 1984	1,2 85
CADET		SEPT 1,2	OCT 84
CHILLIWACKS		JULY 26-AUG 4	OCT 85
CHIMNEY ROCK	EAST FACE DIR.	JULY 28-30	DEC 84
COLCHUCK		JULY	AUG 83
CONSTANCE, MT.	TERRIBLE TRAV.	APR 14,15	JUN 85
DECEPTION		JUNE 4,5	JUL 83
DOME PK.		AUG 17	SEP 84
DRAGONTAIL		JULY	AUG 83
DRAGONTAIL	SERPENTINE RT.	MAY 23	JUL 85
ELDORADO	WEST ARETE	AUG 6-8	SEP 83
ELLINOR		MAR 12	APR 83
FERNOW (SKYKOM)		MAY 8	JUN 83
FLORENCE		DEC 29	FEB 83
FORBIDDEN	NW FACE	JULY 14-16	AUG 84
FORBIDDEN PK.	WEST RIDGE	JUNE 22,23	AUG 85
FORMIDABLE, MT.		AUG 14	SEP 84
GARFIELD		SUMMER	DEC 83
GLACIER	KENNEDY GL.	AUG 25-27	OCT 85
GLACIER	SITKUM GL.	JUNE 8-11	JUL 84
GLACIER PK.	FROSTBITE RIDGE	MAY 28-30	JUL 83
GUNN PK.		AUG 21	JUN 85
GUYE PEAK	IMPROB. TRAV.	OCT 8	NOV 83
GUYE PK.	WEST FACE, SO.	SEPT 30	NOV 84
INGALLS		SEPT 21	NOV 85
KENDALL	S.E. PEAK	MAR 5	APR 83
LEMAH		SEPT 24,25	NOV 83
LEMAH		AUG 11	SEP 84
LENA, MT.		MAR 16,17	MAY 85
MAUDE		SEPT 14,15	OCT 85

MOUNTAIN	ROUTE	TRIP DATE	ECHO
MONTE CRISTO		SEPT 1,2	OCT 84
MOTHER MTNS.		FEB 5,6	MAR 83
OLYMPUS		JULY 30, AUG 1	SEP 83
PERSIS, MT.		JAN 28	MAR 84
PRIMUS PK.		MAY 30,31	JUL 84
PRUSSICK PK.	SOUTRH FACE, W.	JUNE 1	JUL 85
RAINIER	DISAPPOINTMENT	AUG 13-14	DEC 83
RAINIER	GIBRALTER LEDGE	DEC 29-31	FEB 83
RAINIER	GIBRALTER LEDGE	MAY 25-28	JUL 84
RAINIER	KAUTZ GL.	MAR 31, APR 1	MAY 84
RAINIER	NISQUALLY ICEF.	MAY 18,19	JUL 85
RAINIER	SUCCESS CL.	JULY 28,29	OCT 84
RAINIER	SUCCESS CLEAVER	MAY	JUL 83
REBOUBT		AUG 31-SEPT 6	NOV 85
SAHALE		AUG 27,28	OCT 84
SEVEN FINGER J.		SEPT 14,15	OCT 85
SHERPA PK.	WEST RIDGE	JUNE 8,9	JUL 85
SHUKSAN		MAY 18,19	AUG 85
SHUKSAN	PRICE GLACIER	AUG 18,19	NOV 84
SILVER PK		DEC 4	MAR 84
SLOAN PK.	CORKSCREW	AUG 4	SEP 85
SLOAN PK.	WEST FACE	JULY 14-16	NOV 84
SNOQUALMIE		DEC 31	FEB 83
STUART	NORTH RIDGE	JULY 27,28	SEP 85
THREE FINGERS	SOUTH PEAK	AUG 7	SEP 85
TOOTH	S.W. FACE	MAY 22	JUL 83
WARRIOR		NOV 21	JAN 83
WHITECHUCK		JULY 8	SEP 85

#### OUT-OF-STATE TRIPS

SQUAMISH	ROCK CLIMBS		NOV 85
SHASTA, MT.	AVALANCHE GULLY	JULY 6-9	SEP 84
CRATER LAKE		DEC 26-30	FEB 83
SMITH ROCKS		AUG 21	JAN 84
N. HUASCARAN		JUNE	OCT 85
DEVIL'S TOWER		AUG 19	JAN 84
GANNET PK.		AUG 25	OCT 85
GRAND TETON		SEPT 11-13	NOV 83

*continued:*

had carried to the summit, and incomparable backdrops of Three Fingers, Mt. Bullon, Rainier, the North Cascades, and I think even Mt. Garibaldi. After donning crampons, we rigged a hand line for the descent and were quickly back on the glacier.

With an all-afternoon forced march up and down through deep snow we found ourselves back on the Neiderplum Trail after a short break to melt water in camp. Arriving at the cars just before headlamps became necessary we changed and made a bee-line for the first greasy-burger joint we could find. We all agreed that, due to the time of year, the conditions, and the fine and steep nature of the climbing, this was one of the most fulfilling climbs we had done. And a terrific way to bag Whitehorse. A great climb, just watch out for avalanches. Reminds me of a song ... "if you want to ride, ride the white horse..."

Climbers: Paul Michelson, Bryan Kriewald, Eric Wetzel,  
Mike Fitzpatrick, and Jim Blilie

Soloing can be a very potent activity, perhaps representing the ultimate experience for those who climb to test the human mind and physique against the harsh and unforgiving backdrop of the mountains. When people talk about solo climbing, thoughts of Reinhold Messner, Herman Buhl, and Walter Bonatti struggling for their lives at the limits of their ability spring forth. "Fools!", some cry. Not for them the loneliness, the fear, the sense of utter and irreconcilable isolation. A person must be crazy to take his life in his hands like that!

For those who take the risk, however, a different picture exists. Freed from the immediate presence of their fellow man they can more fully experience the ways of the mountain. They must rely totally on their own ability and judgement, and face the consequences of any lack in these departments. Because of its anti-social nature and the mystique surrounding those who venture alone into the wilderness, people tend to keep soloing on the fringe of 'acceptable' climbing activity. In addition to the increased risk inherent to soloing, there is something downright unnatural about wanting to climb alone.

Soloing is undeniably different from climbing with a party. A building of a personal relationship through shared effort is traded for a profound intimacy with nature. Objective danger increases dramatically, and the mind must cope with a greater amount of analytical and emotional stress. The experience is much more immediate, real, and intense, while at the same time bordering on the 'twilight zone'. Being stripped of human references creates a new perspective on the climb and perhaps on life itself. In all, it is a much more extreme, and dangerous, endeavor. In the realm of responsibility, however, there is very little real difference between climbing alone and climbing with a party.

In the final analysis, a climber is ultimately responsible for him or herself, whether alone or in a group. Every climber must know the boundaries of his or her ability, both mentally and physically, in order to climb safely.

The benefits of climbing with a partner cannot be ignored. A climber roped to his partner can survive a fall that would be fatal without a belay. Judgement errors can be avoided since there is someone to talk over the climbing situation with. Confidence is buoyed by someone sharing the risk, and morale can be boosted in those really tight situations. And should someone become injured, a party member can always go to get help. But there are two sides to this coin. Sometimes a belay is not enough to check a fall, no matter how 'bomb-proof' it is. Judgement errors still occur. Bad morale and emotional instability can cause accidents, especially when the chips are down and a major disagreement exists. And everyone has heard tales about the able-bodied soul sent for help who winds up in worse condition than the injured partner.

While pushing limits is a part of the game, ego and ambition can be deadly. Immature and inexperienced climbers can talk themselves into trying something that they cannot handle. This is especially true if the partners are competitive in their climbing and trust their equipment to get them out of any tight squeeze. There can also be a belief that a rescue party can take care of anything that the rope can't. This absurd and dangerous thought represents the ultimate in the debasement of climbing. To make a group of strangers responsible for survival while climbing is directly opposed to what climbing is all about. Only inconsiderate fools would even think about doing a route where there would be a significant probability of having to summon a rescue party. A party should know enough about themselves and their abilities to be able to evaluate whether there is a reasonable chance of success before starting a route. In addition to this, the evaluation should continue so that a retreat could be made before things get out of hand. Nobody wants to get into a situation that cannot be gotten out of, and there is no substitute for experience and judgement in evaluating these situations.

When climbing with a party, there is a further responsibility to the group. This includes lending moral support, physical help, and thinking of the group as a whole instead of purely personal goals. As anyone who has lead a climb can attest, a party is only as strong as its weakest member. While some climbs have been done by experienced people hauling novices up the route, this cannot be called 'responsible' climbing even though they did the climb as a team. If something would happen to the more capable member, the second would be in a pickle indeed. This points out the fact that the group is responsible to keep its goals within reach of the weakest member.

On the other hand, experienced climbers who choose to solo can do so very responsibly. Carrying and knowing how to use the proper equipment, choosing routes that experience leads them to believe are possible, and exercising restraint when necessary are all elements of responsible climbing. Evaluation of

subjective information, such as mental, emotional, and spiritual health, is invaluable because that 'little voice' is often a very good indicator of impending doom. Combining this with objective information, such as weather, route condition, time of day, etcetera, is obviously important. It bodes no climber well to lie to himself or herself about the situation. Being alone or with a party makes no difference in these respects. In fact, some climbers maintain that, in some instances, soloing is actually safer than going with someone else. Roger Marshall, who's solo climbs include Ama Dablam and Kangchenjunga and who is setting his sights on Everest's North Face, asserts "I feel it is much safer to be alone."<sup>1</sup> His point is that by concentrating entirely on a climb rather than trying to keep up a relationship with a partner, he is more in tune with the mountain and more apt to notice details that are precursors to disaster. He is also freed from the responsibility of taking another person into situations that they would not normally place themselves in.

It surprises many people to learn that there are solo belay techniques and that people do use them. Experienced soloists are adept at evaluating the objective danger and seriousness of a route, as well as interpreting that little voice inside. This comes from, and greatly adds to direct climbing experience. A point can even be made for cultivating solo climbing on easy terrain on familiar ground in order to be prepared for an emergency where solo climbing must be done. In fact, the ability to solo confidently when necessary makes a climber more responsible.

There are cases where having a partner is more imperative than others. Difficult rock/ice climbing is one and glacier travel is another, mostly due to exposure and objective danger. But even in these situations having a partner or partners does not guarantee safety. It should be realized that those who die while soloing do not necessarily die because they were soloing. It is, rather, that they took a risk and paid the ultimate price for something going wrong. Whether this was the result of a poor judgement or because of a purely objective hazard, the climber took full responsibility for getting into the situation. It is true in some cases that the consequences of a mistake while soloing are more severe than if with a party, but this does not necessarily make the solo climber less responsible.

In fact, climbing as a whole is a risky undertaking. No amount of technology, effort, or experience can make it perfectly safe, but an effort is made to cut down on the risk. To eliminate risk would eliminate the sport, and to label those who take higher risks with full knowledge of what they are getting into as irresponsible borders on the hypocritical.

This article is not meant to promote or condemn any climbing style. This was written only to present my views on an admittedly touchy subject. Personalities are not being attacked, but the idea that soloing is inherently less responsible is. Responsible climbing involves a myriade of factors, the most important of which is obviously judgement. To call any single facet of the climbing game irresponsible is certainly a hasty and shallow action. All factors contributing to any climb need to be weighed, and the presence of a partner is often insignificant when placed alongside other elements, such as experience. At any rate, the crux of the matter is that a lone climber who knows his or her abilities, resources, fears, and reactions is better off than a group of foolhardy showoffs who know just enough about climbing to get themselves killed. It is who a person is, rather than the company he or she keeps, that makes a climber responsible.

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1. 'Roger Marshall, An Interview', Rock and Ice, Sept/Oct 1985, Number 10

## **HELP !!!!!!!!!!!!!**

A climber is desperately being sought to help pass on the art of aid climbing. If you would be willing to help out a group of highly motivated fellow BOEALPs in this, their hour of need, please contact Ken Johnson or Mike Froebe (our numbers are on the front page). In addition to the simple pleasure and pride that comes from teaching others, a further bribe of transportation/gas/food/drink is being offered. Please don't ignore us. You wouldn't want our withered abilities and ambitions on your conscience.

CONSERVATION UPDATE:

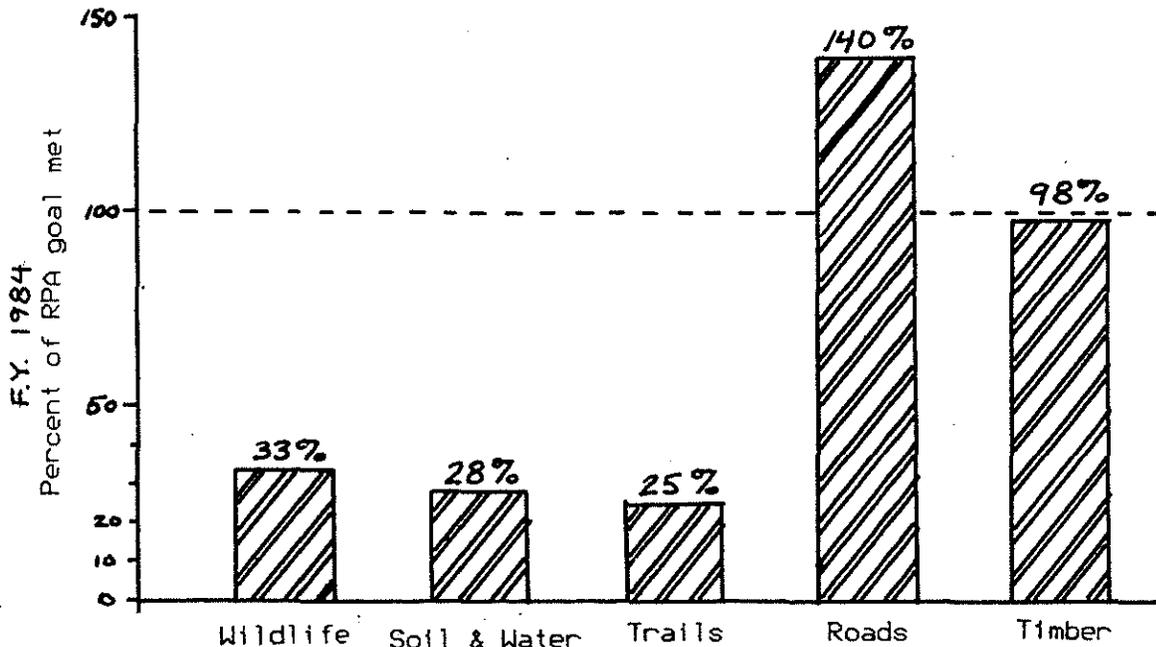
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE  
TO EXPERIENCE THIS?



"Danged all-terrain bikers."

FOR YOUR INFORMATION:

The Resource Planning Act (RPA), which prescribes a policy of multiple use and sustained yield for the National Forests, requires that the Forest Service set budget goals for each of the various areas of concern. In a time of falling timber demand and rising recreational demand the Forest Service, for fiscal year 1984, met less than 50 percent of its goals for preservation, while it overshot its road-building goal by 40 percent! These figures are from the Forest Service's own report, and do not reflect the fact that the goals for timber and roads are much higher to begin with.



## THE FUTURE OF WASHINGTON'S OUTDOORS :

Two very important activities are coming up which will determine the future of your outdoor activities!

The first is the President's Commission on America's Outdoors. This commission is a blue-ribbon panel appointed by President Reagan to make policy recommendations concerning the needs of the public with regards to outdoor recreation. This covers not only hiking and climbing, but things like canoeing, skiing, ORVs, boats, marinas, fishing, etc. When a similar commission was established in the sixties, a large percentage (maybe 90%) of the commission's recommendations were eventually adopted by congress. Since that time, outdoor facilities useage has expanded and federal funds are becoming more scarce. It is imperative that we present our views if we are to be able to continue our recreational activities. In June, a local hearing will be held to present our views to the commission at which club representatives will testify. In light of the present administration's push for developement, all of us interested in preserving the natural character of our Public Lands - your climbing area - must speak up, loudly. We are open to your suggestions.

The second activity is closer to home, but equally important. The National Forest Service is presently developing long-range forest plans. The plans cover the use of our National Forests and how funds will be distributed (potentially for the next 50 years!!!)

If you have any comments or suggestions please use the form below. Thanks!

---

I would be interested in seeing the following idea(s)  
incorporated into BOEALPS input to future outdoor  
planning:

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---

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I would like to take a more active role in this planning.  
(attending meetings, writing letters, ...)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

M/S \_\_\_\_\_

Send to : Jim Billie, M/S 77-87



# REACH NEW HEIGHTS WITH THE BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY

## BOEALPS T-SHIRT DESIGN CONTEST

ATTENTION MEMBERS! THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO BE CREATIVE. A CHANCE TO LET THAT ARTIST IN YOU COME FORTH FOR A WORTHY CAUSE.

OUR AGRIS MORUSS FUND IS IN NEED OF SOME HELP. THE PROFITS RAISED FROM THE UP COMING T-SHIRT SALE WILL HELP TO INCREASE FUTURE GRANTS (SEE RELATED ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE). HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO CREATE A DESIGN:

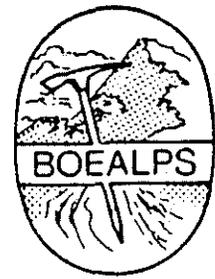
- 1) MAXIMUM SIZE: 8 INCHES X 8 INCHES.
- 2) USE A MAXIMUM OF 3 COLORS.
- 3) SUBMIT A COLORED EXAMPLE BY MARCH 31 TO BRYAN KRIEWALD, 19-38 OR JIM BLILIE, 77-87.

THE DESIGN WILL BE VOTED UPON BY THE MEMBERSHIP AT THE APRIL MEETING. IF YOUR DESIGN IS CHOSEN, YOU WILL RECEIVE FAME AND GLORY IN THE ANNALS OF BOEALPS HISTORY AND A FREE T-SHIRT.

IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS CALL BRYAN AT 655-0697 OR JIM AT 237-7102.

ALPINE ECHO





**BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.**

President . . . . . Jim Blilie. .77-87. .237-7102	Conservation . . . . . Erik Wetzel. .8R-38. .773-9256
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Activities . . . . . Mike Froebe. .70-71. .237-2007	Programs. . . . . Paul Michelson. .9H-87. .394-3424

MARCH MEETING  
THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1986, 7:30 P.M.  
KENT RECREATION CENTER, ROOM D

ANNUAL BOEALPS PHOTO CONTEST

AT MARCH MEETING

SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS

## ANNUAL PHOTO CONTEST

The photo contest will once again be the feature of the March meeting. As in previous years, all Boealps members in good standing are eligible to enter slides or photos. However, there are a few changes for this year, so a summary a rules for the contest are provided below.

- o All entries should have the general flavor of the club's interests (i.e. - no pictures of the family dog, prize dahlias, or the six week old baby - unless the baby leads 5.6 rock.)
- o Each person is limited to 2 slides in each category - 3 slides allowed in the people category (note that this is a reduction from previous years.)
- o Each person may enter 3 photos in the print categories.
- o Popular voting will be conducted during the meeting with valuable prizes (in addition to fame and glory) for the top finishers in all categories.
- o Put your name and category on each slide - this makes it a lot easier to sort out the slides at the end.
- o For each slide category that you want to enter, you must fill out a separate form (provided elsewhere in the Echo and at the meeting).
- o Forms for the print categories will be available at the meeting.
- o Please do not re-enter a slide or photo that has won in previous years.
- o Persons entering slides or photos should show up at 6:30 P.M.

### SLIDE CATEGORIES

- 1) General Mountainscapes
- 2) Flora
- 3) Water & Waterfalls
- 4) Fauna
- 5) Sunsets and Sunrises
- 6) Climbing
- 7) Nature Patterns
- 8) Inclement Weather
- 9) People

### PRINT CATEGORIES

- 1) Mountainscapes
- 2) Flora and Fauna
- 3) General (i.e. - everything else)

## BOEALPS AUCTION - APRIL MEETING

The April meeting will feature the BOEALPS auction. This is a good chance to sell some equipment which you are no longer using or pick up some new equipment for this season's climbing. Feel free to invite a friend who may be interested in the auction.

In an attempt to prevent an inorderly large number of items at the auction, a small fee will be charged for persons who submit more than two items to be auctioned off. The fee for more than two items will be 25¢ for items priced under \$10 and 50¢ for those over \$10. Any money collected from this will be contributed to the Agris Moruss Fund.

**ANNUAL SPRING OLYMPICS TRIP**

**MARCH 15,16 1986**

**THE BROTHERS, elev. 6866**

Join fellow BOEALPS for the first outing of 1986 in a relaxed atmosphere and yet bag a prominent summit. The Brothers are named for the Faunterlorry brothers who pioneered in Seattle.

The trip will start early Saturday morning (6am) in the Seattle area. Breakfast will follow in Hoodspport to prepare for the hike to Lena Lake and lunch. A two hour hike after the lake will bring us to our camp. A campfire and singing will provide entertainment for the evening. Sunday morning after an early start will find us kicking steps toward either the North Summit or the South Summit. Lunch, photos, and a nap in the sunshine on the summit will be followed by long glissades back to camp. Pack up, hike out, and dinner in Hoodspport will top off the weekend. Plans are to arrive back in Seattle at 10:00 pm.

All are welcome, the technical and physical demands are minimal. So join us on "The Brothers".

Contact - Jerry Baillie 241-3663 / 367-1455 or sign up at March meeting.

**BOEALPS PHOTO CONTEST  
SLIDE ENTRY FORM**

**YOUR NAME**

**SLIDE CATEGORY**

SLIDE 1

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Title)

SLIDE 2

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Title)

SLIDE 3

(PEOPLE CATEGORY ONLY)

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Title)

**NOTE : A SEPARATE FORM MUST BE FILLED OUT FOR EACH SLIDE CATEGORY**

ECHO COLLECTION

The club is currently looking for a few old issues of the Alpine Echo to complete its collection, which goes back to 1963. When the collection is complete, it will be bound up and put in the club library. If you have any of the issues listed below, and would like to donate them to the club collection, please contact past president Mike Fitzpatrick. Thanks.

MISSING ISSUES --- January, 1970  
July, 1970  
February, 1976  
March, 1981  
May, 1981  
September, 1981  
Sept-Dec, 1982

\*\*\*\*\* MARCH 15TH, SATURDAY \*\*\*\*\*

Join us for some FUN spring training on Saturday, March 15th, for a ride around the north end of Lake Washington. The plan is to meet at Marymoor park in Redmond and depart at approximately 9:00 AM. Those on the Westside can join the group at 10:15 at Leschi where we will continue north through the U of W Arboretum, and follow the Burke-Gilman trail through Bothell and back to Marymoor. We will be cycling 50 miles and will take about 5 hours including a sack lunch stop. Just show up or contact David Bowlin, 828-2487 or Lori Walls, 292-0240 for more information.

\*\*\*\*\* MARCH 16TH, SUNDAY \*\*\*\*\*

Spring training continues on Sunday, March 16th, with a trip to Paradise on Mt. Rainier. Bring your toys- snowshoes, X-C skis, innertubes, kids, etc. and join us at 7:00 AM outside the Boeing Kent Activities Center (where we hold our monthly meetings) for carpooling or join us at Paradise upper lot at 9:00. Weather permitting, one group will climb to Camp Muir while the rest will stay and play. Just show up or contact David Bowlin, 828-2487 or Lori Walls, 292-0240 for more information.

\*\*\*\*\*

**OFFICIAL BUSINESS:**

Deadline for the March Echo will be March 14th, 1986.

This will be the last issue for those of you who have not sent in your 1986 dues. Contact Bryan Kriewald at 655-0697 for more information. We warned you about those mountain spirits!

\*\*\*\* NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENTS APPEARING \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\* IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\* OF THE BOEING COMPANY \*\*\*\*

## AGRIS MORUSS MEMORIAL GRANT

Applications are now being accepted for a grant from the Agris Moruss fund. If your trip seems like a good one, send in an application. The number and size of the grant(s) is at the sole discretion of the Board of Trustees of the fund. Members of the club wishing to be considered for a grant should submit a written application no later than March 21, 1986. Contact the Past President Mike Fitzpatrick, for further information or to submit an application.

## AGRIS MORUSS 1941 - 1982

Agris was born in Latvia. Rather than live under Soviet rule, his family went first to Germany, then later to the U.S. when he was about ten. He attended Longview High School and the University of Washington, receiving academic honors at both.

In 1974, he took the BOEALPS' basic mountaineering course where he quickly stood out as not just a powerful and excellent climber, but as a generous and patient friend of his fellow students and instructors. By 1976, he had been voted the "Most Valuable Member" of a group which had successfully climbed 20,320 ft. Mount McKinley, the physical high point of his climbing activities. He was also helping teach new climbers each year, generously sharing both his knowledge and love of the mountains. Although he climbed from Canada to California, he seldom ventured far from his beloved Cascades; there he could always find the challenge, the beauty, and the inspiration he needed.

Climbing was not his only love. He skied at every opportunity and would join his companions on any run, beginner to expert. In recent years, he became a serious runner and successfully completed three marathons, including the Boston Marathon, as well as many shorter runs. He gave generously of both his strength and finances during construction of the Latvian Meeting Hall.

On May 9th, 1982, Agris was with a team of climbing class students on Lundin Peak. The summit rocks were later than usual in emerging from the winter's heavy snows. He was carrying a rope across the short slab on the summit ridge to set up a secure belay for his students when his foot slipped and he fell into the fog to his death. It took four hours for his team to find him in extreme whiteout conditions and another two hours to lower him to Commonwealth Basin. Many of his friends were there to give him a simple but very touching farewell.

Agris is survived by his father Viktors, with whom he lived, and two sisters, Inta and Liga, both of whom are currently living in Europe.

The Agris Moruss Fund was established by his many friends in his memory. One or more grants will be made annually to provide financial assistance to climbers in support of their financial endeavors.

After making a late exit out of the Winchell's on 45th at 8:05 am Saturday morning we were soon speeding towards Darrington and that enigmatic peak, Whitehorse Mountain. We five were out to make a stylish ascent of this magnificent peak, which we had all wanted to climb for a long time, by doing it in winter. We planned to do it in two days with a bivouac at Lone Tree Pass.

The forecasts for beautiful (clear and cold) weather were what had us out, hyped for the climb. Our first views heightened our excitement, as the peaks stood out stark, cold, and challenging. Soon the road to Darrington became the rutted track leading to the Neiderplum trailhead and we were hoisting our packs in the cool morning air at 800 feet elevation.

We made quick work of the first few miles of trail, in spite of heavy boots and packs and the necessity of stripping down to just our poly longjohns. When the trail proper ended, some good route finding (flag/blaze following) by Paul and Bryan led us through snow-covered roots, logs, and steep slopes to the large basins below Lone Tree Pass. The views, even this far down were terrific. We climbed through knee to crotch deep snow to the final avalanche slopes just below the pass, and stopped to contemplate man's mortality. We decided lunch would bolster our confidence so we ate and then dug a snow pit. The pit showed the deep new snow which overlayed the older concrete to be fairly stable. With this information (and a pieps and snowshovel for everyone) we made our way with some trepidation across the slopes and up to the pass and (thank God) camp.

Each of us leveled a spot for our bivvy bag among the trees at the pass and we settled in to absorb the last of the sunshine of Saturday. As the sun's warmth waned we started stoves and melted snow and heated our polyethylene-enclosed gas generators (seal-a-meals). After dinner, some jello for dessert, and spectacular views of alpenglow covering the entire northern Cascades we slithered into our goretex and down cocoons and tried to sleep away the twelve hours of night.

Rising before dawn, we quickly ate breakfast, packed our packs, and were headed up the Northwest Shoulder by 7:10 am, just enough light to see well by. Following the multitude of old and new flags we made our way, up and down, across the south face of the peak between Lone Tree and "high" passes. The snow was mostly deep and soft, the route finding difficult, and the views getting better by the minute. Since none of us had ever been past Lone Tree Pass the route finding was taking much longer than expected, and the snow was slowing us down. It was already about 10:00 am by the time we were at the base of the snow finger leading to high pass.

The snow to the pass was more of the same, steep and deep, always with that little voice in the back of your mind saying, "avalanche." Topping out of the couloir at high pass, we drank great draughts of "water" with pine needle flavoring. From here the route was clear, traverse the steep front of the glacier over to the final snow rib to the summit. The snow continued to be sheer labor, with some areas covered with just enough wind slab on top to make you look foolish. The views, among the finest I've seen, and the tantalizingly near summit kept us slogging forward.

The final snow rib was the best. It continuously steepened until it reached an angle of 45+ degrees for the last 30 feet to the top. Here Bryan, after kicking most of the rib, led the way up the final slope. About 20 feet from the top, the snow became snow-covered ice and extremely interesting without crampons. This was especially true since a slip would mean a thirty second ride back to Darrington which seemed to be directly beneath our feet. A bash through the small cornice at the top and a lever up the small vertical step led to the top of the ridge. On looking over the edge, Bryan, along with every one of the rest of us when we got there, exclaimed in strong oaths such as "holy @##\*@!, mother Z\$@#\*^^&!" There was lots of fresh air on the other side.

The ridge was a NARROW snow-covered arete that led to the true summit. Luckily it was only about 15 feet long and not as bad as it looked on the first glance. Soon we were all basking in the sunshine on the summit and trying not to think about the descent. We took summit shots including the Boealps pennant which Mike

to be continued:

Here's a summary of the climbing reports found in the ECHO for the past three years. You can use this list to help plan trips and determine the usual time of year for various climbs. This list will probably be updated in a few months.

MOUNTAIN	ROUTE	TRIP DATE	ECHO
ADAMS	NORTH RIDGE	AUG 10,11	SEP 85
ADAMS	SOUTH SLOPE	SEPT 3-5	OCT 83
ADAMS	SOUTH SPUR	JUNE 8,9	AUG 85
ALPINE LAKES	SKI TRIP	MAR 17-22	MAY 84
ALTA MTN.		JAN 25,26	MAR 85
BAKER	COLEMAN HEADW.	APR 23,24	JUN 83
BAKER	on skinny skis	FEB 5	MAR 83
BARING		JUNE 2	JUL 85
BARING	NORTH FACE !	MAY 28,29	AUG 83
BIG FOUR	DRY CREEK	MAY	JUN 83
BLACK PK		OCT 1,2	DEC 83
BONANZA		JUNE	SEP 83
BOX TOP (TEMPLE)		SEPT 3-5	OCT 83
BROTHERS		MAR 19,20	MAY 83
BROTHERS	SOUTH PEAK	MAR 10,11	JUN 84
BRYANT PK.		MAR 9,10	APR 85
BUCKINDY-ILABOT	TRAVERSE	AUG 1984	1,2 85
CADET		SEPT 1,2	OCT 84
CHILLIWACKS		JULY 26-AUG 4	OCT 85
CHIMNEY ROCK	EAST FACE DIR.	JULY 28-30	DEC 84
COLCHUCK		JULY	AUG 83
CONSTANCE, MT.	TERRIBLE TRAV.	APR 14,15	JUN 85
DECEPTION		JUNE 4,5	JUL 83
DOME PK.		AUG 17	SEP 84
DRAGONTAIL		JULY	AUG 83
DRAGONTAIL	SERPENTINE RT.	MAY 23	JUL 85
ELDORADO	WEST ARETE	AUG 6-8	SEP 83
ELLINOR		MAR 12	APR 83
FERNOW (SKYKOM)		MAY 8	JUN 83
FLORENCE		DEC 29	FEB 83
FORBIDDEN	NW FACE	JULY 14-16	AUG 84
FORBIDDEN PK.	WEST RIDGE	JUNE 22,23	AUG 85
FORMIDABLE, MT.		AUG 14	SEP 84
GARFIELD		SUMMER	DEC 83
GLACIER	KENNEDY GL.	AUG 25-27	OCT 85
GLACIER	SITKUM GL.	JUNE 8-11	JUL 84
GLACIER PK.	FROSTBITE RIDGE	MAY 28-30	JUL 83
GUNN PK.		AUG 21	JUN 85
GUYE PEAK	IMPROB. TRAV.	OCT 8	NOV 83
GUYE PK.	WEST FACE, SO.	SEPT 30	NOV 84
INGALLS		SEPT 21	NOV 85
KENDALL	S.E. PEAK	MAR 5	APR 83
LEMAH		SEPT 24,25	NOV 83
LEMAH		AUG 11	SEP 84
LENA, MT.		MAR 16,17	MAY 85
MAUDE		SEPT 14,15	OCT 85

MOUNTAIN	ROUTE	TRIP DATE	ECHO
MONTE CRISTO		SEPT 1,2	OCT 84
MOTHER MTNS.		FEB 5,6	MAR 83
OLYMPUS		JULY 30, AUG 1	SEP 83
PERSIS, MT.		JAN 28	MAR 84
PRIMUS PK.		MAY 30,31	JUL 84
PRUSSICK PK.	SOUTRH FACE, W.	JUNE 1	JUL 85
RAINIER	DISAPPOINTMENT	AUG 13-14	DEC 83
RAINIER	GIBRALTER LEDGE	DEC 29-31	FEB 83
RAINIER	GIBRALTER LEDGE	MAY 25-28	JUL 84
RAINIER	KAUTZ GL.	MAR 31, APR 1	MAY 84
RAINIER	NISQUALLY ICEF.	MAY 18,19	JUL 85
RAINIER	SUCCESS CL.	JULY 28,29	OCT 84
RAINIER	SUCCESS CLEAVER	MAY	JUL 83
REBOUBT		AUG 31-SEPT 6	NOV 85
SAHALE		AUG 27,28	OCT 84
SEVEN FINGER J.		SEPT 14,15	OCT 85
SHERPA PK.	WEST RIDGE	JUNE 8,9	JUL 85
SHUKSAN		MAY 18,19	AUG 85
SHUKSAN	PRICE GLACIER	AUG 18,19	NOV 84
SILVER PK		DEC 4	MAR 84
SLOAN PK.	CORKSCREW	AUG 4	SEP 85
SLOAN PK.	WEST FACE	JULY 14-16	NOV 84
SNOQUALMIE		DEC 31	FEB 83
STUART	NORTH RIDGE	JULY 27,28	SEP 85
THREE FINGERS	SOUTH PEAK	AUG 7	SEP 85
TOOTH	S.W. FACE	MAY 22	JUL 83
WARRIOR		NOV 21	JAN 83
WHITECHUCK		JULY 8	SEP 85

#### OUT-OF-STATE TRIPS

SQUAMISH	ROCK CLIMBS		NOV 85
SHASTA, MT.	AVALANCHE GULLY	JULY 6-9	SEP 84
CRATER LAKE		DEC 26-30	FEB 83
SMITH ROCKS		AUG 21	JAN 84
N. HUASCARAN		JUNE	OCT 85
DEVIL'S TOWER		AUG 19	JAN 84
GANNET PK.		AUG 25	OCT 85
GRAND TETON		SEPT 11-13	NOV 83

*continued:*

had carried to the summit, and incomparable backdrops of Three Fingers, Mt. Bullon, Rainier, the North Cascades, and I think even Mt. Garibaldi. After donning crampons, we rigged a hand line for the descent and were quickly back on the glacier.

With an all-afternoon forced march up and down through deep snow we found ourselves back on the Neiderplum Trail after a short break to melt water in camp. Arriving at the cars just before headlamps became necessary we changed and made a bee-line for the first greasy-burger joint we could find. We all agreed that, due to the time of year, the conditions, and the fine and steep nature of the climbing, this was one of the most fulfilling climbs we had done. And a terrific way to bag Whitehorse. A great climb, just watch out for avalanches. Reminds me of a song ... "if you want to ride, ride the white horse..."

Climbers: Paul Michelson, Bryan Kriewald, Eric Wetzel,  
Mike Fitzpatrick, and Jim Blilie

Soloing can be a very potent activity, perhaps representing the ultimate experience for those who climb to test the human mind and physique against the harsh and unforgiving backdrop of the mountains. When people talk about solo climbing, thoughts of Reinhold Messner, Herman Buhl, and Walter Bonatti struggling for their lives at the limits of their ability spring forth. "Fools!", some cry. Not for them the loneliness, the fear, the sense of utter and irreconcilable isolation. A person must be crazy to take his life in his hands like that!

For those who take the risk, however, a different picture exists. Freed from the immediate presence of their fellow man they can more fully experience the ways of the mountain. They must rely totally on their own ability and judgement, and face the consequences of any lack in these departments. Because of its anti-social nature and the mystique surrounding those who venture alone into the wilderness, people tend to keep soloing on the fringe of 'acceptable' climbing activity. In addition to the increased risk inherent to soloing, there is something downright unnatural about wanting to climb alone.

Soloing is undeniably different from climbing with a party. A building of a personal relationship through shared effort is traded for a profound intimacy with nature. Objective danger increases dramatically, and the mind must cope with a greater amount of analytical and emotional stress. The experience is much more immediate, real, and intense, while at the same time bordering on the 'twilight zone'. Being stripped of human references creates a new perspective on the climb and perhaps on life itself. In all, it is a much more extreme, and dangerous, endeavor. In the realm of responsibility, however, there is very little real difference between climbing alone and climbing with a party.

In the final analysis, a climber is ultimately responsible for him or herself, whether alone or in a group. Every climber must know the boundaries of his or her ability, both mentally and physically, in order to climb safely.

The benefits of climbing with a partner cannot be ignored. A climber roped to his partner can survive a fall that would be fatal without a belay. Judgement errors can be avoided since there is someone to talk over the climbing situation with. Confidence is buoyed by someone sharing the risk, and morale can be boosted in those really tight situations. And should someone become injured, a party member can always go to get help. But there are two sides to this coin. Sometimes a belay is not enough to check a fall, no matter how 'bomb-proof' it is. Judgement errors still occur. Bad morale and emotional instability can cause accidents, especially when the chips are down and a major disagreement exists. And everyone has heard tales about the able-bodied soul sent for help who winds up in worse condition than the injured partner.

While pushing limits is a part of the game, ego and ambition can be deadly. Immature and inexperienced climbers can talk themselves into trying something that they cannot handle. This is especially true if the partners are competitive in their climbing and trust their equipment to get them out of any tight squeeze. There can also be a belief that a rescue party can take care of anything that the rope can't. This absurd and dangerous thought represents the ultimate in the debasement of climbing. To make a group of strangers responsible for survival while climbing is directly opposed to what climbing is all about. Only inconsiderate fools would even think about doing a route where there would be a significant probability of having to summon a rescue party. A party should know enough about themselves and their abilities to be able to evaluate whether there is a reasonable chance of success before starting a route. In addition to this, the evaluation should continue so that a retreat could be made before things get out of hand. Nobody wants to get into a situation that cannot be gotten out of, and there is no substitute for experience and judgement in evaluating these situations.

When climbing with a party, there is a further responsibility to the group. This includes lending moral support, physical help, and thinking of the group as a whole instead of purely personal goals. As anyone who has lead a climb can attest, a party is only as strong as its weakest member. While some climbs have been done by experienced people hauling novices up the route, this cannot be called 'responsible' climbing even though they did the climb as a team. If something would happen to the more capable member, the second would be in a pickle indeed. This points out the fact that the group is responsible to keep its goals within reach of the weakest member.

On the other hand, experienced climbers who choose to solo can do so very responsibly. Carrying and knowing how to use the proper equipment, choosing routes that experience leads them to believe are possible, and exercising restraint when necessary are all elements of responsible climbing. Evaluation of

subjective information, such as mental, emotional, and spiritual health, is invaluable because that 'little voice' is often a very good indicator of impending doom. Combining this with objective information, such as weather, route condition, time of day, etcetera, is obviously important. It bodes no climber well to lie to himself or herself about the situation. Being alone or with a party makes no difference in these respects. In fact, some climbers maintain that, in some instances, soloing is actually safer than going with someone else. Roger Marshall, who's solo climbs include Ama Dablam and Kangchenjunga and who is setting his sights on Everest's North Face, asserts "I feel it is much safer to be alone."<sup>1</sup> His point is that by concentrating entirely on a climb rather than trying to keep up a relationship with a partner, he is more in tune with the mountain and more apt to notice details that are precursors to disaster. He is also freed from the responsibility of taking another person into situations that they would not normally place themselves in.

It surprises many people to learn that there are solo belay techniques and that people do use them. Experienced soloists are adept at evaluating the objective danger and seriousness of a route, as well as interpreting that little voice inside. This comes from, and greatly adds to direct climbing experience. A point can even be made for cultivating solo climbing on easy terrain on familiar ground in order to be prepared for an emergency where solo climbing must be done. In fact, the ability to solo confidently when necessary makes a climber more responsible.

There are cases where having a partner is more imperative than others. Difficult rock/ice climbing is one and glacier travel is another, mostly due to exposure and objective danger. But even in these situations having a partner or partners does not guarantee safety. It should be realized that those who die while soloing do not necessarily die because they were soloing. It is, rather, that they took a risk and paid the ultimate price for something going wrong. Whether this was the result of a poor judgement or because of a purely objective hazard, the climber took full responsibility for getting into the situation. It is true in some cases that the consequences of a mistake while soloing are more severe than if with a party, but this does not necessarily make the solo climber less responsible.

In fact, climbing as a whole is a risky undertaking. No amount of technology, effort, or experience can make it perfectly safe, but an effort is made to cut down on the risk. To eliminate risk would eliminate the sport, and to label those who take higher risks with full knowledge of what they are getting into as irresponsible borders on the hypocritical.

This article is not meant to promote or condemn any climbing style. This was written only to present my views on an admittedly touchy subject. Personalities are not being attacked, but the idea that soloing is inherently less responsible is. Responsible climbing involves a myriade of factors, the most important of which is obviously judgement. To call any single facet of the climbing game irresponsible is certainly a hasty and shallow action. All factors contributing to any climb need to be weighed, and the presence of a partner is often insignificant when placed alongside other elements, such as experience. At any rate, the crux of the matter is that a lone climber who knows his or her abilities, resources, fears, and reactions is better off than a group of foolhardy showoffs who know just enough about climbing to get themselves killed. It is who a person is, rather than the company he or she keeps, that makes a climber responsible.

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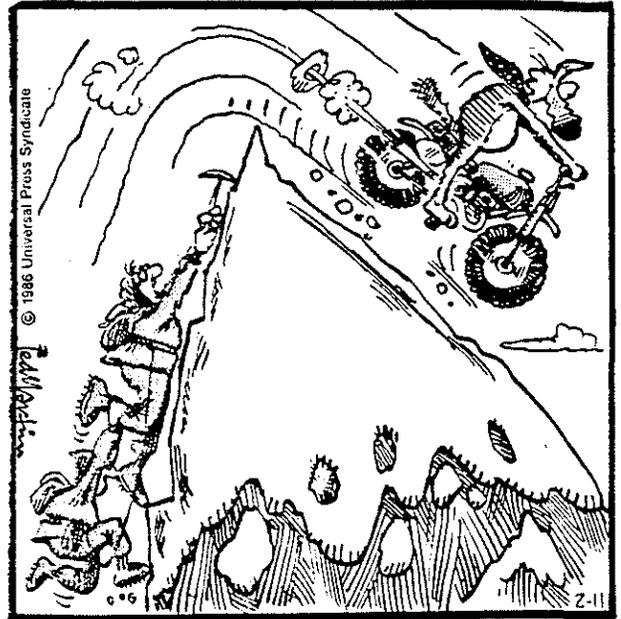
1. 'Roger Marshall, An Interview', Rock and Ice, Sept/Oct 1985, Number 10

## HELP !!!!!!!!!!!!!

A climber is desperately being sought to help pass on the art of aid climbing. If you would be willing to help out a group of highly motivated fellow BOEALPs in this, their hour of need, please contact Ken Johnson or Mike Froebe (our numbers are on the front page). In addition to the simple pleasure and pride that comes from teaching others, a further bribe of transportation/gas/food/drink is being offered. Please don't ignore us. You wouldn't want our withered abilities and ambitions on your conscience.

**CONSERVATION UPDATE:**

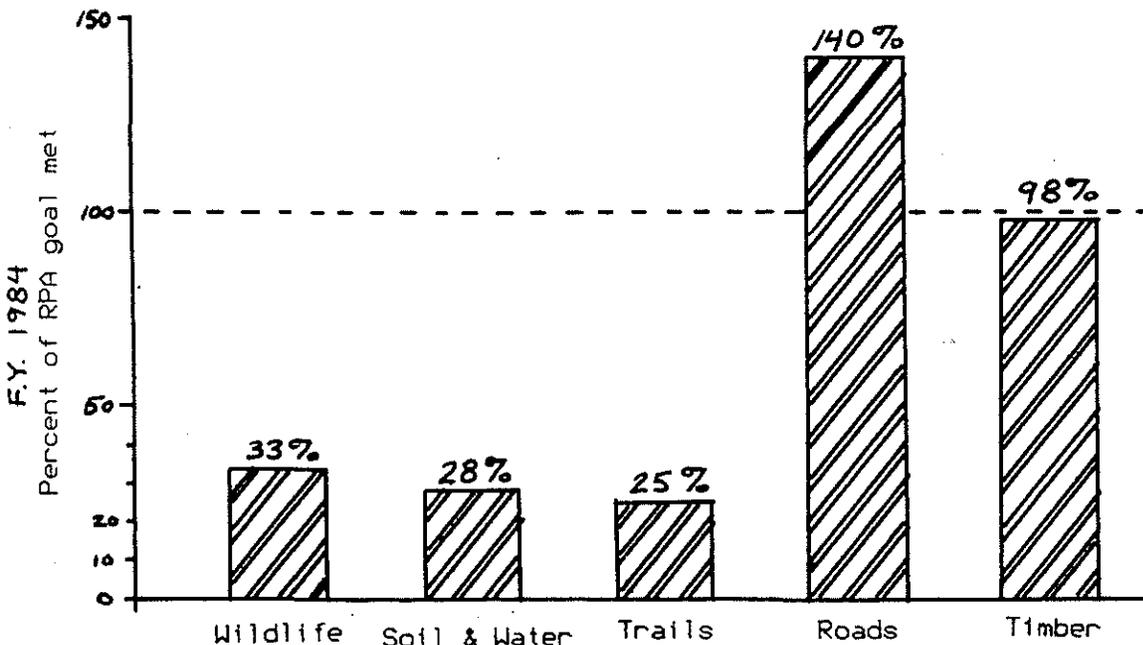
**HOW WOULD YOU LIKE  
TO EXPERIENCE THIS?**



**"Danged all-terrain bikers."**

**FOR YOUR INFORMATION:**

The Resource Planning Act (RPA), which prescribes a policy of multiple use and sustained yield for the National Forests, requires that the Forest Service set budget goals for each of the various areas of concern. In a time of falling timber demand and rising recreational demand the Forest Service, for fiscal year 1984, met less than 50 percent of its goals for preservation, while it overshot its road-building goal by 40 percent! These figures are from the Forest Service's own report, and do not reflect the fact that the goals for timber and roads are much higher to begin with.



**THE FUTURE OF WASHINGTON'S OUTDOORS :**

Two very important activities are coming up which will determine the future of your outdoor activities!

The first is the President's Commission on America's Outdoors. This commission is a blue-ribbon panel appointed by President Reagan to make policy recommendations concerning the needs of the public with regards to outdoor recreation. This covers not only hiking and climbing, but things like canoeing, skiing, ORVs, boats, marinas, fishing, etc. When a similar commision was established in the sixties, a large percentage (maybe 90%) of the commission's recommendations were eventually adopted by congress. Since that time, outdoor facilities useage has expanded and federal funds are becoming more scarce. It is imperative that we present our views if we are to be able to continue our recreational activities. In June, a local hearing will be held to present our views to the commission at which club representatives will testify. In light of the present administration's push for developement, all of us interested in preserving the natural character of our Public Lands - your climbing area - must speak up, loudly. We are open to your suggestions.

The second activity is closer to home, but equally important. The National Forest Service is presently developing long-range forest plans. The plans cover the use of our National Forests and how funds will be distributed (potentially for the next 50 years!!!)

If you have any comments or suggestions please use the form below. Thanks!

-----

I would be interested in seeing the following idea(s) incorporated into BOEALPS input to future outdoor planning:

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

I would like to take a more active role in this planning.  
(attending meetings, writing letters, ...)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
M/S \_\_\_\_\_

Send to : Jim Blilie, M/S 77-87



# REACH NEW HEIGHTS WITH THE BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY

## BOEALPS T-SHIRT DESIGN CONTEST

ATTENTION MEMBERS! THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO BE CREATIVE. A CHANCE TO LET THAT ARTIST IN YOU COME FORTH FOR A WORTHY CAUSE.

OUR AGRIS MORUSS FUND IS IN NEED OF SOME HELP. THE PROFITS RAISED FROM THE UP COMING T-SHIRT SALE WILL HELP TO INCREASE FUTURE GRANTS (SEE RELATED ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE). HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO CREATE A DESIGN:

- 1) MAXIMUM SIZE: 8 INCHES X 8 INCHES.
- 2) USE A MAXIMUM OF 3 COLORS.
- 3) SUBMIT A COLORED EXAMPLE BY MARCH 31 TO BRYAN KRIEWALD, 19-38 OR JIM BLILIE, 77-87.

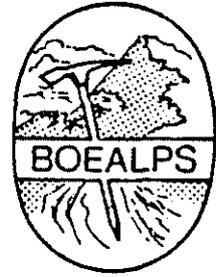
THE DESIGN WILL BE VOTED UPON BY THE MEMBERSHIP AT THE APRIL MEETING. IF YOUR DESIGN IS CHOSEN, YOU WILL RECEIVE FAME AND GLORY IN THE ANNALS OF BOEALPS HISTORY AND A FREE T-SHIRT.

IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS CALL BRYAN AT 655-0697 OR JIM AT 237-7102.

ALPINE ECHO



April 1986



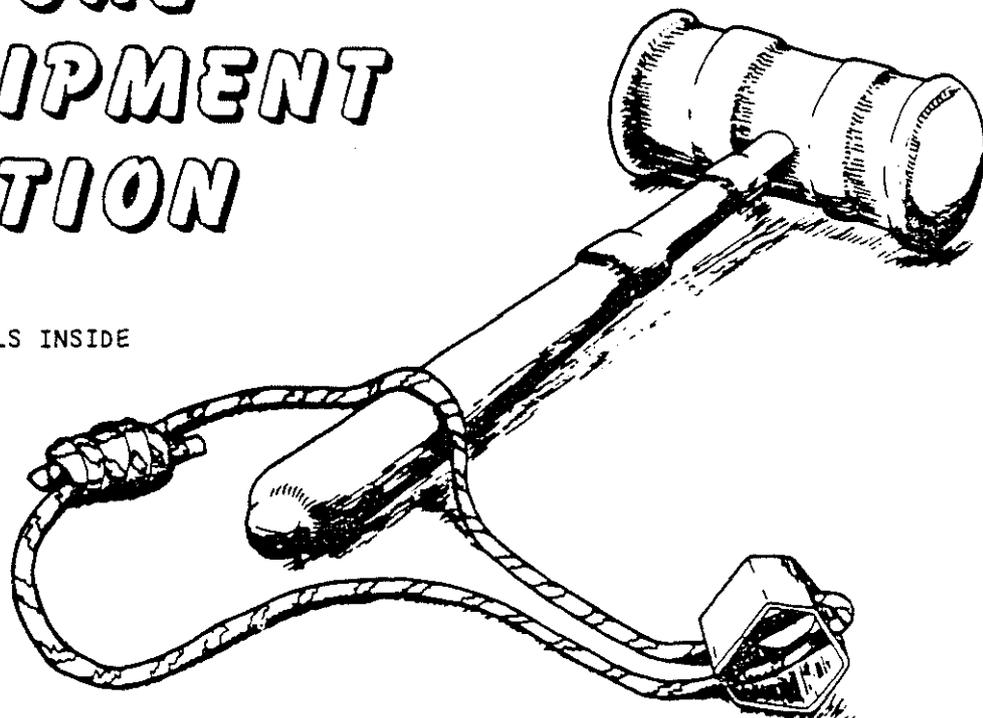
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**APRIL MEETING  
THURSDAY, APRIL 3RD, 7:30 PM  
KENT RECREATION CENTER**

**BOEALPS  
ANNUAL  
EQUIPMENT  
AUCTION**

DETAILS INSIDE



## 1986 BOEALPS PHOTO CONTEST RESULTS

The annual photo contest was held at the March meeting and although the turn out was moderate, the quality of the entries was in general quite high. I would like to thank all the participants and Greg Cox for making the enjoyable evening possible. As with last year, the winners (listed below) will receive film (when it gets here).

### SLIDES

#### General Mountainscapes

1. Mark Dale
2. Dee Urbick
3. Gayle Olcott

#### Flora

1. Clifton Cooper
2. Dave Larson
3. Mark Dale

#### Water & Waterfalls

- TIE
1. Clifton Cooper
  2. Carey Chaplin
  2. Mark Dale

#### Fauna

1. John S. Bell
2. Mark Dale
3. Dave Larson

#### Sunrises & Sunsets

- TIE
1. Mike Fitzpatrick
  2. John S. Bell
  2. Dan Lewinski

#### Climbing

1. Dan Lewinski
2. Ken McKinley
3. Bob Mondrzyk

#### Nature Patterns

1. Mark Dale
2. Dave Larson
3. Carey Chaplin

#### Inclement Weather

1. Paul Michelson
2. Paul Michelson
3. Dan Lewinski

#### People

- TIE
1. Jim Blilie
  2. Dave Larson
  2. Paul Michelson

### PRINTS

#### General Mountainscapes

1. Mark Dale
2. Paul Anderson
3. Paul Anderson

#### General

- TIE
1. Mark Dale
  1. Bryan Kriewald
  3. Paul Anderson

#### Flora & Fauna

1. Greg Cox
2. Paul Anderson
3. Mark Dale

## BOEALPS ANNUAL EQUIPMENT AUCTION

It's that time of year again. The BOEALPS annual equipment auction will take place at the April meeting. This is a good time to rid your closets and basements of any unused or unwanted climbing and skiing gear. Take advantage of this opportunity to pick up some good bargains on equipment for the upcoming climbing season. (CLIMBING CLASS STUDENTS - HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.) This year our auctioneers will be Walt Bauermeister and John Pollock. Vendors should arrive before 7:00 pm in order to have their wares ready for display, together with name and starting price. Please, no questionable auction items (used bootlaces, broken ice axes, etc.).

This year all items will be sold via an audible auction (no silent auction). However, in an attempt to prevent an unorderly large number of items this year, a small fee will be charged for persons who submit more than two items to be auctioned off. The fees will be 25¢ for any additional item priced under \$10 and 50¢ for those over \$10. Fees will be collected at the conclusion of the auction only for those additional items sold. Any money collected from this will be contributed to the Agris Moruss Fund.

### AUCTION DIRECTIONS

1. Place the item to be sold on a table with a registration slip (provided) which includes your name, the item, and a minimum asking price.
2. The first 20 to 30 minutes of the meeting will be dedicated for looking over the items.
3. At the conclusion of the club business portion of the meeting, the auction/fun will start. It will continue through all the items. Refreshments will be available as usual.

## OFFICIAL BUSINESS:

Deadline for the May Echo will be April 15th, 1986.

**For those of you who had to borrow this this from a friend to read it, it is highly suggested that you become a dues-paying member once again. That way you will be rightfully given the attention and respect that every 'member in good standing' deserves.**

\*\*\*\* **NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENTS APPEARING** \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\* **IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE** \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\* **OF THE BOEING COMPANY** \*\*\*\*

**GIBALTARLEDGES, Mt. RAINIER**  
1986  
BY Jerry Sommerman

February 8th and 9th,

Cruel experience has taught me that climbing Rainier in winter can't be done any old time. During my lunchtime run on Friday the 7th, I realized the wind was from the north, the sky was clear, and now was the time to find some fellow fools. After some phone calls I located Jeff Hunt, who was already in a party of three heading for Gibraltar Ledges. Jeff was highly motivated to make the summit due to numerous failures in winter and three or four unsuccessful climbs across the Ledges. He was designated the official routefinder. Tim Hudson and Bob Demming organized the trip as a training climb for Mt. McKinley which they hope to do this year. (They are looking for additional personnel for their McKinley climb.)

From Paradise to Camp Muir was the regular grind with few decisions to make. Our only problem, besides the high wind and cold, was that we kept on trying to leave our snowshoes behind. We made the mistake of thinking that the higher we got, the more windpacked the snow would be, and so we had to keep retracing our post-holes to retrieve the snowshoes. The weather report was great, so we were surprised when a cloud cap formed and descended to 11,000 ft. Fears of a cloud cap forming in the morning again and blowing us right off prompted the decision to start early, 3:00 am. Now an early start in winter has some advantages that are not always considered: it's dark a lot longer, so exposed ledges don't bother you. Nobody else is moving that early so you get to punch all the steps. This is good exercise and keeps warmth in the body core. Cloud caps don't form until after sunrise and if you hurry you don't get blown off the mountain.

Sleeping in the hut at Camp Muir was nice when compared to sleeping in a two-man tent in a 30 mph breeze. The snoring, coughing and farting was kept to a low decibel level so we rested well. I punched steps up to Gibraltar Rock (11,500 ft), then Jeff took over across the ledges. Since he had been there so many times before, no route-finding difficulties were encountered. The rappel on the ledges was short and the climb back out looked 4th class when viewed with a headlamp. There was still no cloud cap by daybreak which occurred as we topped Gibraltar Rock (12,600 ft), but cloud wisps were screaming off the summit.

We had been punching steps up to twelve inches deep. From the top of Gibraltar to the summit was hard windpack. The sculpturing of the snow had formed steps and this made the going easier on the ankles as we picked our way through. As always, the grind to the top was longer than expected. Crossing the crater, we stopped at least 10 times to rest. The cloud cap was above the summit when we finally arrived. We later talked to a party that had crawled to the summit. Turning around and heading down was like turning on the heat. With the wind at our backs, hands and feet warmed up. We were surprised to see lots of parties going up, since we had been all alone during the climb. Where were they when the punching needed to be done?!?!?

The best was yet to come. At the top of Gibraltar Rock the wind picked up as it swept through the col, almost knocking us over a couple of times. We decided to belay down the gulley. Snow was blowing over the col and down the gulley about 4 feet off the surface. It was so thick, visibility was cut to a few feet. As we down-climbed, face in, the snow blasted our faces, the wind pushed us off balance and communication was impossible. The effect was isolation from everyone and everything. I felt the power of the mountain and seemed a part of it, it was one of those magical times.

After making it through the gulley, the wind died down and views from the ledges were spectacular. Climbing the rappel pitch in crampons went smoothly and descending to Camp Muir took longer than expected. Next we packed up, descended the Muir snowfield, changed clothes, checked out, ate dinner and drove home.

P.S. Thanks Bob, for returning my thermos.

**PARTY MEMBERS:** Jeff Hunt, Tim Hudson, Jerry Sommerman, Bob Demming

Those who have been to Index this spring will have noticed that the Town Walls have changed. Not that their outline is different. And the challenge stands. But the old rock, after a season out of sight behind the mists, rises unexpectedly blank. It reappears shortly as the seamed, blocky, route-ridden crag it is to those who've clambered there some time. But a tour of inspection along the base reveals that here and there individual features have undergone seasonal revision.

Take the path leading left from the Lower Wall, for instance; where it turns and climbs sharply up a ravine, it has been roughed up some by rockfall. A massive section of the cliffside above gave way, and the gully that funnelled the rock down has had its walls scoured clear of mud and grooved by tumbling blocks. No danger is apparent now. The stream burbles quietly down the ravine. Climbers picking their way across this maelstrom headed for the mossy stillness of the Inner Walls will find them at this time of year streaked and rippling with seep water.

The ascent chimney to the base of Roger's Corner and the Slab climbs has lost the blocks and chockstones that had partly filled it since time out of mind. No great hardship, although scrambling up it now offers a wisp of challenge. It is hard not to be curious about what happened. Was there a single crystal, eventually, which held the entire structure of blocks? A scrap of fungus may have rotted it out then, or a straw's weight ground it down. No one witnessed it.

More is known about the flake gone from the familiar and classic first pitch of the Aries route. This piton-scarred left-facing corner above an off-width crack has been swarmed so many times it had taken on the worn, familiar aspect of a schoolhouse staircase. A 5.8 staircase, of course, but a staircase all the same: one where every scuff mark is known, and every bald tread, and which of the risers clatter when you set your foot down. Now it has changed. A flake has been ripped off; and the staircase, to anyone who takes it this spring, will seem to have a gap in it. I happen to be the guy who ripped the flake off, and it gave me quite a jolt, as though a section of bannister had come away in my hands. Just as I was taking steps three at a time, too. Somewhere near the second landing. And about to call down a reply to a someone talking below.

I was falling through the air still holding the flake in my hands turning it over thinking wait a minute look at all this chalk. I mean this is the sort of flake a lot of hands have clapped chalk onto. Then I hit the ledge where my partner sat and flew on towards the ground. The flake was now tumbling end over end beside me and it was plain there had been no more than a little mud on the back gluing it to the rock. Thousands of climbers crank up past this thing and here it is waiting for my inadvertence to let go. On this particularly warm and sunny day. Well, the rock struck me a time or two then I fetched up against the end of the rope, wrongside up and a few feet off the ground. On top of everything else I had let the rope run out between my legs so that when I fell back from the wall my left leg had tripped over it. I'm going to keep the rope running from my waist in front of me. And I'll look at holds before I trust myself to them not after.

Things happen in spring, as someone put it to me shrugging. The same conditions which make the weather glorious for climbing and the rock warm to the touch, are also the conditions which, after a hard freeze, are likely to see freshly unsettled blocks actually come loose. A flake with bright chalk marks on it signals that another climber has put his hands there, the way a dark streak tells you that there's water. It doesn't tell you that the rock is solid. This much has been demonstrated, I think.

Down-climbing later from the Country area I noticed new activity there as well. A small face is being gardened on the steep wooded hillside to the right. It is about clean of its mosses and lichens, the thin crack traversing right across the face has had the mud gouged from it, and a large tree that stood at the bottom blocking sunlight from it has been axed. It is as yet unclimbed and unnamed.

*continued at bottom of  
page 7*

**NORTHWEST RIDGE OF MT. BARING**  
1986  
By Alex Van Steen

Jan. 19

An entire month after our fantastic climb, I've finally decided to get off my duff (I appreciate the kick in the ribs, Ken) to write the little story I'd promised our eager new Echo editor.

Our ascent of the Northwest Ridge of Mt Baring last month was a definite high for me as I am not native to this area or to these types of climbs. Being from (huh-un) Texas, hard crystal-infected, hand-hamburgering land of granite that it is, it's not often that I was able to experience alpine-style climbing. The alpine environment has always been incredibly tantalizing to me and so it was only about three months after Fred Beckey visited our outdoor club at school and wet my palate for the sweet taste of the Cascades that I loaded my old Sears van full of all that was mine and made the pilgrimage north. So now I'm climbing every weekend and I still can't get enough. (What does all this have to do with Baring, right?)

Anyway, this weekend, putting the chains on my van and keeping an aggressive road-warrior attitude, we were able to forge our way through all but one mile of the snowy Barclay Creek Road. Much better than the previous weekend when we had to post-hole the three and a half miles with full packs. That can definitely rag on an attitude!

The walk up the rest of road and up the devil's club-infested clearcut was humane enough even as it began raining on us. As the clearcut tailed out into two couloirs we struck off right into the woods. The woods were steep but enjoyable; beautiful and with no nasty, hell-spawned regrowth to contend with.

This mellow forest rose until we reached an obvious ridge. By now the rain was replaced by snow, which was great! The snow was sifting its way delicately through the tall woods and lightly coating everything. That in itself, I thought, was really kick-a looking.

We kept on the ridge nose as best we could with only an occasional limb snagging the ice-axes strapped to my pack or some scrambling over mossy rock outcroppings slowing down a good pace.

The ridge followed left over some snowy bulges and slightly corniced sections. These cornices, however, amounted to nothing more than a 3 to 4 inch overhang. The pure whiteness, though, and the white extent of the rising couloir gapping Baring from the rocks to its southeast, was broken only by two minute black figurines copulating at the top of one such corniced section. They were mosquitoes. It was the first time I ever paid mind to a mosquito!

Soon after climbing around the cornices, the winds of the open couloir struck us. Not so numbing, though, once an extra sweater was donned. We traversed down the ridge onto the belly of the couloir staying as high as we could. Here the snow was somewhat wind-packed and travel a little more delicate. We tested arrests here before ascending the couloir and everything seemed kosher.

The next half-hour or so we spent climbing the couloir. At sections it was very wide and even at its narrowest sections, where it at times bulged, the angle did not exceed 55 or 60 degrees. Most of the time it was more like 45 degrees. The snow was absolutely perfect! Even exiting the couloir onto the northwest ridge, the steepest section of the climb, the snow held fine.

Once atop the couloir, we sought shelter in some nearby trees and had a quick lunch. The wind blasting the snow was still quite unrelenting. The view here was incredibly spectacular. Visibility through the snow was limited but just seeing the rock walls on the other side of the couloir was incredibly inspiring. The walls in view were coated with spindrift and an extraordinary amount of weeping white and blue ice. This was alpine. God! It was beautiful!

The northwest ridge itself was quick and easy, traversing left under a large rock section, and then to the blocky summit. From here, nothing at all was visible except the cornice hanging over the north face -- the thought of which did definitely inspire awe, though!

On the summit we spent a half-hour or so playing around, took some pictures for mom, attempted to remove a frozen ledger from its pipe cannister, y todo, until we were both covered in hoar ice.

Once satisfied, we plunged down the ridge to the couloir. We down-climbed into the couloir and once clear of the rocks at its edges, jumped off into a fantastic, incredibly enjoyable, 500ft screaming vengeance glissade! A definite blast!

Our path of retreat was rather uneventful (no mosquitoes, for example) until the very end when we misjudged our bushwacking retreat and ended up coming down the wrong couloir. We had jumped off the upper ridge too soon and ended up thrashing through trees so damn thick you couldn't see one foot in front of you. Of course, it was dark, and our headlamps (REI sale specials) were continuously being poked off our heads and our packs kept snagging on limbs, and we kept wondering where the hell that cliff was that we remembered from the road.

Ken abruptly found it, one foot eating some air. With our awesome light sources we couldn't tell anything about it, so we spent the next half-hour in a continued thrash west. Finally I spotted a white band which was either our logging road or a snow patch; either way, there would be enough room to grab a map, so we made it our goal. This thrashing was definitely the hardest part of the route!

Then the cliff again. This time I said 'no'. I got ahead of Ken, got on my belly, and looked as hard as I could. The 'cliff' was the road embankment, maybe a whole of only 15ft; so I dove screaming down the scree. Ken followed and we went home.

A great day!

PARTY MEMBERS: Ken Johnson, Alex Van Steen.

### For Those Who Care :

I would like to apologize for the lateness and lax quality of this issue. Unfortunate circumstances conspired to produce a series of serious enough to curtail climbing related activities for a while. Fortunately, the outcome more than made up for any problems it caused (my wife had a baby girl!) Many thanks go to Wiley Wood for helping with the typing and for letting me use his Mac.

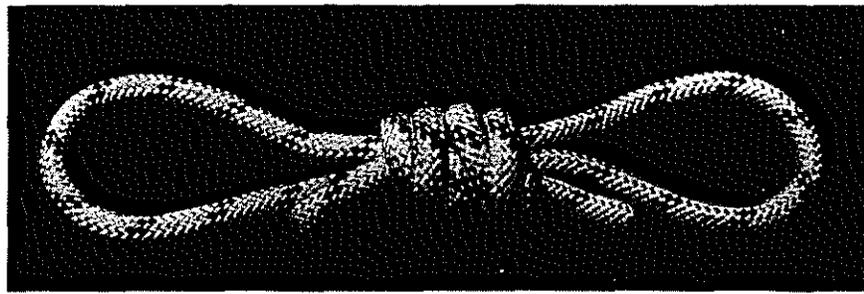
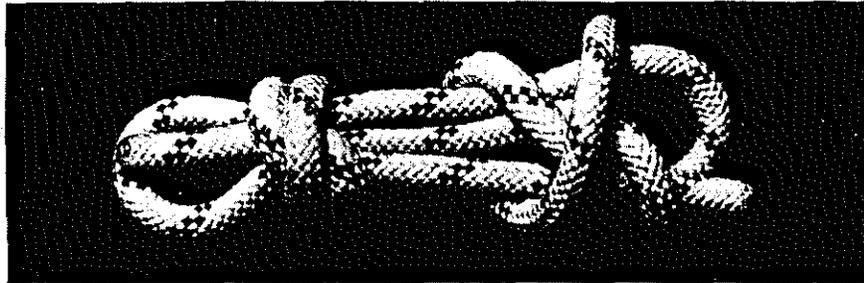
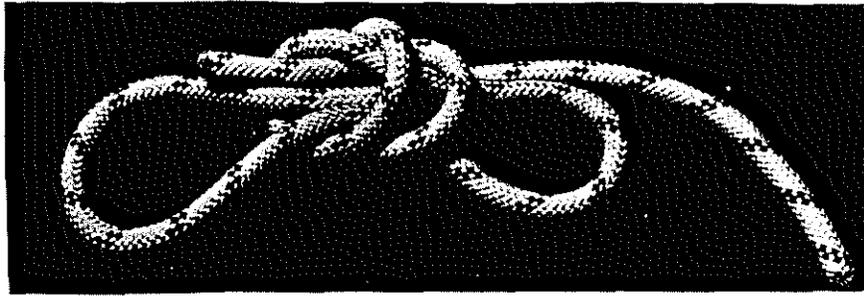
While I'm on the subject, I would greatly appreciate any criticism of the job that I am doing. Unless you let me know otherwise, I will continue to blithely blunder along, totally unaware of any problems that may be present. It also would be good to see some more people contribute articles. I know that there is a lot going on out there that would probably interest a lot of your fellow BOEALPS. Along these lines I would like to thank Wiley (Salonavici) Wood, Alex (Scrapple VanHeadcheese) VanSteen, Jerry Sommerman, and Jim Billie for taking the time to submit their creations.

### Ulugh Mustagh !

The American Alpine Club (Cascade Section) invites all BOEALPS members to a slide show about a joint USA/Chinese Expedition to this Tibetan mountain. The show will be given by Nick Clinch with appearances by Tom Hornbein and Pete Schoening. It will take place at 7:30 PM in the Tahoma Room of the Mountaineers Club. The show is free, and should be very interesting as it will provide information about this mysterious area.

*Continued:*

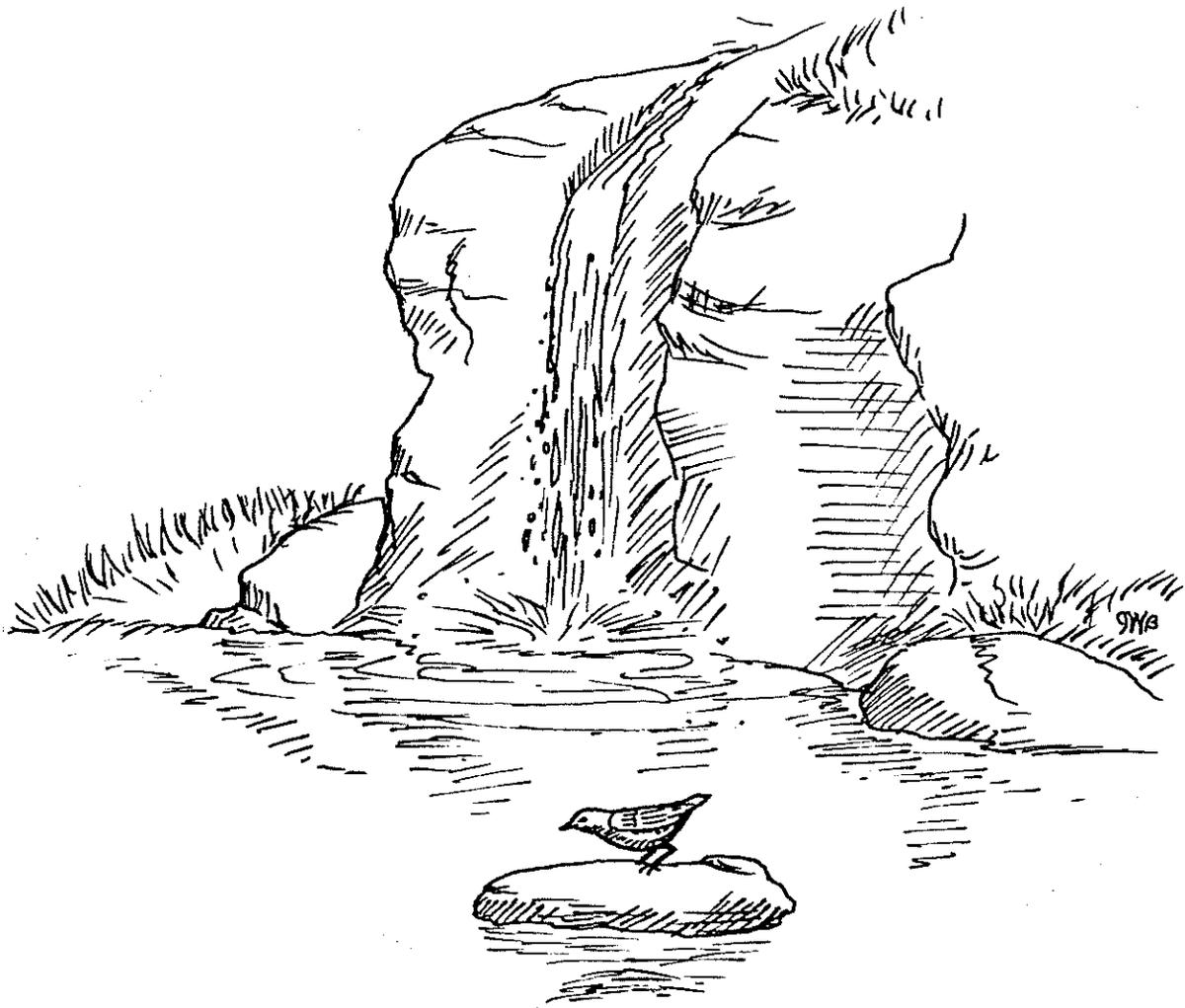
Other changes will have occurred that some who know Index better or have looked at it harder than I could tell of. The old faded slings hang limply off the old remembered climbs, but already, here and there, when the wind blows across the face, a fresh loop of climbing tape, knotted this season, flounces. It is well worth a look.



## ADJUSTABLE GRAPEVINE LOOP

### USES

- ICE AXE WRIST LOOP
- RUNNERS, where a snug fit is needed (like around a horn)
- Prusik loops, for around the boot



He thinks of the Indian legends about the waters of the Rockies. He calls back one of the thousands of springs they told about -- a tiny spring that seeps out of the ground in a cool, mossy place, trickles over the stones to a ledge, and then throws itself into the air, falling, glittering, arching in a fine spray through space until it splashes into a small, clear pool. The Indian poets say that the waters have magical powers. They claim solemnly that once a man drinks of such waters, he must someday return to drink again.

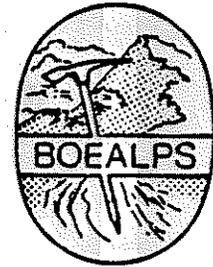
Winfred Blevins, from  
Give Your Heart to the Hawks



# ALPINE ECHO

c/o Ken Johnson  
8327 5th Ave. W. #5-A  
Everett WA 98203





## BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

President . . . . . Jim Blilie. .77-87. .237-7102	Conservation. . . . . Erik Wetzel. .8Y-60. .773-5259
Vice President. . . . . John Kokes. .81-38. .773-1252	Echo Editor . . . . . Ken Johnson. .01-24. .342-5341
Treasurer. . . . . John Shipway. .6W-29. .237-2303	Equipment . . . . . Dan Lewinski. .70-71. .237-3718
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Past President . . Mike Fitzpatrick. 8Y-02. .773-6490	Membership . . . Bryan Kriewald. .19-38. .655-0697
Activities . . . . . Mike Froebe. .70-71. .237-2007	Programs. . . . . Paul Michelson. .9H-87. .394-3424

Photo : Mt. Hunter by Roy Ratliff

### May Meeting Thursday, May 1st, 7:30 PM Kent Recreation Center

OUR SPEAKER THIS MONTH WILL BE CARLA FIREY, PROMINENT LOCAL CLIMBER WHO HAS CONTRIBUTED MUCH TO CASCADE MOUNTAINEERING. IF YOU READ THE NOV. 1985 ISSUE OF PACIFIC NORTHWEST MAGAZINE WITH THE ARTICLE "WOMEN WHO CLIMB" THEN YOU HAVE HEARD ABOUT HER. SHE WILL BE SHOWING SLIDES FROM HER EXPLOITS IN THE CASCADES WITH OTHER WOMEN CLIMBERS AND WITH HER PARENTS, WHO WERE PIONEERS IN CASCADE CLIMBING. SHE WILL FEATURE SEVERAL TRAVERSES IN THE NORTH CASCADES, INCLUDING FIRST ASCENTS OF AUSTERA AND GHOST PEAK. COME AND START OFF THIS YEAR'S CLIMBING SEASON WITH INSPIRATION FROM OUR OWN MOUNTAINS!

SOVIET CLIMBERS TO VISIT SEATTLE

THE AMERICAN ALPINE CLUB AND THE MOUNTAINEERS WILL BE HOSTING A GROUP OF SOVIET CLIMBERS LATER THIS MONTH. THEY WILL BE TAKING SOME TIME FROM THEIR BUSY ITINERARY TO PRESENT SLIDES OF THEIR EXPLOITS AND TO TALK TO AMERICAN CLIMBERS. THIS PROMISES TO BE AN EXCITING EVENING OF HEARING NEW TALES AND MAKING NEW FRIENDS. UNFORTUNATELY THE EDITOR LOST THE DETAILS (SORRY DON), BUT HE WILL GET THEM AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. CALL KEN JOHNSON AT 342-5341 IF YOU ARE INTERESTED. DETAILS SHOULD ALSO BE AVAILABLE AT THE MEETING.

BELAY STANCE

ONCE AGAIN I AM FORCED TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE LATENESS OF THE ECHO. SEE, A BEAR RAN OFF WITH MY BACKPACK WHILE I WAS RESEARCHING AN ARTICLE ON CASCADE WILDLIFE.

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK JIM BLILIE FOR HIS MASSIVE CONTRIBUTION TO THIS ISSUE. PLEASE GIVE EXTRA ATTENTION TO THE PROPOSED HIKING AREA INFORMATION. JOHN PETROSKE AND TIM HUDSON PROVIDED SOME GREAT CLIMBING REPORTS, AND GARY GORREMANS BRAVELY SUBMITTED AN ORIGINAL POEM. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK - THE MORE MATERIAL RECEIVED, THE MORE VARIED AND INTERESTING THE ISSUE.

IT WAS BROUGHT TO MY ATTENTION THAT ROY RATLIFF'S NAME HAS BEEN MISSING FROM THE ISSUE FOR SOME TIME, EVEN THOUGH HIS WONDERFUL PICTURE GRACES OUR NEWSLETTER EVERY MONTH. SORRY ABOUT THAT, ROY.

ECHO DEADLINE FOR THE JUNE ISSUE WILL BE MAY 15TH.

A THOUGHT TO PONDER : ITS NOT WHERE YOU GO, ITS HOW YOU GET THERE. HAPPY CLIMBING!

CHICKEN HEADS AND CHIMNEYS - GARY GORREMANS

Chicken heads and chimneys  
read the climber's litany  
while hanging on a rope in sway  
sans pitons, chocks or top belay;  
As visions of a bomb-proof hold  
are lost in silence: with fingers cold  
the climber pleads  
for chicken heads and chimneys.

\*\*\*\* NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENTS APPEARING \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\* IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\* OF THE BOEING COMPANY \*\*\*\*

UPCOMING EXPEDITIONS :

MARTY HOEY MEMORIAL TREK TO EVEREST BASE CAMP      APRIL 2-28 1987

JOIN THE ALUMNI OF ANNIE WRIGHT SEMINARY FOR A 28 DAY TRIP TO NEPAL. THE FOCUS OF THE TRIP WILL BE A 20 DAY TREK BEGINNING AT LUKLA (9275') TO EVEREST BASE CAMP (17400') AND KALA PATTAR (18888'). WITH SIXTEEN PARTICIPANTS, THIS TREK WILL INVOLVE A SUPPORT TEAM OF 58 SHERPAS AND PORTERS. IN MEMORIAL CEREMONY FOR MARTY HOEY WILL BE HELD (ON THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF HER DEATH) AND A NEPALESE ARTIST WILL CHISEL A TRIBUTE TO HER IN STONE. OUR ROUTE WILL OFFER SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST MAGNIFICENT SCENERY. JOIN US!      CONTACT GLORIA JOHNSON (772-6306) FOR MORE INFO.

TREK TO THE TOP OF THE WORLD

OCTOBER 8 - NOVEMBER 7, 1986

OUR 16 DAY TREK IN THE KHUMBU REGION TAKES A LESS TRAVELLED ROUTE THROUGH THE SCENIC GOKYO VALLEY. WE CLIMB GOKYO RI PEAK ABOVE GOKYO LAKE TO MARVEL AT FOUR OF THE HIGHEST MOUNTAINS ON EARTH; EVEREST (29028) LHOTSE (27890) MAKALU (27807) AND CHO OYU (26750). THE VIEW OF EVEREST FROM THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE TREK (17582) IS WIDELY AGREED TO BE BETTER THAN THAT FROM KALA PATTAR, WITH MUCH MORE OF THE BODY OF THE MOUNTAIN VISIBLE. SOME CALL THIS THE FINEST MOUNTAIN PANORAMA IN NEPAL.

DATES: LEAVE USA OCTOBER 8TH, 1986  
LEAVE KATHMANDU FOR JIRI (BY BUS) OCTOBER 15TH--BEGIN TREK  
RETURN KATHMANDU FROM LUKLA (BY AIR) OCTOBER 31--APPROXIMATE DATE  
DUE TO FLIGHT DELAYS  
RETURN USA BY NOVEMBER 7TH

FOR MORE INFORMATION AND TO MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS PLEASE CONTACT:

MARLENE JOSEPH  
2702 PUUHONUA ST.  
HONOLULU, HI., 96822  
PHONE: 808-988-2783

\*\*\*\*\* H E L P !! \*\*\*\*\*

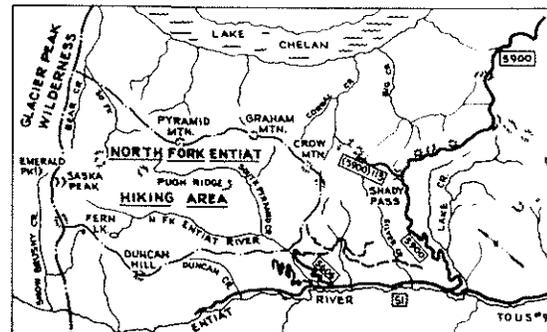
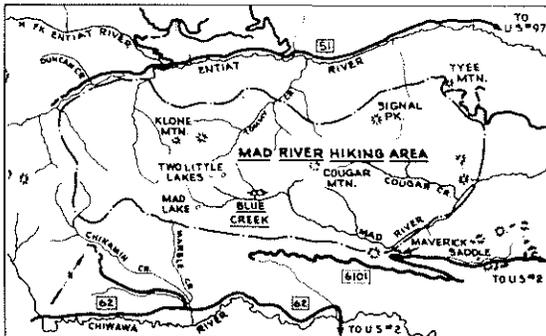
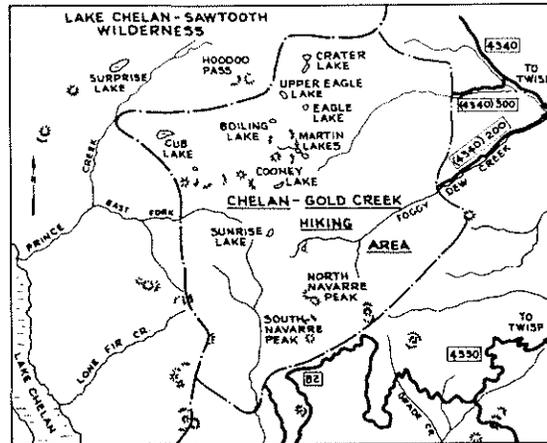
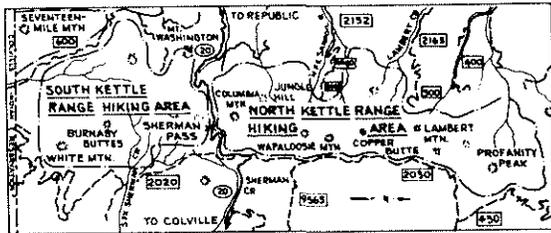
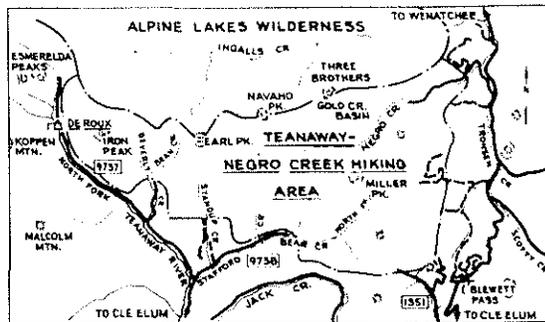
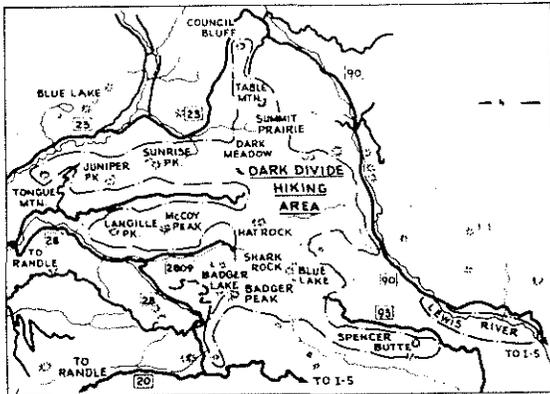
Boealps is in need of a new Equipment Chairperson. Our present chairman is unable to continue due to conditions at work. The job is not difficult and only takes a few hours a month. You need to be able to take some calls at work, although it can be restricted to "lunch time only". The number of calls is not great. If you would like to volunteer for this position, please call club president Jim Blilie at 237-7102.

PROPOSED HIKING AREAS

As you are likely all aware by now, the U.S. Forest Service is in the process of writing long-term management plans for all the national forests in Washington and the rest of the United States. As the plans are now being formulated, they include several Off Road Vehicle (ORV) areas within Washington national forests.

Ira Spring, with the Washington Trail Association, is attempting to have these areas designated as "Hiking Areas" rather than ORV areas. When one looks at the pittance that has been spent by the Forest Service in the last decade to even maintain the existing hiking trails, it is absurd to take away more trails, and spend large amounts of money to make the trails acceptable to motorized traffic.

Below are the proposed areas, some abutting established Wilderness areas. How would you like to hear the whine of two-stroke engines from across the Ingalls Creek valley as you climb that last pitch on the west ridge of Sherpa? Please take the time to write to the Forest Service and let them know you don't want ORV's to spoil your wild climbing and hiking areas. Even a small number of letters makes a big difference. Addresses of the National Forest offices are listed also.



Before July 15, 1986 WRITE THE OKANOGAN NATIONAL FOREST  
and let them know that you want a:  
CHELAN-GOLD CREEK HIKING AREA

Before December 1, 1986 WRITE THE COLVILLE NATIONAL FOREST  
and let them know that you want a:  
KETTLE RANGE HIKING AREA

Before August 1, 1986 WRITE THE GIFFORD PINCHOT NATIONAL  
FOREST and let them know you want a:  
DARK DIVIDE HIKING AREA

Before August 1, 1986 WRITE THE WENATCHEE NATIONAL FOREST  
and let them know you want a:  
TEANAWAY-NEGRO CREEK HIKING AREA  
MAD RIVER HIKING AREA  
NORTH FORK ENTIAT HIKING AREA  
CHELAN-GOLD CREEK HIKING AREA

GIFFORD PINCHOT NATIONAL FOREST

500 West 12th Street  
Vancouver, Washington 98660

WENATCHEE NATIONAL FOREST

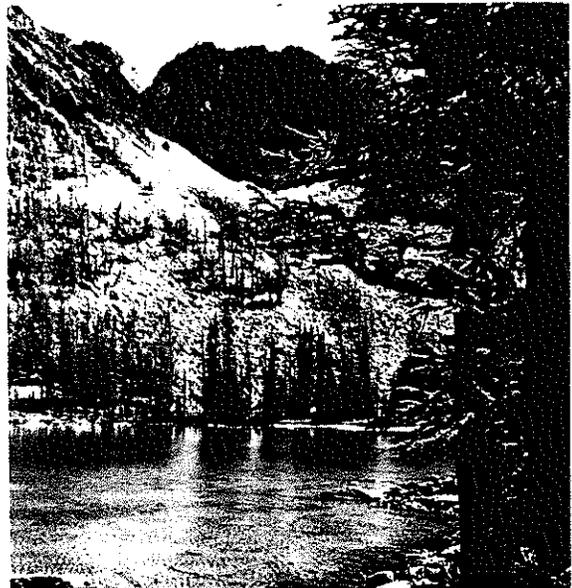
P.O. Box 811  
Wenatchee, Washington 98801

OKANOGAN NATIONAL FOREST

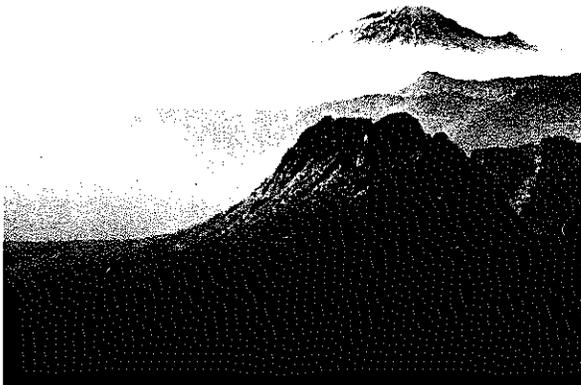
P.O. Box 950  
Okanogan, Washington 98840

COLVILLE NATIONAL FOREST

695 South Main Street  
Colville, Washington 99114



*Upper Crater Lake, Chelan/Gold Creek area*



*Mount Rainier from Dark Divide area*

If we as wilderness users do not speak up, these areas will become Off Road Vehicle Areas. Only a few letters have a big impact, so please take the time to write. Anyone who wants more information, or would like to have their letter sent under a group cover, call Jim Billie at 237-7102 or 772-7003, a form letter can be sent out to you.

Urrr aah, I yawned after switching off my blaring clock radio, vaguely trying to remember why I was supposed to get up so early on a Saturday morning. Oh yea, today is the day Al and I are off to climb Del Campo. The morning weather looked fantastic, as I speed up I-5 to meet Al at Northgate. The sunrise over the Cascades was magnificent and added a smile to my sleepy complexion. Meeting Al I threw my junk into the back of his truck and off we raced to the trail-head.

We began the hike in around 8:00 a.m. After about a quarter of a mile we branched off the Sunrise Mine Trail and headed up the valley to Del Campo. Minor brush was encountered as we meandered our way up along the stream being careful not to slip on the ice covered rocks. A short time later we found ourselves at the base of Del Campo and were greeted with a nice view and sunshine. We proceeded to "post-hole" up the U shaped basin finding progress slow but quite enjoyable. After a short rest we decided to head up a snow gully to our immediate left at approximately 3,800 ft instead of following the snow field up to the saddle between Morning Star and Del Campo Peaks. After kicking steps up the steep gully for approximately 1,500 ft progress was halted by an ice and snow covered rock band. Fortunately we were able to bypass it on its left side by climbing up and over a tangle of small trees. Exiting the gully put us on the crest of the North Spur which led to the upper snow field below the Northwest Face.

As I was waiting for Al to squarm his way up through the trees I made a large snow ball about the size of a bowling ball and lobbed it over the opposite side of the ridge. A devious smile instantly curled up over my lips as the snow ball I launched began a slab avalanche down the slope. Just like in the cartoons, I thought, only better! Once Al caught up, I impressed him by starting another avalanche which he instantly photographed to my amazement. I wonder if its illegal to start avalanches?

Once we gained the North Spur we followed the crest of it a short time and then began a diagonal traverse up the sloping northern snow slope staying close to its crest. Next a steep couloir lead us to a notch just below the rock summit. At this point, 150 feet below the summit, we decided not to continue on as snow conditions looked somewhat dangerous. The disappointment of not reaching the summit was short lived, however, as we found a comfortable location to inhale the incredible view, fine weather, and ponder future summits and climbs

The descent was uneventful, just a lot of plunging down bottomless snow. Reappearing at the trail-head, a few hours later with complexions closely matching the sunset we drove down to Granite Falls, had dinner and finally headed off for home. It was a fine day indeed.

--John Petroske, Al Wainwright--

## Mt. Constance Climb Report

April 5 - 6, 1986

Tim Hudson

We had been talking about Mt. Constance (7743') all winter as a good spring conditioner. The question: when would the Mountaineer Route (1A in the *Climber's Guide to the Olympic Mountains*) be in shape? The reports from the club outing to the Brothers were encouraging. It looked like spring was early, after all! Following a week of dismal weather, the Friday forecast was promising, and we decided that a weekend attempt was in order.

The Dosewallips river road was open and in good shape to the park boundary, about 0.5 miles from the trailhead.

Five of us started up the trail to Lake Constance at about 1100. The trail is marked and cleared of major obstructions (read: most logs exceeding three feet in diameter) but is steep and rough. At times the tread is obscured by previous overflow from Constance creek. (The trail generally follows the west bank, and never crosses the stream proper.) In the last half-mile to the lake the path leaves the creek for the pillow lava cliffs forming the lake basin. Here the going got interesting; the wet, mossy rock and slippery tree roots provided untold entertainment and raised repeated questions about our collective sanity.

The route above the lake was across well-consolidated snowfields and occasional talus slopes. Snowshoes weren't necessary (sorry, Bob). We arrived at our campsite (about 0.5 mile above the lake) in time for the fog to settle, completely obscuring the view and thoroughly dampening our spirits. The prospect of attempting the summit in limited visibility was definitely not appealing.

But our ill-founded faith in Seattle's weathermen was rewarded when the cloud cover dissipated in the late afternoon. This provided Bob and me the opportunity to scout the start of the route before dinner. Our evening was completed in the company of the high peaks surrounding the upper Constance valley, superbly lighted by the evening sun, and a curious billy watching from the ridgetop.

The night was clear and surprisingly warm. An early start is necessary to avoid excessive softening of the snow on the "Terrible Traverse", so we arose at 0400 and left camp at 0500. We were at the start of the chute, roped and underway by 0545.

The chute was straightforward; 30°-40° slopes, firm snow, with light drifts and minor slabs in spots. The rock above was generally free of snow. The only problem was a gusting, easterly wind blowing spindrift. The chute's exit was not obvious, but a little exploration and hard swearing took us to the south ridge, in the full sun of a gloriously hot day.

We now faced the daunting task of tackling the traverse with the cliffs above continuously bombarding the route with sluffs from the sun-warmed rock. Some had started small point-release slides of the soft surface layer, deposited in the previous week's storms. The underlying layers seemed firm enough to hold steps, so the party somewhat hesitantly followed Dan's strong lead and kicked across the snow-covered approach ledges and the cirque itself. (Uneventfully, except that Chuck received a discharge of wet, heavy snow from above while belaying.) The traverse, under these conditions, is quite unnerving and wholly deserves its name, according to the two newly-minted Smutek avalanche paranoiacs! The general concensus: it was a bit early in the season for this particular route.

Once past the difficulties, we unroped and made light work of the final snow slopes, scrambling atop the summit block by 1100 (just about guidebook time). The summit offered unparalleled views of the Cascades from above Baker to below Adams and of the entire Olympic range. We regretfully descended after exhausting Jeff's film and the party's food (and noting that the sun wasn't helping the snow conditions much). Retracing our steps across the traverse and down the chute without incident, we packed and departed by 1445.

After scrambling, sliding and bouncing our way back to the van (and welcome refreshment) by 1730, pleased by our success and vocally denouncing Olympic approaches, the party unanimously decided that "once was enough". We'll undoubtedly return.

Climbers: Chuck Barnett  
Bob Dinning  
Dan Ferguson  
Tim Hudson  
Jeff Skinner

MISSING ISSUES:  
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MIKE FITZPATRICK IS STILL LOOKIN FOR A FEW PAST ISSUES OF THE ECHO TO MAKE HIS COLLECTION COMPLETE. HE WANTS TO FINIH THIS PROJECT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO THEY CAN BE BOUND AND MADE AVAILABLE FOR US TO CHECK OUT THROUGH THE LIBRARY. IT WILL BE A LOT OF FUN TO SEE WHAT THOSE OLD TIMERS DID WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG TIGERS! THE MISSING ISSUES ARE :

JANUARY 1970  
JULY 1970  
FEBRUARY 1976  
SEPTEMBER 1981

IF YOU DO HAVE ONE OF THESE ISSUES, PLEASE CONTACT MIKE AT 773-6490, M/S BY-02. IT WILL BE POSSIBLE TO MAKE COPIES IF YOU DON'T WANT TO PART WITH YOUR ORIGINAL.

*ignore this mistake*

Mt. Rainier: Kautz Glacier. June 14-15 1986. Carey Chaplin. 764-0153

We will leave the Seattle area early Saturday June 14 and get back late Sunday evening. This is a physically difficult route, but it is relatively non-technical. Knowledge of glacier travel, crevasse rescue, and ice axe arrests are required. Party limit is 9.

A MESSAGE FROM THE EXECUTIVE BOARD  
-----

Between the March general meeting and the April general meeting, the Executive Board decided to shift funds in the equipment acquisition budget from the purchase of a new 3-person tent (the tent was approved by the Membership at the January meeting) to the purchase of three two-way FM radios for use in supporting the annual Boealps Climbing Class.

John Pollock is no longer in charge of the climbing class. We therefore no longer have access to his radio communications. It was decided, very recently, by the class instructors that radio communication in the field was necessary to provide adequate safety for the students. Accidents do happen in the mountains, as evidenced by the last two years' courses. Radios will allow the instructors and students to act in an efficient manner in the event of an accident and generally allow better control over the various teams on the mountain.

Although radios were discussed in general earlier in the planning phases of this year's course, the decision to request radios from the club was not made until very recently -- in the middle of March. This necessitated a rapid decision by the Executive Board. I will not discuss the details here, but it was deemed that, due to the importance of the annual climbing class in maintaining the vitality of the club and the need to maintain our excellent safety record, purchase of these radios was in the long-term best interest of the club. This decision was made with full approval from Boeing Recreation.

The cost for each of these radios, along with the batteries was \$195. The costs were covered fully by the existing equipment budget. Any member who would like further information is invited to call club president Jim Blilie at 237-7102.



## A STORY

After they passed I climbed  
out of my hole and sat  
in the sun again. Loose rocks  
all around make it safe — I can  
hear anyone moving. It often  
troubles me to think how others  
dare live where stealth is possible,  
and how they can feel safe, considering  
all the narrow places,  
without whiskers.

Anyway, those climbers were a puzzle —  
above where I live nothing lives.  
And they never came down. There is no  
other way. The way it is,  
they crawl far before they die.  
I make my hole the deepest one  
this high on the mountainside.

by: William Stafford  
Stories That Could be True

1986 Agris Moruss Grant

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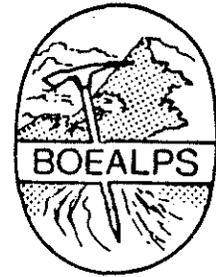
This year's Agris Moruss Memorial Grant was presented to club member Dave Gloger, to help him to finance his hiking trip along the Pacific Crest Trail. Dave, who has already left on his trip, will be starting near the Mexican border some time in early April and will hike the entire length of the Crest Trail during this summer. After intensive planning and preparation and two earlier attempts, this time he hopes to complete the trip by late September at Manning Provincial Park in B.C.

Dave will be using about sixty rolls of film during this trip, so we can expect a great show upon his return. Hopefully he will be able to send progress reports from various points along the way. We will publish these as they are received. Wish him luck, and hopefully the snows will hold off in the North Cascades until October this year!

# ALPINE ECHO

c/o Ken Johnson  
8327 5th Ave. W. #5-A  
Everett WA 98203





## BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

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Vice President . . . . . John Kokes . . 81-38 . . 773-1252	Echo Editor . . . . . Ken Johnson . . 01-24 . . 342-5341
Treasurer . . . . . John Shipway . . 6W-29 . . 237-2303	Equipment . . . . . Gareth Beale . . 7A-35 . . 763-6416
Secretary . . . . . Carey Chaplin . . 47-10 . . 764-0153	Librarian . . . . . Jeff Stonebraker . . 0Y-05 . . 342-5420
Past President . . . . . Mike Fitzpatrick . . 8J-93 . . 773-6490	Membership . . . . . Bryan Kriewald . . 19-38 . . 655-0697
Activities . . . . . Mike Froebe . . 70-71 . . 237-2007	Programs . . . . . Paul Michelson . . 9H-87 . . 394-3424

Photo : Mt. Hunter by Roy Ratliff

### June Meeting Thursday, June 5th, 7:30 PM Kent Recreation Center

#### A Peruvian Odyssey

This multi-media presentation, given by Mark Dale, recounts the travels of his expedition throughout Peru. Featured is their attempt on Nevado Chinchey (20,414') and successful climb of Nevado Huascarán (22,205') in the magnificent Cordillera Blanca, as well as a seven day hike to Machu Picchu and visits to many other spectacular areas in the land of the Inca. Come enjoy the sights and sounds of South America!

## Belay Stance

I'm afraid I have to ask your forgiveness once again. It seems that I have committed a grievous breach of duty by actually getting this issue out at a reasonable time. I am truly sorry if anyone suffered unduly from the shock that I know this is causing.

I am pleased to say that for the first time as editor for the Echo, I was obliged to hold an item or two from being published in this issue. Fear not, room will be made in the next issue. This is mostly due to the space required by the club roster, an arduous undertaking stalwartly faced by Bryan Kriewald. Let him know of any discrepancies between his records and reality. I will try to get the corrections from him for the next issue.

Another big reason for the size of this issue is the first part of Mark Dale's account of his successful Mount Foraker trip. His writing really captures the flavor of a trip of this magnitude. Closer to home, Al Wainwright's story about Bryant Peak shows that persistence is a big factor when routes don't pan out. John (Rotten) Petroske offers a view on safe climbing, and is begging for other views. (I bet that nobody will argue with him). Alex VanSteen's tongue-in-cheek (or is that foot-in-mouth) story will bring smiles to fellow climbing class members and probably cause some instructors to grind their non-grooved teeth. Jim Blilie, Russ Brinton, and Erik Wetzel are also to be thanked for their contributions.

At this time we would like to welcome Gareth Beale aboard as the new Equipment Chairperson. Its a dirty job, etc. He, and all other BOEALPS officers would prefer that phone calls be restricted to lunch hour or thereabouts. We all have supervisors, too.

In closing, I encourage you to continue contributing to the Echo. I am sure that almost everyone did some climbing over Memorial Day. Lets hear what is being done out there!

### \*\*\*\*\* BOEALPS T-SHIRTS \*\*\*\*\*

SHOW YOUR STUFF IN A BOEALPS T-SHIRT! WE WILL BE TAKING ORDERS FOR THE NEW BOEALPS T-SHIRTS AT THE NEXT MEETING (JUNE 5). THE DESIGN IS AS SHOWN BELOW. SEVERAL COLORS WILL BE AVAILABLE IN THREE STYLES: ADULTS LONG AND SHORT SLEEVE AND KIDS SHORT SLEEVE. THE COST FOR ADULT SHORT SLEEVES WILL BE APPROXIMATELY \$9.00 (LONG SLEEVE \$10, AND KIDS 8\$) THE SHIRTS WILL PROBABLY BE HANES "BEEFY TEES". COST AND OTHER INFORMATION WILL BE FIRM AT THE MEETING.



In this modern world of urban noise and anxiety, climbing is fast becoming a preferred sedative. However, gore-splattered press coverage has made it appear to outsiders as if it were a suicidal craze taken up by those in society who possess nothing beyond a head-banging, die-young mentality. Any such conviction of the sport is undeniably wrong. Nearly all climbing accidents in the sport's history could have been avoided. The leading cause of these mountain mishaps has been human error. Still with the advent of new climbing equipment and documented exploration, even man's clumsy mistakes have been protected to the extent where the incidence of fatal accidents is usually limited to the unfortunate, inexperienced clods who foolishly exceed their abilities. The point is that accidents are not an inevitable result of the sport of climbing.

Any extensive study of past accidents will reveal that almost all are a result of human error. A typical example is an accident that occurred in Yosemite Valley in June of 1980. Jeff Drinkard and Steve Larsen were climbing the Royal Arches route, one of the most popular climbs in the Valley. On the 15th pitch of the 16 pitch climb, they unroped for an easy section. When they came to the last pitch, they decided to continue unroped despite the increasingly difficult conditions. Drinkard slipped while crossing a wet spot and fell approximately 267 meters to his death. This fatality never would have occurred if the rope had been used for a belay. Poor judgement is what led to Drinkard's death (1).

If climbers never made mistakes like Drinkard, climbing accidents would almost never happen. The most common cause leading to climbing accidents is inexperience. To climb safely climbers must use common sense and not pretend to be super-heros. Many of today's climbs are approached with careless non-chalant attitudes with little regard or respect to potentially dangerous consequences that could arise.

With today's technology safe and reliable equipment is available unlike it was in the past. Pioneer climbers often had to trust only protruding horns of rock and comparatively weak hemp ropes. Today climbers have the advantages of perlon ropes and a multitude of protective devices. All climbing equipment passes the thoroughly field-tested and stringent qualifications of the UIAA (Union Internationale des Associations d'Alpinisme) before being retailed at mountain supply stores. Therefore improved equipment has added much to the safety of climbing.

It is wrong to perceive climbing as a suicidal sport. Objective hazards are minimal compared to the self-created hazards. The mountains are very seldom responsible for climbing accidents. rather, carelessness and inexperience are the culprits. The sport has evolved to a point where the tools used in it are safe. It is now time for climbers to evolve in a similar way.

(1) Accidents in North America Mountaineering 1980.

Highway 2 closed between Goldbar and Index. The best laid plans etc, etc .... A search for possible peaks with minimum of avalanche danger because of recent heavy snowfall didn't leave many choices but Bryant Peak was one neither of us had climbed and so we ferreted out our snowshoes and were on our way. As we passed through Issaquah the rain started beating down hard and my heart sank. Oh no! Another one of those character builders. Some of us have so much character we don't know what to do with it all. However by the time we reached Melakwa Lake trailhead, the rain had petered out to a slight drizzle.

The hike in along the Melakwa Lake trail was quite pleasant and occasional glimpses of the Tooth through the clouds gave us cause for hope. After crossing Denny creek at about 2 miles brief outbursts of sun activity made us feel good and allowed us to remove our rain parkas. At about 3 miles we ascended through open timber at the right side of small waterfall/ravine and followed this to a creekbed. Ascending through a clearing by the side of a small creek brought us to a basin dominated by Bryant and Hemlock peaks. There is an obvious route straight up to the left of the West face face of Bryant but, being concerned about the snow stability, opted for the Beckey route and headed for saddle between Bryant and Hemlock. From the saddle we ascended the ridge until we came to a rocky outcrop. By descending about 30 feet there was a couloir leading to the summit (?). Once atop the couloir, there were a few more summits to go and Beckey's easy ridge had all of a sudden dwindled to a thin ridge heavily corniced on one side and slick exposed rock on the other (it was our firm impression that this route would be easy under normal conditions). Having by now decided the snow was fairly stable with all the crud that had fallen on it, we decided to cut our losses and go for our original route.

After descending the couloir we went back to the rocky outcrop to retrieve our snowshoes, descended about 200 feet, traversed under the West face, and then headed straight up to the summit. It seems to be harder going up these 50° slopes in snowshoes than punching steps. The views from the summit were limited to Chair, Kaleetan, Tooth, Hemlock and Denny peaks with occasional glimpses of Silver peak, and the sun which had shown some promise earlier on was now nonexistent.

The descent was going to be easy (?). Having found that descending in snowshoes caused the softer snow to whoosh away from the underlying crust, we soon reverted to plunge (read post hole) stepping. Tried running but little pieces of snow dislodged would roll down, accumulate into a 2ft snowball and then zonk you in the back. Glissading, which had to be done by propelling oneself downward with an ice axe, was hard work and so once again we reverted to postholing (thanks for doing your share of postholing Mark). Just above Keekwulee falls on the trail out we looked back and there was the Tooth in all its grandeur set against a beautiful blue sky background - we were 2 hours too soon. We also learned later that highway 2 had not been closed after all but we didn't care: it had been a great day.

An excellent Chinese dinner at Mark's rounded off a very satisfying day.

Note: this would make a good ski trip as far as the basin.

Climbers: Mark Laviolette, Al Wainwright

## The Cry of the Lemming (eep, eep!)

Alex VanSteen

As recently as May 18th, 1986, a similar species believed to be related to the Northern Bog Lemming (Synaptomys borealis) common in the wet alpine to subalpine meadows, muskegs, heaths, and sedges of the North Cascades National Park was sighted by several lemming enthusiasts in the Mount Shuksan area.

This newly discovered member of the New World rat and mouse family, Cricetidae, was scientifically classified as Lemmus boealpinistus. Common nomenclature is as of yet undecided. (Suggestions are being welcomed. Send to Gen. L. Lyman Lemnitor, United States Army, in care of this newsletter.)

Specifically, these animals were described as "plump bloody lil' things" and "'ey was quite 'airy, really." In addition it was noted that the head and body measured 102-117 mm. with a tail bringing an additional 20-25 mm. to the end. An estimated weight of 70-130 grams was given. One enthusiast noted an obvious lack of grooving on the front teeth as compared to some other members of the genus lemmus. He did, however, note the usual sixteen teeth. A second observer also noted hairy soled feet.

It is widely known that lemming populations may fluctuate widely, with peaks every three to four years. As a result of these population explotions, often in direct coorelation with earlier periods of cold and rainy nights (known as the breeding seasons), great numbers of lemmings must leave their mountain homes or face over-crowding and starvation.

Every few years, according to legend, lemmings march in great numbers to the sea or nearby lakes and drown. (Eep, eep!) With this new discovery, however, scientists no longer believe this to be true. Lemmus boealpinistus was reported to be seen climbing *higher* on Mt. Shuksan rather than retreating to their traditional watery deaths below!!!

Clad in High-Tech Gore-Tex, polypropelene (even Caprilene), heavy lugs, and wool (although some cotton briefs were noted), and wielding ice-axes, colorful packs, ten (or so) essentials, and wet ropes, these lemmings seemed to be pressing a new route on Shuksan in the Shannon Ridge area, appropriately dubbed the Lemming Route. (Hey, Green, Red, Blue, and Gold teams, let's try it sometime!) The route goes somewhere near the Sulphide Glacier, stopping once in a while for some hacky sack, and is not considered complete unless at least ten laps are traversed in the lower bowls.

If any further sightings of Lemmus boealpinistus on Mount Shuksan or any other lemming behavior is noted elsewhere, please notify Greg Cox, official Pooh Bear of the North American Lemming (eep, eep) Society.

## Volunteers Wanted : McLellan Butte Trail

As some of you are aware, BOEALPS is responsible for the upkeep of the McLelland Butte Trail near Snoqualomie Pass as a part of the Forest Service's Adopt-A-Trail program. The first project of the summer is to rebuild the bridge. To do this, we are combining forces with other concerned and enthusiastic groups and individuals to finish the project once and for all. The fun and adventure is set for Saturday, June 7th. Call Erik Wetzel at 773-5259 (work) for more information.

Also, REI is putting together an automated Trails Information System using an IBM PC. While it may be a little late to make the initial training sessions, it wouldn't hurt to call them if you are at all interested. Contact Davin Bremner at 323-8333.

MT. FORAKER'S WEST RIDGE - JOURNEY THROUGH A TIMELESS LAND  
by Mark Dale

As mountaineers we each have our own fantasies and dreams of what makes the ideal climb...the perfect adventure...the unforgettable trip into wilderness. For some it is climbing a big wall in Yosemite Valley on clean granite in sunny weather. Others may think about a pilgrimage to the Himalayan giants, a trek through distant valleys among exotic people. Or perhaps being the one to climb a breathtaking new route on a major peak, or the first ascent of a mountain. My own thoughts for what I consider a fulfilling climb are not easy to define. However, a recent expedition to Alaska of which I was a member came closer to reflecting my 'trip of dreams' than any other mountain sojourn that I have experienced.

Our party of four traveled a vast wilderness into the north slope of the Alaska Range, where we completed the third ascent of the west ridge of that Alaskan giant, Mt. Foraker. Here is an account of the journey given in three parts - The Approach, The Ascent, and The Retreat, preceded by a brief history of the previous expeditions to this area.

### History

No mountain other than Denali (Mt. McKinley) dominates the Alaska Range as does Mt. Foraker. At 17,400' this rugged massif rises 15,000' from the tundra on the north side to its summit. It is the third highest peak in the United States, following Denali and Mt. St. Elias, and few mountains in the world have as great a vertical rise from their base. Nor can many mountains rival the intense arctic weather that encompasses the peaks of this range. Although Mt. Foraker is attempted more often than the other peaks around Denali, the success rate is only 25-30% in a typical year. Most parties aim for the south-east or northeast ridges, which are not easy routes, due to their accessibility from the Kahiltna Glacier.

Mt. Foraker was first climbed in 1934 by Charles S. Houston and party via the west ridge (the ridge actually trends in more of a northwesterly direction). This expedition used pack horses to approach the mountain from the park road to the base of the ridge via the Foraker Glacier. They gained the ridge crest at about 9500' after ascending a steep broken glacier, then continued to both the north (highest) and south summits during the following two weeks. The party spent all of July and August on the trip.

The route was not repeated until 1977 when an expedition led by Charles B. Morgan approached the mountain from the northwest after flying to an airstrip at a mining camp west of the park boundary. After traveling to the Herron Glacier they followed this to the base of the west ridge and gained the crest at about 7000'. Four weeks after the start of the trip they reached the summit, on July 24. One more week was required for the return journey.

Our proposed route would more or less follow that of the 1977 group with one exception. By starting over two months earlier than the previous expeditions, we hoped to land and depart by bush plane from a frozen lake on the tundra just west of the park boundary. This would cut about 8-9 miles off the approach (and retreat) and avoid our having to ford the Swift Fork of the Kuskokwim River, which almost claimed two members of the 1977 expedition. We also hoped for the better (though colder) weather of April.

## PART 1 - THE APPROACH

April 12, 1986. It had happened so fast. Only 24 hours earlier we were boarding the plane to Anchorage in Seattle. Now we listened to the silence that engulfed us as the drone of the bush planes faded, faded, then was gone. The flight from Talkeetna to the tundra had taken about an hour and a quarter and went well, thanks to the skills of Jim Okonek of K2 Aviation and his other pilot. Views of Denali and Mt. Foraker were obscured by a murky haze and now lowering clouds moved over this frozen land. We stood somewhat disoriented on the ice-covered lake's surface, alone and overwhelmed at the immensity of everything around us, knowing that we would see no other humans for a month.

So who comprised this group of lonely souls, so small in comparison to all that surrounded them? Well, there was Don Goodman, veteran of Alaskan and Himalayan expeditions and countless other climbs in North America, who brought us together and planted the seed from which this journey grew. Then there was Juan Esteban Lira, a native of Chile who had climbed many high peaks there and in the U.S., and whose energy and enthusiasm were always present. And John Mason, a carpenter and jack-of-all-trades who has traveled throughout the world, from the Arctic to South America to Russia, and has climbed extensively in the U.S. and abroad. Then there was me, a southern boy who got bit by the mountain bug over a decade ago. Trying to cure the itch has led me on numerous climbs in British Columbia, Peru, Alaska and much of the United States. I'm still scratching.

We set up camp on the lake, using ice screws to stake out the tents. I call this place Tundra Camp, one of thousands of small lakes dotting the arctic tundra. Winter is here now, but on our return another season will await us. We load sleds and backpacks with food and gear to make a carry towards the mountain. With 140 pounds of gear per person we must make two carries to move ahead. A dry season has left little snow on the ground. Dragging the sleds and heavy packs through the low brush and over uneven terrain is backbreaking work. A pattern is established in our movement over the next days as we approach the foot of the mountain. We leapfrog with our 'ferry' loads and our camp, trying to move the sleds and heavy loads after we break trail.

Our next camp is on frozen Barren Creek at 2500'. To reach this we have traveled miles of open tundra, seen clear views of the giant we have come to visit rising high above the 8000' peaks that guard it. There are signs that we are not alone, signs left by the silent denizens of this land. Tracks of moose, caribou, wolverine, bear, wolf, fox, hare, and others we are not familiar with. A tuft of fur on a branch and droppings in the snow...a tree rubbed bare of its bark. Our path enters an extensive forest of black spruce and willow. The snow deepens, sounds are muffled. The great mountains peer down through the trees. Steering by map and compass we intercept the creek. I feel a strange sense of déjà vu. Did I dream of this place as a child? Deep dark woods line both sides. Our camp is on a snow covered gravel bar with views of Mt. Foraker upstream. We hope to glimpse the silent animals that live and move around us, but they are too wary and we too noisy.

After two nights here we move deeper into the silent wilderness. Passing our ferry loads left the previous day, we exit the forest and thrash through a large brushy swath and on the far side enter forest again. The snow is deep

and soft, hard travel even with our snowshoes. After hours of navigating through the thick spruce and brushy willow we enter a beautiful birch forest, then break out onto Somber Creek. A fitting name for the frozen white highway that will lead us into the mountains. For once the snow is firm and we move rapidly upstream. Later a narrow opening in the hills admits us into the Somber Creek valley which rapidly widens to a great basin surrounded by rugged peaks. A section of the creek is thawed here and it's a pleasure to see the light dancing on water as it whispers over the stones. We can now look miles up the valley, and miles farther still is Mt. Foraker. The upper part of our route on the mountain is now visible and our eyes are constantly drawn to it...so high, seemingly detached from Earth.

Far above soars a golden eagle, effortlessly riding the rising wind, the lord of his realm. We watch for a while, entranced, until something breaks the spell. Our weary bodies move farther up the valley until we are drawn to a certain spot. This will be our home for 3 nights as we move our ferry loads to this point and then beyond. Our neighbors are willow ptarmigans which we call 'tundra chickens' due to their odd clucking and crowing.

So far the weather has been good, cloudy at times, some light snow, coldest temperatures seldom below 10 degrees F., and clear views during the day on and off. There are only a few hours of darkness here this time of year.

Now we must carry loads over a 4800' pass at the head of the valley, then descend to the Herron Glacier. The snow glitters like a thousand diamonds as we walk. The slopes below the pass are steep but snow-free and after two carries we have everything on top. New views present themselves. Below us to the east stretches the Herron Glacier, here a scene of desolation with monstrous piles of moraine debris covering the twisted, convoluted surface. Several miles to the north the snout of this great river of ice protrudes into the dark green sea of a spruce forest. On the distant tundra snake the frozen ribbons of the Herron and Foraker Rivers. To the south runs the glacier for 10 miles to the foot of Mt. Foraker.

We leave a cache of two days food at the pass (as we have done at Tundra Camp) for our return trip. Continuing down with our loads we descend moderate to steep snow slopes to the great lateral moraine of the glacier. Here we drop our provisions and walk unencumbered along the crest of the moraine to view tomorrow's route. The moraine here is old, with tundra and some small trees established on its crest. Returning, we are startled to see a massive brown shape just above our gear - a grizzly bear! The first thought that enters our minds is that he desires our food, the loss of which would certainly mean an end to the trip. But wait! He has seen us coming and now ambles off, away from us, not in any particular hurry. Upon reaching the cache we discover it untouched. The brown giant sits on a ridge crest several hundred yards away and watches us. Perhaps he wonders what these strange creatures are that he may have never seen. Maybe curiosity more than anything prompted him to sneak up behind us when we walked the moraine. Through the binoculars he appears immense, powerful, and patient. The undisputed king of this land watches the four trespassers.

Now there is a dilemma. What do we do with our provisions? We can't take them all the way back to our camp on Somber Creek, so we decide to dig a big pit and bury everything in the snow. Juan suggests urinating around the area to

'mark our territory', which we do. Who knows? As we return to camp the bear watches and watches until we are out of sight.

The next day we move camp out of the valley. On the way up to the pass we hear the distant drone of a plane, the first we've heard on the trip. Don makes contact on the radio and it turns out to be Jim Okonek who is checking up on us. We give him a progress report and he is gone. Upon reaching our buried gear we find it undisturbed and continue up the moraine to search for a suitable camp. A mile or so later we discover a spacious ledge formed on the side of the moraine with a commanding view up the Herron Glacier to Mt. Foraker. We call this 'Balcony Camp'. After setting up the tents we return to retrieve our buried cache.

The following two days are spent moving our gear up the glacier to our proposed base camp at the foot of the west ridge. The glacier is strange, seeming almost stagnant in it's characteristics. Very few open crevasses present themselves. Moraine covers much of the surface and there are occasional pressure ridges and bulges of ice, hard and blue. Sometimes large craters appear, filled with water. Travel is not difficult but requires caution. Hidden crevasses appear unexpectedly. Several miles up the glacier our route climbs very steep moraine then follows an easy bench above the east margin of the ice until finally reaching the base camp site at 5000'. At the end of our ninth day on the expedition we have reached the base of our objective. Rising above us for 12,400' in a sweep of five miles is the west ridge. The even longer southwest ridge presents a spectacular sight with incomprehensible amounts of hanging ice frequently discharging stupendous, booming avalanches that rush down and billow out into fantastic shapes and sizes. Such an overpowering, sublime place this is!

After nine days of grueling work, we take the tenth day to rest. A crucial part of the journey, the approach, has ended. The ascent was about to begin.

### **Club Climb - Green Team Ascent of Mount Rainier via Gibraltar Ledges**

This climb will take place on the weekend of June 28th and 29th. It is a moderate route mostly away from the Yak route. It is more a more direct route and involves some rock climbing in addition to glacier travel. Party size will be limited to nine, so make your plans now. The party will not be limited to Green Team members, but they will be given first crack at it. In addition to knowing belay techniques, crevasse rescue, and glacier travel, a higher than average commitment to reach the summit is desired. To sign up or ask questions, call Ken Johnson at 342-5341.

### **OFFICIAL BUSINESS:**

**Deadline for the July Echo will be Monday, June 16th, 1986.**

\*\*\*\* **NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENTS APPEARING** \*\*\*\*\*  
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.DEHAAS, PETER 14332 SE 202ND KENT 98042, 630-2009, 763-9400  
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.DERQUIN, CHRISTY C. 3514 SW 99TH SEATTLE 98126, 938-3860, 931-4527  
.DIGENNARO, GINO I. 10053 18TH SW SEATTLE 98146, 767-6244  
.DINNING, ROBERT E. & CAROLYN E. 2115 123RD SE BELLEVUE 98005, 747-5185 655-3674  
.DONG, ANNETTE K. 3325 NE 17TH PL RENTON 98056, 271-8326, 237-6609  
.DRUFFNER, GEORGE R. 2132 CALIFORNIA AVE SW #203 SEATTLE 98116, 935-4074, 764-8303  
.DRYDEN, ROBERT G. 717 N 2ND AVE KENT 98032, 852-1161, 237-6832  
.DULLANTY, ROBERT E. 22331 122ND SE KENT 98031, 630-1804, 931-4552  
.DUPAS, MICHAEL M. 5653 17TH AVE SW SEATTLE 98106, 762-3588, 656-5627  
.EASTER, MICHAEL E. 9819 NE 15TH BELLEVUE 98004, 454-9291, 656-5160  
.EBRAHIMI, KEIHAN 14023 SE 177TH #L301 RENTON 98058, 228-5537, 237-3514  
.EGELSTON, JIM & CAROL 10208 SE 228TH ST KENT 98031, 852-2724, 241-3066  
.ENGLE, PATRICK A. BOX 6520 KENT 98064-6520, 235-1617, 237-8146  
.ERICSEN, CHARLES M. 4722 S 154TH #C303 SEATTLE 98188, 242-3207, 767-8935  
.ERWOOD, RICHARD G. 380 SW 176TH PL SEATTLE 98166, 243-3867  
.FAGAN, RORY J. 1325 8TH NE #F-6 AUBURN 98002, 735-0156, 248-4857  
.FELDERMAN, KEITH W. 25118 SE 262ND ST RAVENSDALE 98051, 432-6668, 773-3575

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.FERGUSON, JOHN M. 3626 FREMONT LN N #307 SEATTLE 98103, 632-7030, 773-9089  
.FITZPATRICK, MICHAEL F. 3819 MERIDIAN AVE N SEATTLE 98103, 545-7948, 773-4285  
.FORTIER, JAMES M. 3890 WHITMAN AVE N #103 SEATTLE 98103, 632-1065, 773-6265  
.FREDRICKSON, JAMES M. 11842 26TH AVE S #124 SEATTLE 98168, 244-0153, 655-7623  
.FRISINGER, BILL N. 415 SE BUSH ST ISSAQUAH 98027, 392-5797, 773-0327  
.FROEBE, MICHAEL E. 14609 203RD AVE SE RENTON 98056, 228-7375, 237-2007  
.GALLANT, KAREN 15039 DAYTON N SEATTLE 98133, 367-0033, 251-4207  
.GENGLER, JEANNE E. 2385 NW DAKCREST DR ISSAQUAH 98027, 392-9974, 251-2209  
.GLEIM, ROXANNE D. 641 212TH AVE SE REDMOND 98053, 392-3501, 644-6541  
.GLOBER, DAVID 8010 INTERLAKE AVE N #3 SEATTLE 98103, 526-8383  
.GOODMAN, DONALD J. 2308 1/2 MINOR EAST SEATTLE 98102, 328-1198, 237-3475  
.GORMAN, ROGER K. 13713 90TH PL NE KIRKLAND 98034, 821-3675, 237-3691  
.GORREMANS, GARY L. 14200 NE 171ST ST #B208 WOODINVILLE 98072, 485-6702, 656-5622  
.GOTZ, RICHARD C. 9805 NE 21ST ST BELLEVUE 98004, 454-2828  
.GRUBENHOFF, MARK A. 611 AUBURN WAY S #6 AUBURN 98002, 735-2739, 931-2021  
.GRUBENHOFF, RICHARD D. 20618 KELLY LK RD E SUMNER 98390, 862-9287, 931-3665  
.GUNN, DAMON M. 1200 GRANT AVE S #W103 RENTON 98055, 271-8755, 394-3259  
.HAHN, SUSAN E. 13845 DES MOINES WAY S SEATTLE 98168, 242-4918, 655-1334  
.HALL, MICHAEL L. 4323 S 260TH ST KENT 98032, 852-5473, 237-3963  
.HANDLEY, DEREK J. & SUSAN M. 13216 NE 54TH PL BELLEVUE 98005, 885-9666, 342-0957  
.HANSON, LAURENCE A. 25314 SE 135TH ISSAQUAH 98027, 392-2458, 237-1692  
.HANSON, ROGER W. 25811 110TH SE #E205 KENT 98031, 854-2935, 394-3680  
.HART, DUDLEY N. 6025 6TH NE SEATTLE 98115, 524-8259, 655-3541  
.HARTUNG, JEFF D. 26060 SE 224TH MAPLE VALLEY 98038, 432-3012, 655-4989  
.HARVEY, CLAYTON 3755 SW TILLMAN ST SEATTLE 98126  
.HAYMOND, JOHN A.C. 11041 28TH AVE SW SEATTLE 98146, 246-9619, 655-7400  
.HEAF, GREG L. 420 85TH PL SW #U203 EVERETT 98204, 355-6609  
.HELLOW, PAUL E. 3700 S 154TH ST APT #102 SEATTLE 98188, 242-7178, 394-3496  
.HENDRICKSON, PETE G. 6907 169TH AVE SE ISSAQUAH 98027, 643-2684, 237-3296  
.HENSHAW, KENNETH L. 17020 SYLVESTER SW SEATTLE 98166, 431-0715, 655-9372  
.HESS, MIKE J. 10147 NE 137TH PL KIRKLAND 98034, 820-1694, 775-7861  
.HIGGINS, JOSEPH J. 22917 SE 288TH KENT 98042, 886-7040, 763-9400  
.HITCHCOCK, GLENN E. & DONNA L. CHEESEMAN P.O. BOX 881 SEAHURST 98062, 431-8475, 655-0158  
.HOFF, KARL 13211 1ST AVE SW SEATTLE 98146, 242-1503  
.HOLMES, W. BRIAN 1200 GRANT AVE S. #U103 RENTON 98055, 235-8269, 767-1309  
.HOSKINS, DOUGLAS A. & PATRICE K. ACKERMAN 11357 SE 212TH LANE #69 KENT 98031, 854-7276, 773-5191  
.HUBER, DOUGLAS A. 9719 S 248TH ST #16 KENT 98031, 859-1109, 773-8040/3036  
.HUDSON, TIMOTHY H. & DONNA R. MOUNTAINSIDE DR SW ISSAQUAH 98027, 392-1365, 251-4535  
.HUNT, DIANE & JEFF 1322 183RD ST SE BOTHELL 98012, 481-9168, 237-1585  
.HUNTER, CLARK 3911 114TH AVE E PUYALLUP 98372, 863-9717, 773-2405  
.HUTCHENS, MIKE P. 1300 S EAGLE RIDGE DR #F1041 RENTON 98055, 226-1043, 655-3239

.INGALSBE, ERIC D. 4900 FREMONT AVE N #204 SEATTLE 98103, 632-0544, 773-1252  
 .JALI, RICK M. 941B 48TH AVE W. #6 MUKILTEO 98275, 353-1537, 342-2626  
 .JENSON, RANDY P. 13200 NE 192ND ST WOODINVILLE 98072, 487-3312, 655-6191  
 .JOHNESCU, JAMES R. 34012 1ST PL S #6 FEDERAL WAY 98003, 838-6933, 395-8132  
 .JOHNSON, GLORIA E. 10304 RAINIER AVE S SEATTLE 98178, 772-6306, 386-6302  
 .JOHNSON, KENNETH W. 8327 5TH AVE W #5-A EVERETT 98203, 347-3591, 342-5341  
 .JONES, BARBARA A. P.O. BOX 5431 KENT 98064, 852-0787, 773-6161  
 .JONES, DAVID L. 16015 9TH AVE SW. SEATTLE 98166, 244-8087, 773-6884  
 .JONES, DOUGLAS K. 739 N 95TH #205 SEATTLE 98103, 783-0126, 764-0153  
 .JOSEPH, ART S. 18507 NE 109TH S REDMOND 98052, 881-2024, 763-9400  
 .JUSENIUS, RONALD E. 21124 125TH SE KENT 98031, 725-7373, 773-0481  
 .KASIULIS, ERICK M. 11020 KENT-KANGLEY RD #D6 KENT 98031, 852-6790, 773-3582  
 .KATO, DON A. 7913 S 112TH SEATTLE 98178, 772-7402, 624-1115  
 .KEITH, HUGH W. 4616 KENT CT KENT 98032, 854-6539, 241-4921  
 .KENAGA, DONALD W. 25 S 337TH LN #A FEDERAL WAY 98003, 874-2676, 655-6988  
 .KENT, THOMAS SR. 5836 129TH AVE SE BELLEVUE 98006, 644-2510  
 .KILTZ, JERRY L. 4077 HILLCREST SW SEATTLE 98116, 937-7973, 655-0143  
 .KIMES, DAVID L. 21571 123RD AVE SE KENT 98031, 631-1747, 237-9791  
 .KIRSCHNER, RALPH S. RTE 1 BOX 960 VASHON 98070, 567-4790, 763-5453  
 .KOEHLER, ERICH T. 9010 25TH AVE CT S TACOMA 98409, 588-9803, 655-0396  
 .KOISTINEN, WAYNE M. 7119 BEACH DR SW SEATTLE 98136, 938-5285, 773-4185  
 .KOKES, JOHN T. 2020 GRANT AVE S #M105 RENTON 98055, 271-4284, 773-1252  
 .KOURY, AL J. 14036 17TH AVE NE SEATTLE 98125, 365-8516, 655-9954  
 .KRENZER, RANDALL E. 17844 156TH PL SE RENTON 98058, 773-3305  
 .KRIEWALD, BRYAN N. 6221 S 119TH ST SEATTLE 98178, 772-7003, 655-0697  
 .LAMBRIGHT, TOM E. 1800 N 46TH ST SEATTLE 98103, 632-5497, 821-9704  
 .LANSING, DOUGLAS P. 12422 95TH PL NE KIRKLAND 98033, 823-4152, 773-7917  
 .LARSON, DAVID E. 7332 49TH AVE NE SEATTLE 98115, 524-7737, 655-2349  
 .LASTOWSKI, CYNTHIA L. 11814 NE 133RD PL KIRKLAND 98034, 821-3713, 382-6130  
 .LAVIOLETTE, MARK C. & DONNA J. BASILIERE 29422 192ND AVE SE KENT 98042, 630-2122, 764-0618  
 .LEATHLEY, SCOTT W. 3625 BEACH DRIVE SW #10 SEATTLE 98116, 932-4876, 655-8522  
 .LEEDS, FRANCIS W. 1402 N 46TH #6 SEATTLE 98103, 633-2469, 656-9515  
 .LEICESTER, JACK R. 1837 N 200TH ST SEATTLE 98133, 546-2086, 655-1596  
 .LEMME, PETER W. 11233 NE 94TH ST KIRKLAND 98033, 828-3899, 237-3987  
 .LEWINSKI, DANIEL F. P.O. BOX 58351 RENTON 98058, 329-4557, 237-3718  
 .LIDGARD, DAN B. 4225 50TH AVE S #303 SEATTLE 98118, 723-0370, 764-8628  
 .LIMB, MAX E. 214 19TH PL KIRKLAND 98033, 827-5934, 342-1138  
 .LINCE, CLYDE 1611 N 49TH SEATTLE 98103, 633-5799  
 .LINDSTROM, BRUCE D. 10409 SE 174TH #2332 RENTON 98055, 271-8470, 655-0332  
 .LLANO PETER E. & BERTHA M. MARTINEZ 12955 SE 23RD ST BELLEVUE 98005, 641-3296, 767-2276  
 .LOFTUS, MARK D. 4300 NE SUNSET BLVD #A7 RENTON 98056, 255-7482, 251-0143

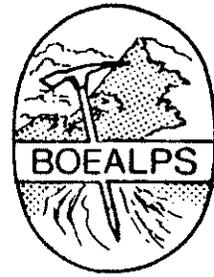
.LONGACRE, C. JACK RTE 2 BOX 71 MOUNTAIN HOME, AR 72653  
.MADDEN, CHRISTOPHER G. 1834 BEACON WAY SE RENTON 98058, 226-7082, 575-7417  
.MALONEY, JAMES M. 14830 SE 10TH PL BELLEVUE 98007, 746-9095, 655-5163  
.MARIE, DAWN 4925 BLACK LAKE BLVD SW OLYMPIA 98502, 537-5509, 931-4325  
.MARTIN, SUSAN K. 1127 N 92ND ST SEATTLE 98103, 524-8445, 622-8211  
.MARTY, SHERRYL S. 7314 16TH AVE NE SEATTLE 98115, 527-4327, 762-2622  
.MASON, ANDREW B. 6023 44TH AVE SW SEATTLE 98136, 938-0142, 655-6747  
.MASON, STEVEN E. 6737 57TH AVE S SEATTLE 98118, 723-3455, 237-8894  
.MATTESON, MARK D. 13711 10TH PL APT #A3-102 BELLEVUE 98005, 641-4943, 342-9484  
.MATOI, THOMAS K. 12203 SE 276TH PL KENT 98031, 631-0285, 251-2324  
.MCCARTHY, STEVEN J. 3434 S 144TH #337 SEATTLE 98168, 242-8912, 237-1152  
.MCCLELLAND, MICHAEL K. 11840 26TH AVE S #3-319 SEATTLE 98168, 244-3712, 931-4552  
.MCKEE, PHILIP N. & ELIZABETH A. 523 122ND PL NE APT #1 BELLEVUE 98005, 455-4681, 251-2460  
.MCLAUGHLIN, RUTH 8066 DIBBLE NW SEATTLE 98117, 789-3720, 292-2558  
.MCLEES, ROBERT E. 607 WILLIAMS AVE S #204 RENTON 98055, 271-4006, 237-1785  
.MEEHAN, SUZANNE 4343 W MERCER WAY MERCER ISLAND 98040, 232-5316  
.MEIER, THOMAS P.O. BOX 139 REDMOND 98052, 235-8189, 237-0371  
.MICHELSON, PAUL E. 11915 SE 261ST PL KENT 98031, 854-4263, 394-3424  
.MICKLE, EUGENE A. 12511 SE 53RD ST BELLEVUE 98006, 746-6690, 773-1577  
.MIHALEVIC, DONALD J. & PAMELA J. 32551 7TH PL S FEDERAL WAY 98003, 941-1907, 237-5265  
.MIRACO, ISABEL 1228 5TH AVE N SEATTLE 98109, 283-2193  
.MONAHAN, JOHN T. 3056 1/2 60TH AVE SW SEATTLE 98116, 937-8542, 773-9571  
.MONDRZYK, ROBERT J. 23805 SE 208TH MAPLE VALLEY 98038, 432-9578, 773-9782  
.MONSON, DONALD C. 1435 S 116TH SEATTLE 98126, 248-0987, 655-0974  
.MORRISSEY, MARK W. 25615 27TH PL S #G104 KENT 98032, 941-3590, 251-4957  
.MOTTERN, JOSEPH R. 7056 122ND AVE SE RENTON 98056, 226-5289, 773-6884  
.MRAKOVICH, JOYCE J. & SAMUEL R. 1058 ANACORTES CT. NE RENTON 98056, 226-5977  
.MUDROVICH, FRANK R. & MARY 15406 NE 3RD PL BELLEVUE 98007, 746-7963, 455-3140  
.MULLEN, ANTHONY J. 17327 158TH SE RENTON 98058, 228-3786, 655-1141  
.MURR, SARAH E. 6236 129TH SE BELLEVUE 98006, 644-0249, 655-7881  
.MURRAY, THOMAS M. 3828 136TH PL SE BELLEVUE 98006, 746-3326, 655-9221  
.MUSOLINO, CHRISTOPHER J. 1455 S PUGET DR #F202 RENTON 98055, 226-9478, 237-5644  
.NAKASHIMA, CONNIE E. 4427 49TH AVE S SEATTLE 98118, 725-7373, 773-2027  
.NEMETH, STEVEN R. 24845 SE MIRRORMONT WAY ISSAQUAH 98027, 392-1962, 251-2298  
.NESS, KENNETH L. 2442 MARKET ST #97 SEATTLE 98107, 363-4542, 773-4108  
.NEWMAN, DAVID K. 8221 4TH AVE NE SEATTLE 98115, 525-2717, 342-3517  
.NICHOLS, KEVIN C. 1455 S PUGET DR #F203 RENTON 98055, 228-7955, 237-6936  
.NIENBURG, CHUCK R. P.O. BOX 58363 SEATTLE 98188, 852-5694, 773-1211  
.NORBY, KEVIN E. 5029 ROOSEVELT WAY NE #201 SEATTLE 98105, 633-3280, 655-3173  
.OBERST, STAN K. & HOLLICE E. 18814 111TH PL SE RENTON 98055, 271-4196, 237-4637  
.OLCOTT, GAYLE 11813 140TH AVE SE RENTON 98056, 235-4641, 237-1750

.OLCOTT, TIMOTHY A. 6768 48TH AVE SW SEATTLE 98136, 928-8453, 773-5740  
.OLIVER, JAMES & JANET 17631 156TH AVE SE RENTON 98058, 271-7911, 655-7746  
.ONUFER, JEROME S. 629 SW 3RD PL RENTON 98055, 255-5988, 773-8281  
.OSHIMA, MICHEAL T. 3100 125TH SE BELLEVUE 98005, 643-5150, 773-0280  
.OTT, DALE R. 17624 SE 332ND PL AUBURN 98002, 939-8345, 931-2019  
.OWREY, JEFFERY L. 12300 28TH AVE S #F-5 SEATTLE 98168, 433-8054, 733-0247  
.PACKER, ROBERT L. 5111 86TH PL SW MUKILTEO 98275, 353-2644, 342-5143  
.PETERS, JOHN T. 9212 216TH SW EDMONDS 98020, 771-1402, 342-1825  
.PETERS, LARRY D. 4106 128TH AVE SE #108 BELLEVUE 98006, 643-5071, 773-6757  
.PETROSKE, JOHN M. 441 S SMITHERS #2 RENTON 98055, 226-8733, 251-2545  
.PFEIFER, PATRICIA K. 410 102ND AVE SE #8 BELLEVUE 98004, 451-0533, 865-7525  
.PHILLIPS, PAT W. 23818 SE 24TH ISSAQUAH 98027, 392-6935, 655-6745  
.PICKETT, DAVID C. 12410 28TH AVE S #34 SEATTLE 98168, 431-8154, 241-3617  
.PICKETT, FORREST B. 4100 LAKE WASH BLVD N #D202 RENTON 98056, 228-2705, 773-2977  
.PIOTROWSKI, ROBERT R. 1101 S 18TH #5 RENTON 98055, 226-2616, 248-4856  
.POLLOCK, JOHN BOX 25589 SEATTLE 98125, 365-9192  
.PRICKETT, CRAIG L. 9809 19TH AVE NE SEATTLE 98115, 522-1370, 655-3347  
.PRINCE, MARK A. & JANICE D. 1609 E RIO VISTA BURLINGTON 98233, 757-0958, 342-1921  
.PRINS, RALPH N. 8349 JONES AVE NW SEATTLE 98117, 789-5860, 773-7875  
.QUARLESS, BENJAMIN A. 3810 S 158TH ST #C5 SEATTLE 98188, 244-7367, 655-6025  
.RATLIFF, ROY 1430 130TH NE BELLEVUE 98005, 453-7167  
.REEVES, JO E. 8980 REDWOOD RD 303 REDMOND 98052, 883-7241, 464-3604  
.REISS, AMY 1514 NE 76TH ST SEATTLE 98115, 524-7922, 773-8283/5236  
.RICHARDSON, WILLIAM A. 19408 NORMANDY PARK DR SW SEATTLE 98166, 824-1128, 237-7374  
.ROBERTSON, RICHARD A. 1600 HEMLOCK DR SE AUBURN 98002, 735-0490, 773-9782  
.ROBINSON, ROB H.L. 36305 312TH AVE SE ENUMCLAW 98022, 886-1691, 656-5543  
.ROSE, DANIEL S. 12603 NE 36TH PL BELLEVUE 98005, 885-3334, 342-9506  
.RUBSAM, RANDY L. 1300 S EAGLE RIDGE DR #2053 RENTON 98055, 255-4635, 237-3449  
.RUSSMAN, PHILIP D. 109 S 174TH #C302 SEATTLE 98148, 244-7768, 237-5404  
.RYHAJLO, PAUL 28617 16TH AVE S FEDERAL WAY 98003, 946-2919, 931-2980  
.RYLL, ALFRED B. 3240 S 180TH #9 SEATTLE 98188, 394-3853  
.SALAY, JEANNE 25221 108TH AVE SE #D304 KENT 98031, 852-6313, 773-9542  
.SCANLON, DONALD A. 5782 S 152ND ST #810 SEATTLE 98188, 244-7107, 773-8507  
.SCHINKE, JAMES M. 23107 120TH AVE SE KENT 98031, 852-6002, 655-8282  
.SCHWARTZ, MICHAEL A. 11848 26TH AVE S APT #105 SEATTLE 98168, 241-7126, 251-2092  
.SETO, KIT 13711 NE 10TH PL #102 BELLEVUE 98005, 641-4943, 237-4126  
.SHERWIN, KATHY L. 21025 120TH AVE SE KENT 98031, 631-3396, 656-5394  
.SHETTER, MARTIN T. 1701 12TH AVE S #405 SEATTLE 98144, 322-4703, 394-3190  
.SHIPWAY, JOHN 13600 NE 9TH PL #C-104 BELLEVUE 98005, 643-7016, 237-2303  
.SHIVITZ, WILLIAM F. 15809 SE 175TH PL RENTON 98058, 228-6738, 237-4043  
.SIEFERTSON, DARRYL W. 6514 208TH ST APT #H1 LYNNWOOD 98036, 774-4979, 453-7167

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.SIMONSON, ERIC R. BOX 155 ASHFORD, WA 98304, 569-2604  
.SINGLETARY, PRESTON 6416 1ST AVE NE SEATTLE 98115, 524-3151, 237-1621  
.SKETOE, JAMES E. 3401 37TH AVE SW #21 SEATTLE 98126, 935-8391, 655-6172  
.SKINNER, JEFFREY R. 3823 S 248TH ST KENT 98032, 941-6545, 773-7728  
.SLANSKY, RICHARD A. 2339 41ST AVE E SEATTLE 98112, 325-1033, 764-0493  
.SMITH, JOHN N. 7510 33RD AVE NE SEATTLE 98115, 522-3327, 342-4945  
.SOLLARS, JOHN 9826 NE 137TH KIRKLAND 98034, 820-2882, 237-3571  
.STAUFFER, KIRK R. 1950 226TH PL NE REDMOND 98053, 868-8094, 655-9771  
.STEVENS, ROBERT G. 3425 S 176TH #281 SEATTLE 98188, 244-0249, 395-8125  
.STEVENSON, RIP 6838 S 133RD ST SEATTLE 98178, 772-6456  
.STEWART, CHRISTOPHER B. 8608 12TH AVE SW SEATTLE 98106, 763-9149, 655-8363  
.STEWART, RICHARD C. 11706 SE 225TH CT KENT 98031, 630-3709, 655-2500/5011  
.STIVERS, BRIAN F. & CATHIE 3708 152ND ST NE MARYSVILLE 98270-8908, 653-4807, 342-5420  
.STOKES, PATRICK H. 22328 16TH AVE S DES MOINES 98188, 878-3193  
.STONEBRAKER, JEFF W. & ROSE A. 106 MEADOW PL EVERETT 98024, 745-5474, 342-5420  
.STOREY, M. MELISSA 4719 WALLINGFORD AVE N SEATTLE 98103, 633-3730, 655-0391  
.SULLIVAN, RUSSELL M. 3539 27TH PL W SEATTLE 98199, 283-9735, 743-8397  
.SUTHERLAND, STEPHEN B. 1101 S 18TH ST #3 RENTON 98055, 226-2676, 251-4908  
.SWENSON, RONALD R. 2618 168TH PL NE BELLEVUE, 98008, 885-4974, 773-3305  
.SYKORA, BONNIE L. 13901 SOMERSET LANE SE BELLEVUE 98006, 643-4438, 543-5929  
.SZAK, PETER J. 333 E LAKE STEVENS RD LAKE STEVENS 98258, 334-5656, 342-1344  
.TESSMER, KEVIN L. 6549 38TH AVE NE SEATTLE 98115, 525-4177, 655-3185  
.THOMAS, GORDON J. 20217 6TH AVE S SEATTLE 98148, 824-3348, 655-2630  
.TIETZE, JOHN L. 4737 153RD AVE SE BELLEVUE 98006, 641-3103, 644-6282  
.TOLSTEDT, BRETT L. 31416 11TH PL S FEDERAL WAY 98003, 941-3249, 931-2884  
.TOWNSEND, HARRY E. 407 N 42ND ST SEATTLE 98103, 632-0378, 342-2715  
.TRACY, BRUCE F. 321 BOYLSTON AVE E #307 SEATTLE 98102, 329-9671, 655-5667  
.TRENT, ROBERT D. 1015 QUEEN ANNE AVE N #203 SEATTLE 98119, 283-8637, 764-0153  
.TUTTLE, BRIAN G. 3031 167TH AVE NE BELLEVUE 98008, 883-9193, 763-9400  
.ULMAN, RICHARD J. 665 E LAKE SAMMAMISH PKWY NE REDMOND 98052, 868-7334, 237-4915  
.URBICK, DEE 7332 49TH NE SEATTLE 98115, 524-7737, 545-2075  
.VAN SANDT, CURT L. 2455 F ST SE #4 AUBURN 98002, 939-6085, 931-4345  
.VAN STEEN, ALEX E. P.O. BOX 937 MONROE 98272, 794-8814  
.VAN VOAST, PETER J. 3220 63RD AVE SW SEATTLE 98116, 938-4231, 395-6012  
.VARNEY, JOHN R. 9019 SEWARD PARK AVE S #442 SEATTLE 98118, 725-7720  
.VIVARELLI, RINALDO G. 21822 34TH AVE S KENT 98032, 878-2419, 773-9325  
.VODOPEST, PATRICIA A. 856 S CENTRAL SP 62 KENT 98032, 854-7643  
.WAINWRIGHT, ALAN V. 11540 PINEHURST WAY NE SEATTLE 98125, 364-4130, 251-2064  
.WALKER, THOMAS H. 332 NE 56TH ST SEATTLE 98105, 525-0112  
.WALTER, BUCKY A. 3702 136TH PL SE BELLEVUE 98006, 747-1586, 342-5273  
.WATSON, SIDNEY G. 1916 SW 321ST LANE #26 FEDERAL WAY 98023, 874-2513, 394-3372

.WATTS, JANINE A. RTE 2 BOX 207 VASHON 98070, 463-9060, 655-6463  
.WATTS, B. NEAL P.O. BOX 47 VASHON 98070, 463-9060, 655-1100  
.WEIGAND, GARY D. 2261 S 250TH ST KENT 98031, 248-1597, 655-7870  
.WESTPHAL, HANS D. & DORIS C. P.O. BOX 16070 SEATTLE 98116-0070, 932-9024, 773-5337  
.WETZEL, ERIC D. 1229 GUIBERSON ST. KENT 98031, 854-9997, 733-5259  
.WHALEN, RANDY J. 4044 NE 57TH ST SEATTLE 98105, 522-4190  
.WHITE, JOHN L. 158 154TH PL NE BELLEVUE 98007, 746-9343, 237-0994  
.WHITE, R. DEREK 1300 S EAGLE RIDGE DR #1026 RENTON 98055, 228-4281, 237-9040  
.WIDDISON, COLIN A. 15804 SE 43RD ST BELLEVUE 98006, 641-5294, 241-3617  
.WILKINS, E. DIANE 3100 S 208TH #B305 SEATTLE 98188, 878-0405, 655-7969  
.WILLIAMS, GIL C. 14611 SE 198TH ST RENTON 98055, 631-1847, 394-4014  
.WILSON, ALFRED C. 1828 11TH AVE SEATTLE 98122, 325-6667, 773-0565  
.WILSON, KAREN M. 20243 130TH AVE SE KENT 98031, 631-4476, 241-2229  
.WINTERS, CHARLES S. 770 HIGHWOOD DR ISSAQUAH 98022, 392-2977, 773-6186  
.WOOD, WILEY 1633 MELROSE AVE #205 SEATTLE 98122, 621-9623  
.WORTHINGTON, GAIL E. 2412 N PACIFIC SEATTLE 98103, 547-3689, 575-5199  
.YOUNG, ROBERT C. 1828 11TH AVE SEATTLE 98122, 325-6667, 251-2308  
.ZYSK, THOMAS J. 14700 NE 29TH PL #155 BELLEVUE 98007, 882-2789, 931-4550



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Photo : Mt. Hunter by Roy Ratliff

### July Picnic Tuesday, July 1st, 5:00 PM Camp Long

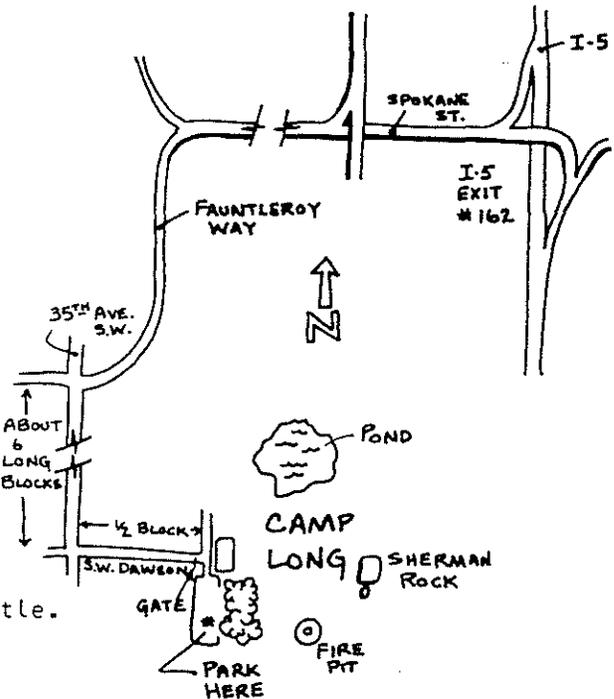
Time again for the annual picnic at Camp Long. Bring the whole family... This is always a good time to meet people that you haven't seen in awhile - they seem to come out of the woodwork for this one.

Bring your tennis shoes, climbing boots, and rock gear. The club will provide the main dish, napkins, plates, cups and utensils. You are asked to bring one other item per family according to the first letter of your last name;

- (A-H) Deserts / Snacks
- (I-P) Salad / Side Dish
- (Q-Z) Soft Drinks

ACTIVITIES : Eating and picnicking, socializing, climbing at Sherman Rock, volleyball, frisbee, and anything else you wish to bring to play.

HOW TO GET THERE : Use the adjacent map to Camp Long - 35<sup>th</sup> SW and Dawson in West Seattle.



\* NO ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES \*

## Belay Stance

Looks like another huge issue, even more timely than the last one! This is due to the fact that the club picnic is upon us, which means a different meeting time and place. It will be a great time to sit back and relax, to reflect on times past and dreams unfulfilled, and basically stuff your face enjoy yourself in a non-epic atmosphere.

There has been a dramatic change for the better in the activities scene. Thanks, everyone, for donating your precious weekends. Lets all be sports and fill up every one of these club events, so that all of these efforts won't be for naught.

Our contributors are almost too many to mention, but I will anyway. Responsible for this month's articles are: Alex Van Steen, Don Goodman, Jerry Baillie, Carey Chaplin, Mark Dale, Paul Michelson, Dale Ott, Tim Hudson, John Kokes, Jeff Stonebraker, Mike Fitzpatrick, and your's truly. Keep them coming, the more the merrier!

## BOOK NEWS FROM THE LIBRARY

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF BOOKS WHICH HAVE BEEN CHECKED OUT SINCE THE LISTED DATE. LETS GET THESE BOOKS BACK INTO CIRCULATION AND SAVE ME A FEW PHONE CALLS.

ANNAPURNA - A WOMANS PLACE (COPY #1)	04-85
ASCENT	"
BASIC ROCKCRAFT	12-85
BIG WALL CLIMBING	04-85
CHALLENGE OF THE NORTH CASCADES	04-85
CLIMBING AND HIKING WIND RIVERS	01-86
EVEREST - THE CRUEL WAY	04-85
EVEREST - THE HARD WAY	11-85
GAMES CLIMBERS PLAY	01-86
GOING HIGHER (COPY #1)	03-85
HIGH POINTS OF THE STATES	09-85
HIKING GREAT BASIN - HIGH DESERT	12-85
ICE EXPERIENCE	11-84
KONGOR	01-85
MOUNTAIN SICKNESS	04-85
NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY	12-85
ROCK CLIMBING	"
SNOW TRAILS - CASCADES	04-85
FIELD GUIDE TO CASCADES AND OLYMPICS	04-85
CLIMBING GUIDE TO OREGON	11-84
HIGH AMBITION (BOOK WAS NOT SIGNED OUT ON CHECK-OUT SHEET)	05-86

THANKS, JEFF STONEBRAKER

CLUB TRIP: LEMAH MAIN PEAK, CHICKAMIN

JULY 26,27 1986

WE WILL DRIVE TO THE TRAILHEAD NEAR SALMON LA SAC FRIDAY EVENING TO GET A GOOD EARLY START ON SATURDAY MORNING. SATURDAY WE WILL HIKE IN TO CAMP BELOW LEMAH PEAK, DROP OUR PACKS, AND THEN CLIMB LEMAH MAIN PEAK. SUNDAY WE WILL BAG CHICKAMIN AND THEN BREAK CAMP AND HIKE OUT. THIS IS A SPECTACULAR AREA, RIGHT ALONG THE CASCADE CREST. GREAT VIEWS OF THE CREST PEAKS: SUMMIT CHIEF, CHIMNEY ROCK, DANIEL, HINMAN, AND BEAR'S BREAST. CALL JIM BLILIE: 237-7102. PARTY SIZE IS LIMITED TO 8, ROUTES ARE CLASS 3.

## ACTIVITIES !

After the lack of club climbs for the past few months, we are being inundated by activities for July and August. This is partially due, no doubt, to the efforts of Charles Winters, a BOEALPS member of yor who rejoined and was dismayed by the dearth of club-sponsored activities. A couple of phone calls to the right people and a moving 'call to arms' speech at the June meeting did a lot to mobilize us. Mike Froebe, Activities Chairman, is also to be thanked for performing the thankless task of rounding up people to lead club climbs. Extra special thanks go to the activity leaders themselves for taking the time to organize the events. These activities will be great opportunities to gain experience, meet new friends, get to know new areas, and generally enjoy the Washington Outdoors.

Following is a list of climbs, dates, and leaders. Write-ups with more information submitted by the climb leaders are interspersed as filler throughout this issue. If anyone is interested in leading club climbs or organizing any other type of club activity, contact Mike at 237-4480 (lunch time only, please).

<u>OBJECTIVE</u>	<u>DATE(S)</u>	<u>LEADER</u>	<u>PHONE</u>
Mt. Carrie, the Olympics	July 4th - 6th	Rick Jali	342-2626
The Enchantments, Stuart Range	July 12th - 13th	Dan Lewinski	237-3718
McLelland Butte Trail Maintenance	July 12th	Erik Wetzel	773-5259
Mt. Baker	July 19th - 20th	Jeff Stonebraker	342-5420
Mt. Shuksan	July 19th - 20th	Mark Morrissey	865-3174
Mt. Thompson	July 26th - 27th	Charles Winters	773-6186
Chickamin and Lemah Peaks	July 26th - 27th	Jim Blilie	237-7102
Mt. Adams	August 2nd - 3rd	Bryan Kriewald	655-0697
Technical Rock Seminar	August 9th - 10th	Ken Johnson	342-5341
Snowking Area	August 15th - 17th	Paul Michelson	394-3424
Curtis Gilbert, Old Snowy (President's Climb)	September 13th - 14th	Jim Blilie	237-7102

## OFFICIAL BUSINESS:

**Deadline for the August Echo will be Thursday, July 17th, 1986.**

\*\*\*\* **NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENTS APPEARING** \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\* **IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE** \*\*\*\*  
\*\* **OF THE BOEING COMPANY** \*\*

## COMMENTS ON JOHN PETROSKE'S - SAFETY IN CLIMBING

John had some good comments on safety in climbing especially his statement that, "Nearly all accidents in the sport's history could have been avoided. The leading cause of these mountain mishaps has been human error". However, I think John has missed the boat in two areas. First, he states, "The most common cause leading to climbing accidents is inexperience". I don't believe this to be the case. Table III in Accidents in North American Mountaineering 1985 shows that "exceeding abilities" is listed as an immediate cause of a climbing accident in only 227 cases. This works out to 12% of all the accidents in the USA from 1951-83. (Note that there can be more than one immediate cause per accident in Table III hence the proper denominator is 2667 from Table I). When we add in the contributory causes from Table III the value goes to 33%. So what happened to the other two thirds of the climbers who were killed or injured?

As John noted objective hazards (hazards outside the control of the climber) are not the answer. If we take all the rockfall, avalanche, and lightning immediate and contributory causes, those causes are applicable to only 19% of the total accidents. Of that percentage it could be argued that most of the rockfall was not spontaneous (it was caused by the climber(s)) and the avalanches and lightning should have been predictable.

The problem, and we all have to "try to live" with it, is that we are all human. We are not perfectly programmed, errorless machines. Even the best pool players miss an occasional straight-in shot. Unfortunately the consequences of a mountaineers slight miss-judgement or temporary loss of motor control may be much more serious than the pool players missed shot.

The second area where I take exception is in John's statement that, "Improved equipment has added much to the safety of climbing". Again, I refer to Table III. Equipment problems or failures have never been a major cause of accidents. All of the equipment failures, protection point failures, and exposure cases are listed as immediate and contributory causes in only 16% of the accidents in the USA from 1951-83. On the contrary, it could be argued that our modern, abundant equipment may in itself be a contributory factor in accidents! As Nikolai Chorny of the Soviet climbing team recently noted during his descent from a successful climb of McKinley, "The people we met going down bring with them an incredible amount of equipment..... about 50 percent more than they need". How many times has our high-tech abundant gear slowed us down and compromised our position with regard to objective hazards or weather or caused us to become overly fatigued?

I have some tips for reducing the chance of human error in the mountains. First, approach the mountains like you did when you were first learning to climb. Maintaining a degree of trepidation is good. Double check everything at all complicated (belay anchors, protection points, rappel set-ups, etc.). Second, always maintain a heightened sense of awareness as to the everchanging environment around you (snow conditions, weather, rock quality, exposure, daylight remaining, etc.). Third, stay in top physical

condition. Tips one and two are hard to follow if your overly fatigued. Fourth, don't get caught up in the "gear freak" syndrome. Thats not to say ignore technology, just approach it with a degree of criticle cautiousness. The "Super Dooper Gizmo Wacker" is downright dangerous if you've never used it before or don't understand it. Finally, avoid situations where a simple human error will have drastic consequence. I can recall several years ago a body recovery at Snow Creek Wall. A young, very talented climber had rappelled to the end of his ropes only to find himself ten feet short of a ledge. He had several choices; prussik back up the ropes, seek assistance from another party in the area, or just hang on the end of the rope and await inevitable rescue. He chose instead to consider himself a perfect climbing machine, incapable of error. He missed the ledge. After all he was only human.

Donald J. Goodman  
6/5/86

#### Climb Report: Mount Rainier, Kautz Glacier, June 14, 1986

This was an unsuccessful attempt. After a week of sunshine and record breaking warm temperatures we awoke on Saturday morning to find that it was overcast and raining in Seattle. We convinced ourselves that the clouds were low and that we would probably be above them at Camp Hazzard.

When we reached Paradise we realized that the possibilities of climbing above the weather were very slim. When we could see the mountain the summit was covered with clouds. We decided to continue anyway (mostly because we were to meet four more of our party at Camp Hazzard).

Crossing the Nisqually was no problem, except for the fear being struck by lightning. We had heard thunder several times and when our Ice axes started humming we became a little nervous. No one was struck by lightning but we were hit by several raindrops and one or two hailstones.

We met the rest of our party where two of them had camped at about 7500 ft. The wind here was blowing strongly. We had already seen three parties retreating, complaining of wind and snow at the higher elevations. We decided to continue anyway just to see for ourselves.

We were at about 8400 ft. when most of us decided we had had enough. The wind was still strong and we had had some snow. We had a nice lunch in the shelter of a big rock and decided to head back to paradise.

It rained steadily all the way back so we were thoroughly soaked by the time we reached the cars.

We had a guest climber with us from New Zealand. His name is Bryce Beeston. He works for Air New Zealand and is a member of the Air New Zealand Tramping Club (This is simular to BOEALPS). He said was grateful for the chance to climb with Boealps and would gladly return the favor if any one in the club was planning a trip to New Zealand. If you are interested write him at:  
82 Hallberry Rd, Papatoetoe Auckland, New Zealand.

Climbers: Carey Chaplin, Bob Anderson, Al Wainwright, Bob Trent, Doug Jones  
Kevin Norby, Al Ryll, Pat Engle, Ken Ness, Bryce Beeston.

**TABLE I**  
Reported Mountaineering Accidents

Year	Number of Accidents Reported		Total Number of Persons Involved		Injured USA-CAN	Killed USA-CAN
	USA-CAN	Involved USA-CAN				
1951	15	22	11	3		
1952	31	35	17	13		
1953	24	27	12	12		
1954	31	41	31	8		
1955	34	39	28	6		
1956	46	72	54	13		
1957	45	53	28	18		
1958	32	39	23	11		
1959	42-2	56-2	31-0	19-2		
1960	47-4	64-12	37-8	19-4		
1961	49-9	61-14	45-10	14-4		
1962	71-1	90-1	64-0	19-1		
1963	68-11	79-12	47-10	19-2		
1964	33-11	65-16	44-10	14-3		
1965	72-0	90-0	59-0	21-0		
1966	67-7	80-9	52-6	16-3		
1967	74-10	110-14	63-7	33-5		
1968	70-13	87-19	43-12	27-5		
1969	94-11	125-17	66-9	31-2		
1970	129-11	174-11	88-5	16-5		
1971	110-17	138-29	76-12	35-7		
1972	141-29	184-42	98-17	49-13		
1973	108-6	131-6	85-4	36-2		
1974	96-7	177-50	75-1	26-5		
1975	78-7	158-22	66-8	19-2		
1976	137-16	303-31	210-9	33-6		
1977	121-30	277-49	106-21	32-11		
1978	118-17	221-19	85-6	42-10		
1979	100-36	137-54	83-17	40-19		
1980	191-29	293-85	124-26	33-8		
1981	97-43	223-119	80-39	39-6		
1982	140-48	305-126	120-43	24-14		
1983	182-29	442-76	169-26	37-7		
1984	2667-26	447-63	174-15	24-6		
Totals	2849-420	4846-872	2392-324	823-152		

**TABLE III**

	1951-83 USA	1959-83 CAN.	1984 USA	1984 CAN.
<b>Terrain</b>				
Rock	1942	250	136	14
Snow	1296	219	36	7
Ice	89	35	7	4
River	11	3	1	0
Unknown	12	6	2	0
<b>Ascent or Descent</b>				
Ascent	1642	262	126	7
Descent	1296	174	52	12
Unknown	216	34	4	7
<b>Immediate Cause</b>				
Fall or slip on rock	1186	125	98	4
Slip on snow or ice	501	98	19	3
Falling rock or object	259	79	20	2
Exceed abilities	227	24	2	1
Avalanche	204	84	5	1
Exposure	158	10	6	0
Stranded	140	31	1	4
Illness	128	12	0	0
Failure of rappel	127	14	3	1
Loss of control—voluntary glissade	111	10	7	0
Fall into crevasse/moat	85	24	3	2
Piton pulled out	66	12	1	0
Failure to follow route	52	11	7	3
Faulty use of crampons	35	3	2	0
Lightning	33	3	1	0
Skating	26	5	1	1
Nut/chock pulled out	18	1	0	1
Equipment failure	4	1	0	0
Ascending too fast	*	*	2	0
Other <sup>1</sup>	31	7	6	1
Unknown	38	5	3	2
<b>Contributory Causes</b>				
Climbing unroped	665	83	17	6
Exceeding abilities	632	100	16	8
Inadequate equipment	359	42	18	1
Climbing alone	209	30	6	0
Weather	207	17	10	4
Placed no/inadequate protection	98	16	27	0
Darkness	78	9	1	0
No hard hat	76	8	2	1
Piton pulled out	72	8	1	0
Party separated	61	10	2	1
Nut/chock pulled out	56	3	5	0
Exposure	38	9	1	0
Failure to test holds	21	6	10	0
Equipment failure	2	1	1	0
Inadequate belay	*	*	5	0
Illness	*	*	6	0
Failed to follow directions	*	*	4	0

STATISTICAL TABLES / 8

	1951-83 USA	1959-83 CAN.	1984 USA	1984 CAN.
Poor position	*	*	6	0
Other <sup>2</sup>	63	16	12	5
<b>Age of Individuals</b>				
Under 15	91	11	0	0
15-20	936	166	25	3
21-25	881	174	57	8
26-30	487	118	44	8
31-35	246	54	19	4
36-50	322	66	35	2
Over 50	41	7	9	1
Unknown	545	183	11	37
<b>Estimate of Experience</b>				
None or little	1170	169	27	15
Moderate	866	189	38	14
Experienced	633	193	56	19
Unknown	650	168	67	15
<b>Month of Year</b>				
January	119	6	3	0
February	120	28	6	1
March	169	26	1	2
April	173	13	10	2
May	328	29	29	1
June	483	27	24	2
July	591	141	28	6
August	522	150	34	11
September	832	25	27	1
October	179	23	16	0
November	99	3	3	0
December	29	7	1	0
<b>Type of Injury/Illness</b>				
Fracture	*	*	56	
Bruise	*	*	22	
Abrasion	*	*	17	
Laceration	*	*	19	
Sprain/strain	*	*	17	
Concussion	*	*	8	
Puncture	*	*	4	
Frostbite	*	*	6	
H.A.P.E.	*	*	2	
CE	*	*	0	
Hypothermia	*	*	2	
Other	*	*	15	

<sup>1</sup>These include: a) failing to rewarm toes, b) eating Amanita mushrooms, c) hand pinned on rappel, d) rappel off end of rope (2), e) bat bite, f) dislocated shoulder.

<sup>2</sup>These include: a) dehydration and chewing tobacco (vaso-constrictor), b) off route, c) drunk, d) fatigue, e) fainting—which was brought on by a recent long distance run, e) hit finger with piton hammer, f) wet rock.

(Editor's note: The category "Affiliation With Climbing Groups" has become meaningless because it has proven to be just about an even split over the years, with a remaining one third being unidentifiable. Its elimination makes room for the new category, "Type of Injury/Illness.")

## CLUB HIKE - ENCHANTMENT LAKES AND STUART RANGE

Join us July 12th and 13th for a hike into the high country of the Enchantments. There are several easily accessible peaks for fun, and the North Face of Stuart for the animals. We will leave the trail head at the end of Eight-Mile Road (off of Icicle Creek Road near Leavenworth) at 8:00 AM July 12th. Contact Dan Lewinski for information at 329-4557 (home) or 237-3718 (lunch time only, please).

MT. FORAKER'S WEST RIDGE - JOURNEY THROUGH A TIMELESS LAND  
by Mark Dale

PART 2 - THE ASCENT

Today, the tenth day of our journey, is one of luxurious rest and contemplation. The base camp elevation here is 5000', only a 2500' net gain from our starting point on the tundra. Yet, with load ferrying, we have walked over 75 miles in plastic double boots across trying terrain. There is a sense of quiet satisfaction in camp, having moved our quarter ton of gear to this point and staying on schedule. But the concept of a schedule seems almost meaningless in this land, where time is measured not in hours and days, but in seasons and years. Somehow I feel that the natural rhythm of life here has infused itself into my subconscious. The angle of the sun in the sky, the air temperature, the call of the willow ptarmigan - these things begin to take the place of numbers on my watch.

We make plans. Three camps on the ridge and ten days of food will hopefully allow us to attain the summit. For those days that we are forced to be inactive due to weather we will have half rations. We will continue to ferry loads between each camp, important for acclimatization now that we begin to gain altitude. About eight days of food are cached here at base camp.

The temperature, which dipped near 0° F last night, has warmed considerably but the weather has been cloudy and snowing lightly most of the day. Through the murky fog comes the thunder of ice avalanches, restless rumblings of a hidden goliath. During occasional clearings we see, about one half mile away, the massive toe of the west ridge. Several steep spurs run from its crest towards us and we choose one as being our initial line of ascent for tomorrow.

The next morning is beautiful. After working our way across mounds of moraine we begin to ascend the spur. What we hoped to be a straightforward snow climb proves otherwise as we encounter a thin layer of sugar snow over steep, frozen scree and rock. Footing is very difficult and slippery and anchors nonexistent. We wish for a better route down. Eventually we reach the ridge crest where the angle eases somewhat. We stop to enjoy the windless, sunny climate while below stretches a sea of clouds which has made its way up the Herron Glacier valley.

After ascending farther up the rocky crest, we climb a steep snow slope with ice beneath and reach the site for Camp 1. This lies at an altitude of 7900' on a spectacular shelf which drops into a void on three sides. Above, the ridge climbs in a series of steep snow slopes until out of view. We dig tent platforms for tomorrow, cache our gear, and descend. Upon reaching the spur we opt to climb down a steep gully in hopes of better conditions. Our fear of avalanches is soon relieved when we encounter good snow, and a long fast glissade quickly transports us to the base of the ridge.

The following day, after having cached extra food and gear, we move to Camp 1. Instead of climbing the rocky spur we choose the 'glissade gully' which proves a much better route. About mid-afternoon we reach the camp and settle in. A weather pattern has established itself over the past few days. The mornings dawn bright and clear, as mornings should. Later, almost imperceptibly, clouds creep and slink up the valley below, their wispy tendrils soon rising to engulf us. Colors fade into grey and silent snow floats to the

ground. Later in the evening it sometimes clears, as it does today. The temperature drops below 0° F.

We wake to a beautiful cold morning. Views are expansive here, becoming more so as we climb higher. Great ice peaks surround us, some unclimbed with many spectacular routes awaiting the adventurous. Below, the Herron Glacier, that great river of ice, flows ever so slowly to the north.

As we begin to climb the slopes above Camp 1 we realize how deceptive the features on this mountain can appear. What seems to be steep snow reveals itself as boilerplate ice covered with several inches of powder snow. Crampons and ice axes sometimes skitter off the hard surface, sometimes shatter it into thin plates. After gaining over 1000' of elevation on these tiring slopes, the ridge narrows to an airy crest of mixed ice and rock. Searching for a better route we discover that by descending over a deep bergschrund north of the crest we can traverse steep snow and bypass the difficulties ahead. Good conditions allow us to move quickly and mid-afternoon finds us at 9800' on a flat spot of the crest. Although not as high as we hoped, we decide to make this the site of Camp 2. Above begins the spectacular corniced section of the ridge which extends for over a mile before blending into abrupt slopes leading to the summit plateau.

The weather is now murky, snowing, and cold. We quickly dig tent platforms, stash our gear, and descend. Things go well until we reach the icy section. We fix lines on the steepest parts, in the process bending the hangers on several titanium ice screws as we place them in the dark, hard ice. After some hours of tedious downclimbing we reach Camp 1 about 7:30 p.m.

The following day begins clear, but it is snowing lightly by the time we break camp and begin climbing. Using the fixed lines left the previous day makes things somewhat easier. We decide to leave the lines in place for our retreat from the mountain later. The deformed ice screws are so damaged that they cannot be removed, leaving us with only four good ones for the remainder of the climb. Continuing up yesterday's route we reach Camp 2 late in the afternoon. The upper mountain appears clear through breaks in the clouds above. The silence is broken only by the rolling boom of ice avalanches from the south-west ridge.

We wake on the morning of the fifteenth day to -10° F temperatures and a chilling breeze. Today's plan is to carry some gear, food, and fuel to the site of our high camp, then return. Climbing steep slopes above Camp 2 we reach the beginning of the most magnificent section of the west ridge. Snaking away before us is a narrow confusing crest of high cornices, dropping precipitously for thousands of feet on both sides. Carefully we climb over and around fantastic sculptures of snow and ice, sometimes walking on a dizzying knife-edge, sometimes traversing steep slopes, always aware of the relentless exposure below. Several times throughout my years of climbing I have encountered special places where earth and sky seem to meld together, where I feel and at the same time fight the feeling that I am walking on air, detached from all that lies below me. This is one such place.

Up and down, around cornices, over snowbridges and crevasses we go until finally the ridge blends into the upper bulk of the mountain at about 11,500'.

Above, steep open slopes lead into rock outcrops and finally a cliff band broken by a single passageway, next to the ice cliff of a hanging glacier. We plan to put Camp 3 somewhere in the rocks below the cliff. As we zigzag up the snow, we are brought to a halt by a shout from John. He fears that his feet are getting frostbitten and does not want to continue. Cold feet have plagued him on the trip and he now decides this will be his high point of the climb.

Leaving John to warm his feet, the three of us continue up to the first rocks, somewhere above 13,000', and cache our gear. It's getting late and there's not time to go higher to search for a site for Camp 3. We descend to John and then towards Camp 2. Soon we drop into the boiling clouds which have been building below us all day. The difference is dramatic. In a matter of minutes the weather changes from beautiful sunshine to a cold, blowing snowstorm. Our morning tracks are covered in many places and visibility is poor. We grope along the corniced ridge, occasionally spotting wands we placed earlier. Finally about 8:30 p.m. we reach camp, cold and exhausted. We vote tomorrow to be a rest day, the second of the journey. The wind continues strong and gusty throughout the night.

The weather settles the following day. There is not a lot of new snow, but quite a bit has been transported by the wind. Early that afternoon we hear the drone of a plane and make contact through our CB radio. It is Jim Okonek, making good on his promise to check up on us occasionally. We give him a progress report which he will relay later to our family and friends. Now we formulate a plan for the next few days. John will remain in Camp 2 with our two man tent and enough food and fuel for a week. Don, Juan, and myself will move to high camp tomorrow with the three man tent and enough food to last almost a week, although we hope to return in three days, weather permitting.

The next day is one of the most physically demanding thus far. The weather is good and we have no trouble retracing our previous route, although some wind slab snow conditions have formed in several areas. We reach our previous high point about 4:00 p.m. and continue with heavy packs on icy, snow-covered rock, then steep frozen snow. Arriving at what we planned to be the site for Camp 3, we are dismayed to discover nothing but icy slopes. Our only choice it seems is to continue up to the summit plateau. The altitude now makes itself felt as we gasp and wheeze, up and up to the precipitous passage which leads through the rock and ice cliffs. Climbing this we finally break out onto the summit plateau and spend an hour chopping a tent platform in the gently sloping ice. We're now at an elevation of about 14,500'. The south summit looms above us, across the vast flat. Our objective, the higher north summit, is out of sight. Tomorrow if all goes well we may stand on top.

Tuesday, April 29, begins clear, cold, and windy. Our thermometer registers -15° F, not unreasonable for this part of the world. But the cruel, biting wind is to be our nemesis this day, unrelenting, always present. We are slow getting started, hoping for things to warm up. Finally we exit the tent about a quarter to noon to begin the final climb. The summit plateau unrolls beneath our feet for almost one and a half miles as we approach the north peak. Colossal crevasses appear where it seems there should be none. We weave through odd snow formations carved by the wind. Blinding, blowing snow stings our faces as we trudge along. The route up the north summit appears technically easy, but

the altitude, cold, and wind make it an exhausting struggle. I must concentrate on each step, one at a time, and refrain from thinking how far we have yet to go. As we climb the last steep snow slopes, the south peak finally appears to be somewhat lower than us. Surely we are near the 17,400' summit.

Then, suddenly, there is nowhere higher to go. We have reached the apex of Mt. Foraker! It is 5:15 p.m. and the skies are clear, but it is dangerously cold. We conservatively estimate the wind chill to be  $-60^{\circ}$  F. Nowhere can we find shelter from the constant force of the wind which rapidly is draining the heat from our bodies. We try to enjoy the views. The full bulk of Denali is visible, as is Mt. Hunter and countless other peaks far below. On the Kahiltna Glacier appears the small straight line of the landing strip at Kahiltna base camp. We attempt to make contact with our CB radio but get no response. However we go ahead and broadcast our desire to be picked up on the tundra three days earlier than arranged, due to our being ahead of schedule.

Trying to stay here is a losing battle. Our 'victory' is short-lived. The way home is down, and what a long way it is.

## **Sahale and Boston Peaks August 9 and 10**

Here's your chance to sign up for the best club climb of the summer, a weekend trip to the Cascade Pass area of the North Cascades National Park. The climbs involve only some scrambling and the views are tremendous. Camping will be on Sahale arm or the snowfield (glacier?). Call Mike Fitzpatrick at 773-6490 for more info.

July 4-6 (Independence Day Weekend)

Mt. Carrie (6995') and High Divide, Olympic National Park

A beautiful 3-day loop trip through the Seven Lakes Basin to the High Divide and Mt. Carrie. First day will be strenuous, others should be much easier, with great views and scenery (if the weather holds). Carrie should be a relatively easy scramble, and the trip should be a good backpack for those who do not want to climb Carrie. (This trip is described in the Mountaineers book on Hikes in the South Cascades and Olympics.) Contact Rick Jali: (days) 342-2626, (home) 353-1537, (if you get the answering machine, please say you are from BoeAlps and leave a message).

MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND IN THE NORTH CASCADES, 1986.  
Colonial Peak, Snowfield Peak, and Paul Bunyans Stump.

The group assembled in North Seattle at 5:00am on Saturday morning with thoughts of Colonial Peak and hopes of sunshine. It was drizzling as we pulled into the Log Cabin Inn in Marblemount for a 7:00am breakfast. The forecast for the weekend was for better weather than we had had in months, so the group was quite excited to get on with it. I recall having an excellent piece of rhubarb pie ala mode to supplement my breakfast. We moseyed over to the ranger station to sign out and see who else was planning on climbing in the Colonial area.

Finally at 9:30am we hoisted the pack at the Pyramid Lake Trailhead. Two members (Jim Blilie and Bryan Kriewald) of the crew decided that the weather looked bad so they departed for Eastern Washington, fairweather climbers! The two miles to the lake went quickly and it stopped drizzling. We were now stripping down to minimum clothing as we began the 4500ft elevation gain to our planned campsite. We traversed the east side of the lake and gained the ridge. The brush was light as we travelled primarily in old growth timber. As we approached 4000ft elevation the views began to dominate our attention, as they would for all three days of the trip. The North Cascades were out in all their glory from Redoubt and Mox peaks in the north, to the Pickets just across the valley, with the ever present Jack mountain to the east.

Punching steps along the ridge was tough work in the blazing sun, but eventually we arrived at the 5500ft elevation campsite below Pyramid peak. It was 4:00pm and we were tired cowboys. Al Baal and Mike Fitzpatrick cooked the first night's dinner and it was excellent. Al had hauled a Wok to cook dinner. He also carried a couple of well appreciated beers! That night we play hearts with six of us. By 10:30pm Jim Egelston had demonstrated the ability to absorb the Queen of Spades on numerous occasions and so we decided to call it a night.

We planned an early start, but even I couldn't believe the energy of this group at 5:00am! John Shipway and Jim Egelston provided a good hot breakfast and we were off to Snowfield peak, bathed in the sun's first rays at 5:30am. Following the steps Bob Mondryzk had punched the night before in his booties we quickly arrived at the base of Pyramid peak where the traverse to the Colonial glacier starts, 5800ft. The tremendous avalanche chute was crossed as fast as we could go, it was the most interesting 100 yards of the day. We crossed the Colonial glacier and then rested at the 6850ft saddle on the edge of the Neve glacier. We now roped up. The temperature was already climbing and sunscreen was liberally applied. There were no route finding problems and soon we were following Paul Michealson on the final scramble to the summit of Snowfield peak. The views were fantastic; Eldorado, Triumph, Goode, Shuksan, et al. If it's in the North Cascades we saw it! It had taken us four hours to reach the summit. Grapes sure do taste good on an outrageous summit. Soon we were scurrying around looking for the register and were rewarded when we dug it up and found the first entry was that of William Degenhardt, 1931. There were many other entries of note, not the least being that of Greg Cox.

All too soon it was time to depart, so many peaks! so little time! It was 10:30am. Colonial peak beckoned us. We crossed the Neve glacier after a long glissade down the northwest slopes of Snowfield peak. We headed for the 7000ft. saddle just east of pt. 7505. At the saddle we unroped and

slowly, owe so slowly punched our way up Colonial peak. The heat was stiffling. The entire group was fading. Every hundred yards a group rest was taken. Finally we turned the northwest corner onto the long traverse of the north side at 7500ft. At this point I missed the most spectacular event of the trip. As a two hundred yard chunk of cornice broke a swept the entire north slope of pt. 7505. I was wearily punching steps toward the summit when I heard this load boom and assumed I was done for, this inspired me to hustle to the 7590ft col, then up a short steep slope toward the summit Colonial peak. As Jim Egelston reached the top his eyes nearly popped out of his head as he looked down the precipitous 7000ft drop to Diablo lake. The views included a large black unclimbed tower one mile east of Snowfield peak. It was 2:00pm, we were tired and sunburnt as we glissaded the steep slope to the col. Traversing the steep northwest slope back to the main Colonial glacier went quickly as Al Baal lead a spectacular glissade on the hanging portion of the Colonial Glacier. One small crevasse was encountered and jumped. We all follow his lead and shortly we were on the mundane portion of the glacier including Al Ryll who left his ice axe behind at the bottom of one of the glissades. Dinner was welcomed as we were satiated with summits and basically Whooped! Dinner was provided by Bob Mondryzk (good food) and Me (Alpine Air #@\*??&%! ). Fortunately Al Baal came to my rescue with his Wok. Tonight there was no card game, just kitchen chores and a bottle of whiskey, again thanks to Al Baal. A couple of clouds appeared on the horizon to the west, the first we had seen since saturday morning.

Monday morning brought more sunshine at 5:00am. Paul Michealson and Al Ryll supplied pancakes and french toast along with a couple of quarts of O.J. This morning we were dragging as we left camp at 6:00am. The weather began deteriorating early as we headed for Paul Bunyan's Stump. The clouds enveloped the summit and quickly whiteout conditions prevailed. No precipitation, just clouds. Al Baal realised that he had left his gloves on a rock on the far side of the glacier the previous day and went to look for them, Al Ryll accompanied him. It was unfortunate because he did not find his gloves and it cost him the summit. The rest of us scrambled up the south ridge of The Stump until we were blocked by an imposing wall. We then worked our way down a bit and around the west face on some hard snow. The first few of us headed up the first gulley, it proved steep and icy so the rope was hauled out and an interesting class 5 pitch brought us to the summit. Once in our gulley it was apparent that an easier route must exist further around to the northwest and sure enough, snow reached quite closely to the summit on this flank and the remainder of the group, including a speedy Al Ryll, used this route. The summit ridge was quite narrow with a few teetering blocks on top just to keep it interesting. It was a cold and windy summit, without a register! We didn't stay long. The call of the wild Rainier was strong that day as we headed first to camp and then without incident (or stops) to the car, arriving at 3:30pm. Beer and Pie (ala mode of course) followed at the Mountain Song Restuarant.

The Wild And Crazies Were: Al Baal and Al Ryll (what a pair!), Jim Egelston, Mike Fitzpatrick, Paul Michealson, John Shipway, Bob Mondryzk and Yours Truly, Jerry Baillie.

## Three-Pinning on Mt. Adams' South Rib

May 23 - 26, 1986  
Tim Hudson

Memorial Day weekend looked like a real bust on the weather side of the hills. Instead of the planned Olympic outing, we threw together a ski trip to Mt. Adams in an attempt to placate our sun-starved psyches.

We took the eastern approach (Ellensburg/Yakima/Goldendale) to Trout Lake and registered at the district ranger station. This took about six hours, with a stop for breakfast and fuel, but was worth it to escape the dismal west-side weather. From Trout Lake, we followed road 8040 (N81 in Beckey's brown book) to about one mile shy of Morrison Creek Camp (4000'), where snow blocked the road.

Shouldering our packs, we carried our skis for another half mile before the snow was sufficiently uniform for uninterrupted travel. We climbed from there to a camp at the edge of the timber (5 - 6 miles, about 7000'), following first the obvious road and then the not-so-obvious trail from road-end at the entrance to the wilderness area (Cold Springs). The climb was work, but the snow was good and the grade moderate.

Friday evening was truly magnificent. The storm tracked to the north, and the ragged black edges of the front, backlighted in crimson by the faltering sun, alternately obscured and revealed the gleaming cones of Mounts Hood and Jefferson to the south and the steaming summit of Mt. St. Helens to the northwest. It was gusting, clear, and tomorrow held much promise. We had the place to ourselves, our choice of objectives vindicated.

Saturday dawned clear and windy, but a summit cloud cap was forming. Undeterred, we donned skins and began a leisurely ascent, figuring to at least climb as high as possible, wait for the sun to soften the crust and test our long-dormant telemarking skills. By the time we had reached the Lunch Counter (9000') the cloud cap had dropped, leaving us in a murky half-light. Feeling that skiing in a partial whiteout left something to be desired, we lunched, bagged the skins and tried a run or two.

The 2000 foot drop from the Lunch Counter to timberline is ideally suited to intermediate-level telemarkers. It is a series of wide, gentle benches connected by steeper headwalls. The runouts are good, and the terrain offers an almost unlimited variety of runs. The snow was the best I'd seen all season: two inches of corn atop a firm base. Anybody with the energy to climb could ski like an expert! We spent the early afternoon playing, climbing back to the Counter for a second run. We exceeded our solar radiation limit about when the slopes got mushy, and retreated to camp in time for the Saturday mob to trickle in. (This is definitely not a secluded weekend destination!) The satisfaction of having set the first tracks was ours, however.

Sunday provided better weather than Saturday, with no summit cloud. I was solo, the sensible half of the party having decided that Saturday's runs more than justified lugging a pack to and from high camp. An early start put me ahead of most of the horde. Three hours of stiff climbing took me to the summit (12,300'), where the cloud cap had left a heavy, well-rimed crust. It was cold and very windy, and I felt that waiting for the snow at the top to soften would render the lower slopes too heavy for enjoyment. I immediately descended to the false summit (11,700'), from which the ascending parties cheered my somewhat ungraceful progress with hearty amusement. So much for the previous day's euphoria! (Metal edges would have helped. Those with alpine bindings fared better).

The slopes below the false summit are considerably steeper than those around the Lunch Counter, and afford some hard telemark skiing. (Particularly for someone of my temperament, who is inclined toward substituting energy for style.) The runs were wide and the snow was consistent, except for some sastrugi on the windward ridgetops. The 3000 foot drop to gentler slopes is really tough on the old quads! After a much-needed break, I tackled the run back to camp like

a pro. We spent the rest of the day burning what remained of our hides, finishing the edibles and watching the swarms attack the slopes.

The descent to the car was uneventful, after some initial problems separating our approach route from the dozens of partially-melted tracks into the area. The mountain had lost considerable snow since our ascent, and we sloshed through several stretches of muddy road. Fortunately there were no creeks to cross.

We changed, found a bite for dinner and checked back at the ranger station. We were a day overdue (because of Saturday's weather) and wanted to insure that a rescue wouldn't be needlessly launched. As it happens, that particular district office is manned on weekends during the summer, and they watch their climbing register closely. The ranger on duty had already contacted our emergency number! After mollifying her somewhat, we headed home by the western approach (White Salmon/Vancouver/Seattle). It's about an hour shorter, and after all that sun the west side didn't look so bad.

#### Suggestions:

- Take skins and metal-edged skis; you'll encounter a variety of snow conditions.
- Try to maintain some of your mid-season conditioning. This is a late-season objective, best attempted after most of us have shelved the boards for the duration.
- Some care should be taken in finding the right line of descent from above timberline on the south rib. All the snowfields we saw were tempting ski slopes. And since volcanic ridges radiate more or less uniformly from a central source, there is little to differentiate them once you're in the trees (which are plenty thick).
- Stick to your schedule and check out when you leave, unless you want to get a bill for a rescue.

Climbers: Tim and Donna Hudson

### Mt. Thompson, East Ridge July 16 - 27

July 26 and 27, Sat-Sun Mt. Thompson, East ridge  
Approx 5-mile approach on Saturday; moderate, class-3  
rock climb of this scenic 6800 ft peak on Sunday.  
Suitable for beginners, applicable map is USGS  
Snoqualmie Pass. Limit of 8 persons. Call leader,  
Charles Winters, for signup at 392-2977 evenings before  
8:00, or leave message at 392-4414 anytime.

CLUB CLIMB - MT. BAKER VIA COLEMAN/DEMMING GLACIER. JULY 19-20, 1986.

PARTY SIZE LIMITED TO TEN PERSONS. CALL JEFF STONEBRAKER 342-5420.

## Washington Pass : Concord Tower and North Early Winter Spire, June 7th

A night full of rain and cloud cover in the morning forced us to abandon our planned Burgundy Spire ascent over a Winthrop breakfast. The Early Winter Spires were infinitely more accessible and the routes less committing, so off we went. Mark had mentioned something about the West Face of North Early Winter being an easy 5.7 with a couple of minor aid sections. "I saw some people on it the last time I was up there, and the crack looked great!" This sounded perfect, and we started the approach at 11:00 AM. Plenty of time to knock off an easy four pitch route and be down by dark, we thought. I personally hate rappels in the dark, but that's another story.

Route finding was a problem almost from the start. It was hard to identify our objective since all of the summits were lost in the clouds. Luckily Mark had been in the area before so we found the Spire fairly easily. The start of the route was discovered after a mere half hour of gully exploration, guidebook reading, and head scratching. The 'matted pines' were covered with snow, and this threw us off the scent. As we roped up, Mark asked "Doesn't the book say this should take about four hours?" A look in the book confirmed our fears - grade III, 5-6 hours, first ascent used 38 pitons. Lets move!

The first pitches were fairly enjoyable. Cold hands, damp lichen, and lots of clothes made things seem a lot harder than advertised. A flakey crack leading to a chimney with a juniper thrash at the top was the first lead. This provided Mark with an opportunity to practice creative pack-hauling technique. His lead took us up a very steep, blocky, and semi-loose dihedral. A route finding decision brought him up a difficult layback to a blank wall, so he had to downclimb and do a tension traverse to a hanging belay from a huge flake. Since I was carrying the pack this time, I thought the pitch was very hard and strenuous, no way 5.7! The final step across to the small ledge below his belay was a real gripper.

Now my turn - a couple of awkward aid and free moves brought to the fabled crack. About this time we heard and saw Alex and John laughing and celebrating on their summit (the summit kisses were a sight to behold). Mark began to show signs of lucid, rational thinking by saying things such as "I'm really cold!" ("I'll move as fast as I can."), "Are you sure you can reach the tree?" ("No sweat."), "Will the crack go free?" ("No way!"), and "What time should we turn back?" ("5:30"). I was climbing, and therefore warm, and definitely didn't want to stop. The aid was straightforward on nuts, the crack simply perfect. There was an incredibly thin (by my way of thinking) free move just below the belay tree that almost foiled me, but at last the pitch was over. The time? 6:30! I settled in for a long hanging belay, wishing desperately for some water and my wind shell. It was awesome to feel the wind and watch the clouds spill over the ridge to the west and swirl around us as we clung to the exposed face.

Mark climbed up to me, looked at my 'tree', and opted not to tie into it. He felt much more secure standing on a nut five feet above my head! A quick discussion revealed that he was fired up and ready to go and that I thought it would be a shame to rap off one pitch from the top. Besides, we had plenty of light left! "Look, a good pin up there!" he exclaimed. "No way, it looks about twenty years old" was my skeptical reply. Up he went, leaving the pack an inaccessible two feet above me. "Just hang in there for 15 minutes, and we'll be on top" he reassured me from above. As I fussed about vainly trying to get comfortable and out of the wind I heard a jangling of equipment and a loud "What the @\$\$#!?" Looking up, I had to laugh when I saw what had happened. His bomber fixed pin, which he had used as an aid point, had been pulled out by rope drag as he moved onto his next placement! More laughter arose a short while later as he discovered another 'questionable' placement fixed in the crack - a piece of 3/4" plywood hammered in and tied off with parachute cord. Why he didn't use it I will never know.

My mood deteriorated as he moved higher. Hypothermic, dehydrated, tired, hungry, and feeling very exposed, I began to have second thoughts about my precarious position. Every jerk on the rope was a potential fall, and every move I made was a threat to my anchor. My feet became numb as I tried to hold myself off of the face, and my hips were sore from rubbing against it. I huddled into the rock to try to stay warm, but the wind was incessant. I had visions of falling to the snowfields below, becoming stranded for the night, and/or being caught in a storm. The sight and sound of rockfall from neighboring cliffs did little to sooth my spirit. "I'm up!" were the sweetest words I'd heard in a long time. Mixed free and aid (nice lead, Mark) with another interesting tension traverse led to a broad ledge below the summit. Water at last! Also food and all the clothes we had along. We got everything ready for the rappel and scrambled to the summit. We took hero shots, signed the register, enjoyed the views of Liberty Bell and the South Spire for a fraction of a second, and, fully aware it was 9:00 PM, took off.

The descent was the usual fiasco. The ropes tangled massively at every opportunity. We couldn't find the second rap anchor for a good half hour (it's to the right, on the outside of the chimney about 120' down). Rope drag was extreme when pulling the ropes, and at one point the rope dislodged a large rock that luckily missed us and (I think and hope) my rope. It became officially 'dark'. We plunge stepped down a snow filled gully in our rock shoes. We coiled the ropes only to discover we needed to make another rappel, a magnificently overhanging affair. We kicked more steps and finally we recovered the rest of our gear and headed home. This featured lots of semi-glissading, an unplanned squish through a semi-lake, and a semi-wrong turn when we got to the road. We pulled into the *Chateau* at midnight, exchanged unpleasantries with our companions, and crashed hard. A wonderful climb!

### **Another Opinion :**

Waltzing for a few hours through wet woods and demi-marshes found John and myself staring at a very wet Northwest Face of Liberty Bell. Oh well! Next... Southwest Face (Becky Route) of Liberty Bell. Drier, but following broken lines and shakey blocks. Not pleasing! Next... North Face of Concord Tower just across the coulior. Perfect! Go for it! (Even if it is just a bit wet.)

Although first windy and on cold rock, once on the climb everything warmed up and could be defined as FUN! John screamed up the first two pitches in well executed leads. (His turn after previously spending an entire day just belaying Johnson and myself around the Index Town Walls - good man John!) After a low 5th class lead, the second lead challenged a bit more as the traditional cracks streamed water. Opting for a bulge to the right meant no pro for mass distance and some 'interesting' traverses and stems. Good fun at 5.6, though. The last lead, mine, culminated in eight feet of near vertical crack with an 'interesting' mantle. (Don't grab that piton!)

Whoops and giggles (John giggles, you know) were heard on top. We laughed at Ken and Mark whaling on an aid pitch across the valley, logged in along with Beckey and Roskelley, and rapped home.

Climbers : Mark Dickenson, Ken Johnson, John Petroske, and Alex Van Steen

## **Washington Alpine Club Open House      July 13**

Come celebrate the club's 70th birthday with a day in the mountains and visit what may be the oldest lodge in the Cascades. Tour the cabin, have some refreshments and learn about the club's history. Guy Cabin is located at Snoqualmie Pass, the first cabin on the left heading north on Alpentel Road. Call Dale Ott at 931-2019 for more information.

## **The Challenge of the Caucasus**

On very short notice : See this prize winning film documenting the first ascent of Elbrus by a team of American and Soviet youths. The place is the Bush School Performing Arts Center, 405 36th Avenue East on Thursday, June 26 at 7:00 PM. A ten dollar donation is being requested to help establish a 1987 joint expedition from the Seattle area. Sponsored by Ploughshares.

## WARRIOR PEAK

JUNE 7-8 1986

### S.E. SUMMIT (7300 ft)    N.W. SUMMIT (7285 ft)

Jim provided some early morning excitement to an otherwise gray day dawning when he called us at Mike's house (our meeting place) to say that he had forgot to set his alarm and just woke up. No problem, as our ferry wasn't due to leave Seattle for another 35 minutes. Well we made it to the terminal just as cars were loading and before we knew it were quickly on our way to Winslow and the beautiful Dungeness valley beyond. The drive into the Olympics was met with low clouds and some light rain but the forecast was promising and we were all confident that the "rain shadow" effect was no myth. Sure enough, by the time we neared the trail head the sun was starting to sneak through and by 10:45 AM we were on our way under a light gray sky.

The approach, although moderately long, is very pleasant on what we all agreed was one of the nicest trails we had all been on. The first 3 miles follow the Dungeness River and are relatively flat. Then the trail starts up in a gentle, constant grade for the next 3.5 miles until you reach Boulder Shelter (at 5000 ft). Aptly named, Boulder Shelter is situated in one corner of a small glade dotted with large rocks overlooking the Dungeness several thousand feet below. Evidence suggested that this camp is frequented by horse packers although we saw no one the entire trip beyond the first 3.5 miles (the location of Camp Handy). The last 2 miles of the trail to our cutoff point traversed relatively level. The cutoff is marked by a cairn and heads up through some small trees to a boulder field, which gives access to the Warrior Peak-Inner Constance cirque.

Our progress to this point had gone quick, on a snow free trail, and since we still had plenty of daylight we headed up in search of a snow free camp site near running water. The perfect spot was located by Rob in the cirque; jagged spires on three sides of us, the Dungeness valley far below, and a large flat snow free area with running water about 50 ft away. what more could one ask for? Sunshine! The sun had been playing hide and seek with us all day but we were at 6000 ft and had only 1300 ft to go tomorrow!

We emerged from our bivi bags the next morning at about 5:30 AM greeted by a cool clear sky. Low fog hung in the valley and a few clouds off to the Northwest intermittently drifted by. By 6:30 we were on our way up the long narrow couloir that splits the two summits of Warrior. The saddle was reached in 45 minutes. From here the route up the S.E. Summit followed snow for about 75 ft to a shallow ice choked gully. This was ascended by about 80 ft of moderate class 3 rock climbing, followed by some scrambling to the top. We carried a rope and some rock protection but it turned out to be for weight training only as they never left the packs. We were on the summit before 8:00 AM and were treated to some grand views of Mt. Constance, Inner Constance, Mt. Mystery, Mt. Deception, etc. etc.. We were only the 6th party to sign the register since 1984. After spending about 45 minutes on top we downclimbed to the saddle and started up the N.W. Summit. The route ascended several easy gullies containing some loose rock, which prompted us each to take several variations. Summit views were equally impressive. Since we still had plenty of time we spent another 45 minutes on top then about an hour near camp, relaxing and taking photos. We left camp by 11:45 AM

under clear blue skies and by 4:00 PM were back at the car. A most enjoyable and scenic trip.

Note: This peak deserves more attention as a climb for its isolation and beauty but later in the year the couloir would be a nasty, dusty scree climb. Also there is plenty of water to be found as many streams cross the trail on the approach.

Climbers: Mike Fitzpatrick Jim Blilie Rob Freeman Paul Michelson

### **McLelland Butte Trail Maintenance - July 12th**

As mentioned in last month's Echo, BOEALPS has taken the responsibility for the upkeep of the McLelland Butte Trail (just off I-90 this side of the pass) under the Forest Service's Adopt-A-Trail program. On Saturday, July 12th, we will once again assault the trail to clear brush, fix washouts, etc. Plan on meeting at the trailhead at 8:00 AM. Bring a lunch and your favorite outdoor tool; free pizza afterwards. Call Erik Wetzel for sign up and details at 773-5259 (work).

Remember : Many hands make light work!

### **MOUNT SHUKSAN - Gold Team Ascent via Sulphide Glacier**

In an effort to save face, the Lemming Route will again be undertaken. Major differences between this climb and the final Class climb will be a lack of rain, plenty of sunshine, a reasonable party size, and guaranteed successful summit attempt (void where prohibited). To join the party, you do not necessarily need to be Gold Team member. You do, however, need to be a class graduate or supply evidence of adequate experience. Party size is limited to 12 +/- 5% members. For those not coming along, Up Your Glacier! Call Mark Morrissey at 865-3174 for more information or to sign up.

### **Technical Rock Seminar**

A general purpose rock climbing seminar will be held over the weekend of August 9th and 10th in the Leavenworth area. Areas to be covered should include crack and face climbing technique, setting up belay anchors, placing protection, and lead climbing. Details are sketchy at this time, but it is certain to be a fun and informative event. The organizer would appreciate a lot of feedback about this event - especially what people are interested in learning about. A few people to help do the instructing are also being solicited at this time. Call Ken Johnson at 342-5341 to sign up, get information, offer your services, or just shoot the breeze.

### **Dutch Miller Gap / Summit Chief Peaks August 15 - 16 - 17**

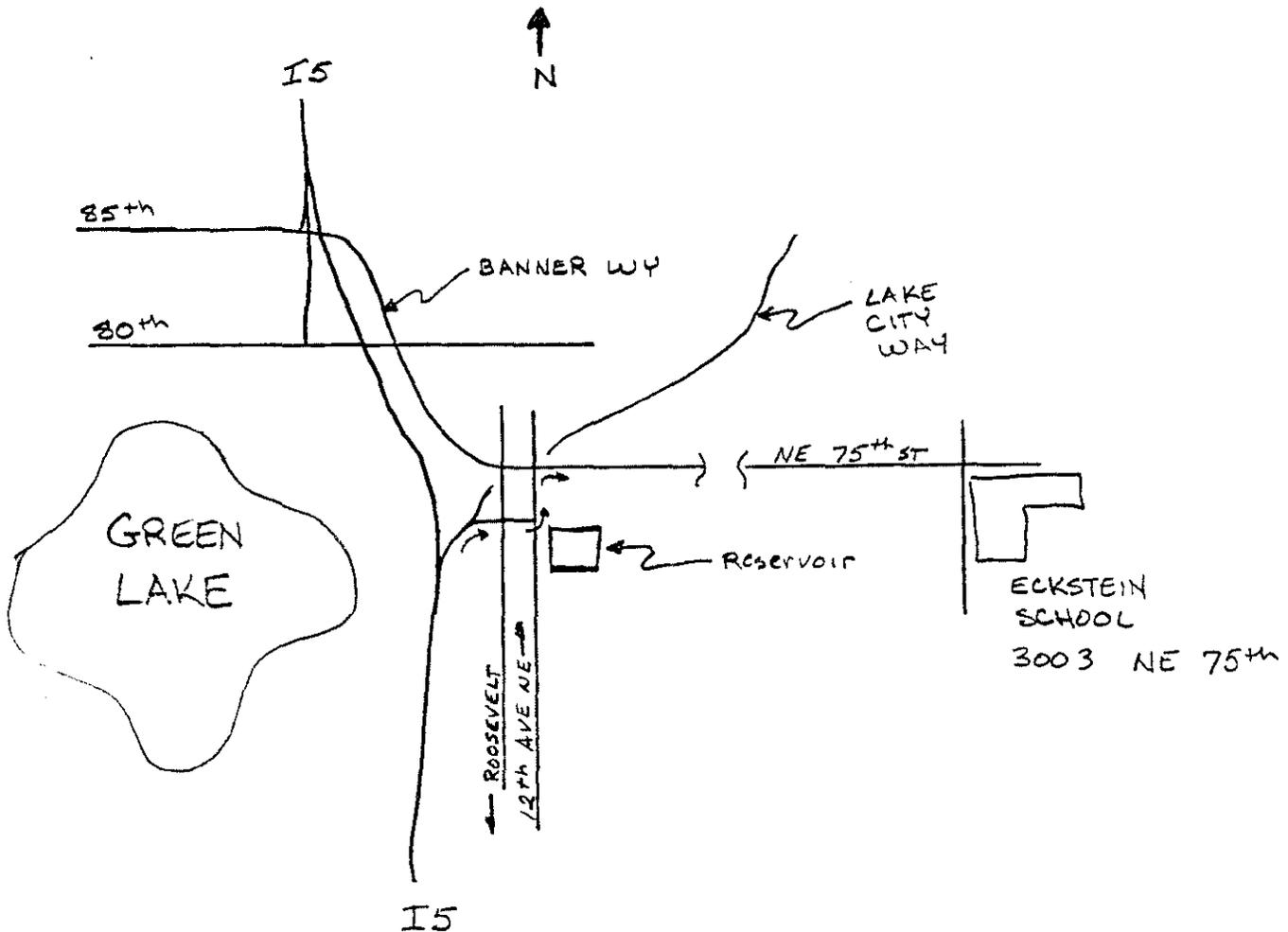
Come on this relaxing trip to Dutch Miller Gap, situated in the heart of the Cascade Crest region of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness Area. Friday we will hike up the beautiful Middle Fork of the Snoqualmie on the old Pacific Crest Trail and camp somewhere above Dutch Miller Gap (~ 7.5 miles and 2000' gain). The main objective will be the group of Summit Chief Peaks, all of which offer numerous class 3 and 4 routes. Contact Paul Michelson at 394-3424 for more information or to sign up. Limit six people.

!!!!!!!!!!!! AUGUST MEETING NOTICE !!!!!!!!!!!!!

The August meeting will be held at ECKSTEIN SCHOOL in north Seattle, NOT the Recreation Center. The meeting is on Thursday, August 7, starting at 7:30 in the auditorium; Eckstein school is located at 3003 NE 75th Street. Driving directions are as follows:

From the south, take the Lake City Way exit from I-5, but take the first right after the exit; do not stay on Lake City Way. Go east 2 blocks past Roosevelt St., then turn left onto 12th Av NE. At 75th Street, turn right, and stay on 75th until you reach the school (approx. 1 mile). Parking is available next to and behind the school.

From the north, take the 80th street exit from I-5, and turn left onto 80th, then right at Banner Way. Banner curves left and turns into 75th Street. From there follow the directions above.



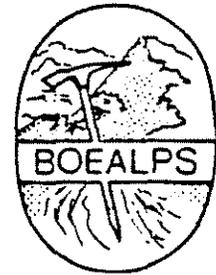
Attention all Club Members:

Your membership numbers have been assigned and cards have been printed. Get them from Bryan at the July and August meetings or call him to make special arrangements at 655-0687.

## ALPINE ECHO

c/o Ken Johnson  
8327 5th Ave. W. #5-A  
Everett WA 98203





## BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

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Photo : Mt. Hunter by Roy Ratliff

# August Meeting

## Thursday, August 7th, 7:30 PM

### Eckstein School

SEE MAP ON PAGE TWO

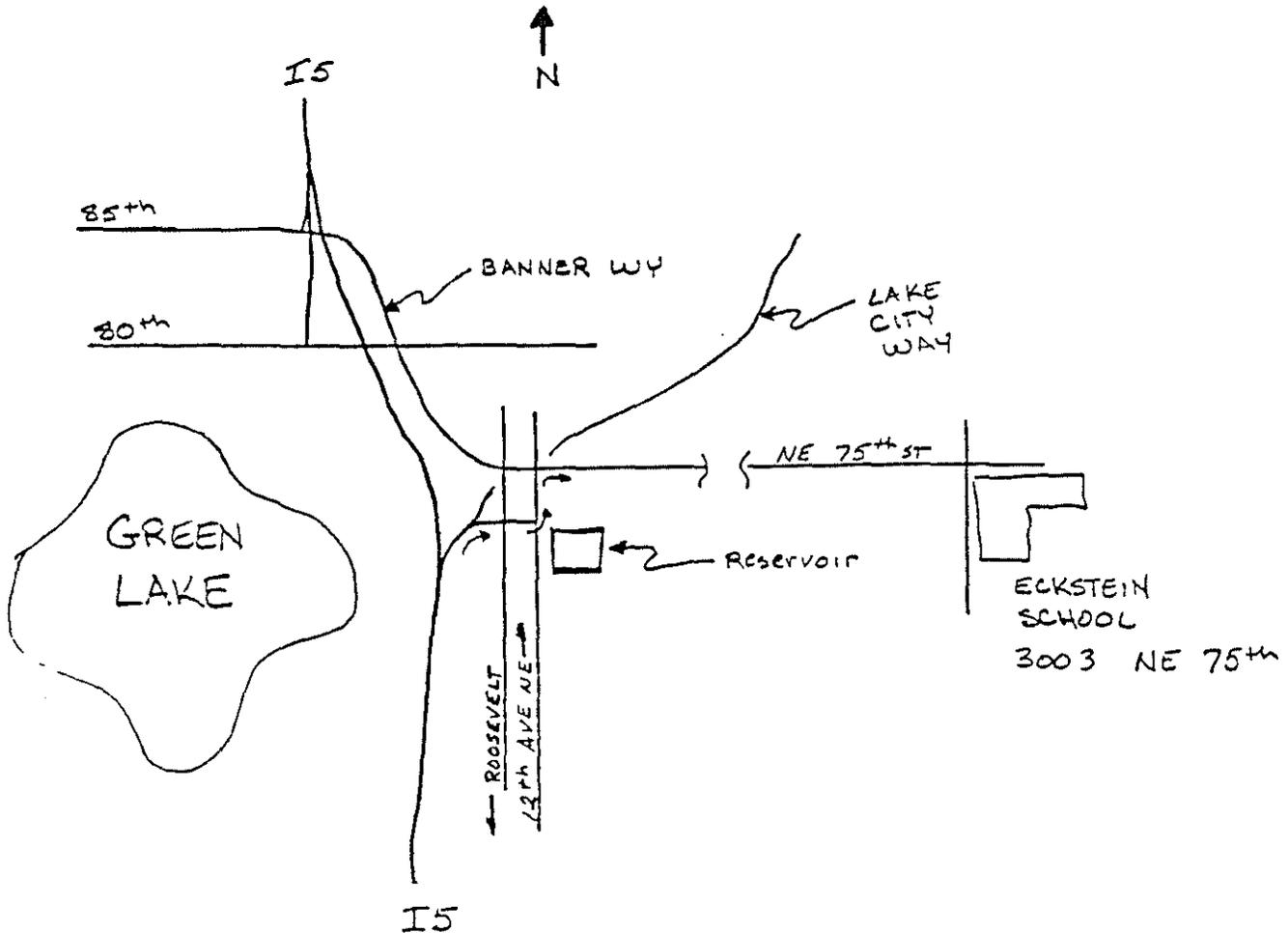
Our speaker for August will be Sherpa Nima Tenzing. He will be giving a presentation on trekking and mountain travel in Nepal, his native country. He will also relate his experiences from a lifetime of expedition mountaineering in the Himalaya. Nima Tenzing was born in Nepal at an altitude of 14,500 feet, higher than the summit of Mount Rainier, in the village of Thami in 1934. He has served with over 80 expeditions, beginning with Herzog's first successful assault on an 8000 meter peak: Annapurna in 1950. He went with Jim Whittaker to the summit of Everest in 1963, and has climbed Mt. Everest more times than any other person. In addition to his native Nepalese, he speaks five other languages. In Nepal he operates a mountain trekking service. Very few of us will ever climb in the Himalaya, but we all would probably like to trek around those mountain giants. Come and learn more about trekking and climbing in Nepal from this important but relatively unknown figure in Himalayan climbing.

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## Belay Stance

Well, here it is gang. Another massive issue to entertain you during those forced bivouacs. A lot of effort has gone into this one, both climbing and writing wise. Keep up the good work and the good fun! A point to remember - how will we find out about the good routes unless you tell us?

Unfortunately, three of the articles this month deal with accidents, and I know that BOEALPS members have recently been involved in at least one other serious accident. I guess that more accidents will occur during times that more people are climbing, but as the articles show it is most often a case of human error that gets people into trouble. Let's be careful out there!

It has come to our attention that some of you have been having trouble receiving your Echoes. If you are not getting it on a regular basis, please contact Bryan Kriewald to try to straighten things out.

Helpful contributors this month were: Alex Van Steen, John Petroske, Jim Blilie, Brian Kriewald, Erik Wetzel, Dale Ott, John Bell, Tim Hudson, Mike Froebe, Mike Fitzpatrick, Scott Leathley, Mark Dale, Jeff Stonebraker, Mark Dickinson, and yours truly.

## Peshastin Closes August 1st !

As most of you are aware, the Peshastin Pinnacles are soon to be off limits to climbers. This area, located between Leavenworth and Cashmere (just outside of Dreyden), was long a favorite haunt of climbers looking for a good time on friendly rock. It was especially valuable as an early and late season training ground, and offered some of the best friction climbs around. Many people had their first rock experience climbing on the sandstone crags, and countless others enjoyed the varied climbing. The Pinnacles are unique to Washington in that they offer the only major sandstone climbs in the state.

It seems that the insurance folks have finally found out that people climb on the rocks, and liability insurance is too expensive (\$25,000 per year for a 1 million dollar policy, absurd in light of the fact that people have climbed there for forty years without a suit) for the owners to handle. Orlon Bitterman and Perry Flick, who own the orchard in which the Pinnacles stand, have always supported the climbing community and are disappointed that letting people climb would result in their insurance being cut off. They are in the process of selling their orchard, and are open to selling the climbing area as a separate parcel. Those of you who are interested in keeping this area open are encouraged to express your views to the State Parks Department in Olympia. They have expressed a desire to buy the land, but say that they don't have the money. I, for one, will miss them when they are gone.

## OFFICIAL BUSINESS:

**Deadline for the September Echo will be Thursday, August 21st, 1986.**

**\*\*\*\* NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENTS APPEARING \*\*\*\***  
**\*\*\*\* IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE \*\*\*\***  
**\*\* OF THE BOEING COMPANY \*\***

## ACTIVITIES !

Here is this month's activities list. Thanks go to all the good people who are taking the time to provide this valuable service to their fellow members. Club events are starting to taper off with the end of the summer, so we are asking everyone to consider leading a fall or winter trip. Everyone knows about the wonderful fall weather we enjoy here, and winter ascents are always an accomplishment. Let's not go into hibernation at the end of August! There has also been a lack of single day events. There are a lot of good day climbs around, and they are even easier and less time consuming to organize than weekend trips. So far our activities have gone very well, let's keep up the good work.

Following is a list of climbs, dates, and leaders. Write-ups with more information submitted by the climb leaders are interspersed as filler throughout this issue. Mike has already recruited both of his friends, so if anyone is interested in leading club climbs or organizing any other type of club activity, contact Mike at 656-5685 (lunch time only, please).

<u>OBJECTIVE</u>	<u>DATE(S)</u>	<u>LEADER</u>	<u>PHONE</u>
Mt. Adams	August 2nd - 3rd	Dale Ott	931-2019 (hm)
Mt. Sahale and Boston Peak	August 2nd - 3rd	Mike Fitzpatrick	773-6490
Technical Rock Seminar	August 9th - 10th	Ken Johnson	342-5341
Dutch Miller Gap / Summit Chief	August 15th - 17th	Paul Michelson	394-3424
Del Campo and Gothic Peaks	August 16th - 17th	Doug Hoskins	773-5191
Mt. Pugh	August 23rd	John Bell	342-4229
McClellan Butte Trail Maintenance	August 23rd	Erik Wetzel	773-5259
Mt. Olympus	August 30th - September 1st	Dale Ott	931-2019 (hm)
Bean Fest !?!	September 6th	Mark Dickinson	342-4316 (after 8/11)
Curtis Gilbert, Old Snowy (President's Climb)	September 13th - 14th	Jim Blilie	237-7102

### FIRST BOEALPS ANNUAL BEAN FEST      SEPTEMBER 6 1986

A SOUTHWEST TRADITION IS BEING TRANSPLANTED HERE IN THE NORTHWEST TO ENCOURAGE MEMBERS OF THE CLIMBING CLUB WHO ARE INTO LYCRA , CHALK , TAPE OR JUST PLAIN HARD ROCK TO GET OUT AND CLIMB , PARTY AND MEET ONE ANOTHER. SO THE ESSENTIAL INGREDIENTS OF A BEAN FEST ARE LOTS OF MEXICAN FOOD BROUGHT BY THOSE ATTENDING , A SUNNY WEEKEND WITH LOTS OF DRY ROCK NEARBY , A BOTTLE OF TEQUILA WITH A WORM INSIDE FOR PASSING AROUND THE BON FIRE AND A LARGE GROUP OF SOCIAL MISFITS WHO CALL THEMSELVES ROCK CLIMBERS. THIS YEARS FEST WILL BE HELD IN LEAVENWORTH , CALL MARK AT 342-4316 FOR DETAILS AFTER AUGUST 11. THIS IS OPEN TO CLUB MEMBERS AND THEIR FRIENDS SO COME ON OUT FOR THIS HISTORIC EVENT AND BRING YOUR WAR STORIES FROM THE SUMMER.

Near Tragedy On The BIG R  
May 24 - 26, 1986

Fridays phone calls only brought bad news. The White River road was closed at the ranger station; Ipsut creek at the entrance; and Mowich Lake road 5 miles from the lake. With that our Memorial day weekend plans of Liberty Wall were losing steam quickly. Rising temperatures and memories of avalanches on the face every 10 minutes, while we were on the ridge in '83', didn't help matters either.

Rather than dwelling on the impending gloom, I remembered that the Westside road had been open 2 weeks prior. So we turned back a few pages in the guide book and started thinking about the southwest side of the mountain. Tahoma cleaver, that's it, a ridge route, no avalanche danger, just rock fall.

The decision was made and our spirits were up, so off we went Friday night, only to have to drive all the way up to Paradise to register. We left the parking lot at 7:00 Saturday morning. The conditions were perfect for a T-shirt and shorts approach. Leaving the trail at Emerald Ridge, we trudged our way across the soft snow and glacial moraine, passing two tents by the ridge. Heading east towards Glacier Island, we crossed on snow fields which we discovered were actually just snow covering the black ice at the snout of the Tahoma. But then though we had safely reached the other side, so still unroped we headed up some mixed SOFT snow and rock on the northwest side of Glacier Island.

Around noon we were feeling tired and hungry, so we pulled up for a break just short of the crest of the slope. Parking it on some rocks, we ate and rested while watching a party of five follow our steps, it was the group from the tents earlier. Then I had a brilliant idea. Why not keep on resting and let them pass us, then we can follow THEIR steps. Vivid memories of walking up the luxurious steps of the climbing classes devoted students flashed through my mind (HEAVY SIGH...). Carl buddy fell for it right away, so we took a nap and let them catch up. A brief chat and they were on their way, and since we were starting to feel chilled, we were soon to follow.

Fifty steps later I thought I heard something, but I couldn't see over the crest to the other party. I continued on curiously. When I came into view of them they had stopped. Their packs were off and the older guy gave me a friendly wave. I could hear some shouting and saw that they were getting some gear out of their packs. Something was definitely up.

I hurried toward them and found out that what turned out to be their leader, had fallen into a hidden crevasse unroped. (Brings back memories doesn't it Mark). He was conscious and in communication with his group, asking if we had arrived yet. The reason for this became clear later. They had dropped a rope to him and anchored it by doing a single wrap around three separate ice axes in a row. They were yelling to him trying to find out if he had his jumars to climb up the rope. Making a quick assessment of the situation, I suggested that we just haul him out since we had six people. Another rope was dropped to him for his pack and he was told that we were going to haul him out.

We had raised him ten feet or so when the edge of the crevasse collapsed, dropping snow and two ice axes down on him. We then could see that we had been pulling the rope at a 45° angle to the crevasse. Also the axes at the edge of the crevasse had not been anchored. Putting more axes down we squared off to the crevasse and hauled him out.

He was totally soaked from head to toe and began violently shivering as he told us that the bottom of the crevasse was filled with water. I immediately told the two women of the team to pull out foam pads, a sleeping bag and dry clothes as we began to strip the wet clothes off. We quickly got him into a sleeping bag with some dry clothes on. He had no frostbite fortunately, but by the pain he was experiencing I knew that his hands had reached frostnip. It took warm liquids, a hot water bottle and the next hour to stabilize him from the hypothermia and shock. We had a nice talk during that time, while the rest of the group set up a camp near by.

That's when I became clear on just how serious a situation this had been. Lefkos was the leader of the group, very experienced, with years of instructing and rescue under his belt. The older man and woman of the group had been climbing for a few years but were not strong climbers. The younger man had been climbing with Lefkos twice before, while the younger woman was on her first outing. He really questioned whether he should have been there with them, let alone being UNROPED. He was not at all sure if they would have been able to get him out without us. Even if they would have been able to get him out the time factor played a vital role in his survival. As he put it, he had clawed his way out of the water twice, and if he had gone in again, he doubted if he would have had the energy to get out again. As it was, the hardest thing he had to do was to tie the rope around himself right the first time, because there wouldn't be a second chance.

He was very thankful that we had been where we were. I thanked God that we were too, as well as for the water at the bottom of the crevasse. If it hadn't been there, the fifty plus foot fall would have either broken a lot of bones or just plain killed him. In any case it would have been a more serious and dangerous rescue.

After getting them settled in to their camp, we recovered two out of the three ice axes which were in the crevasse, then continued on our climb. It was getting late and we had had a long and tiring day so we dug our snow cave and had a bite to eat, settling in to our low camp (8100 ft) about 10:30.

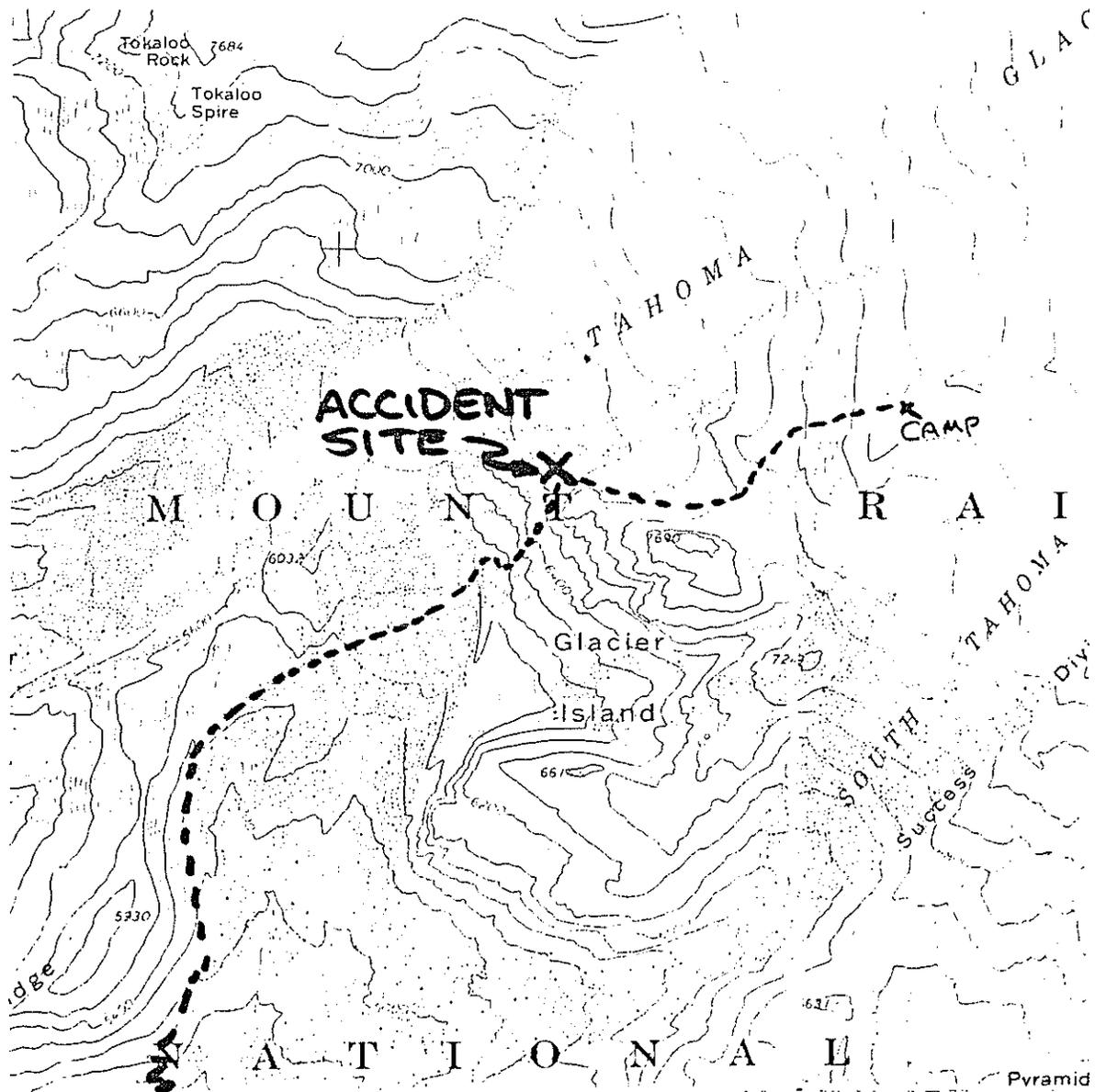
We slept all day Sunday for some strange reason, getting up to make our summit bid at 11:00 PM. Conditions weren't bad when we left camp, but as the night progressed the wind picked up, until about 2:00 AM it was a 40 mph wind coming straight down the route we were trying to climb up. Blowing us off our feet during the stronger gusts. With the major and more difficult climbing ahead of us and the warm temperatures still hampering things, we just didn't feel up to the struggle ahead of us. So we aborted the attempt and headed down the mountain, arriving at Moore's for a leisurely 8:30 AM breakfast, thankful that we had been in the right place at the right time.

Climbers: Scott Leathley & Carl Nichols

### Del Campo and Gothic Peaks

August 16th and 17th

This should be a nice easy trip with two fun peaks as the goal. This would be a good one to bring the wife and kids along (at least to base camp). It may even be possible to join us for a day climb if you can't make the entire weekend. Good clean fun in beautiful yet easily accessible area is the name of the game. Call Doug Hoskins at 773-5191 for more information.



**Dutch Miller Gap / Summit Chief Peaks August 15 - 16 - 17**

Come on this relaxing trip to Dutch Miller Gap, situated in the heart of the Cascade Crest region of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness Area. Friday we will hike up the beautiful Middle Fork of the Snoqualmie on the old Pacific Crest Trail and camp somewhere above Dutch Miller Gap (~ 7.5 miles and 2000' gain). The main objective will be the group of Summit Chief Peaks, all of which offer numerous class 3 and 4 routes. Contact Paul Michelson at 394-3424 for more information or to sign up. Limit six people.

**Mt. Sahale and Boston Peak August 2nd and 3rd**

Here is your chance to sign up for the best club climb of the summer, a weekend trip to the Cascade Pass area of the North Cascades National Park. The climbs involve only involve a little scrambling and the views are tremendous. Camping will be on the Sahale Arm or the snowfield (glacier?). Call Mike Fitzpatrick at 773-6490 for more information.

## MOUNT HOOD - SOUTH SIDE

June 13-14th, 1986

By John S. Bell

After such a great week of weather we just had to go climbing. So Dave and I met at Gary's place after work on Friday the 13th and left Renton at 5pm for Mt. Hood. As we crawled through rush hour traffic we formulated our game plan: we would climb Friday night through Saturday morning and somehow drive home that same morning. What a crazy idea but we were summit hungry!

We stopped for an excellent dinner at Shari's Restaurant off I-5 and arrived at Timberline Lodge at 10pm. While we were signing the climbing register a public address system was predicting a depressing weather forecast: increasing clouds and a chance of showers. How could this be? We spent a half hour in the lodge then packed up and tried to find our route up the dark mountain. A hand-drawn map that was given to us by John Petroske (thanks?) gave us confidence in our plan of attack and we left for the summit at 11pm.

As we left the parking lot we could see the flashing lights of two snow cats up high on the mountain. We followed the tracks of these machines and found ourselves heading up just to the right of the ski lifts. Finally, at about 9000 feet we were free from the noise of the snow cats and the distraction of the lifts. Ah, now the climb would be interesting, or so we thought.

At about 10000 feet the sulfur fumaroles gave us a sour stomach and left a nasty taste in our mouths; it was obvious that we were close to Devils Kitchen. We roped up and I took the lead. A bergschrund was easily crossed and at 6am we reached the summit, where we were greeted with high winds and no visibility. Summit photos were quickly taken and we immediately started the descent. On the way down we passed an infinite number of climbers who were heading up into the cloud capped summit.

Looking like the living dead we staggered into the parking lot at about 8:30am. We all agreed that the climb wasn't very interesting but were glad to have made it to the top and back safely.

Climbers: John Bell, Dave Pickett, Gary Watson

## Mt. Stuart, Ice Cliff Glacier

June 14 - 15, 1986

Tim Hudson

It was drizzling on the west side, with no change forecast. The previous weekend Bob and I had been rained out at the Coleman headwall under identical conditions. Letting our judgement be somewhat swayed by desire, we decided that an east side alternative was in order. Hoping that the fabled Leavenworth rain shadow would materialize, we opted for a route on the north side of Mt. Stuart.

We left the car at the Mountaineer Creek trailhead at about 1000 Saturday. The skies were leaden and a gusting westerly wind was pushing rain squalls across the crest. Conditions were far from ideal, but, ever mindful of sunk costs, we forged ahead.

The first obstacle we encountered was the rain-swollen marsh at the confluence of the north and south forks of Mountaineer Creek. It is here that Beckey indicates that the route leaves the established trail and begins cross-country travel. We were soon up to our eyebrows (almost literally) in the swamp. To make matters worse, the mosquito season was in full swing. We emerged, after 30 minutes of desperate thrashing, on the near side of the stream we wished to ford! Score one for Fred's sense of humor.

After a little exploration, we found a (much) drier crossing at about the point where the trail begins to switchback up the bench below Stuart Lake. From here it was a relatively easy brush crash south to the lower talus slopes of Mountaineer Ridge, which guards the approach to Stuart from the north. Two hours of ascending traverse through thinning forest and fields of increasingly larger boulders brought us to the surprisingly little-used campsites at the foot of the Sherpa glacier moraine.

It had rained sporadically throughout the day, and conditions looked pretty bleak by the time we established camp in a midafternoon thundershower. Wet and miserable, we climbed into our bivy sacks, convinced that we had been ... well, had. We fully expected to be retracing our steps the following day, sans summit, with bragging rights to nothing more than another Cascade trainer.

Such are the vagaries of Northwest weather! By dinnertime a strong westerly wind had cleared the storm, and the landscape was steaming in the evening sun. Amazed at our good fortune, we spent the remainder of the evening marveling at the spectacular, unspoiled beauty gradually revealed by the clearing mists. Here, high in the Stuart range, deep, well-timbered valleys are hemmed by lofty, serrated ridges and precipitous hanging glaciers. Except for the immediate campsite, no sign of human impact mars the scene. From the north, the impression is anything but that of one of the most popular peaks in the Cascades.

We devised an ambitious route while lingering over yet another boiled climbers' dinner. If the weather cooperated, we planned to ascend the Ice Cliff glacier to its head just east and below the false summit. Time permitting, we would attempt the summit before descending by the Sherpa glacier.

Miraculously, the weather held through the night, setting the rain-soaked snow into a thick boilerplate. The morning sky was bright, cloudless and the air bore the scent of rising pressure. An early start took us to the foot of the glacier by 0545 Sunday.

Access to the glacier proper is by a leftward, diagonally-ascending traverse from its lower right margin. This passes above the lower icefall, and across the first of two blocking *bergschrunds* on its extreme left margin. (One or two ice screws, possible rock work later in the season.) We

worked up through the lightly-crevassed center of the glacier to the second *'schrund*, which we also crossed on the left. For those so inclined, a frontal assault on the face to the right would yield a pitch or two of near-vertical ice.

This brought us to our objective, the 1500' *couloir* leading to the east ridge. It is set deeply in the *cirque*, and receives no direct sun. It is steep (45° - 50°), sustained and narrows considerably near the top. There is no runout. Earlier in the season, it is a snow route. We found it in transition to white ice: too hard to kick steps, too soft to hold protection reliably. A real gripper!

We continued our ascent roped, hugging the left (east) wall, using the rock occasionally for protection and all-too-brief rests from the unremitting slope. Fortunately, the conditions were optimal for cramponing, and we made reasonable progress in spite of our increasing trepidation. As the advancing sun warmed the rock high above, the route was subjected to increasingly frequent showers of stones and ice, adding to the fun.

We reached the ridge at about 1100, drained from the physical and emotional stress of the climb. Agreeing that the summit was superfluous, we sat loose, revelling in the scorching sun and the sight of the luckless masses slogging up the southern approaches.

After a civilized interval and some decidedly uncivilized food, we sought out the *col* exiting to the Sherpa glacier far below. The snow finger reaching from the Sherpa to the *col* is east-facing, and basks in the morning sun. Although steep, the soft snow provided a speedy descent to the glacier proper, where the *'schrund* was crossed with little difficulty. A few hundred yards of relatively gentle ice took us back to the terminal moraine and camp.

Relaxing back in Leavenworth over a brew or two, we agreed that the climb appeared deceptively easy, and is indeed a grade three route, as Beckey suggests. The difficulty of the climb, and the attendant objective hazards depends largely upon the snow conditions. The approach, although short, is taxing, particularly with heavy climbing packs. The severity of the *couloir* renders retreat doubtful. The remoteness of the area and relative lack of climbers would make obtaining assistance difficult should an emergency arise. Overall, we found it to be an outstanding alpine experience, but one not to be undertaken lightly.

**Climbers:** Bob Dinning and Tim Hudson

### Technical Rock Seminar

A general purpose rock climbing seminar will be held over the weekend of August 9th and 10th in the Leavenworth area. Areas to be covered should include crack and face climbing technique, setting up belay anchors, placing protection, and lead climbing. One day will spent practicing and the other applying the techniques on a climb. This is certain to be a fun and informative event. The organizer would appreciate a lot of feedback about this event - especially what people are interested in learning about. A few people to help do the instructing are also being solicited at this time. Space is limited, so sign up soon. Call Ken Johnson at 342-5341 to sign up, get information, or offer your services.

MT. FORAKER'S WEST RIDGE - JOURNEY THROUGH A TIMELESS LAND  
by Mark Dale

PART 3 - THE RETREAT

High on the summit of Mt. Foraker stand three small figures while below them, stretching in all directions, is a chaotic landscape of huge glaciers, sheer rock cliffs and ridges, jagged peaks and icefalls. Only to the north does the terrain calm into rolling hills, then the expansive plain of tundra which appears to extend to the end of time and space. Seeing this vast, flat, featureless land seems to strike a forgotten chord in my soul, perhaps awakening ancient memories passed to me by ancestors of long ago.

We have been on the summit, the 'goal' of the journey, for not much more than one half hour, but the cold and wind demand that we descend. The privilege of standing on top has been granted us, but not the privilege of remaining. After a few final glances, we leave. My ankles and knees ache as we climb down frozen, wind-scoured slopes. Eventually we reach the plateau. Gazing across this desolate feature I am reminded of a desert. The strong, gusty winds blow streamers and plumes of snow across the flat wasteland, backlit by a sun colored orange through my glasses. So lifeless and alien, I think, but with an austere beauty all its own.

Retracing our earlier route proves no trouble, and camp is finally reached late in the day. We collapse into the tent and enjoy a well deserved victory dinner. It's the first time we've really been warm all day. The wind has increased in strength from morning and it continues to do so through the night, making sleep difficult. The tent shudders violently, snapping and popping as strong gusts slam into camp from across the plateau. Fortunately I have earplugs for just such an occasion (Don and Juan are not so lucky), and manage to get a reasonable sleep. These handy devices are also useful when one's tent partner is a chronic snorer, a disgusting habit that transcends even the noisiest wind when it comes to inflicting misery upon the innocent bystander.

Morning dawns at  $-15^{\circ}$  F with no slackening of the gale, and now there is an ominous cloudcap streaming over the south summit. Another is high over the north summit and we fear a storm may be on its way. I hear a metallic clattering outside and later discover our large snow shovel has been almost blown over the cliff. We pack up and put on our climbing gear inside. Breaking down the tent is difficult and I stand in the wildly blowing shell until it's ready to be stuffed away. The cold seems to penetrate my bones as we rope up and begin the descent.

The steep slope below has accumulated pockets of wind slab snow which make footing tricky. Eventually we reach consistently good cramponing conditions as we zigzag down past the rocks, finally reaching a flat area prior to the corniced ridge. The wind has slackened considerably here and we stop to enjoy a much needed rest. Continuing down the ridge we retrace our previous route with the help of wands and features that we recognize. There has been wind here too, as evidenced by changes in the old cornice structure and newly transported snow. There are substantial deposits of wind slab on some of the steep exposed slopes, which makes traversing them somewhat unnerving. Pieces break off

under my feet and go skittering into the void below as I try to gain a secure stance. At last we reach a knife-edge arete which we cross belayed to a fixed line that was placed on the ascent. After retrieving the line we make the final descent to Camp 2 where John is waiting for us. It's good to be reunited, more so for John who has been alone for most of the past three days.

The next morning, the twentieth day of the journey, we pack up and begin the descent to today's destination, base camp. Our old tracks have mostly disappeared but routefinding is not a problem and wands help guide the way. The weather hasn't yet turned bad but high clouds moving in from the southwest indicate a change. We reach the icy slopes and fixed lines in good time, but our progress slows considerably as we downclimb the tricky sections. Additional snow has accumulated here while we've been higher but it is more consolidated than previously, so footing is a little better. The lines must be retrieved from under the new snow as we use them on the descent. We're all somewhat relieved after reaching the Camp 1 site, for now the technical terrain is behind us.

Continuing down the ridge we reach the glissade gully which we quickly descend and are soon crossing the final moraine to base camp. Here the sound of a plane high above drifts down to us, and Don makes contact through the radio. It's Jim of K2 Aviation who tells us that he and everyone else in Talkeetna received our transmission from Mt. Foraker's summit. Although they attempted to respond, we never received their messages. Perhaps the squelch on our radio was on too high, or it was somehow affected by the cold. In any case they were prepared to fly us out at the newly arranged date.

The main concern now was whether the lake at Tundra Camp was still sufficiently frozen to allow a landing. If not we would have to walk an additional 8-9 miles to a mining camp landing strip across the Swift Fork of the Kuskokwim River. Thus we must reach the lake at least two days prior to the pickup to allow time for the possible added travel. This means we have three days to move from base camp to Tundra Camp. The same trip took nine days on the approach (of course, we were ferrying loads then). As a result of this new schedule our hoped-for rest day at base camp is not to be.

This evening we decide what to carry out and what to dispose of. The main bulk of what we leave is extra food and this will be thrown into a crevasse the next morning. As night descends we are treated to a final display of subtle, changing colors in the magnificent scenery around us. High on the west ridge we can make out the trail of our descent.

Morning comes and we are up early, anticipating a long day as we travel to the Somber Creek valley camp. We make one last inventory, then John and I carry the 'excess baggage' down to the glacier and toss it into a crevasse. I hope that the ice devours it completely so our presence here will never be known by what is left behind. Despite our attempt to lighten loads, we still carry seventy to eighty pounds of weight in each of our packs.

Soon we are walking back along the high bench, descending the steep moraine, then traveling down-glacier. Snow has covered our old tracks for the most part but by now we are familiar with this place. Climbing up to the old Balcony

Camp site we cross several cracks in the muddy dirt of the moraine where the slopes have slipped down. At the moraine's crest we have one last look up the glacier, then continue on. Soon we reach the place where we've stashed the sleds, the same place where we encountered the brown grizzly over two weeks ago. I look around for him, both hoping and fearing to see the powerful animal but he is not here. No, he is elsewhere, maybe many miles away on his constant search for food, playing his part in the complex flow of life in the wilderness.

After sacrificing sleds to the glacier we begin the tedious climb to Somber Pass. Once there, we retrieve our cache which contains food for the return journey. Descending into the Somber Creek valley I notice a mound of ptarmigan feathers on a patch of tundra. They have been carefully plucked, perhaps by a fox who found his last meal here. I think of the ebb and flow of life which constantly moves around us, of the many daily dramas which must occur between the hunter and the hunted. Over countless centuries Nature has evolved and maintained such an elegant balance in this remote land, a balance that has all too often been upset by man in other parts of the world.

As we continue down-valley towards our old camp Don makes the surprising discovery of a blue helium balloon caught in some low brush. Attached is a small card upon which is scrawled in a child's hand a request that it be returned to the Big Lake Elementary School in Alaska, from where the balloon was released. Somehow the wind has carried this frail message over the Alaska Range and deposited along our return route, in a place so isolated that it might be years before it is visited again. Don saves the message and plans to return it later.

A long, hard day ends as we reach the old Somber Creek camp this evening. A weather system has moved in, bringing upper level clouds and warmer temperatures. The higher peaks are engulfed. I'm thankful that we're not still on the mountain.

A balmy 30° F morning greets us the following day as we break camp and move down the creek and out of the pristine valley. We expected more snowmelt in our absence but conditions haven't changed much and the creekbed still provides good travel. Our old path is still visible and we discover that it has been followed by another wanderer recently. The immense tracks of a grizzly are deeply imprinted in the snow along our old route. These are the largest bear tracks I've ever seen, longer than my big boots with supergaitors (almost 14"). The line of prints disappears into the nearby woods. Soon we enter the forest ourselves, acutely aware of our surroundings. Nothing stirs and there is no sound other than our own.

Mid-afternoon we reach Barren Creek and decide to stop here for the night, allowing ourselves a few extra hours of rest. Juan constructs an elaborate 'laundromat', using a cache bucket for the washer and a makeshift clothesline strung over a wood fire for the dryer. A few items get overcooked but smell immensely better. Evening falls quietly, imperceptibly, while spirits of the forest sigh and move around us. I feel pangs of sadness, knowing that I am an outsider in this land, looking in, trying to understand and be a part of all that surrounds us but knowing this can never be. Yet I feel this journey has made a profound impression on my being, somehow joining dreams with reality.

Anticipating what may be our last day of travel, we arise early morning and prepare to leave. Juan spots a fair-sized animal observing us from the creek bed below camp. At first we think it's a small bear but with binoculars discover it to be a wolverine. Our day is enriched at the sight of this rare, elusive creature. It watches us for a while, then continues on its unknown quest. One spirit has shown itself.

The light snowfall which has persisted most of the night stops, and the grey ceiling of clouds breaks as we depart. Hours of travel through the solemn woods leads us once more to the boundless, open tundra. Change has occurred since we were last here, more browns and greens color the land. Winter's snow is disappearing, harbinger of a new season. We remove snowshoes for the last time.

As we cross familiar terrain and draw closer to Tundra Camp, the question grows stronger in our minds - will the lake still be frozen? Smaller lakes that we pass are partially thawed. The clouds close in and a cold breeze sweeps the stark hills, accompanied by a few snowflakes. At last we struggle over the final rise and there is the lake spread before us. It's surface is white and frozen but large dark areas give doubt to its strength. We quickly drop our packs and walk onto the ice, probing for weaknesses. Relieved to find the dark spots are only areas of surface meltwater, we confirm the hoped-for solidity of the ice. Knowing our journey is over we set up camp and open our cache left here weeks earlier, then engage in an orgy of food consumption. The plane is due in two days and all look forward to a relaxing tomorrow, only the third rest day we've had.

The fifth of May dawns sunny and warm (33<sup>o</sup> F). A lone caribou trots over the lake and past camp as we breakfast. Today, more than any other day, spring seems to be in the air. This is a day of contemplation, of time spent alone as we each wander and explore this fascinating land. I spend hours and miles on the tundra, free from my heavy pack. The sun is warm, birds and insects are active, awakened to the life that a new spring brings. Stretching across the southern horizon is the resplendent panorama of the Alaska Range, lofty shimmering peaks piercing a crystal blue sky. As I roam, new discoveries constantly appear - hidden lakes, an animal's den, caribou antlers half buried in the tundra. An occasional lemming observes my movements from a rock, then scampers away.

At last I drift back to camp. The day ends with a sublime sunset that paints the high mountains orange and pink. Lying in the tent I listen to the quiet rustling of a gentle breeze and think of the last days of effort and toil. anticipation and discovery, questions and answers. I know my companions have shared these same experiences, yet have seen through different eyes. Each of us carries his own memories.

Our final day, May 6, is again exquisite. Not knowing when the plane will arrive we are forced to remain near camp. Finally around midday we hear, then see, the red speck of the Cessna as it approaches, circles, then lands. Only two can fly out at a time, and Don and I choose to remain behind for the second flight. I find it hard to tear myself away from this place yet at the same moment know it is time to go, time to end this episode in my life.

Some hours later Jim returns for us. I have one last look, then step into the plane which quickly plucks us from the land to which we have been so closely tied for the past weeks. I have given nothing to this wilderness, yet it has given everything to me.

STATISTICS:

Route - Mt. Foraker, West Ridge, third ascent

Total miles traveled - 125 miles +

Total elevation gained - 33,000 feet

Total number of camps - 8

Time required - 25 days

**Mt. Stuart - Cascadian Couloir, July 11th and 12th**

The weather changed from drizzle to clear blue skies as we headed east to the North Fork of the Teanaway River road. The drive took two and a half hours and the last twenty minutes were on a dry, dusty dirt road. I felt sorry for the people camping within a stones throw of the road. The hike to Long's Pass (6200') went quickly and the views were excellent. We dropped straight down to the Ingalls Creek trail on a climber's path maintained by Vibram deep-lugged soles. Hiking down the Ingalls trail about a tenth of a mile, we made camp at one of the many good campsites (5000').

The Cascadian Couloir route started 100 yards down from our camp across from a large horse camp under the trees. The path was easy to follow but hard to walk on due to the sandy scree. At about 7500 feet the wide couloir opened into a boulder field before reaching the steep snow slope below the false summit. From here we watched a group ascending the West Ridge of Sherpa Peak and played "Name That Peak". Some pleasant scrambling on sound granite brought us to the true summit at 11:30 AM. The register was a 49 cent notebook inside a bomb-proof cast aluminum box, just like on Rainier.

Before we left the summit a guy asked us if we could help his friend down the mountain with our rope. His friend had no ice axe or climbing experience and was spooked by the exposure. Descending to a safe place was time consuming but a lot faster than a rescue party from Seattle. At the bottom of the snow slope was a young couple that had quit because the girl was wearing tennis shoes! As on all mountains the standard route lures the inexperienced. For this reason we carried a rope not for climbing, but for the UNEXPECTED.

Climbers were from both BOEALPS and the W.A.C. - Elinor Graham, Gail Olcott, Bill Mandervill, Pat O'Brien, Gene Rowe, Kurt Van Sandt, and Dale Ott (author).

Ken and I got off to an early start and began the approach to Sperry Peak at 6:00 am. After a pleasant hike we were ready to begin climbing at 8:00 am. Ken had decided to leave his rock shoes in the car after hastily inspecting Sperry's East Face from the trailhead. I being of a more timid species took mine. I began the climbing and led out a short distance and soon realized that we were definitely off the 4th class start. I downclimbed a short distance and began a traverse across a smooth face with some delicate climbing. "Ha ha, I bet Ken's going to have some fun on this pitch in his clod-hoppers". Ken followed in good fashion.

Our original plan was to climb the Central Rib of the East Face of Sperry. I knew we were somewhere on the East Face, but where I'm not sure. Most of the climbing we encountered was over trees, brush, lichen, and some interesting moss. The weather and views from the climb were quite enjoyable but the climbing itself was not. Ken and I agreed that it would be a great climb to wish upon your worst enemies. At one point on the climb we reached an impass with the only exit being a wet slimy chimney that had a nice cool trickle of water running down your neck as you squeeze up it. I got the dubious honor of leading this memorable pitch.

Overall the climb was not technically difficult, just extremely long (aprox. 18 pitches) and quite scary because of the lack of good placements and loose rock. Route finding also proved to be troublesome. In retrospect I'm pretty sure we were way off the Central Rib route. Numerous gullies and ribs crisscross the entire East Face in a labyrinth of perplexity, which is the Central Rib I'll never know.

Finally, after an exposed pitch that climbed through the toughest bunch of trees and brush on the route (I swore a lot on this pitch) we topped out on the Northeast Ridge a short distance from the summit. Ken and I were wiped-out and we sat down to our first official rest of the day!. We got lucky for a change, and found a steady drip of water coming off some snow. Quickly our canteens were filled and our thirst quenched. A short scramble brought us to the summit where we enjoyed a hurried feast, gobbling down some food while enjoying the sunset. Off again, all too soon, we began the descent as little light remained. With headlamps on we wearily reached the car sometime after midnight. It sure was a long tiring day, strangely fitting as it was the second longest day of the year. Grade IV, 5.6, 14 hours.

-Johnny "Rotten" Petroske, Kenny "Rogers" Johnson

This is an account of an accident on Bonanza Peak which occurred on the Fourth of July weekend this year. We can all learn from accidents, this one in particular. Hence, this report. Although we did not make our summit, the events are worth relating, hopefully to prevent a similar incident.

Rising to a 3:45 am alarm clock on the Fourth, we attempted to eat breakfast and prepare for the long drive to Chelan. There we had to catch the 8:30 departure of the ferry: the Lady of the Lake, bound for Lucerne. After clouds on the west side, the sunshine through clear skies near Cle Elum was both beautiful and a good omen for our planned ascent of Bonanza (9511 ft., sixth highest peak in Washington, and the highest non-volcanic peak in the state.) As we slipped away from the pier at Chelan, we were recognized by a team of three climbers who were also headed for the Mary Green Glacier route on Bonanza. Two of the team turned out to be acquaintances from Jerry Baillie's Brothers climb this spring: Jeff Skinner and Dan Ferguson, along with a third man, Kevin Wood.

When we hopped off of the bus at Holden it became apparent that Rob's pack (along with Skinner's team's three packs) was still on the dock at Lucerne. (?!&\*\$@!) Eric, Allison and Bryan left up the trail to Holden Lake under greying skies to claim camping spots, while the rest of us went for packs or waited. The packs arrived with the drizzle. Saddling up quickly we blasted up to Holden Lake in 1½ hours. (hate to hike in the rain) By the time we got there, there was some snow mixed with the rain! (is this the fourth of January?!)

Fortunately, the fifth dawned mostly clear, and we were dropping our packs for a rest at Holden Pass by 7 am. From there Bonanza looked very marginal, and Allison decided to lounge in the sun rather than risk her life on the route above. The entire upper 1000 ft. of the peak was liberally dusted with fresh snow. As Beckey says: "class 3, harder when not snow-free." We had a small rack of chocks, and felt strong, so we decided to at least get a much nearer view of that slippery rock.

An easy way trail led rapidly to the edge of the glacier, and we were roping up, while the clouds above were clearing away. The glacier is beautiful and well broken in the center, but easily ascended on its margins. With just a few minor detours around crevassed areas, we found our way over new snow and a good deal of recent ice-avalanche debris to the 'schrunds at the head of the glacier. These were easily crossed and we sat down to rest, along with another team ahead of us at the base of the rocks. It was quite cold, with a few flakes of snow sparkling in the air. As we sat and ate, a big Mountaineers group, who we had passed on the glacier also arrived.

At about this time the group of climbers we had seen about 500 ft. above us yelled "ROCK!" and we all looked up to see a bread-box size rock come careening off of the cliff above. Luckily it just cratered in the steep snow beneath the bergschrund directly to our left. We had seen the team of climbers which was above us from the lower edge of the glacier. In the nearly two hours it had taken us to ascend the glacier, they had only moved a couple of hundred feet! Rock up there must be ugly! Suddenly another shout was heard from above and we saw a very large rock come bouncing down a gully... only to be pulled up short by a rope, and then fall a few more feet. Holy @!\$%^! that was no rock, it was a person!

And that person was lying very still. Quickly, a climber from another team, very near the accident (500' above us) was lowered down and stood above the victim. Shouts were now heard for someone to immediately go out for a chopper and doctor. We did not, however, do that. We wanted to wait for the accident report to arrive so no errors would be made. This turned out to be fortunate, since there was a great deal of confusion about the identity of the victim. Nothing seemed to be happening above so several members of the Mountaineers party prepared to ascend to lend assistance. We collected all the available spare clothing, food, water, and rock gear to be carried up to the accident site, so that as much could be done up there as possible. As they went up, mass quantities of rocks began to descend, several almost creating additional victims. A small avalanche

also swept through our rest spot forcing several of us to leap out of its path, and carrying away some equipment. It appeared certain that no rescue could be mounted that day (it was already after noon.) The area where the victim lay gave no possible site for a helicopter to land or even winch him up. The terrain between us and the victim was 500 ft. of very treacherous snow and rock.

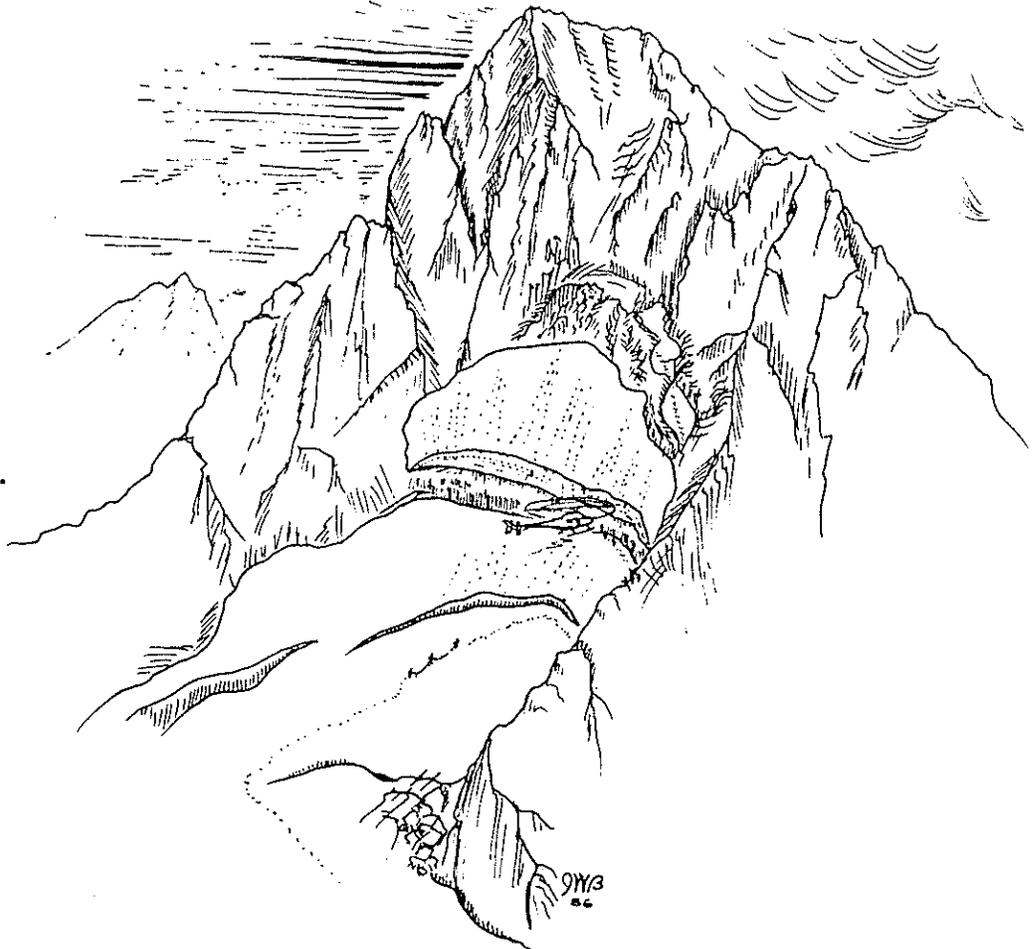
As soon as the accident report arrived, we found out that it was, in fact, Skinner's team that was involved in the accident, and Ferguson was the victim. He had, it appeared, a head injury, a damaged shoulder, and **was only semiconscious.** We followed the two who were carrying the report to Holden, ourselves carrying written information on the accident, ready to back them up if necessary. By the time we got back to Holden Lake, the report was well on its way to Holden, so we had little to do but wait. Soon the Mountaineers, except for those who went up to assist, arrived too. In an hour or two, persons with binoculars were able to discern the rescuers on the route above lowering the victim to the area we had been earlier. This was a pleasant surprise, since the small amount of manpower and equipment available seemed to preclude that possibility.

Some time after 8 pm a surprising sound was heard. A helicopter, coming up the valley! It was

clear and calm and the chopper made one sweep of the cirque of the upper glacier then went directly to where the people were on the rocks, and appeared to hover. In fact, that gutsy pilot had landed on the very lip of the bergschrund at 8500 ft.! Soon, Ferguson was loaded into the chopper and was whisked towards Wenatchee and some real medical help. The rescuers above began to descend and all of us were very relieved, since head injuries require quick medical attention.

The next day I spoke with Skinner and their third man Wood. The reasons for this accident soon became quite clear. Their team had made several simple (and nearly fatal) mistakes. Firstly, they had gone out without helmets on a route which is well known for requiring them. Leading on rock or ice without a helmet is not a recom-

mended practice, your head is too vulnerable in a fall. In addition, Ferguson fell 100-120 feet. He was leading on what was essentially class 5 rock, but did



...the Helicopter lands in the Bergschrund...  
Bonanza Peak

not take the rack of chocks with him. If he had protected his progress, it is likely that he would not have fallen nearly so far. Finally, and probably most dangerous, the other team members, to whom Ferguson was tied, were not anchored to the mountain! The fact that they stopped him and prevented the whole team from ending up in the crevasse 1000 ft. below is a miracle. Wood was standing on snow and could do nothing, while Skinner simply dug into the rock as tight as possible and performed a dynamic arrest (alot of rope slipped through before he could stop it.) They are all very lucky to be alive.

Both Skinner and Wood thought they had bought the farm. Both could clearly see (good old 20-20 hindsight) that wearing a helmet, using the rope and protection, and belaying properly probably would have prevented this accident. Still in shock, they said they would never try another alpine ascent without helmets.

Helmets are not heavy. They may be bulky, but it seems like pretty cheap insurance. A rope should be used properly or not at all: better no protection than a false sense of protection that may tempt one past "the edge".

Bonanza Peak is one terrific mountain and I certainly plan to return to complete the ascent. It is very similar in style to the corkscrew route on Sloan Peak, except on a grander scale. I will, however, go with a great deal of respect for the peak, and later in the year when the rock will be snow-free.

BOEALPS crew: Eric Wetzel, Allison Dodds, Bryan Kriewald,  
Rob Freeman, and Jim Blilie

Epilog: Dan Ferguson was in the hospital with a fractured skull at the time of this writing. At present, his condition is not that great, but the doctors do expect him to get much better, and possibly make a full recovery.

**\*\*\*\* Attention All Members \*\*\*\***

New membership numbers have been assigned. Your new Membership Cards will be available from the Membership Chairman at the next meeting or by special arrangement with Bryan Kriewald. Call him at 655-0697 if necessary.

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**McClellan Butte Trail Maintainance**

**Saturday, August 23rd**

On Saturday, July 12th, we had a very successful trip to "our" trail where we re-dug some drainage, hacked some brush, and built a planked walkway for a muddy stretch of trail. All this was done by only 4 people! Thanks go to John Smith, Carey Chaplin, and Jim Blilie for helping out! We would like to have one more trip in 1986 to work the upper reaches of the trail. On the 23rd of August (Saturday) we will meet at the North Bend ranger station at 8:00 AM. Again, there will be free food afterwards. Let's have a better turnout this time! To sign up or ask questions, call Erik Wetzel at 773-5259.

We were off to a bad start. John was nowhere near the Issaquah Park and Ride, and the two other climbers we saw in the lot hadn't seen him either. After much driving, searching, calling, and frustration we decided to head for the hills and hope he was up there. The drive through the rain did little to brighten our spirits, and the dirt road leading to the Ingalls Lake Trailhead was a real jounce. Pulling in around 9:30, we were very relieved to see the silver car with the Oregon plates. Abandoning our planned hike in to Ingalls Lake, we crashed in the cars.

The next morning found us packing madly to get up the trail ahead of Mountaineers mass assault of Ingalls Peak. Sun sparkling on water, marmots cavorting among the rocks, and fish darting for the depths greeted us at Ingalls Lake. Clouds spilling over the West Ridge tried to dampen our spirits without much success. The scramble to Stuart Pass was swift and uneventful. Then down into the mass of jumbled granite and up into the clouds in search of Goat Pass. We were treated to lifting clouds and a profile of part of our intended route as we rested and grazed at the ridge crest. Talk of forecasted improving weather dispelled worries brought on by a cloud-capped summit.

The standing glissades and snowfield traverses beneath the Stuart Glacier were quick and enjoyable and we were at last roping up at the base of the north ridge, nestled snugly between the termini of the Stuart and Ice Cliff glaciers. It was the most enjoyable approach hike I have taken, and even Alex noted that although it was about an hour longer (seven hours from the trailhead at a leisurely pace) than the route from the north side, it was a lot less of a thrash. The sun warmed us as we took care of biological needs and changed from clod-hoppers to sticky soles.

Alex screamed up the first fourth class pitch, leading us off as he had been up the route a month before in a valiant, yet ice thwarted, attempt. He also knew which pitches to let me lead (ie. the awkward, difficult-to-climb-with-a-pack ones). The crux pitches were first, and were a real grunt with the packs. The pattern was to consider hauling the packs the whole pitch, then deciding to try it with the pack on, followed by much grunting and sweating in the offwidth sections and climaxed by abandoning the pack for Alex to haul behind him as he climbed past the difficult bits. Matt managed to leave his pack on the whole time, but then he always was a better climber than I (even if he did take a slight fall and started leaking through his lycras).

On the fourth pitch I made a grievous error, leading off to the right instead of belaying from some suspect looking blocks. Alex, not sure about where the route went (20 pitches tend to blur together after a while) explored upward and more to the right. Matt joined us as Alex realized he had gotten himself into a cul-de-sac past a loose block and decided to rap back to our belay ledge. The only obvious route was up a dihedral to a roof that we weren't sure we could get around. Matt volunteered to lead it and opted to leave his pack behind for once. The mantle past a loose flake turned out to be a bit dicey, but he was up. Alex followed (with his pack) and soon was smeared against the rock, thrashing and straining. As his balaclava slid over his eyes it became obvious that orthodox climbing techniques just wouldn't do. Frustration was evident as his cry of "Just pull like hell, damn it!" reverberated from above. A while later we had all been hauled like flopping fish over the lip onto a ledge and were assessing our situation.

It was obvious that we should have gone straight up the dihedral rather than to the right from the blocky ledge just above the offwidth cracks of the third pitch (don't bother looking for that fixed pin - it's not there). It was now 7:30 PM, and we were only six pitches off the ground. I was cold and stiff after sitting around in the wind for a couple of hours, and Alex was frustrated because he could see the reality of our situation - eight pitches below known bivy sights with a mere two hours of light left. One pitch up looked like a hopeful benighting place as there were several bushes visible. Sure enough, there were a few places to accommodate behind-schedule climbers. Dust and rocks flew as the construction crew leveled and built up platforms suitable for sleep. The views were a great companion to the simple yet very satisfying climber's fare of bread, sausage, and cheese as we snuggled into our respective niches.

The night passed comfortably for all but the author (who requests anonymity). It seems he didn't want to bring his bulky, heavy Polarguard bag along so he opted for the multiple layer effect. Shivering and staring at cold stars for much of the night proved the inadequacy of the set up. Dawn found us huddled in our sacks, not too anxious to get under way. Luckily our lethargy was lifted by the realization that it was going to be a beautiful, cloudless day. Under way at 7:00, we proceeded slowly to make sure that we wouldn't get off route again. Alex regained his memory after the first pitch, and it was clear sailing from there.

With the crux behind us and the rock warm and and friendly we made good time at last! Pitch after pitch of enjoyable climbing led us up the ridge. There were traverses, ridge straddles, cracks, faces, liebacks, mantles, underclings, jams, and friction - everything a climber could want. It was even possible to forget about the omnipresent constriction provided by pack, gear slings, harness, camera, and helmet. The exposure was exhilarating, and the views of the Ice Cliff Glacier had us dreaming of climbs to come. Some excitement was provided when rope drag dislodged a sizeable rock (or was Alex aiming for the target painted on John's helmet?) It bounced just over the head of the only member of our party who didn't have a helmet. Had he been twenty feet lower on the pitch... I bet he brings one next time.

Pitch twelve (from the bottom) had us taking our first rest of the day on a broad sandy ledge. Then it was several hundred feet of third class to enter some slightly damp and blocky crack and gully systems - mostly fourth class - that led us at last to the notch. We were at our goal for the previous day after ten plus pitches of climbing in six hours (16 pitches total). This is in subtle contrast to Becky's claims of seven pitches from the base to the notch. He must get a good chuckle over that bit of misinformation. The belay calls of a party ahead of us was the first hint of human presence (other than empty bivy sights) on the entire climb.

Our spirits were high at this point. The worst of the climbing was over, we were making good time, and we were having fun doing it. 'Summit by seven' became our motto as we struck out. The only dark cloud on our horizon was the fear that the gully below the Gendarme would be impassable due to ice and water. None of us wanted to repeat Alex's epic decent of a month ago. Numerous rappels, dirty downclimbing, steep snow and possibly ice work without crampons, descending a badly broken glacier, and then retracing our steps up and over Goat Pass didn't really seem like a whole lot of fun.

A third class traverse to the left of the ridge saved us some time at the expense of fun looking, yet belay requiring pitches directly up the ridge. Climbing a gully and traversing back over the ridge brought us back to the real climbing. Time to gain the ridge and go for it! The next pitches were incredible. It is easy to see why this part of the climb has 'classic' status. From exposed ridge hopping and hand traverses to sloping friction slabs and perfect crack systems, this climb had it all. Every pitch offered different terrain, and the position was awesome. We moved rapidly over the friendly, well worn route.

On top of one pitch a bird perched on the slab next to the crack we were climbing. He chirped a cheery hello as we passed within a couple feet of him. Apparently he knew all about us climbers, and got into an extended conversation with Alex about the finer points of clawed feet versus Fires on friction. We were also startled by a loud WHOOSH in the air above us. Looking up, we saw a beautiful white sail plane circling the summit. We admired his skill while questioning his sanity (probably in reciprocity) as he soared just above the ridge crest. A few diving runs at the summit and he was off to terrorize other climbers to the east.

Gathering below the Gendarme, we were relieved to see that the ice in the gully was nowhere near as bad as it was for Alex. We were also encouraged because we hadn't seen the party ahead of us on the upper ridge come screaming down in full retreat. Matt was toying with the idea of leading up the Great Gendarme, but time was definitely a factor and no one else quite felt up to climbing the vertical to overhanging cracks of the pedestal. The rappel down into the gully went smoothly and John volunteered to lead the evil looking pitch to the ledges on the other side.

The lead really lived up to Rotten's slimy reputation. Wet rock kept us from doing the direct friction crossing described in the book, so he dodged ice, snow, and water to climb up the left side of the gully to a chockstone that barred progress to the steeper couloir above. By doing an awkward and strenuous hand traverse below the chockstone and chopping some ice off of the far wall of the gully, he was able to stem across and up to a ledge that slanted down to the beginning of the next fourth class pitch. Matt followed and left the pro in for Alex, who definitely didn't like the looks of the pitch (not that anyone did). I convinced him to carry the rack across, which he did under protest. Sure enough, right at the crux he began cursing and struggling. "My friends are in my pants!" he exclaimed, much to our amusement. He was able to sort things out and complete the climb fairly quickly.

From here the climb cruised. Three more pitches brought us to the third class scramble over the loose and dirty blocks leading back towards the north ridge. A couple of fourth class moves brought us to the summit ridge, and soon we were reading the register and feasting. We were amazed to see seven pages worth of entries for that day alone. (Somehow we missed Dale Ott's entry for that very day.) There must have been close to twenty parties up there that day. It was obvious that we were the last. The setting sun provided dramatic relief to our surroundings. All of the major volcanoes were visible, as were the peaks in the Snoqualmie Pass area. I think we could even see Forbidden far to the north. Time pressed, so we scurried off.

Descending Ulrich's Couloir was a dirty job, but we had to do it, as John had been down it before and we didn't have any information on the supposedly easier Cascadian Couloir. We couldn't imagine climbing up it in the shape it was in - loose, dusty, slimy, downright dangerous. We moved as fast as we could but were slowed by a couple of rappels in the gathering twilight. If only there was twenty or so feet of snow! Despite our strong desire to get out that night, fear for our lives stopped us when darkness fell. Luckily there were handy bivy sites at hand. For some reason, that night was colder than the first, and the down draft that cruised the gully at dawn didn't help matters any. We were up and moving at seven again, and we made the hidden traverse out of the gully by 8:00. John's unerring sense of direction led us down the densely forested slope exactly to the junction of the Ingalls Creek and Long's Pass trails. I bet he got directions from the slugs we met along the way.

We took one last rest there on the banks of Ingalls Creek. We all were thirsty enough to drink the obviously suspect water, but I am the only one to have suffered any bad results, and even these were mild. Then it was a hoof-a-thon up the steep trail to Long's Pass and then down to the cars. We made great time, getting to the cars at 11:15. The last quarter mile was an all out sprint that put the finishing touches on our already trashed and blister-ridden feet. The best part of the descent (in addition to not making it in to work) was soaking the sore tootsies in the creek and getting into clean duds.

In retrospect : an **excellent** climb. Twenty nine belayed pitches (about 22 fifth class) with several hundred feet of third class in three separate sections. We spent seven hours on approach, eighteen hours climbing, and six hours descending and hiking out. This time could be a lot less if you were less casual about the approach and didn't get lost on the route. You may also belay more or less than we did, depending on how you feel. The crux is the second pitch, at 5.8+ or 5.9-, and there are about six pitches of 5.7 or harder climbing total. This route is recommended with our highest regards. Climbers were Ken Johnson, Alex Van Steen, Johnny "Rotten" Petroske, and Matt Ward.

Success is never easy money and should never be taken for granted on a mountain such as Rainier. Success to me means that everyone is home reflecting on a wonderful climb. Point Success may indicate something to some climbers but to me the opera isn't over 'til the fat lady sings. That means downclimbing, the dirty work, is as much a part of a climb as anything, often more grueling and dangerous than the ascent. The onset of fatigue plays a large role here.

Friday evening at approximately 6:00 PM. Melissa Storey and her nine boys (the Gang Green) set off in an optimistic cloud of adventure for the summit of Rainier. Three hours later, after crossing the Nisqually and ascending the snow gully leading towards the Wilson Glacier, camp was established on upper snowfields at about 7500 feet. The imposing cloud cap on Rainier had everyone jokingly referring to better climbing on a clear Mt. Adams. Lots of eating (LOTS!) and good humour (mostly at Frank's and Melissa's expense) kept the camp alive into the night.

The new morning brought rain, lightening, and clouds so everyone moved into the Kingdome for about twenty hands of hearts. Everyone, that is, but Melissa, who spent a feverish two hours brewing for her boys, only to come up with a weak, tepid tea. Oh well! We waited 'til the last possible moment to make a decision to stay or go when the weather broke and the cap lifted. Just past noon we were on our way to Camp Hazard.

One third of the way up, weaving through the Wilson Glacier, several of us had to stop and pay for our lavish intake of feed at an outcrop we appropriately named Dump Rocks. Past this was approximately 2000 feet of the Turtle snowfield, steep snow broken broken only by three large benches used as rest stops (again, mainly for the consumption of vast quantities of food!) Everyone spent a fairly slack day wobbling up to Hazard, allowing plenty of time for eating and resting. The weather, however, was torqueing down a bit and wind gusts occasionally whaled spindrift against our bodies. Camp Hazard (11,300 feet) proved to be a comfortable camp for my group (w/ Steve and Dave K.) while others had problems with the high winds shaking their tents. Wake up time was set for 3:30 AM.

After packing for the ascent the weather drove us back to the Kingdome for more decisions and waiting. None made and the weather still raunchy, I crawled back into my bag to sleep. Shortly afterward the winds died down and the sun broke through. At 7:00 AM we were off. The entire morning, except climbing the first part of the Kautz Glacier and Ice Chute (steep and a bit thin), proved to be nothing more than a mild walk which ended with Point Success and the summit (14410 feet) near noon. No views, some pictures, lots more eating, and we began descending. The plan was to trickle into Hazard and leave as a group from there.

Steve and I met Frank and the Daves some time later at the start of the chute. We were all going to rest till the next grouplet came by, but sitting on the exposed snow slope with harsh wind gusts soon chilled us all. After fifteen minutes of waiting and no sign of anyone we opted for dropping to Hazard and breaking camp. Besides, the down climb through the chute was psyching us all out. The chute proved humane enough, given care, and we found a traverse through the ice fall which saved us from the worst downclimbing and cut directly to Camp Hazard. The five of us broke camp, packed, and waited for the others. Some time later a head finally popped over the ridge crest, but with alarming news. Melissa had taken a fifteen foot fall in the ice chute and, with a crampon turning under her foot, had broken her ankle.

Plans immediately flew into action. Within a short time Melissa had been splinted, lowered down the remainder of the ice chute to a safe (?) spot under an ice wall, and put into a tent. Food and gear having been organized to stay and details given to us, the Daves and I launched for Paradise to try to get air support. We were very fortunate to run into an RMI guide on the Turtle at 9500 feet. After a quick discussion and radio contact with Paradise a decision was made to begin a manual evacuation, wind gusts too high to risk a helicopter and Melissa's condition not being life threatening.

One hour after the accident we began to march out. People in front finished breaking camp, scouted the route, and broke trail. Others aided Melissa in hobbling along and glissading, belaying, and pack hauling. After dropping about 2000 feet it became apparent that we would not reach the Nisqually quickly enough to use daylight. Near dark when most of the glissading was over and dropping down to and then crossing the Nisqually were the only obstacles, the guide, Robert Link, split us up so that some of us could at least make it to work the next day. Jerry Baillie, Robert, Rick (Robert's client), and I would get Melissa down. The plan was to alternate piggy back rides back to Paradise. I was carrying Melissa's pack strapped to my own, and Jerry was dragging his by a leash while carrying Robert's monster. Robert began carrying Melissa.

Maybe if we hadn't been carrying packs or if we didn't have to rope up we could have kept up with the Robert-Melissa unit, but their progress was incredible. Robert singlehandedly (despite offers of assistance) carried Melissa in the dark (without a headlamp), over the Nisqually (a tortuous path without a rope), up the steep, dirty ice of the moraine (never slipping), and to the safety of the concrete trail leading to Paradise (when Frank kindly took over) without any of us being able to keep up! Maybe this is a little exaggerated, but not much; ask anyone who was there. It was, in addition to a fantastic feat of physical endurance and surefootedness, an act of unselfish, decisive assistance. Robert certainly earned all our respect and admiration.

I know that everyone worked hard to get Melissa (and everyone else, for that matter) home that night and I think several people should especially be thanked:

Robert - for his control of the situation and his aid, his unselfishness, his sacrifice, and his untiring spirit. Everyone thanks you.

Jerry - for supplying needed organization, for hurrying us along and still not forgetting to help us too.

Frank - for ferrying our interesting load when everyone else (even Robert) was running ragged.

Melissa - for keeping not only an optimistic but a persevering glow throughout the adventure.

And lastly, Melissa's boys - for the unending support that began in the ice chute and ended well and good near midnight.

There is one thing that Robert mentioned to me that we all can learn from; "A mountain team should be self-sufficient" (comment made when radioing for air support). Melissa's boys still have a lot to learn, but at least we are trying.

Climbers were : Ken Johnson, Alex (author) Van Steen, Dave Newman, John Petroske, Frank Abramonte, Jerry Baillie, Melissa Storey, Pat Phillips, Steve McCarthy, and Dave Kimes.

## Mt. Shuksan (9127') July 4th

Our two carpools met Saturday, June 28th at the Glacier Ranger Station. Upon registering we were informed that the road had been plowed an additional two miles leaving only one mile of snow covered road to hike before reaching the Lake Ann trailhead. This, along with outstanding views of Shuksan, raised our hopes of reaching the summit.

We parked our cars at the picnic area just past Picture Lake. Changing into our street clothes, we were soon on our way. At first, working our way up the snow to Austin Pass was no fun with fifty pound packs, but soon our bodies adjusted to the weight. From the pass we dropped down into a large basin with dozens of tiny streams snaking their way downhill. When we reached the Swift Creek Trail junction we left the valley floor and headed up the hill keeping right of a couple of small streams. At about this time the rains came and we all pulled out our rain gear.

At the lake we made camp next to the trees by a cliff with a view of Shuksan and its many hanging glaciers. Exploring the area, we found an outhouse and a tent with nobody in it. It rained off and on so while confined to the tent we passed the time by going through each other's ten essential bags and first aid kits. When it did stop raining we quickly put on boots and left our tents to watch two climbers work their way down the mountain while ice and rock fell from the the Upper Curtis Glacier to the Lower Curtis Glacier, the "Living Glacier" as printed in 101 Hikes. Or should it be "The Glacier of Death"?

Morning came with fog and rain cancelling all hopes of a climb. We might have been able to do the climb in the fog, but this was a climb, not a Mt. Hood survival course. It was decided not to sleep in, but to hike on out to a restaurant for breakfast. Climbers were Gail Olcott, Bill Mandervill, Tom Chan, Kurt Van Sandt, and Dale Ott (author).

\*\*\*\*\* ATTENTION MEMBERS \*\*\*\*\*

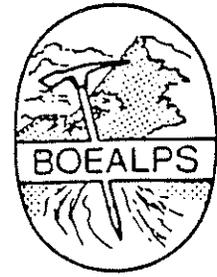
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# ALPINE ECHO

c/o Ken Johnson  
8327 5th Ave. W. #5-A  
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**BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.**

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Photo : Mt. Hunter by Roy Ratliff

**September Meeting**  
**Thursday, September 4th, 7:30 PM**  
**Kent Recreation Center**

For the September meeting we will have two speakers, each of whom will talk about a conservation related topic. Our first speaker will be Jack Laufer from Wolf Haven. Wolf Haven is an organization/facility whose purpose is to shelter and protect wolves which have been taken out of their natural environment. Jack will be speaking on the wolf, facts and myths about them, Wolf Haven, and about the Washington Wolf Project. The Washington Wolf Project is a group seeking to reintroduce wild wolves into the North Cascades and the Olympics. If you've ever heard a wolf howl while out in the mountains, you will understand why. Jack may be able to bring a live wolf from Wolf Haven if our facilities permit.

Our second speaker will be Doug Pauly from the Wenatchee National Forest Conservationists Task Force. Doug will be speaking on the soon-to-be-finalized Long Range Forest Plan for the Wenatchee. He will inform us on how the various alternatives for the Forest will affect our enjoyment of it. Important specifics include viewsheds, wildlife habitat, and trail loss/maintenance/ORV use. Many great Cascade climbs lie within the Wenatchee, or use it as an approach.

!!!!!! BOEALPS BOARD ELECTIONS !!!!!

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Elections for the 1986-1987 Boealps Executive Board will be held at the September meeting. Please be there to lend your support and votes to our new leadership! A slate of candidates has been nominated as follows:

President: Rob Freeman  
Vice President: Carey Chaplin  
Secretary: Mike Froebe  
Treasurer: Eric Wetzel

These are good men, one and all. There will be an opportunity for additional nominations at the meeting, but, if none are made, we will probably vote on the slate as a group.

Volunteers are a bit hard to find sometimes, so let's all give our new Board all the support we can. If you will permit me to pontificate a moment: our club (or any volunteer organization) is only as good as the individual members make it. I'm sure that you all see improvements that "they" should make to the club. You and I are "they". It takes you and I to make those good things happen. There are three hundred of us, if we each will make some small contribution (lead a trip, help on trail maintenance, etc.) we can do a lot. The only viable goal is improvement.

### Equipment Update

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First, the good news. Several people told me recently that the Kingdome tent was getting into poor shape. I picked it up this week, and indeed it has seen better days. Actually it's not that bad. I called Sierra Designs, who make the tent, and they are sending me some replacement pole tips, and also two new webbing loops to replace those missing. The pole tips get lost because they are a press-fit, and not glued. The reasoning behind this is that it is easier to repair the poles and shock cords if it becomes necessary. So I would ask those members who use this tent to pay particular attention and make sure they do not lose the pole tips when setting it up and taking it down. I should get the parts within a few days, so hopefully the tent will be back in circulation by the time this is published.

If any of the equipment you use is damaged or becomes damaged, please let me know as soon as possible, so that we can get it fixed and back in circulation. I hope to check out most of the equipment during the next few months so give me a call if you know of anything that requires attention.

Gareth Beale

## Belay Stance

Hello once again. The dog days of August must have dried the ink in your pens. I can't believe that none of you did anything in July and August that would be of interest to your fellow club members. I thank you for the appreciation you showed at the last meeting, but the issue really depends on your contributions. The big difference between last issue and this one is the number of climb reports - something that is entirely out of my hands. Activities are also dwindling towards zero as the summer draws to a close. I hope that somebody comes up with something - I want to stay in shape for next summer!

Now that that's out of my system, I hope that you enjoy this issue. Contributors are Dale Ott, Charles Winters, Jim Billie (of course), Gareth Beale, Steve Mason, Tim Hudson, and myself. Paul Michelson found the slightly disturbing poem 'Do Not Proceed...' and Dan Buehler came across 'This Earth is Precious' while in New Zealand. He comments "Of interest to me was the ranger's statement that a lot of tourists wanted a copy until they found out it was by an American, rather than a New Zealand, Indian. The truth hurts, eh?"

### FIRST BOEALPS ANNUAL BEAN FEST      SEPTEMBER 6 1986

A SOUTHWEST TRADITION IS BEING TRANSPLANTED HERE IN THE NORTHWEST TO ENCOURAGE MEMBERS OF THE CLIMBING CLUB WHO ARE INTO LYCRA , CHALK , TAPE OR JUST PLAIN HARD ROCK TO GET OUT AND CLIMB , PARTY AND MEET ONE ANOTHER. SO THE ESSENTIAL INGREDIENTS OF A BEAN FEST ARE LOTS OF MEXICAN FOOD BROUGHT BY THOSE ATTENDING , A SUNNY WEEKEND WITH LOTS OF DRY ROCK NEARBY , A BOTTLE OF TEQUILA WITH A WORM INSIDE FOR PASSING AROUND THE BON FIRE AND A LARGE GROUP OF SOCIAL MISFITS WHO CALL THEMSELVES ROCK CLIMBERS. THIS YEARS FEST WILL BE HELD IN LEAVENWORTH , CALL MARK AT 342-4316 FOR DETAILS AFTER AUGUST 11. THIS IS OPEN TO CLUB MEMBERS AND THEIR FRIENDS SO COME ON OUT FOR THIS HISTORIC EVENT AND BRING YOUR WAR STORIES FROM THE SUMMER.

## OFFICIAL BUSINESS:

Deadline for the October Echo will be Thursday, September 18th, 1986.

\*\*\*\* NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENTS APPEARING \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\* IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE \*\*\*\*  
\*\* OF THE BOEING COMPANY \*\*

## ACTIVITIES !

Here is this month's activities list. Thanks go to all the good people who are taking the time to provide these events for their fellow members. Club events are definitely tapering off with the end of the summer, so we are asking everyone to consider leading a fall or winter trip. Everyone knows about the wonderful fall weather we enjoy here (much more pleasant than the heat and drought of the summer), and winter ascents are always an accomplishment. Why quit climbing when September rolls around? There has also been a lack of single day events. There are a lot of good day climbs around, and they are even easier and less time consuming to organize than weekend trips. So far our activities have gone very well, let's keep up the good work.

Following is a list of climbs, dates, and leaders. Write-ups with more information submitted by the climb leaders are interspersed as filler throughout this issue.

<u>OBJECTIVE</u>	<u>DATE(S)</u>	<u>LEADER</u>	<u>PHONE</u>
Bean Fest !?!	September 6th	Mark Dickinson	342-4316
Curtis Gilbert, Old Snowy (President's Climb)	September 13th - 14th	Jim Blilie	237-7102
Family Campout	October 4th - 5th	Ken Johnson	342-5341

### Family Outing

October 4th and 5th

Bring the husband, wife, kids, dogs, mom and dad! The fun is for everyone this time around. This will be the perfect opportunity to share the magnificent outdoors with our significant others, rather than abandoning them for it. The exact site is still up in the air, but it will probably be one of the following : Eight Mile Campground in the Leavenworth area, Lake Chelan, or the Snoqualmie Pass area. In any case this will be a definite car camping event. The final decision depends on where the kids will have the most fun. This would be a good time to introduce those young ones to the marvels of the wilderness, and to get better acquainted with other couples and their kids. S'mores, Jiffy Pop, short hikes, general poking around, and campfire gatherings will be the order of the day. If you are at all interested, give me a call. Response has already been good for this one, so don't leave yourself out of the fun. Call Ken Johnson at 342-5341.

### BOEALPS T-SHIRTS ARE AVAILABLE!!!

If you pre-ordered BOEALPS T-shirts, they were available to be picked up at the August meeting. If you did not get them then, you may pick them up at the September meeting. Please have someone pick them up for you if you cannot be there, because getting them to you later will be difficult.

There are some extra T-shirts available. They will be on sale at the Sept. meeting for the same price as the pre-orders. We have large and medium shirts in two colors: blue and red in both long and short sleeve. The quantities are very limited, so get there early. We also have some extra kids T-shirts and a couple of sweatshirts, in very limited sizes. Show off in a BOEALPS T-shirt!

## WENATCHEE NAT'L FOREST: ROADLESS AREA ADOPTION

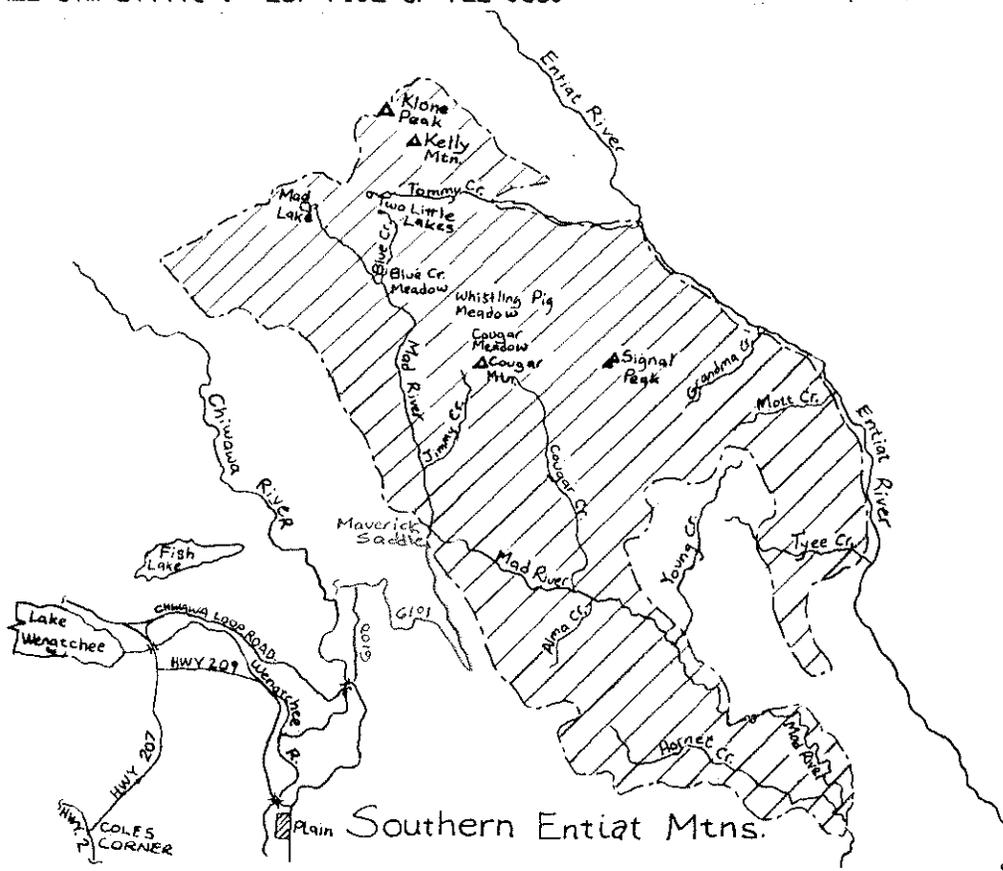
The fifteen year draft plan for the Wenatchee National Forest has been out for some time now, and the conservationists of the state have formed a Task Force to reply to the Forest Service's preferred alternative. An important part of the Task Force's report will be site specific information on the various roadless areas within the Forest which are not now protected. In order to accomplish this, the task force is coordinating this effort through an adopt-a-roadless area program. I (Jim Billie) am on the Task Force representing BOEALPS. I have volunteered to coordinate the effort on one of the roadless areas. This area is the southern part of the Entiat Mountains.

The southern Entiat Mountains are gentle mountains which are characterized by open limber pine and spruce forests interspersed with beautiful open meadows of grasses, sedges, and wild flowers. I have made one long hike there so far and have found it to be excellent terrain for moderate hiking and back-packing. The peaks in this roadless area are not real climbs (cl 1) but they do offer great views of the Glacier Peak Wilderness, including: Mt. Maude-Seven Fingered Jack-Fernow massif, Chiwawa Mtn., and Bonanza Peak.

The object of the hikes is to observe the area and compare what you see to the various alternatives the Forest Service has offered for its future. Two main alternatives are important: the Forest Service's preferred, and the "conservationists alternative." The area is large (see map) and the job also. I need all the help I can get to check the area out and report on it. Anyone who would like to help out, please call Jim Billie at 237-7102 or 722-0650. It's not tough at all, actually alot of fun. The hiking is great: you could just make a weekend back pack out of it or bring the family, then jot down a few observations.

In addition, anyone who would like to help report on another area should contact me also. Please help out on this. If we hikers/climbers/etc are not willing to protect our wild areas, no one else will. The need is great because the Wenatchee National Forest is the most pro-ORV (off road vehicle: motorcycles) Forest in the state and one of the most "pro-cut." Also, the comment period for the Wenatchee is over on Sept. 30, so this is time-critical. We must be finished with the reports by Sept. 15.

CALL Jim Billie : 237-7102 or 722-0650



## "THIS EARTH IS PRECIOUS"

How can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us.

If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them?

### ALL SACRED

Every part of this earth is sacred to my people.

Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. The sap which courses through the trees carries the memories of the red man.

The white man's dead forget the country of their birth when they go to walk among the stars. Our dead never forget this beautiful earth, for it is the mother of the red man.

We are part of the earth and it is part of us.

The perfumed flowers are our sisters; the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers.

The rocky crests, the juices in the meadows, the body heat of the pony, and man — all belong to the same family.

### NOT EASY

So, when the Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land, he asks much of us. The Great Chief sends word he will reserve us a place so that we can live comfortably to ourselves.

He will be our father and we will be his children. So we consider your offer to buy our land.

But it will not be easy. For this land is sacred to us.

This shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water but the blood of our ancestors.

If we sell you land, you must remember that it is sacred, and you must teach your children that it is sacred and that each ghostly reflection in the clear water of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people.

The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.

### KINDNESS

The rivers are our brothers, they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes, and feed our children. If we sell you our land, you must remember, and teach your children, that the rivers are our brothers, and yours, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you would give any brother.

We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs.

The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on.

He leaves his father's graves behind, and he does not care. He kidnaps the earth from his children, and he does not care.

His father's grave, and his children's birthright, are forgotten. He treats his mother, the earth, and his brother, the sky, as things to be bought, plundered, sold like sheep or bright beads.

His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert.

I do not know. Our ways are different from your ways.

The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the red man. But perhaps it is because the red man is a savage and does not understand.



*In 1854, the "Great White Chief" in Washington made an offer for a large area of Indian land and promised a 'reservation' for the Indian people. Chief Seattle's reply, published here in full, has been described as the most beautiful and profound statement on the environment ever made.*

There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the unfurling of leaves in spring, or the rustle of an insect's wings.

But perhaps it is because I am a savage and do not understand.

The clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lonely cry of the whip-poorwill or the arguments of the frogs around a pond at night? I am a red man and do not understand.

The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of a pond, and the smell of the wind itself, cleaned by a midday rain, or scented with the pinon pine.

### PRECIOUS

The air is precious to the red man, for all things share the same breath — the beast, the tree, the man, they all share the same breath.

The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days, he is numb to the stench.

But if we sell you our land, you must remember that the air is precious to us, that the air shares its spirit with all the

life it supports. The wind that gave our grandfather his first breath also receives his last sigh.

And if we sell you our land, you must keep it apart and sacred, as a place where even the white man can go to taste the wind that is sweetened by the meadow's flowers.

### ONE CONDITION

So we will consider your offer to buy our land. If we decide to accept, I will make one condition: The white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers.

I am a savage and I do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rotting buffaloes on the prairie, left by the white man who shot them from a passing train.

I am a savage and I do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be more important than the buffalo that we kill only to stay alive.

What is man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone, man would die from a great loneliness of spirit.

For whatever happens to the beasts, soon happens to man. All things are connected.

### THE ASHES

You must teach your children that the ground beneath their feet is the ashes of your grandfathers. So that they will respect the land, tell your children that the earth is rich with the lives of our kin.

Teach your children what we have taught our children, that the earth is our mother.

Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. If men spit upon the ground, they spit upon themselves.

This we know: The earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth. This we know.

All things are connected like the blood which unites one family. All things are connected.

Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

Even the white man, whose God walks and talks with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny.

We may be brothers after all.

We shall see.

One thing we know, which the white man may one day discover — our God is the same God.

You may think now that you own Him as you wish to own our land; but you cannot. He is the God of man, and His compassion is equal for the red man and the white.

This earth is precious to Him, and to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its Creator.

The whites too shall pass; perhaps sooner than all other tribes. Contaminate your bed, and you will one night suffocate in your own waste.

But in your perishing you will shine brightly, fired by the strength of the God who brought you to this land and for some special purpose gave you dominion over this land and over the red man.

That destiny is a mystery to us, for we do not understand when the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild horses are tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with scent of many men, and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires.

Where is the thicket? Gone.

Where is the eagle? Gone.

The end of living and the beginning of survival.

## MT. RAINIER- KAUTZ GLACIER ROUTE, AUGUST 2+3

After a several week delay, the weather finally decided to smile on Jeanne and it looked as though she would (at last) get to nail the "Big Mother R". Admittedly, the weather was enough to get us all psyched so we arrived with dispositions to match the weather at 8:00 AM Saturday at Paradise. Hearing that the Dissapointment cleaver route was just about booked for the night we made a decision to go for the Kautz. The trip up to Camp Hazard was long, hot and full of views of Adams, St. Helens, Hood, and later Jefferson as we rose above the smog. We arrived at Hazard in the late afternoon in pretty fair condition. A hearty meal of Italian chicken soon followed (Viola! Jeanne!) and we scrapped out a spot big enough for three a little ways down from the looming ice wall of the Kautz and Wilson glaciers. Sleep came easy to all.

12:30 AM came and we were up. Every star in the Milky Way was visible as we choked down breakfast and made ready to go under the moonless sky. Thinking of the overhanging ice we conversed with another team and then entered the gully below the camp and hurried around the toe of the wall into the chute over which you must go. By three O'clock we had entered the steep (40 degree) section and found it to be ice. Thanks to smart thinking Rob had brought an ice screw and we put it to use. Leading the ice in the early dawn proved to be the most interesting part of the climb. (apparently this area was steep snow a little earlier in the year.) Three parties behind us turned back at this point; I guess they didn't like our route. Oh well, it went, and so did we past numerous crevasses, suncups, and snow slopes until we at last came out on Point Success at 9:00. Finding some shelter from the wind a little closer to the summit we took a much needed break and pondered reality.

About 9:35 we decided to shake the lethargy and pushed the last 400 feet to the summit for some group photos. After a short session we headed out and arrived back in camp about 1:30 after finding several weak snow bridges we could collapse in the warming temperatures. On the way back through the ice chute we found that it was less exposed to stay to the east side of the chute where many small pinnacles existed and were used to wind the rope through. Clearing out from camp we slid, rolled, trudged, and generally wandered the rest of the way back to Paradise through the only clouds of the trip which tended to make the old snow icy and dicy. Finally we winched ourselves out of the moraine and back on the beaten (paved?) path to the parking lot at about 7:00 pm to some extremely warm vitamin R. It was a long haul home (thanks Rob) without dinner but every restaurant within a winneabago's range was full of tourists so we tightened our belts until home.

All in all it was an excellent climb thanks to weather and company.

Climbers were: Jeanne Gengler, Rob Moody, Steve Mason

DO NOT PROCEED BEYOND THIS POINT  
WITHOUT A GUIDE

David Wagoner, from *Collected Poems*  
1956-1976

The official warning, nailed to a hemlock,  
Doesn't say why. I stand with my back to it,  
Afraid I've come as far as I can  
By being stubborn, and look  
Downward for miles at the hazy crags and spurs.

A rubble-covered ridge like a bombed stairway  
Leads up beyond the sign. It doesn't  
Seem any worse than what I've climbed already.  
Why should I have to take a guide along  
To watch me scaring myself to death?

What was it I wanted? A chance to look around  
On a high rock already named and numbered  
By somebody else? A chance to shout  
Over the heads of people who quit sooner?  
Shout what? I can't go tell it on the mountain.

I sit for a while, raking the dead leaves  
Out of my lungs and travelling light-headed  
Downward again in my mind's eye, till there's nothing  
Left of my feet but rags and bones  
And nothing to look down on but my shoes.

The closer I come to it, the harder it is to doubt  
How well this mountain can take me or leave me.  
The hemlock had more sense. It stayed where it was,  
Grew up and down at the same time, branch and root,  
Being a guide instead of needing one.

**TUMBLEWEEDS** / T. K. Ryan



MOUNT ADAMS, NORTH RIDGE

August 2nd and 3rd

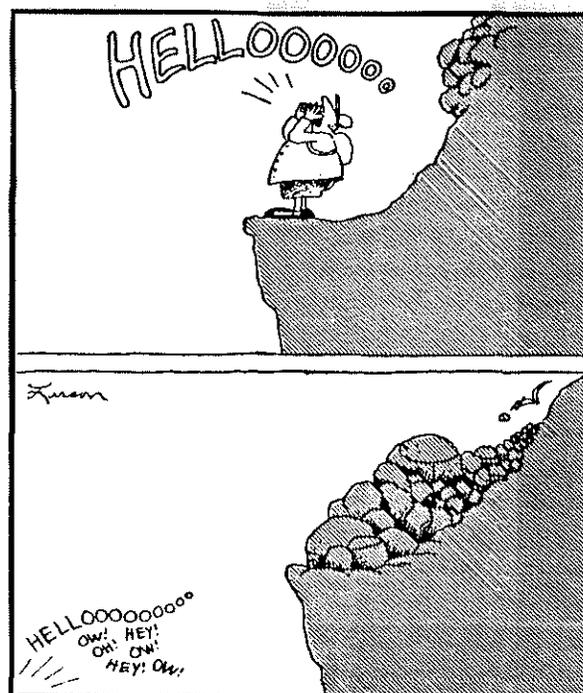
by Dale Ott

I took Jim Blilie's (BOEALP) advice when I chose to do Mt. Adams' North Ridge. He called it a very nice route, but after doing it we all agreed that it was a Junk pile of loose rock!

Because of the good weather and the description in 102 Hikes the parking lot was full and we parked along side the road. The trail was dusty with St. Helens ash and no switch backs. At Adams Meadows we rested and drank cool water from one of the many streams that flowed through it. We followed a snowfield then hiked over a moraine and camped at 7500 feet at the edge of a lake with iceburrs floating in it. At 5:15 AM the next day we followed a faint path up to the ridge top and rested at a bivy spot with a stone wall built as a windbreak at 8700 feet, from here the climber's route begins. We skirted the east side of the ridge for about thirty minutes until it came to a dead end and some wands indicated we climb over to the west side where the route continued (9200 feet). Switch backings up the center of the ridge with the Lava Glacier on our left and the Adams Glacier on our right it started to level off before reaching the summit snowcap.

On top we counted over 100 people and after a fifteen minute rest came the best part of the whole trip - the look on people's faces when we picked up our packs and headed down the opposite direction from the standard South Spur Route.

We were happy to have climbed the North Ridge, but I for one don't think I'll be back. We carried crampons, ice axes, and ropes but never used any of it. Climbers were (from both Boealps and WAC) John Lison, Mark Morrissey, Erik Koehler, Curt VanSandt, Tom Chan, John Torzason, George Druffner and myself.



=====

Dave Kimes, Sayfe (forgot the last name), and I (Ken Johnson) stood in the Sunrise Trailhead parking lot contemplating the consequences of late Saturday nights, incomplete planning, and wishful thinking about the weather. I had hoped to redeem Sperry from its reputation of being an unpleasant climb (see East Face report from last month) by climbing the aesthetically appealing and highly recommended Northeast Ridge, but this was not to be. Sayfe, although a veteran of many Cascade adventures, had somehow thought that this would be a short climb close to the road rather than a long exposed effort to gain a few thousand feet. While Dave and I were up for about anything, the contents of his rucksack were lunch and a leather jacket, while his attire consisted of shorts and a long sleeve shirt. Although we had enough gear with us to take care of him, the fact that we couldn't even see our route through the clouds had us looking through the guide book for alternate routes.

After several minutes of head scratching and bemoaning the lack of rock shoes (which would have allowed us an easy escape to Index) we settled on Sperry's South Ridge, one of Becky's "seldom done, but very worthwhile" recommendations. The hike up to Headley Pass went quickly through the mist, which unfortunately blocked all views of the East Face route as well as those of Vesper Tower and Morning Star Peak. Although the guide says that an ascent is possible directly from the pass, we found this to be unfeasible. The visibility was too poor to allow effective routefinding, which is necessary because of the many towering pinnacles along this ridge (an interesting possibility in clear weather). After thrashing around for a while we downclimbed wet rock, heather, and dirt to the safety of the trail. Thinking that the ridge had eluded us, we continued up the trail, perhaps to do the standard third-class walkup.

As we entered the basin below Sperry and Vesper Peaks the clouds cleared around us, probably due to some freak of topography. We were still surrounded by mist, but we could see most of the way to both summits. We stopped a couple of times to set our bearings, and from the end of the lake we could see easy access to the South Ridge, if not the route itself. Dave expressed some reservations about it, but I found the standard route unappealing, and Sayfe agreed with me. Dave made the (correct) decision to join us.

The route turned out to be a lot of fun. We scrambled up slabs to the obvious wide heather gully northeast of the lake outlet. From here, a third class section on good rock and a short traverse to the left brought us to the crux - a short fourth class pitch (the better rock is to the right) which Sayfe led. From here the route closely followed the ridge, dropping along the southwest face for short sections. It was third class from then on, but the wet lichen made things a bit slick, so we stayed roped up and used running belays. After two hours of scrambling we were at the summit, enjoying views of whatever the breaks in the clouds would let us see: Vesper, Morning Star, and Bis Four.

On the way down we helped a Mountaineers Alpine Scramble group find the standard route (we left just before them, and could see them most of the way up. Gee, I wonder what could have happened?) The clouds had started lifting and the day was young, so I suggested bagging Vesper. Lack of ice-axes and fatigue from the night before dictated that we leave it for another trip. We gained the car a couple of leisurely hours later and surprised everyone by getting home well before dark.

The route would be especially enjoyable on a clear day, when the awesome exposure of the East Face could be savored from the warm, solid rock of the ridge. This would be a perfect short day for those interested in easier rock work in a beautiful alpine setting. It was a great chance for me to work on my running belays. And it certainly was a lot more fun than the standard route. Sperry had been redeemed!

## Mt. Adams, Adams Glacier

July 12 - 13, 1986

Tim Hudson

The usual Saturday morning gathering in the Bellevue Denny's was especially glum this weekend. For the third time this season the threatening weather had doused a planned climb of the Coleman headwall. Not wishing to spend the hours in more productive pursuits, we opted to try a route on Mt. Adams, in the hope that the storm would track to the north. After checking in with our respective spouses, Bob and I shuffled roadmaps and pointed the van south.

Three hours of steady driving on paved and well-graded gravel roads took us to the Killen Creek trailhead (4600'). (Roads 23, 21, 5603 ... forget it -- invest a dollar in a forest service map!) We shouldered our packs and proceeded past High Camp (5 miles, 7100'), establishing a bivouac along the lateral moraine of the Adams glacier (ca. 8000'). The approach is moderate, although the trail degenerates into a "climber's path" beyond its intersection with the Crest Trail at 3.5 miles. The meadows were in full bloom, the cloud cover was below us and we were in good spirits as we set out to survey potential routes.

We hoped that the Lava glacier headwall could reasonably substitute for the Coleman. Under different circumstances it might (although it's considerably shorter). Today, it looked grim; a massive *bergschrund*, dirty ice and a continuous afternoon barrage from the north ridge. The Lyman glacier (what we could see of it) looked tempting, but promised a long approach/descent for a short weekend. That left the Adams glacier. It was accessible, reasonably clean of fallen rock and all the '*schrunds*' we could see were bridged. The intimidating icefalls could be largely circumvented with a little routefinding skill.

The lower half of the Adams glacier is steeper and more constricted than the upper. It is here that most of the technical difficulties are encountered. Seracs, pillars, faces and crevasses lie in a chaotic jumble where the glacier flows through a steepening bed. Below, there is a distinctive fall where the glacier is divided by a small cleaver just before emptying into the plain at the mountain's base. Challenging routes of unlimited complexity can be devised to suit ones technical ambitions and willingness to accept objective danger.

We arose at 0400 and broke camp shortly before 0500. We hiked to the base of the lower glacier, roped up, and began climbing by 0600. The night had been clear, hardening the surface into perfect cramponing condition. It was cold, and would remain below freezing until the sun crept over the north ridge.

By following a line to the right of the icefall and left of the facing cliffs we avoided most of the technical difficulties. The combination of temperature and route choice minimized danger from rockfall. The clouds remained below us, providing outstanding views of the dawn advancing upon the neighboring summits. The snow conditions permitted rapid progress. We completed the transition onto the upper glacier just as the sun rose over the ridge, accompanied by light rock showers from the surrounding cliffs. One final '*schrund*' and a interminable slog took us to the summit crowds in a little under five hours from the base of the climb.

We used running belays except for three short pitches where protection was necessary. The climb was uncrowded, quite enjoyable and, except for some crampon repair, uneventful.

After a short break for lunch and the expansive view, we began our descent of the north ridge. In good weather this is no problem. In poor visibility, it must be wanded, or you'll likely end up in

the hinterlands of the Yakima Nation! Although not technically demanding, it is a long, steep route on loose rock and scree. The path is usually obvious, although at times it disappears when crossing chutes. (It would help to have ascended the route previously.) It was with some relief that we finally dropped onto the lower snow slopes and camp three hours later.

Two hours of hard hiking brought us back to the car in time for dinner in Randle and a reasonable drive home, tired but quite satisfied with the weekend's efforts.

**Climbers:** Bob Dinning and Tim Hudson

Trip Report, Mount Thompson (6550 ft), via East Ridge, July 26 and 27, 1986.

Chuck Ericson, Rick Jali, Don Kato and I left Snoqualmie Pass at 11:00 AM Saturday morning and headed North on the Pacific Crest Trail. The sky was overcast and by the time we reached the Catwalk section of the trail at 5600 ft it was cold, windy and peasoup fog. The fog remained with us until we returned to the Snoqualmie Pass area the next day.

We continued on to Ridge Lake where Don and Chuck attempted to catch some fish. Apparently, most parties bound for Mount Thompson camp at Ridge Lake. But given the weather and heavy traffic on the PCT, we elected to continue on. About 1/2 mile beyond Ridge Lake, we turned left at a cairn and scrambled up a short users path to Bumblebee Pass and dropped down into the small basin in front of Mount Thompson. Good camping places with abundant water were found, arrival time was about 4:00 PM.

At 6:00 AM the next morning, with visibility at about 200 ft, we took off on a due North heading for the East Ridge route using map and compass. Despite the total lack of visual cues, we were able to follow some goat trails, found a way to the East Ridge by dead reckoning, and climbed to the summit by 8:00 AM. The upper section of the ridge included some class three rock, with one moderately strenuous move. A gendarme just below the summit was passed on the left. One rappel was required on the way down. We were back to our camp by 10:00 AM and back to the cars by 3:00 PM.

We missed the views of Mount Thompson and Chimney Rock normally featured at our campsite, but it was an enjoyable climb nonetheless. /s/ Charles Winters

ROCK SEMINAR RESULTS

August 9th - 10th

by Ken Johnson

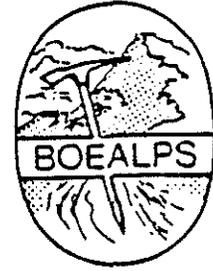
The Technical Rock Seminar held in Icicle Creek Canyon was an unqualified success. A good turnout of good people (both students and instructors), good weather, and good rock to climb combined for some very serious good fun.

Everyone there learned about placing protection, setting up bomb-proof anchors, load-sharing, opposition, belaying a leader, and planning and executing a lead on fifth-class rock, and tying off a fallen climber. Everybody got to lead several short climbs, and a few were introduced to the intricacies of a protected leader fall. A couple of folks even did some multi-pitch climbing. All in all, it was a very eager and interested group, which made things easy for the instructors. There are certainly more than a few talented climbers in the bunch.

Although the weather was oppressively hot (yeow, that rock is hot!) the river provided some excellent skinny-dipping sessions, and Gustav's made some money in the bargain. There was also an excellent pot-luck bar-b-que Saturday night with more than enough food for the hungry horde. New friends were made, and a lot of fun was had by all. Even the instructors were able to do some after hours climbing.

Thanks go to all the folks who helped out on this : Wiley Wood, Tim Hudson, Alex Van Steen, Chuck Broughton, and John Petroske. Special thanks go to Roy Ratliff for his experience and knowledge of the area. This was, for me, the best activity of the year.

Climbers were : Erich Koehler, Donna Hudson, Terry Crook, Gareth Beale, Peter Szak, Harry Thompson, Frank Abramonte, Walt Cannon, George Druffner, Roger Hanson, Chuck Nienburg, John Smith, Dick Ulman, John Varney, John Torason, Jeff Owrey, and Steve Sutherland. Seems like there were a couple more, but your names escape me now - let me know who you are.



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Photo : Mt. Hunter by Roy Ratliff

### October Banquet

### Friday, October 10th, 6:30 PM

### Doubletree Inn at Southcenter

In lieu of a monthly meeting, the BOEALPS will once again be holding their annual banquet. As usual the banquet provides the perfect opportunity to get together with other members to swap war stories of the past climbing season, eat great food, and see an excellent presentation. This year the speaker for the banquet will be Alex Bertulis, who will be presenting a historical look at 25 years of climbing in Washington's Cascade Range. Don't miss this one!!!

## Belay Stance

Hello once again. It seems that fall is upon us in earnest. The rain is falling and the forecast for this weekend is gloomy. I hope that I can get something climbed, but we'll just have to see. I will definitely do everything in my power to get out, because if I let the weather get in the way of climbing I probably won't be in the mountains until next spring. Character building, anyone?

This looks like a pretty good issue - some fun and games, a few climb reports, and some poetry and prose. Certainly there is something for everyone. Contributors this month include Jim Blilie, Paul Michelson, Mark Dale, Jerry Sommerman, A.J. Mullen, Dale Ott, John Petroske, Alex Van Steen, Erik Wetzel, and John Marshall from the Seattle Times with his insightful views on the mountaineering psyche (how about some feedback on this one). Also featured are the first of a series of articles describing a recent trip to the Monashee Mountains of Canada and the first of two articles describing my personal experiences with aid climbing. There are a few articles that were submitted that I purposely left out this month. I am anticipating a further drop in material submitted, so I am holding them until next month. I hope that my gloomy prediction doesn't become a reality - keep those pens busy!

At the last meeting we unanimously elected our new slate of BOEALPS Board Officers. Their names, as well as those of the hearty souls who volunteered to chair the various committees, are on the cover of the Echo. They would appreciate your support and ideas as they steer the club into another adventure packed year. The more that the members put into the club, the better the club will be. While we're on the subject, the club has three chairperson positions open; Librarian, Conservation, and Membership. If you have a few hours per week to put into these tasks, everyone will benefit. Don't let your club down!

A few words of appreciation are in order for those who were officers and committee chairs for the past year. Paul Michelson put together some fine programs and slide shows, and did a lot of work setting up the upcoming banquet. Erik Wetzel did a great job with conservation efforts, helping with everything from trail maintenance to hiking area proposals to wildlife protection. Mike Froebe enlisted a lot of people to lead climbs and kept the activities together. Jeff Stonebraker did a fine job with the library, missing only one meeting last year and tracking down many overdue books. Bryan Kriewald admirably kept tabs on this largely transitory group, and Dan Lewinski and Gareth Beale did a wonderful job taking care of the club's equipment. Secretary Carey Chaplin, Treasurer John Shipway, Vice President John Kokes, and Past President Mike Fitzpatrick all helped keep the club business flowing smoothly, devoting a lot of time to the countless behind the scenes details. Special recognition goes to President Jim Blilie, who's energy and direction cemented everything together and kept us on an even keel. He did a great job, and will continue to help the club in his capacity of Past President. Let's hear it for their efforts!

One last thing. We are almost out of cover sheets for the Echo, so we have decided to hold a contest to find a new picture to go on the cover (no offense, Roy). Bring your prints to the November meeting where they will be voted on by your fellow members. Please select high contrast prints, and keep in mind the current Echo layout. More detailed information will be coming in the November Echo.

## OFFICIAL BUSINESS:

**Deadline for the November Echo will be Thursday, October 16th.**

**\*\*\*\* NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENTS APPEARING \*\*\*\***  
**\*\*\*\* IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE \*\*\*\***  
**\*\* OF THE BOEING COMPANY \*\***

# ALPINE ECHO

## BOEALPS ANNUAL BANQUET

Banquet Date: Friday, October 10, 1986  
Banquet Location: Doubletree Inn at Southcenter (see map)

It's time once again for the BOEALPS banquet which will mark the end of the year in office for the current officers and a start for the new ones. The guest speaker for this year's banquet will be Alex Bertulis. Alex is an important figure in Cascade climbing circles, with many 1st ascents to his credit. He has climbed extensively with persons such as Fred Beckey and Jim Wickwire and will be presenting a retrospective look at the development of climbing in Washington's Cascades as he participated in and observed it. Featured in this show will be ascents of the most popular as well as some of the most challenging routes in the Cascades along with the people who created them.

The price for the banquet is the same as the last several years - \$13.00 for club members and \$16.00 for guests. Tickets are limited and payment must be received by Friday, October 3, 1986.

This promises to be a really great banquet - so get your tickets early!!

The banquet schedule is as follows:

6:30 - 7:30 p.m. - Cocktails (no host)  
7:30 - 8:30 - Dinner  
8:30 - ?? - Speaker presentation

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### BANQUET REGISTRATION FORM

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

MAIL STOP \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

MEMBER TICKETS \_\_\_\_\_ at \$13.00 = \_\_\_\_\_

ADDITIONAL TICKETS \_\_\_\_\_ at \$16.00 = \_\_\_\_\_  
(spouse, guests, other non-members)

TOTAL ENCLOSED \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to BOEALPS  
Mail this form with payment to: John Shipway 13600 N. E. 9th Pl.  
M/S 6W-29 or #104  
Bellevue, WA 98005

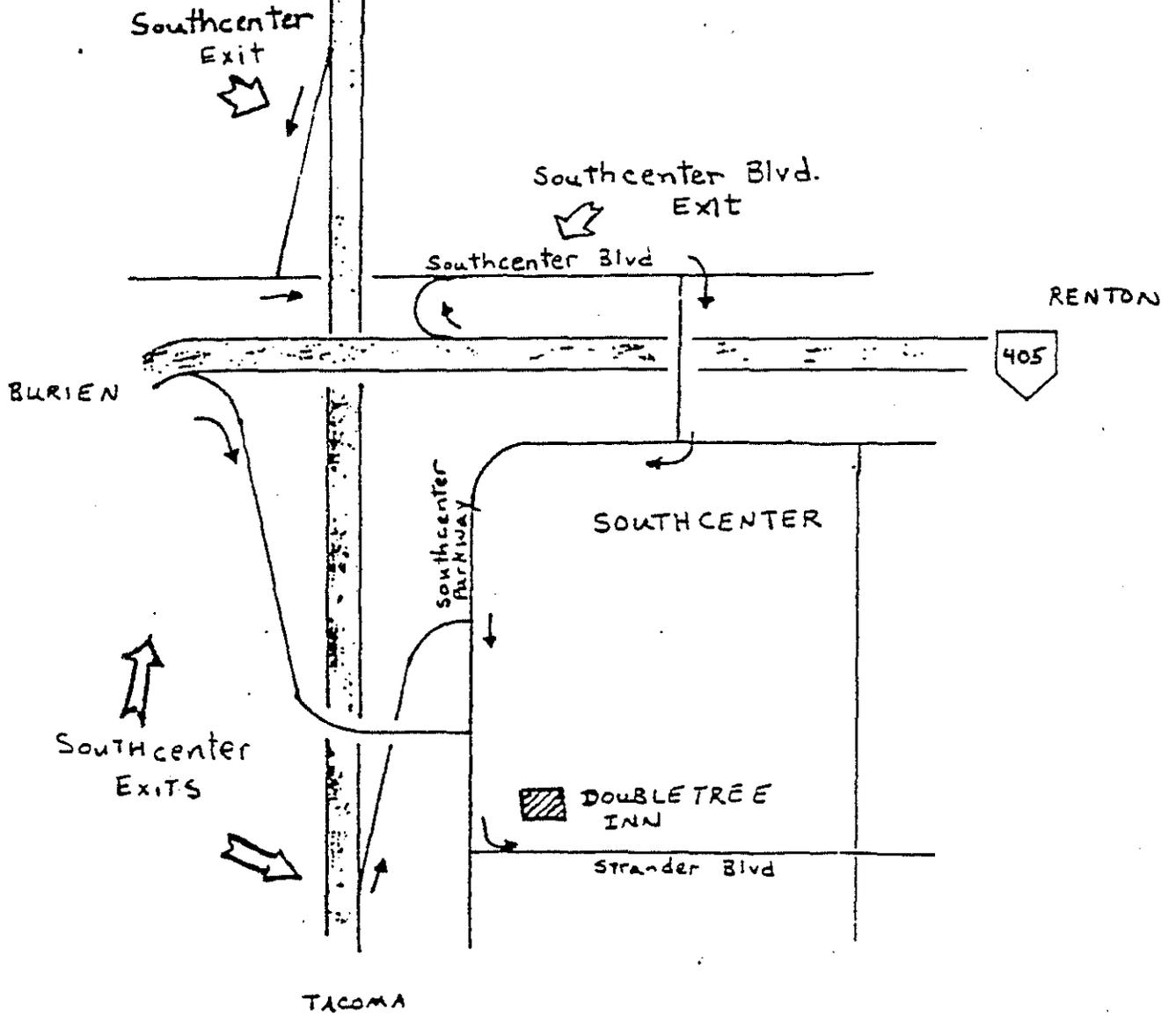
\*\*\*\*\* DO NOT FILL OUT BELOW \*\*\*\*\*

DATE RECEIVED \_\_\_\_\_ REGISTRATION NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

SEATTLE



BOEALPS BANQUET  
DOUBLETREE INN at SOUTHCENTER  
FRIDAY OCTOBER 10th, 1986  
COCKTAILS 6:30  
DINNER 7:30

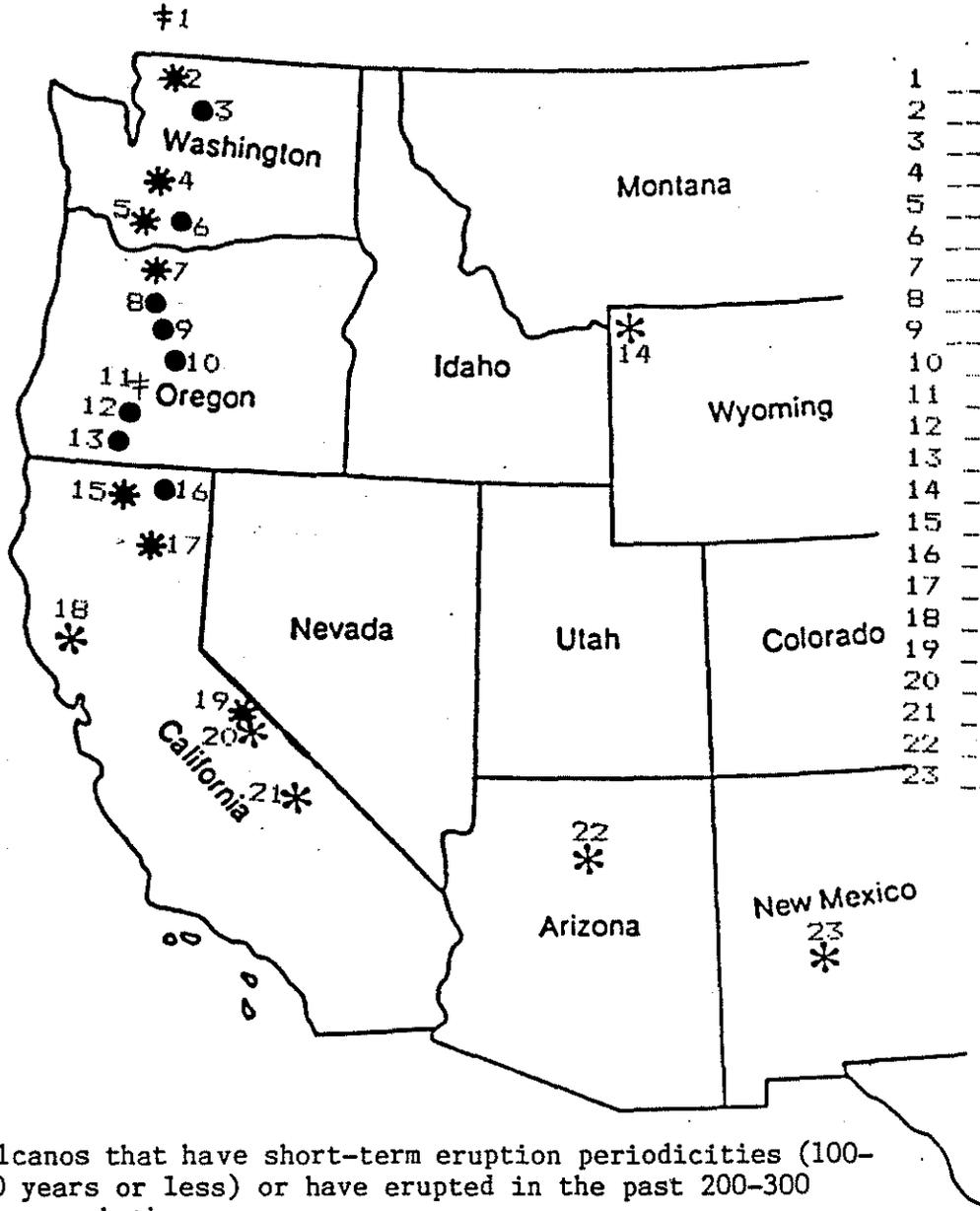


KNOW WHAT YOU'RE STANDING ON !!!! submitted by Eric Wetzel

It is best to climb mountain that is not erupting .... (ancient Chinese climbing proverb?)

Answers for the insecure and brain dead on page 12.

very approximately adapted from CALIFORNIA GEOLOGY July, 1986



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- \* Volcanos that have short-term eruption periodicities (100-200 years or less) or have erupted in the past 200-300 years or both.
- Volcanoes that appear to have eruption periodicities of 1000 years or greater and last erupted 1000 years or more ago.
- \* Volcanoes that last erupted more than 10,000 years ago, but beneath which exist large, shallow bodies of magma that are capable of producing exceedingly destructive eruptions.
- † Probably extinct, but you never know....

## An Introduction to Aid Climbing

Ken Johnson

Aid climbing has always fascinated me. In the beginning of my rock experience I looked at it as something perverted and twisted, a barbarian act better left to the unenlightened peg smashers of yore. Colorado ethics of the late seventies being the womb of my outlook, it was a long time changing. Who would want to destroy the warm, living rock by driving nails into it every few feet when the going gets thin? Much better to choose a route less challenging and leave only chalk scars and an occasional fixed stopper (fall-created, of course) on the harder bits.

As time went on I became aware of the big aid routes in that climber's eden of Yosemite Valley. Still the thought of aid boggled my mind. Hauling tons of gear and creating a self-strangling web to maintain upward mobility at the pace of a snail was not my idea of a good time - too awkward, too slow, too much work, too destructive, too artificial, too secure, too unsporting. I saw the movie "El Capitan", which is about an ascent of The Nose, and was amazed at the effort it took, the constant fight against gravity, the unrelenting attention to technical details. Although the beauty and majesty of the climb weren't lost on me, aid climbing still seemed like a lot of unpleasant mucking about.

Upon moving to Washington, my ambitions turned towards Alpinism, climbing on routes that require radical eclecticism to be able to deal with any of a multitude of situations that may present themselves along the way. Ice axes and crampons would have to be carried as well as (ugh!) pitons and etriers. Aid became a necessary evil, a tool to be used to cross blank sections on otherwise perfect lines, a resource to fall back on during exploratory climbs, and a lifesaving technique if the weather should turn foul halfway through a climb or in the event of an accident. Well rounded mountaineers, like boy scouts, should always be prepared.

To achieve this end I tied up a set of etriers, read everything I could get my hands on (Freedom of the Hills and the Rockcraft books are pretty good), and went for it, starting by nutting up the Great Northern Slabs route at Index. Aside from my second (sorry, Wiley) popping off a poorly placed chock, all went well. It certainly wasn't as hard, or unpleasant, as I thought it was going to be. Further experiments at Mount Eyrie and Index yielded similar results. Aid on nuts became *de rigueur* when the climbing bug bit in the face of marginal weather. This turned out to be a boon, since the rain no longer kept me off the rock. Besides, a little moisture builds character, right? Some very memorable days (and nights) were spent finding out what nutting up a route was all about while making every mistake imaginable. Being entwined in rope and etrier spaghetti with sling and biner sauce while swinging from a rotating nut to the tune of rain pattering on rock while a flickering headlamp paints an absurd picture of difficulties to come are but a few of the many attractions of this kind of activity.

Actually, I value these sessions highly. They were an excellent exercise in working things out in some definitely marginal conditions. Being on mostly easy and familiar territory close to the ground, potentially serious situations could be handled or escaped from with relative confidence. I am glad that I have put these techniques to the "off conditions" test on friendly turf instead of being forced to learn them several hundred feet up some North Cascades face.

But what of those ultimate aid tools, pitons? I did not feel confident enough to just go out and climb with them (I had stood on one pin that I had placed - very scary - I was glad that it was getting too late to continue), so I tried to enlist help from fellow BOEALPs. Al Pacheco and John Petroske were kind enough to come to my aid. We attacked the Upper Wall at Index one cloudy April Sunday. We figured that this would be the best place, since it features the highest concentration of aid routes around, and piton placers are generally not driven from the rock by lycra-clad, chalk-wielding clean climbers. It really was an initiation for us all, for the most experienced of us, Johnny Rotten, had placed maybe ten pins in his life. We had a lot of fun standing on sky hooks, RURPS, and shallow nested placements close to the ground. John lead a strenuous, overhanging dihedral (Dana's Arch?) which required several nested placements, his first ever. Cleaning it was a lot of work for me and resulted in a sore arm and a scary rappel from a suspect sling around a suspect flake. It was amazing to see what we could stand on, and my confidence grew with every pin. I am deeply indebted to Al and John for coming out and showing me the ropes.

Since then I have climbed a few routes that required aid, and each time I have gotten faster, cleaner, and more secure in my climbing. It takes a lot of trust and faith in the equipment and how it is placed, and in some ways is more demanding, both mentally and physically, than free climbing. I am very surprised at the change in my outlook towards aid. I cannot deny that it is a lot of work, very technical, mechanical, slow, and tiring, but I cannot say that I don't enjoy it most of the time. Rock destruction is still a problem with me, but nuts can be used in all but the thinnest cracks. Aid is a whole discipline unto itself, with its own rewards and pleasures as well as frustrations and limitations. Rather than being a self-strangling web, aid has opened up a new realm of climbing possibilities.

If you are interested in aid climbing, give me a call. I would be glad to help pass along this "dark art" which seems to be declining into obscurity. Watch for next month's article on Snow White, a 140 foot epic.

We left the Renton park-and-ride at 6:30 am Saturday with cars full of climbers and beer heading for the Berry Patch trailhead, just west of the Goat Rocks Wilderness. One of the major reasons for climbing Curtis Gilbert and Old Snowy was the opportunity to see the Goat Rocks. This was also why some of the folks signed up. We were on our way up the short 4.5 mile trail into the Snowgrass area by about 9:40 am. By around noon we had found our campsite (some people had to stop to remove some 12 oz. weights from their packs) and with skies lowering we prepared to set off for Old Snowy (approx. 7960 ft.)

**Eight** left camp on a meadowed promontory looking south, and hiked northeast to the Pacific Crest Trail a short distance above our camp. Heading north on the PCT we shortly entered the tree-line/meadow region near Snowgrass Flats. These meadows are very beautiful with golden grasses and red-tinged willows in abundance, along with some late blooming wild flowers and very abundant bird life. We saw several hawks, ravens, thrushes, and multitudes of Juncos and other finches, filling their internal larders with seeds (high-octane bird fuel) in preparation for winter and/or migration.

Soon we stood on the trail promontory at 7000 + feet overlooking the Packwood Glacier. All we were overlooking at this point was fog. In the last hour the weather had moved in, including some lightning and graupel snow. Since we hadn't heard any thunder for the last half hour, we continued up the old PCT on the side of Old Snowy to the saddle just north of the summit at 7600 ft. At this point we were in a serious blizzard. Leaving our ice axes at the saddle (who needs a lightning rod in bad weather) we scrambled up the last 300 vertical only to meet Al 10 ft. below the summit as he ascended from the south. (he had attempted to climb Ives Pk., then traverse to Old Snowy, only completing the traverse bit)

We shivered, ate pork and beans, drank a Fosters Ale on top (only 740 ml), signed the register, and then beat a hasty retreat out of the nasty weather. Just a few steps down from the saddle we met Mike and Ruth ascending and spurred them on. As we headed back down to the meadow country below, the clouds began to break a bit, and the summit of Old Snowy even emerged for a moment. Crossing the meadows we spied a boulder which required ascent. We climbed one half, it was a great cloven plug, and then repeatedly fell off of an overhanging face on the other half (good way to wrench the fingers!).

After inhaling dinner we indulged in Jiffy Pop and the other libations which we had labored to bring into camp. Mother Nature refused to cooperate, and we were often dribbled upon from above. A good time was had by all this evening, except for Al, who was attempting to catch up on the zero hours of sleep he had gotten on Friday night. Setting alarms for a six a.m. rise, we wove our way into the tents and those warm sleeping bags.

And we even gave heed to the alarm! Prying my eyes open, a certain urge from the lower extremities demanded that I find my shoes. I found them outside the tent -- frozen. Wait a minute...that's frost, not water ice. And in a flash he remembered that great quote from the lips of Sgt. Mjr. Smutek: "frost only forms when it's clear and calm..." And lo, the sky was a perfect, incandescent, cerulean, with Mt. Adams showing itself shamelessly to the south. A glorious day for great deeds.

Shortly, we were rounding a bend on the PCT into the Cispus Basin and caught a great view of Curtis Gilbert, covered with the white of the previous day's storm. The air was very crisp and clear, and the heavy white stuff made us wonder about the route ahead. We crunched up the meadows and then snow to the saddle above Cispus Basin, directly under the Big Horn and surveyed the route ahead. We shivered in a very cold wind, gift of the Yakimas (pronounced Ya kee mas on this trip). Another Fred Beckey obvious gully! At least he wasn't kidding when he said it was rotten! Most of the climbing from the saddle consisted of mud and loose rocks cemented together with ice, ice and snow covering the surfaces. Wand-

ering across snow and ice covered gullies, and small ridges, we somehow found our way up under Goat Citadel, only to see Al nearly at the summit of Curtis Gilbert, some half mile away. As is his usual way, he had made his own trail.

All that was left now was to drop down to the "sandy saddle" between Goat Citadel and Curtis Gilbert and then ascend the ridge to the top. This was accomplished quickly, and soon we were shivering in the sunshine on top of the highest point in the Goat Rocks (8201 ft. — \$250 fine for removing this marker). Near the top we met a separate Boealps party coming down. They had ascended the southeast ridge — a much tamer route as they told it. We soon dropped back down below the summit to escape the bitter cold wind. Winter surely is on the way!

The return to camp was anti-climactic: all that icy stuff which had made the ascent so interesting, was now mostly melted. We could sort of plunge step where before we had clawed for good footing. Part of the way down we met Paul Michelson, Ken Johnson, and crew, ascending. They had tried to hook up with us late Saturday, but were unable to locate us. They paid us back by loosing a few rocks in our vicinity (nothing personal, you know). Like Fred said: rotten.

Camp was soon broken, though not until most of the remaining beer was loaded, in various bellies. Hate to have a heavy pack! By supper time we were partaking of the generous quantities of food laid on by the Wheel Cafe (and bar) in Morton.

Great deeds were indeed performed on this trip: everyone came back safe, we had a great time, and we put seven of our nine on the summit of each peak (different groups of seven). Next President's climb we hope to get more past Boealps Presidents out!

Climbers: Dave Larson, Greg Cox, Rick Jall, A.J. Mullen, Pat Engle, Al Ryll, Mike Bingle, Ruth Bingle, and Jim Billie  
also from Boealps: Paul Michelson, Ken Johnson, and Dan and Deb from Michigan, yep, them flat-landers can climb too!



Mt. Stuart - Razorback Ridge, July 31-August 1

Mt. Stuart is a peak of many routes - from the Cascadian Couloir walk-up to a new highly technical route on the northeast face (IV,5.10,A2), it offers something for everyone. I first climbed Mt. Stuart via the North Ridge in 1979, just before the infamous 50 Classic Climbs of North America book was published. Even then it was a popular route - our party was delayed for hours by others ahead of us, and while in the crux couloir we were subjected to a tremendous avalanche of rocks dislodged by a careless party above. It was a miracle that no one was injured.

The North Ridge is even more popular today - the summit register indicated over 20 parties on the route one weekend. This is absolutely ridiculous to me. How can one enjoy climbing when having to deal with so many other people and the potential problems they cause? I sure can't. As a matter of fact, my favorite climbs have been those where my party encounters no one on the route, or better yet, on the mountain itself. This leaves one's mind free to concentrate on the problems at hand, and to enjoy the undiluted sights and sounds of nature's alpine environment.

So, when I decided to climb Stuart this summer, I really wanted to minimize people problems. One way to do this was to climb during the weekdays, and to do a nonpopular route. I called my good friend Jeff Hunt and with little persuasion (about 5 seconds worth) he agreed to attempt Razorback Ridge with me on Thursday and Friday. Why Razorback Ridge? Well, I know a lot of climbers in the Northwest and I couldn't recall anyone having done this route. The guidebook description and photos are very intriguing, indicating technical challenge, aesthetic appeal, and few objective dangers. Although not a direct route to the summit, Razorback Ridge ends near the West Ridge notch which allows one to complete the ascent via the enjoyable upper part of the West Ridge. The route's rating is given as grade III,5.8 which we found to be accurate.

I won't go into detail on the approach to our bivouac at Goat Pass, since many of you have suffered this hot, dusty trudge. It is a beautiful walk though, passing myriad fields of wildflowers, streams meandering through green meadows, and stark Ingalls Lake. We arrived at Goat Pass midafternoon, having left the car on the North Fork Teanaway River roadend sometime before noon. The breeze at the pass was much appreciated after the 'shake-n-bake' stumble up the rock glacier below.

Bivy sites abound here, and we spent the rest of the day enjoying the scenery. By walking out onto a rocky shoulder north and below the pass we could just make out our route. The ridge is

so steep and narrow that from here it blends into the face to the point of obscurity unless the sun's rays strike it just so. After dinner and a beautiful sunset, hordes of bloodsucking mosquitos chased us into our bivy sacks.

Awakening to the profound silence of pre-dawn, we ate breakfast and prepared to cross the Stuart Glacier to the base of the ridge. The firey red sun rose above the horizon as we kicked small nicks into the hard frozen snow. Upon reaching the start of our objective we encountered the first problem of the day, which involved climbing through steep broken snow and ice to gain the rock. After donning rock shoes we began the ascent of the ridge, leap-frogging higher and higher. Rather than describing each pitch, I'll just say that the rock was steep, generally solid with good protection and varied climbing. We stayed close to the crest and had difficulty routefinding only once. This occurred just after the knife-edge portion of the ridge when I led to an impasse in a dirty chimney topped by a hugh loose chockstone. To escape this predicament I did a hand traverse, then near-vertical climbing up rock covered over an inch deep in black leafy lichen (all I needed was some salad dressing for lunch on-the-spot). This lead put us back on the crest, where we continued with no further problems to the West Ridge.

The climbing to this point involved about three sections of 5.8, with a lot of low and middle class 5 (about 12 pitches total, with some running belays). The angle eased higher up but the rock was loose and required caution. The route now continued up the West Ridge, which we followed close to the crest, at times using a running belay (pitches to 5.6). We reached the sun-basked summit seven and one half hours after beginning the ascent.

Our luxurious bug-free summit hour was spent reading the register and enjoying that special high that comes after a rewarding climb. Actually we were just trying to put off the moment when we had to face the prospect of the horrific grind down the hot, dusty Cascadian Couloir and subsequent climb over Long's Pass. Before we departed I checked the summit register for other ascents of Razor-back Ridge - none were recorded that I saw, back to 1984 (a sleeper, perhaps?).

Well, what can I say about the descent to Ingalls Creek? Cascadian Couloir was a damn oven, but straightforward and a better choice than Ulrich's Couloir which I had been down previously. The green meadows of Ingalls Creek drew us like amagnet as we descended 5000 feet to the valley floor. By the time we got there I had fantasized a hundred times of cold, flowing, endless water in the tree shaded stream. Upon reaching the creek we drank prodigious amounts of the questionable liquid (which was cold, flowing, and endless) but were all too soon driven away by hordes of biting deer flies with a few large horseflies thrown in for good measure.

The grueling climb over Long's Pass at the end of the day was the typical gnashing-of-teeth affair, then it was brake-burnout as we coasted several miles down to the car.

Looking back I see this as being one of the more enjoyable climbs of the summer. I must say that I recommend it as a challenging and rewarding adventure for those who seek technical mountaineering in an alpine environment, sans crowds.

Submitted by Mark Dale

### Mount Olympus, elev 7965

Aug 30th - Sept 1st

Climb Report by Dale Ott

Mt. Olympus deserves more respect and attention than most people give it. With its summit 22 miles from the trailhead it is not an easy climb. IT'S A DEATH MARCH, pounding mile after mile, not to mention the 7400 foot elevation gain.

Our group of ten started at different times: two Thursday, three early Saturday morning and my group of five at Saturday noon. We planned on meeting Saturday night at Glacier Meadows (elev. 4200 feet, 17.5 miles from trailhead) but with the late start and a three mile per hour pace we were worn out by Elk Lake (2500 feet, 14 miles). Relying on the others at Glacier Meadows for a stove meant that we had none, but we were able to borrow one from a group of Mazamas (a Portland based climbing group).

Sunday morning we woke up early and headed up the trail for Glacier Meadows in the dark hoping to catch the others before they left for the climb, but we missed them by about an hour. At this point only one of us had the strength to go to the top. John Toraason went on up and roped in with a group from the Tacoma Mountaineers. The rest of us (wimps?) sat around camp and waited for their return. We did manage to hike up to Caltech moraine to look at the Blue Glacier, Snow Dome, and the goats.

Monday morning we headed down the trail in the dark and reached the parking lot at 11:00 AM. Total trip time was 47 hours.

My advise to anyone planning a climb of Mount Olympus is: be in top shape, take plenty of time for the hike in, and plan on getting sore feet. Climbers were from BOEALPS and WAC: Terry Crook, Jim Jonescu, Bob Dryden, John Baade, Bes Quarless, Patrick O'Brien, Alan Christianson, John Toraason, Curt VanSandt, and Dale Ott.

## DAYDREAMING

Eventually the imminent pangs of hunger brought me out of my reverie and into the present situation, waiting. Before I became lost again in my thoughts, I reached into the scattered paraphernalia of my jungle pants pocket and extracted some revitalizing candy. After feasting on the first few savory pieces of a Milky Way bar, the immediate problem of hunger was put aside. I had just thought of an enterprising use for the candy bar's wrapper. I carefully fashioned it into a square piece of paper and smoothed all the wrinkles out. After many delicate folds of the paper, I finally had a first class glider. Being in a perfect position for launching, high on a cliff, I wound up my arm and hurled the plane clear of the wall. It breezed on a straight course out from me and suddenly was engulfed by a downdraft that initiated its long spiraling descent to the bottom. Lost for a moment in the perilous shadows far below, it emerged into the sunlight and bumped to a landing in the suncupped snowfield that would remain its home. Inspired by the preceding incident, I wondered what it would feel like to quietly float away to the luxuries of basecamp. Back I went to daydreaming....

-John Petroske

## VOLCANO ANSWERS

Score 0-5 : I hope my children have no genetic ties to your family  
6-10 : Obviously not a local...  
11-20 : Approaching knerd status  
21+ : You either spend too much time studying geology and not enough time climbing, or you've climbed them all !

- 1 Mt. Garibaldi
- 2 Mt. Baker
- 3 Glacier Peak
- 4 Mt. Rainier
- 5 Mt. St. Helens
- 6 Mt. Adams
- 7 Mt. Hood
- 8 Mt. Jefferson
- 9 Three Sisters
- 10 Newberry Volcano
- 11 Mt. Thielsen, Mt. Washington, Three Fingered Jack, Mt. Bailey
- 12 Mt. Mazama (Crater Lake)
- 13 Mt. McLoughlin
- 14 Yellowstone caldera
- 15 Mt. Shasta
- 16 Medicine Lake Volcano
- 17 Lassen Peak
- 18 Clear Lake Volcanos
- 19 Mono-Inyo craters
- 20 Long Vally caldera
- 21 Coso volcanoes
- 22 San Francisco Peak
- 23 Socorro

## In The Home of the Gods : A Week In The Monashees

Part I - Getting there is 1/100th the fun.

Ken Johnson and Alex Van Steen

Waning energies and dulled senses sparked to life abruptly as a huge section of glacier settled beneath our feet. The glacier had opened up significantly in the past few days and its frailty was apparent. Ken turned to me with eyes the size of eggs and asked for advice. I'd been on a handful or two of glaciers in my lifetime so I must be the expert, right? So with confidence oozing from every pore we decided on a quick (that reads **QUICK**) plan of action. While I chopped fervently through the ice-pack for a belay seat, Ken chopped a diving board at the crevasse edge. Then -- ready, set, step, and jump! Self arrest and belay catching simultaneously, Ken's eyes constricted again. Good job!

Now it's my turn. Oh, God! Feeling about as big as a lesser shrew I had to reach way down to pull on what it took to jump that mother. Focus, step, and go. I relaxed as my ice axe dug happily into the arrest on the dull end of that moment. Its becoming a habit, this being engulfed in quarts of adrenaline. Oh, well. Three hours later we plopped into the comfortable, serene environment of base camp. Happily resting among the swarms of mosquitoes and biting flies, we immediately began preparing a meal, our first good feed after twenty nine hours of climbing.

The week of August 16th - 24th had us in a fantasy land of exotic ribs and ridges, massive, savage ice flows, and throngs of unnamed, seldom climbed peaks. We were able to climb to our hearts' content as we explored around the amphitheater to the north of Mount Thor in the heart of the Gold Range of the Monashee Mountains just south of Revelstoke in British Columbia.

A.V.S.

The trip was conceived when John sent me a cryptic note having something to do with unclimbed routes somewhere in Canada. Words flew and some black and white pictures exchanged hands, confirming the presence of some mountains north of the border. Dates were set and other prospective climbers were sought. Despite our wild ravings to anyone that would listen, only Al Wainwright would commit to the adventure. We agreed to gather at his place to discuss things further.

After some great Chinese food and an awesome slide show of the Thor area and other mountains in Canada from the Petroske collection, we got down to serious business. Pouring over maps, looking at old photos, and leafing through old issues of the Canadian Alpine Journal, we decided to narrow our sights to include two alternate plans : spending our time in the Adamants - Sir Sandford area if transportation and a reasonable approach could be worked out, or going to the Monashees with perhaps a side trip to Sir Donald. We ended the evening with high hopes for good climbs in good weather.

As we researched the situation it became clear that the Adamants had a distinct disadvantage - an approach time of two days by foot, or only a couple expensive hours by helicopter. Besides, John was really hot for this Thor business, so we decided on the Monashees. John invited his brother Bill and papa Jim, who would be returning from South America in time to join us, and Alex decided that one week in Wyoming was not enough to sate his desires and consequently filled out our party at six members. It would be a real advantage having the entire Petroske Clan with us, since they had scouted out the area together before.

Preparations quickly accelerated to the T minus two-hour pack stuffing spree. Luckily for us, John was a bit late getting to Everett that evening. The trip to Revelstoke was quick (if a bit sleepless) and we arrived just in time for a farewell to civilization breakfast. Then it was south to the ferry dock on the north side of Upper Arrow Lake to wait for Bill, who was driving up the other route with a car full of all his college-bound possessions as he was headed for Edmonton after the trip. And wait we did. He wasn't there when we showed up, so we crossed on the ferry thinking he would be on the other side, but of course he wasn't, so back we went. At least we were able to get a small peek at the Grady-Odin-Thor peaks.

Time passed and we got worried. John and Bill decided to go back into town to see what they could find out over the phone with ma Petroske, so Al, Alex, and Ken were left waiting for the hourly ferry stops. Several hours passed, allowing plenty of time for throwing rocks into the water, baiting ravens, sunbathing on the shore, playing hacky-sock, and even a first ascent of Point Nopoint via the Mossy Slab route (dry moss afforded good step kicking) and a return by the Traverse of the Clods.

Finally, there it was, the off-white Valiant that we had been waiting for. It seems that Jim had stopped at a rest area to get rid of some garbage and his starter decided to quit. He spent several hours on the trunk of the car waiting for us to drive by since he thought that we would be following the same route. Finally at 7:00 AM a fine member of the RMCP towed him to a nearby town where he was able to buy a rebuilt starter. He finally joined us at about 1:00 PM.

Meanwhile John and Bill were waiting in Revelstoke for the results of an APB they had put out on Jim. Strangely enough, the Mounties had no reports of Jim's car being seen anywhere. At any rate there was a happy reunion (if you discount the usual finger pointing and event analyzing that accompanies such debacles) at around 2:00, and we were on our way at last.

Sort of. There were still the infamous logging roads to be negotiated. We took Jim's car up as far as we could and left it behind bearing the note "This is not an abandoned vehicle". Several hundred feet higher and quite a few switchbacks later we were in the valley immediately to the east of Thor and Odin, pondering the maze of roads before us. There were rumors of a very easy approach up a lightly wooded ridge not far from some logging roads, so off we went in search of our grail. Along the way we bottomed out, scraped through brush, rebuilt bridges, cursed at roads that didn't quite connect, and wondered exactly what we thought we were doing. We explored every inch of logging road in that valley and then some, only to decide that the "tried and true" approach of years ago would probably be best. We arrived at our Pingston Creek middle-of-the-road campsite about seven. It wasn't long before we had spread our bags, cooked our meals, sort of sorted some gear, and crashed for the night.

Although we tried to hide, the next morning found us shouldering our huge packs and staggering up the quickly deteriorating road. Four ropes, two tents, two stoves with fuel, two full free racks, an aid rack, two ice tools apiece, about fifteen pounds of food per person, plus personal gear brought the average pack weight to about seventy pounds. Just perfect for the heavy-duty bushwacking to come.

The hike from the end of the logging road certainly was a thrash, and we were dripping with sweat in no time. Al, Alex, and I relied on the Three Petroskes for direction, since they knew the area a bit better than we did. Our path took us on a traverse through dense forest, then descended to the flat bottom of the Thor Valley. We crossed a minimum of marsh and found ourselves standing on the choked stream bank. All agreed that this looked like the place to cross and begin the slog up the slope to the south (main) fork of Thor Creek, so we looked for accommodating logs. One was tried, tested, and rejected before we settled on the "best" way. There was some excitement when Al almost went for an impromptu dip, but nobody got wet except for Jim who decided it would be better to wade than to try a tightrope act.

The next few hours (days?) were an uphill battle with rock bands, devil's club, slide alder, fallen logs, and dense pine trees. Lack of machetes was a real hinderance here, and there were many stops to rest and swat flies while wondering how much farther we had to go to reach the south fork of Thor Creek. Then around 1:00, three hours after leaving the stream, Bill expressed some concern with our route. Regrouping on the steep hillside, we sent unladen scouts ahead to check the lay of the land. Sure enough, we had been misled by wishful thinking and the mists of time. After crying and cursing the fates, we turned back down the hill to begin the descending traverse toward our real destination.

Two hours later we were eating lunch on the far bank of South Thor Creek after another fun log crossing. John once again offered to carry packs for Al and his dad, who both gladly accepted. It had taken us six hours to get where we should have been in an hour and a half, but we were happy to be on known territory at last. The next portion if the approach was steeper and more strenuous than what had come before, but we were able to follow blazes left by previous explorers. Another plus was the

absence of the copious populations of devil's club, which was appreciated by all. Al still managed to catch his hand on a snag, which resulted in a small but nasty cut. He entertained us all with his wound cleansing antics, which only served to make it look worse. I caught my ear on a tree, but it was more of a nuisance than anything else. Our frequent rest stops were punctuated by the sounds of hands slapping flies as the Petroskes reminisced about their previous trip to the area, which found them negotiating very steep slide alder and devil's club on the other side of the creek. These helped us to be thankful for the "easy" time we were having.

We arrived at our next landmark, a small lake directly north of Mount Thor, after three more hours of hiking. It had taken us this long to come one mile and gain 500 feet of elevation. It was 6:00 PM and we still had a mile and 700 feet to gain to our base camp. I reluctantly agreed to spend the night at the lake, even though I had hoped to press on. Pre-trip plans had us at base camp the day before, but what with the broken starter and logging road excursions, and now getting lost, this was definitely out. We would have to settle for four days of climbing rather than the six we had hoped for. Hopefully the weather would hold.

Our campsite was very comfortable once we doused ourselves with jungle juice, and it was heavenly to get the packs off and eat a hot meal. The only bad part was unpacking our carefully stuffed packs with the knowledge that we would have to force it all back in the next morning. Upon arising the next day, I took a hike over to the lake and got my first glimpse of the mountains that were our goal. We couldn't see Thor itself, but what we could see was truly awe inspiring - jagged peaks, soaring ridges, hanging glaciers, and towering faces. This taste of what was to come more than fueled our weary bodies for the hike that was ahead of us.

We left the lake and headed up the hillside to a band of cliffs that forced us into the small canyon formed by the unnamed creek that emanated from the basin north and west of Mount Thor. We had left all signs of humans behind and found no blazes to guide our path. After some steep hiking, boulder hopping, and heather traversing we were in the flats at last, and we hastened to the campsite that John and Bill scouted out. There was much rejoicing and gawking at the mountains as packs were disassembled, clothes hung out to dry, and tents erected. It had taken us a day and a half (11 hours of hiking) to travel three miles and climb from 4000 to 5700 feet. I guess we're just a bunch of wusses.

After lunch was inhaled we took off to do some exploring and sight seeing. Alex and I climbed the buttness to the west of our camp to gain the west ridge of the basin. John, Bill, and Al hiked up the valley to the moraine at the base of the huge glacier to the northeast of Thor. This gave us all an excellent chance to stretch our legs and stare in amazement at some of the available routes. Alex and I had magnificent views of Thor and Nifflheim and the spectacular ridge of 9300 foot peaks between them. We were able to scout out several approaches and possible routes, and basically had a great time scrambling around. The most impressive sight was Kelley Peak and Icefield, a perfect pyramid sitting atop a glacier that covers a square mile. The Petroskes had climbed this peak on one of their earlier trips. Not to bad for a bunch of kids!

Around the fire that night it was decided to ascend the glacier northeast of Mount Nifflheim to reach the twin 9300 footers above it. This would allow us to scout a descent route for a fine looking ridge route that lead to the eastern twin. It would also give us some good views of Thor and the surrounding ridges for future reference. Besides, the glacier itself looked outrageous! Although I was exhausted by the hike in, it was a while before I was able to get to sleep. I was very excited about the climbing that was about to transpire. The mountains were magnificent, the weather good, the routes appealing, and the company inspiring. I had high hopes for the days ahead. I was not to be disappointed.

K.J.

To Summarize:

It is hard to imagine an unclimbed area so near to home (12 hour drive). As far as we could tell by

researching the Canadian and American Alpine Journals only the Petroskes (Jim and his sons John and Bill) had ever penetrated this area via our north valley access route and that had been some ten years ago. (The only sign of previous human occupation was a large can used to boil water, and that had been left by the Petroskes.) Lack of good roads, no views from the exterior, and the tremendous thrash of a hike are obvious reasons.

Climbs of significance included "unnamed 9300" (as described by Putnam, et. al. in Climbers Guide to the Interior Ranges of British Columbia North, 1977) via the north glacier involving 2500 feet of glacier, a short black ice gully, and two rock pitches (III, 5.4, Ice Grade I) by all members of our party. The following day Ken and I added the 3000 foot North Ridge to this same peak (III, 5.6, PG 13). Rappelling to and bivouacing that night at 9100 feet, Ken and I climbed the East Ridge of "unnamed 9300's" sister peak (also 9300+ feet, 6 pitches, Grade I, 5.6).

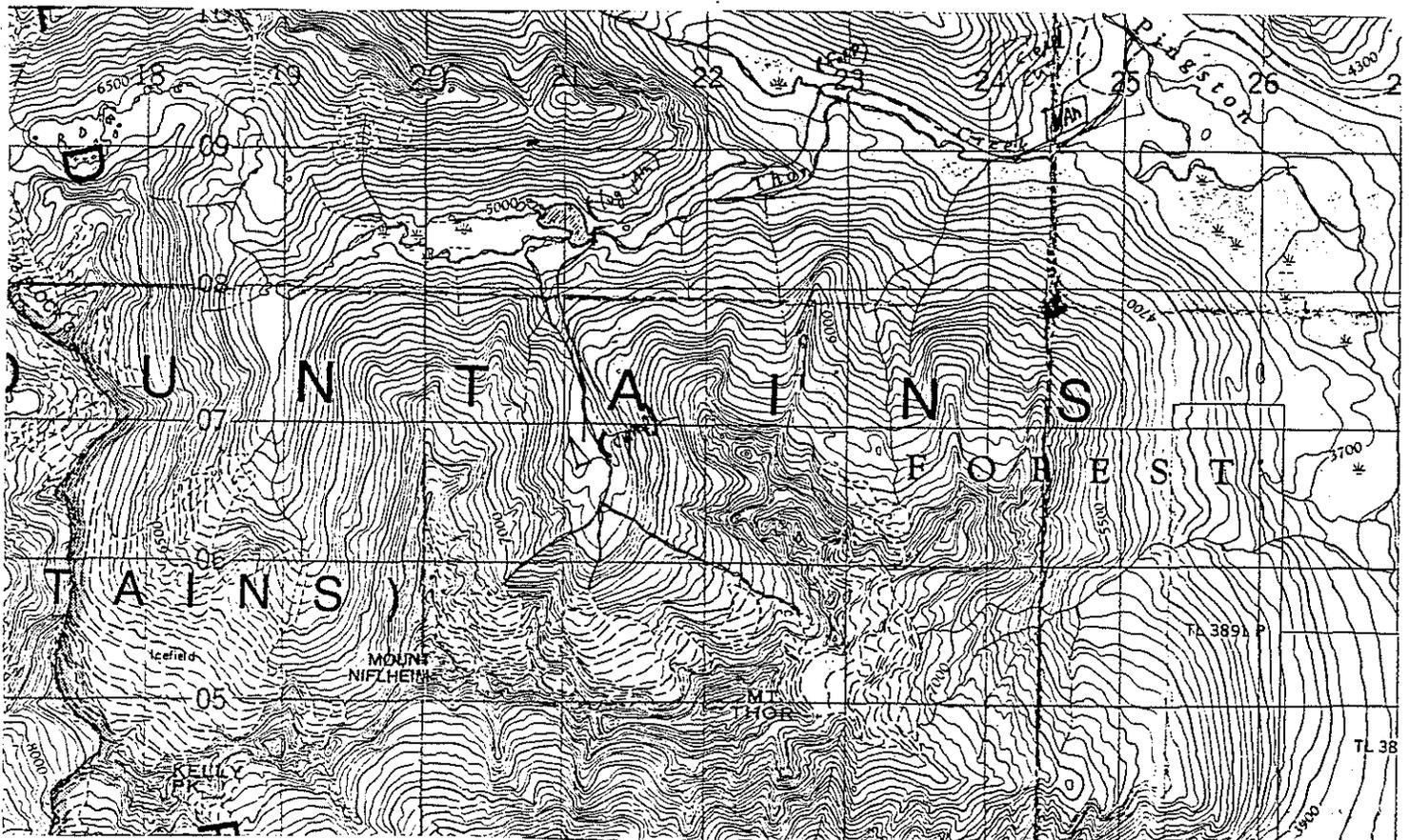
Meanwhile Bill and John, in 15 technical pitches and some scary, loose scrambling, did the North Rib of Mount Thor (III, 5.8, A1). Al and Jim climbed Thor via the Northeast Ridge from our North Amphitheater camp that same day.

On our last day Ken and I did two pitches (5.6 and 5.7) on the South Face of "Tower Four" (name unofficial) to the north of Mount Thor before scrambling (5.4 to 5.6) a route which zig-zagged to the 9000 foot summit (II,5.7, PG 13).

NOTES: Excellent weather prevailed. Biting insects and heavy brush were abundant. PG 13 designated to indicate loose, lichen covered rock and the need to garden out slots for marginal protection. Further articles dealing with this trip will be in future issues.

A.V.S

CLIMBERS: Jim, Bill, and John Petroske, Ken Johnson, Al Wainwright, and Alex Van Steen.



I have just come out from Goat Rocks,  
From the turreted ramparts, broad cirques,  
and tumbles of basalt, rusty with age.  
There the patient firs watch  
Fragile, ever hopeful, alpine flowers  
survive the slow decay of granite.

It is autumn now.

Flowers, dusted with snow cringe and a few  
huckleberries cling lonely among dead leaves.  
But noon is a warm blessing.  
The meadows sparkle with late bloom and the  
chipmunks and camp robbers improve the warm  
hours with their scurrying business.

Foot sore- heart warmed

For I am no stranger to the firs and jays  
And the high hills are my mother.  
I drink patience and hope  
To nourish me amid these concrete walls  
Till I return.

*A J. Mullen*

# Death on the mountain: It's all so senseless

Once more, there is the picture of the person before it happened, before life was snuffed out on some mountain. Once more, there is the picture of the family or friends left behind, trying to hold grief in check, but pain is etched on their faces.

And once more, too, come the mountain climbing apologists, with their hemlock Hemingway tough talk about the mountains giving and the mountains taking, about the right stuff it takes to confront that and how the person did die doing what he or she loved best, as if that somehow made it make perfect sense.

But mountain climbing does not make any more sense than does Russian roulette, which it so resembles. Maybe the odds are better in mountain climbing, and the view, too. But mountain climbing is still a strange duel with fate, a flirt with death, a game played with a loaded gun.

When another two climbers die on Mount Baker, or nine on Mount Hood, or 11 on Mount Rainier, the news stories always seem to say something about how it was all caused by "a freak accident," or "a freak avalanche," or "a freak storm."

But what's most "freaky" about the mountain climbing deaths is that people



**JOHN MARSHALL**

still are willing to put themselves in a place where death comes so often.

This bizarre urge is nowhere more evident than in the Northwest, where mountain climbing is treated like some Red Badge of Northwest Identity.

Here, the best mountain climbers are treated like demi-gods, a Northwest elite with their lives chronicled as profiles in courage. Here, a high school requires students to climb a mountain (or do community service) in order to graduate and finds all but five of 40 students choose the climb. Here, every other neighbor wants to boast of climbing Mount Rainier or Mount Hood at least once.

But the mountain climbing death toll keeps rising, claiming the famed climbers and the little known, and few people seem willing to question whether the price being paid is much too great. And it's not just

the climbers and their families who pay.

Sky divers and other such daredevils do what they do and die how they die, not causing danger to others or costing them money. But mountain climbers routinely cause people to risk their lives to rescue them when they are injured, or to recover their bodies when they are dead.

And, of course, the mountain climbers are almost never billed for the costs of such danger-fraught operations, no matter how foolhardy the risks they may take.

About all that taxpayers get in return for their largesse are the chance to be distant witnesses to more mountain climbing rescues and more mountain climbing deaths, plus the opportunity to hear tenets of the mountain climbing gospel.

It is no great deal. For seldom is more macho posturing and foolish gibberish foisted upon the public than by mountain climbers. They still say the kinds of things that used to be said back when a man wasn't a man unless he'd fought in a war.

Listen to the legendary Lou Whittaker quoted after an icefall on Mount Rainier claimed 11 lives in 1981: "Sometimes, to die you have to know how to live. At least these guys didn't die while they were

sitting in front of a television set."

Never mind that these people, most of them novice climbers and under 30, will never know the joys of raising a family, or the satisfaction of looking back at a life lived well and long. Nor will they discover a cure for cancer, create a work of art or smell a flower. The main thing is — they died the right way, the mountain climbing way, "going for it" with their boots on.

Or listen to Yuichiro Miura, famed as "The Man Who Skied Down Everest," who once explained: "Only when I'm poised on the edge of life and death do I fully appreciate the wonder of the human experience." Or listen to Seattle's Jim Wickwire, who nearly died conquering K-2 and has witnessed the climbing deaths of so many friends, describe mountain climbing as a place where "there's an affirmation of life, an enhancement of life, a much greater sense of how precious life is."

Life is indeed precious, as many people recognize without climbing mountains and chancing death. Life, they know, is much too glorious a gift to be squandered away trying to conquer a hunk of rock.

□ Columns by John Marshall of the P-I appear Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

# Death on the mountain: The readers respond

"It's about time," many readers said. In "Death on the mountain: It's all so senseless," I described mountain climbing as "a strange duel with fate, a flirt with death, a game played with a loaded gun." I castigated the "macho posturing" by climbers. I questioned the dangers and taxpayer costs incurred trying to rescue climbers or retrieve their bodies.

Readers reacted strongly and in considerable numbers.

Some mountain climbers were outraged. They discussed the beauty of the mountains and the rewards of climbing. They said rescue operations use only volunteers to risk their lives. And they said that climbers are sometimes billed for some costs of rescue operations (although rarely), or that such operations provide fine training for military pilots.

But when a week's calls, letters and letters to the editor had come in, support for the column's points was expressed by 60 percent of the readers who responded, including both climbers and non-climbers. Many insisted any cost of climbing rescues should be born by climbers or by climbing societies (as is often done in Europe). The column's supporters included the father of one of the survivors of the recent



**JOHN MARSHALL**

accident on Mount Baker that claimed two young lives. His son has now decided to abandon mountain climbing, his father said, and stick to backpacking and fishing in the future.

Among the reader comments were:

"I too am sick of hearing such macho drivel, 'died doing what he loved best,' 'the mountain gives and the mountain takes.' My first husband of 15 years and our nephew were killed on Mount Rainier in a so-called 'freak accident' in September, 1967. He was 39, our nephew 19.

"Our daughters were 10 and 12 when they lost their Daddy. The pain and anguish of such a loss cannot be described. We the survivors will never be the same again. That part of our lives is always remembered with much sadness."  
— Diane Purdy of Des Moines

"At last a man with the courage to speak out against the macho urge toward self-destruction! Why are these strong, well-educated middle class young men . . . (jeopardizing) their obligation to the society and families that nurtured them to go out and smother in a snow bank!"  
— Harley Michaelson of Seattle

— Harley Michaelson of Seattle

"There are literally thousands of ascents made every year on Northwest peaks. Statistically, Northwest climbing is a relatively safe adventure. There is risk in any human endeavor that is worthwhile.

"The other day three people were killed by lightning under a beach umbrella. Should we stop swimming? Skiing, racing, boxing, hunting, diving? There are risks in mountaineering. But to those of us who climb, the rewards far outweigh the minimal danger of injury or death."  
— Martin Dahlgren of Seattle

"My compliments on your article about the insanity of those holier-than-thou mountain climbers. You leveled this quasi-religious cult to its proper place. They interact with themselves and

pontificate to the rest. We actually had a fund-raising drive at work to support a co-workers' climb on Mount McKinley. A counter group tried to take up collections for their own ski vacations."  
— Kathy Shea of Seattle

— Kathy Shea of Seattle

"Count me in with Hemingway, London and Lou Whittaker. I'll be out there in an airplane, or a motorcycle, or up a mountain. No valley smoke and city squalor, no common crowd morality and mentality . . . out beyond civilization where adventures await and life begins."  
— David Senzig of Renton

"There are many ways to prove one's 'manhood' — hard drinking, swimming in Puget Sound in wintertime, womanizing, mountain climbing, motorcycle racing, risk-taking in big business, etc., etc.

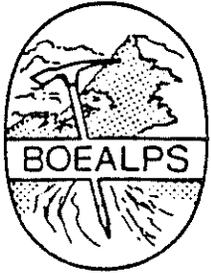
"You raise a very good question: What is a real man? I think the answer is: He is one who does not have to prove it to anybody else."  
— G.K. Douthwaite of Seattle

□ Columns by John Marshall of the P-I appear Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

# ALPINE ECHO

c/o Ken Johnson  
8327 5th Ave. W. #5-A  
Everett WA 98203





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Photo : Mt. Hunter by Roy Ratliff

**November Meeting**  
**Thursday, November 6th, 7:30 PM**  
**Kent Recreation Center**

**Gasherbrum IV**

The November meeting will feature Greg Child who led an expedition to Pakistan that successfully climbed Gasherbrum IV in the Karakorum Himalaya. The presentation will describe the Expedition's 42 day climb of the beautiful monolith of snow draped rock, which stands at 26,000 feet. By any route "Gash Four" is one of the most technically demanding peaks in the Himalayas. Noted mountain climber John Roskelley calls their ascent "one of the best achievements in mountaineering in the last several years". Be sure not to miss this dramatic story of the climb to the summit of Gasherbrum IV.

## Belay Stance

Hello, down there. I am writing this from one of my most spectacular stances yet. I am eighty feet off the deck with the ropes dropping straight to the ground. I am suspended from a hangerless bolt by a wired #1 hex, my anchor being a 16 year old bolt that Alex is hanging off of. Precarious? Scary? Exposed? No sweat! The views of Baring, Index, Persis, and Gunn are great, even if the climbing is starting to get pretty thin. What do you say to rapping off? You go first, Lex. I've got some writing to do while I'm up here.

The banquet was a complete success. The appetizers and dinner were delicious, and the presentation by Alex Bertulis was fantastic. Twenty year old slides and stories of the good old days were quite inspiring for climbers like myself. It certainly was a treat to see a large part of the technical climbing history of the area through the eyes of one of the participants. And for those of you who were wondering, the drawing was rigged! (BOEALPs board and committee members walked off with over 50% of the merchandise, including the 120', 9mm rope). See what can happen when you help the club out? Thanks go to Paul Michelson for putting together such a fine evening.

As I feared, contributions to these pages are waning. Hopefully the short days will result in more time devoted to exercising the imagination, studying current climbing events, forming new ideas about climbing styles and goals, and writing this all down to share with your fellows. This month's contributors are Mark Dale and Jerry Sommerman, Alex Van Steen, John Petroske, Charles Winters, Al Wainwright, Jim Egleston, Jim Blilie, and myself. Thanks go to Al for correcting my dislexia concerning who did what while we waited for Bill (not Jim) to join us at the ferry.

I have been advised that BOEALPS T-shirts are still available. Jim Blilie will be bringing them to the next meeting, so bring your money. This will accomplish three things: 1) you will become the proud (and legal) owner of a fine shirt that proclaims your affiliation with the best climbing organization in America, 2) the Agris Morus Fund for the Aid of Deserving Deadbeat Climbers will see an increase in principle, and 3) Jim won't have to lug the shirts around any more. If you can't make the meeting, give Jim a call to work something out. (Remember, Xmas is just around the corner!)

As far as upcoming events are concerned, we do have a couple of long range goals. Erik Wetzel is thinking about offering a Mountaineering Oriented First Aid (MOFA) course. He is indeed a certified instructor, and would like to share his knowledge. He would like to get an idea of how many of you want to be a part of this, so he has some idea of whether he has to round up some more instructors or cancel because of a lack of interest. His number is on the front page. Also soon to occur is the yearly Cross-Country Ski Trip out of the Mazama Basecamp. I forget the exact dates, but it will be mid-February. The cost for the weekend will be \$60 per person, and space is limited to 16 people. Space is available on a first paid, first served basis, and is guaranteed to sell out quickly. The full story will be available in the next issue. Contact Charles Winters for more information.

Well, looks like Alex is down. My turn to rappel, got to run! Enjoy the issue.

## Cover Photo Contest

As threatened last month, we are holding a contest to select a new cover photo for the Echo. Feast your eyes on Roy's contribution, for this will be the last issue to sport his work of art. First prize is the great pride and satisfaction you will have as you see your picture grace each issue for the next two years or so. Second prize will be a handshake and pat on the back by the winner. Bring your prints (any size, but the larger ones have more visual impact for those viewing them; also, high contrast will help; and keep in mind the current Echo format) to the November meeting. You should plan on arriving about 30 minutes early to register your photo. Voting will take place after the meeting during the refreshment/socializing phase, and the results will be posted in next month's Echo. The new photo will hopefully be installed in the January 1987 issue.

In November, the people of Washington State will be voting on a program to finance a wildlife conservation program. Over 200,000 people have signed petitions for the right to vote for a 1/8th of one percent increase in the state sales tax. If Initiative 90 is approved, the new tax would be used to finance our state's wildlife programs. Not only is this moderate increase in tax unopposed by both major political parties, it has the bipartisan support of outdoors people of all persuasions. Some mild opposition has been registered by the forestry industry and livestock groups as they seem to be concerned about the power that increased funding would give the Department of Game.

Among those organizations supporting the Initiative are the Sierra Club, the Washington Wild Turkey Federation, the Seattle Audubon Society, the Washington State Trapper's Association, the Washington State Sportsman's Council, the Izaak Walton League of America, the Washington Environmental Council, the Inland Empire Big Game Council, and Trout Unlimited.

Financing conservation programs has grown increasingly difficult. There simply are not enough hunters and fishermen to continue to expect them to be the primary source of wildlife support. Wildlife photographers, birders, campers, hikers, and weekend observers must join together in order for a comprehensive program to be effective.

Traditionally, the primary source of income for wildlife management and wildlife habitat projects have been the sportsmen. Funding has come from fishing and hunting licenses, the Federal Duck Stamp, and taxes on hunting gear (Pittman-Robertson) and Fishing equipment (Dingell-Johnson and the newer Wallop-Breaux program). The Pittman-Robertson Act, signed into law in 1937 by Franklin D. Roosevelt, raised \$120 million nationwide in 1985. The funds are generated by a tax on hunting firearms and ammunition as well as bowhunting equipment. Together with a one to three dollar match from each state, the money is returned in full to the states in a ratio determined by each state's land area and number of sportsmen. The money is subsequently used to pay the administrative costs of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, land aquisition, research, education, and habitat improvement.

However, in recent years the general public has become increasingly interested in the outdoors. With this have come increasing complaints about the lack of dollars being contributed to the conservation and preservation of wildlife.

Initiative 90 would raise approximately \$38 million annually at an estimated annual cost of fifteen dollars per family. Massive amounts of data have been gathered to prove that all of these dollars would be recovered as some 44,000 people presently are employed to offer various services related to the outdoors.

Approximately \$10 million dollars would be used for habitat protection, management, and enhancement. This includes the purchase of old-growth forest, wetlands, estuaries, and urban corridors. \$4.5 million is slated for the managing and enhancing of wildlife populations. This includes saltwater fish populations and marine animals. Over \$4.5 million would be spent on the development and enhancement of public access areas across the state and aquiring 500 miles of steam bank access. \$3 million would go to research for game and non-game species of which \$1.6 million goes for non-game species, about which so little is known because of a lack of previous funding. About \$8 million would be spent on public services, including \$6.5 million for law enforcement (there have only been ten conservation officers added since 1950).

Washington, with the approval of Initiative 90, would become only the second state in the nation with such a program. Missouri, the first state, has raised \$300 million since 1976 for its very successful wildlife programs. The Initiative is directed to all wildlife in the state. Non-game and game species alike will benefit as well as our entire human population.

**Climb Report by Alex Van Steen**

After spending an enjoyable (although harsh) day pounding over peaks near Snoqualmie Pass with Mark Dale last week, with Mark still wanting to do his annual ritual on "The Mountain", and with Mark Dickinson and Dave Larson falling into the suit of needing a good late summer climb our Rainier party was peopled. I felt that a strong team was pooled. Along with Matt "X", who we adopted at Camp Muir, the team had over twenty-three Rainier summits under its belt; mostly, however, at the expense of Dale and Larson.

We decided on the Muir Route. Rangers voiced discouraging noises of large crevasses as low as 9000 feet on the Muir Snowfields and very delicate snow bridges (one supposedly 400 feet across!) further on on the Cowlitz and Ingraham Glaciers. Reports of snowdrifts shoulder deep and the fact that no one (including a party of eighteen) had made the slog to the summit in over a week made me think that even the standard route would be challenging.

The weather cooperating and on an easy, well constructed Skyline Trail, we warmed up the legs and lungs to Pebble Creek and then up the Muir Snowfields. Skirting just left of Moon and Anvil Rocks we avoided all of the crevasses further to our left. After four and a half hours we were greeted by the dozen or so 55 gallon barrels of poop that signify Camp Muir. The last bit of this slog was in higher winds. Paradise had temperatures in the fifties and yesterday's summit temperature, not including a wind chill factor, was only six degrees this side of zero. I was dwelling on the inadequacy of my winter clothing and wasn't feeling great about setting up any tents. I, for one, would rather listen to rats all night than treat myself to tent erection, eating, and waking in high misty winds. Most of the others felt the same and so we abandoned the trek to Ingraham Flats (our proposed evening bivouac) and opted to stay in the windproof deep freeze.

A decent dinner and an early bag felt great. We awoke at 2:00 AM. I slept fine despite some tossing and turning, and Dickinson slept like a rock. On the lower bunks Dale and Larson had to deal with the rats a bit more, Dale not appreciating a meager two hours of sleep nor the rat pellets in his food bowl!

By 3:30 we dropped onto the Cowlitz Glacier, moonlight being strong enough for only minimal use of headlamps. Across the broken Cowlitz we climbed over Cathedral Rocks to access the Ingraham Glacier. We had to pound through some deeper powder straight up to the base of the Upper Ingraham Iceflow and then cut down and right again toward Disappointment Cleaver. This would be typical of our climb - all this @\$% traversing. I am sure that by the end of the day we had circled the mountain a few times.

Plowing up the Ingraham was slow and methodical, allowing time to look around and enjoy as we caught our breaths. Cathedral Rocks covered in spindrift, Little Tahoma wearing a small but savage cloud cap, and the sunrise casting a beautiful orange alpenglow over the lower Ingraham was distinctly alpine and gorgeous. Climbing up Disappointment Cleaver proved to be a delicate traverse and higher a small section of class 4 covered with snow had us all looking for an easier retreat. As we crested the cleaver, the Emmons Glacier showed its unrelenting complexity. Massive crevasses and seracs over laid and flowed down the huge Emmons Glacier into the dark recesses of the lower mists. The wind momentarily whaled on us, sending me from boil to freeze and back again in just seconds.

By the time we were above the Cleaver on the summit snowfields the sun had broke through and the rest of the slog up was clear. For the first time I was actually anticipating a view from the summit. The last 1500 feet were really horrible. Climbing out of snow troughs was repeatedly more discouraging as crest after crest showed face. It was here that we had to do a tremendous amount of zig-zagging as huge crevasses continually destroyed a simple directissima. Fatigue was setting in. At one point (400 feet below the summit rocks) a huge windslab was beginning to cut loose. We avoided it by wading through awkward drifts and over delicate bridges. Twice my legs poked into the dark depths but luckily, as frustration mounted, I waded over the hole.

At noon we stood at the lower end of the crater. The others took the hour to cross the crater to the summit while I opted to rest behind rocks, being fatigued and sporting a headache. After some candy bars and water we headed down. The indefinite slog reversed. Several rests and easier routefinding on Disappointment Cleaver eased the pain somewhat. We were blessed in that the weather remained excellent. Making the thin traverse off of the cleaver we noticed a distinct change as a portion of the Upper Ingraham Iceflow had ripped loose and had sent down tons of dirt, rock, and ice over our foot tracks. By now the mists had thickened again. We crossed the last glacier and died at Camp Muir at 5:00 PM. We spent an hour drinking, eating, and repacking before the descent. The descent went well - the weather cleared, the highway down was enormous, and the new Skyline Trail easy.

A couple of hours later we peeled off our layers of funky clothing (much to the dismay of the other bathroom users) and checked out at the ranger station. They quipped that we had improved the success statistics for that week and we all went home content with the feeling that our faces would probably peel off within a few days, if our heavy legs didn't fall off first.

## Mountain Storm

I have had many mountaineering experiences during the years in which I have been active in the sport, but only once was I caught in the wicked fury of a winter storm. The event occurred six years ago on Mt. Hood. We had not foreseen any strong probability of a full scale storm; however, negligence was not an excuse to Mother Nature. At the time I felt that the storm was the worst thing in the world, but now I see it differently as a unique and even rewarding experience.

The first day spent climbing to the bivouac site was exceptionally warm and clear for early March. Our team consisted of my dad, my brother Bill, and myself. We trudged lazily in single file through the slushy snow above Timberline Lodge. We had a lot of time to reach the bivouac site, so we were in not in any hurry. Our route led us from the lodge to Illumination Rock Saddle, down onto the crevassed Reed glacier, then across it to finally a semi-level terrace on lower Yocum ridge. Our plan for the next day was to climb the moderately simple Cathedral ridge route to the summit of the mountain.

We woke the next day to howling winds. That was to be expected since we were camped on an exposed ridge. What came as a total shock was that, when we looked outside, the visibility was near zero. Dad checked the thermometer and learned that it was well below freezing. With the temperature, wind, and limited visibility against us we unanimously decided to abort the climb and instead return to the car.

In the process of packing up and preparing to leave, I discovered that one of my heavy wool mittens had frozen into a solid puddle of ice in a corner of the tent. From that point on I knew that the climb back was not going to be very enjoyable.

We roped up before starting the retreat across the glacier. Dad led first on the rope followed by Bill and then me. We had concluded earlier to follow a compass bearing that would lead us directly across the glacier. We knew that the route would obviously be blocked by several crevasses, but any alternative would have meant a loss of compass bearing since there were no landmarks between us and Illumination Saddle. As I watched dad disappear into the fog and then Bill, I made certain the knot on the rope was secure. When there was no slack left in the rope, I proceeded to move out.

The wind whipped at my face kicking up spindrift as I followed the tracks ahead of me. They were not really tracks; rather only etchings of crampon points in the newly frozen snow. I could not see Bill seventy-five feet ahead of me the fog was so thick. My right hand numbed several minutes after leaving the camp. The frozen mitten refused to offer much warmth; neither did the unrelenting wind. Like a blind man I followed the

etchings, not able to see where they were leading me. This blind walking seemed to go on forever into the whiteness of the storm.

Then, suddenly, the rope snapped taut and pulled me onto the snow. Scared back to reality, I realized that either Bill or dad or both had fallen into a crevasse. I rammed the shaft of my ice-axe through the icy crust of the snow to anchor my end of the rope. I did not dare try to move since losing my position could have made the situation worse for the others. So, I was trapped, not able to do, hear, or see a thing. After a short, endless wait the rope slackened and Bill appeared through the fog. When he reached me he said that he had fallen into a hidden crevasse, and was fortunately caught by dad and me. Unharmed by the fall he had easily climbed out of the hole using the rope. After his quick story of the incident, we continued onward wanting much to leave the miserable storm behind.

The excitement of the near tragedy rapidly faded, replaced by more blind walking. We were crossing the glacier very slowly. Each crevasse caused a new detour. At a point somewhere in the middle of the maze, I repeated Bill's encounter with a hidden crevasse. I was loitering on the march when all of a sudden the surface that supported me broke. I caught myself during the fall by leaning forward and jabbing the pick of my ice-axe into the snow. Still scared to death I quickly kicked my feet searching for a wall of the crevasse into which I could dig my crampon points. I must have been over the center of the abyss because my feet were swinging freely. With a little cautious effort I managed to pull myself out with my arms and to crawl away from the hole. I then walked up to Bill and dad, and told them what had happened. They were not very impressed, seeming even a little annoyed by the delay I had caused.

We were all getting impatient to be out of the storm and its wind. The trek across the glacier lasted still a long time with yet another, now almost redundant, fall by Bill into another crevasse. Finally, we climbed the steeper slopes leading to Illumination Saddle where we took a rest and a new compass bearing. Sitting close together we noticed the accumulation of rime ice on our hoods, parkas, and pants. Even the rope was stiff and iced up. We laughed and swore at each other as we tried to clear off some of the ice. Our dispositions at the saddle had definitely improved. we knew that the remaining terrain ahead would present no problems.

The first glimpse of civilization was a support pole of the Mile chairlift at Timberline Lodge. The adventure had ended. We followed the chairlift to the lodge where we went inside to brush the ice off our clothes. We collected our belongings and went to the car. I sure felt happy to see people again. We all did. Even the skier-caused traffic jam on the highway to Portland was a welcome site compared to the malicious isolation a storm on Mt. Hood had forced us to endure.

-John Petroske

## Pitch Black - An Exercise in Granitic Craftsmanship

by Ken Johnson

SNOW WHITE II, 5.10c A3 The leftmost route, starting as a thin aid crack (A3). From the ledge, keep right up a slanting crack under a roof. Hooks and rurs plus numerous to 1". There are variations to either pitch, both keeping left of Princely Ambitions.

from IndexTown Walls by Jeff Smoot

I looked down as I tried unsuccessfully to rest on my precarious perch. John sat sixty feet below me, staring blankly into the mist as rain pattered against his helmet. I looked at my watch. Hell! A whole hour to get this high! This was far slower going than my worst fears had led me to expect. Guilt tweaked me to attempt to strike up an apologetic conversation.

"How's it going, Rotten?"

"Fine. You're doing a good job, keep it up."

"Sorry this is taking so long, John."

"Don't worry about it. Shut up and climb."

The first bolt moves to the start of the crack had gone quickly, as did the first pin. That night with Alex had certainly come in handy - I had been able to bypass the rurs placement and get something semi-solid in right away. The weather, unfortunately, was the same. At least this time I didn't need a headlamp.

I climbed as smoothly as possible as high as I dared in the aiders. The scars in the crack above showed me where man had gone before, and where I needed to go as well. Gauging the highest slot I could reach, I fumbled through the tons of iron to find the right knifeblade. I cursed myself again as I thought of Alex's piton collection - containing a multitude of nice, thin, short blades - sitting cozy and warm at my house. I found the thickest I thought would fit to save on the thin stuff for higher up. One minute of struggling with pitons, 'biners, and slings and I was setting it in place. Unfortunately, it only went in about a quarter of its five inch length. Now the hammer - nice ringing blows, pitch becoming higher. The sound became a dull thud as the pin bottomed out. Not another tie off! How many is that now? Looking between my legs I counted six. I tried to tell myself that the next piece would be bomber as I girth hitched the pin with a hero loop, clipped in a 'biner, and ran the rope through. I unclipped the loose set of etriers from the placement I was standing on, untangled it from the rope and rack and whatnot, and clipped into the new placement. Now for the moment of truth. I held my breath as I stepped into the aiders and gingerly applied weight to them. Sweat ran into my eyes as I watched the pin for any sign of movement. Whew, seems to hold. Teeth clenched, I stepped into the next rung. Getting a better look at my placement my anxiety level increased yet again - a bottomed out crack holding the pin by only a few points, with ample room to rotate down and lever out. No way would it hold a fall. Don't think about it, just keep climbing. To mock my feeble attempt at mental composure, my legs quivered as I moved slowly into the next step. Daring to go no higher on that pin, I searched for my next placement.

Repeat the process again. And again. And again. Now the sun is out, and I'm sweating like a pig. The gear slings made an effective straight jacket out of my rain shell, making it impossible to ventilate. Even Though I was drenched, my throat was parched. I pressed my face to the rock to cool off a bit, and sucked some moisture from the back of my hand. The next placement was awkward, but I felt good about it. It drove right to the eye - a good pin at last! The next hour was one of awkward moves, strenuous overhangs, and more marginal placements. Look at crack, select piton, fumble with rack, set pin in crack, hammer, tie girth hitch, clip on 'biner, clip in rope, clip on etriers, step into them, unclip other etriers from previous placement, climb steps as high as possible, rest, and repeat. I tried several times to use nuts, but to no avail. The widely spaced bolts were an oasis in an unpleasant desert of manky pins.

A route finding decision - sixty more feet of A3 nailing on flakes or a short A2 section leading to 5.8 free moves. Feeling very non-Herculean, I did the only honorable thing - put my tail between my legs and made a dash for jugs and safety. One more pin and two strenuous, awkward fixed pieces later I was standing on a ledge beneath the Princely Ambitions dihedral. "Free at last!", I cried in relief to my comatose belayer.

What a joke. In my haste I had made a grievous error. I had clipped the rope to a bolt a couple of feet above a small ledge, and then to a piton placed at about the same level but a few feet to the right. The result was a ninety degree bend in the rope. The rope drag became infinity minus one. This fact was driven home as I tried to climb on after a short rest. The wet rock was slick enough without any extra weight, and I almost peeled as I tried to push upward with my legs. I finally was able to flail up a short distance, but the wet rock coupled with dirt and mud that had been washed out of the cracks made for insecure footing for my old EBs. In a few cases it was all I could do to stand while I tried to get some protection in.

About this time my benumbed brain began to register the fact that things were getting fairly desperate. I had been climbing all out for at least three hours, and still had fifty feet to go. I had to pull up bights of rope by hand to get enough slack to climb, then hold the rope above me to keep it from slipping back down. Mostly this was done by grabbing it with my teeth, since I needed both hands for the slimy rock. Even though I used aid whenever possible, it was necessary to do many of the moves free, which usually involved wild, thrashing mantles - legs flailing, arms and hands trying to gain purchase on sloping shelves, feet sliding out of cracks, jaw and neck aching from the weight of the rope, hands and arms cramping as I tried to pull up more rope.

The worst part of the climb came when I was but one move (five feet) below the belay stance. Every time I closed my hands cramps threatened to keep them that way. My arms had turned to jelly, and my legs were trembling even though I was standing on a good ledge. The gear hung in a tangled wad as a result of desperate searches and quick re-racking as I sought the right pro for the crack I was climbing. John was out of sight and hearing below, so I couldn't tell him to lower me off, and there were no good anchors to set up a belay with. The only way was to make the free moves to the ledge, an option which brought me to the brink of despair as I contemplated it. I could barely pull up the rope I needed, and my jaw cramped solid as I dug my teeth into it. I stood on slight nubbins on the face as I fought to get solid jams in the crack that ran diagonally up the face to the ledge. I was able to get up far enough to lunge for a couple of small bushes, and committed myself just as my feet slipped off. The rope was ripped out of my mouth as all of my weight came onto my arms. My limit was reached as I finally caught purchase with my foot and used my last reserves to haul myself to the belay bolts. My scream was primordial as I clipped in.

I tied off the climbing rope and yelled down to John that I was off belay. I set up the jumar hauling rig and called for John to set loose the haul sack. My throat was ravaged, and liquid was the first thing on my mind. The haul was mercifully easy, even though it was my first try at the venerable "Yosemite Method". My thirst slaked, I settled into a comatose reverie as John cleaned the route by jumaring up the fixed line. I'm positive that I would not have been able to belay him in the conventional manner unless I had rested for at least a half hour. I was totally drained.

I must have crashed out, because the two hours it took him to follow seemed like a half hour. We agreed that six hours was a hell of a long time to spend on a pitch, and that it would be a good idea to rap off rather than finish the climb. My dazed and glazed attitude was softened to the calm glow of serenity as we gazed at the green and gold tapestry of trees, mountains, and clouds before us. The feeling of accomplishment was incredible. This was certainly the hardest climb, technically, physically, and emotionally, that I had done to date. The intensity of the experience was a long time ebbing, and even though it sounds like the climb was a horrid masochistic exercise, it was in fact the opposite. A wonderful, challenging, limit stretching communication between the rock and my deepest being. What more could I have asked for?

Post Script : I am indebted to Johnny Rotten for his infinite patience in an admittedly uncomfortable situation. Also, I ask that you keep an open mind about aid climbing. For the most part it is a clean, fun, enjoyable experience, hardly the gritty stuff I have portrayed here. Climb "City Park" on nuts some fine sunny day, and if you don't agree that aid can be pure joy I will cheerfully refund your money. Happy climbing!

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## Mt. Goode's NE Buttress - Two Views

Mt. Goode (9200') is a striking, rugged peak, a landmark from many other summits in the Cascades and one of the most outstanding mountains in the range. Its remoteness and lack of an easy route gave it a notorious reputation among early Cascade climbers, one that somewhat remains today.

The northeast side of the mountain is an awesome alpine wall which rises abruptly for 6000' above the North Fork of Bridge Creek. One route on this side, the Northeast Buttress, has gained popularity since its first ascent in 1966 (by Fred Beckey and Tom Stewart). Indeed, it is now the most popular route on the mountain, a beautiful sweeping line directly to the summit. Following are two accounts of the ascent of this route, one by Mark Dale who climbed it with Jeff Hunt, and the other by Jerry Sommerman whose partner was Paul Sotherland. Although the route of ascent was the same, the two parties used quite different approaches and descent routes, as you will see.

### The Approach

Mark - Jeff and I wanted to keep the number of 'hoofing' miles down on this trip, so we decided to approach the mountain via Stehekin at the head of Lake Chelan. Although less of a walk this way, it's more time consuming than from the north since it involves a long drive, an even longer ferry ride up the lake, then a shuttle bus to the Bridge Creek trailhead. However, it's a scenic and varied trip.

We didn't hit the trail until almost 4:00 p.m. but the 6 1/2 miles to the Grizzly Creek camp were easy and we arrived about 6:00 p.m. The weather had been quite stormy and fresh snow dusted the upper part of Mt. Goode. Since we allowed ourselves four days for the trip we decided that the next day (Saturday) we would reconnoiter the route and our planned descent from the Goode-Storm King col, and see if the predicted clearing trend in the weather would occur.

Jerry - Paul and I decided to go in from the north, taking the Crest Trail from Rainy Pass (a hike of about 11 miles to the North Fork of Bridge Creek trail). The trail is excellent with a steady descent all the way. It took us about 4 hours to hike. One should be careful and start the trip about 1 1/2 miles east of Rainy Pass since the trail parallels ~~the highway~~ that far.

We then hiked the North Fork trail about 4 miles to the large slide area directly below Goode's north face, and found a log crossing in the woods just west of the clearing. We continued up about 1500' in search of a good bivy spot, but eventually had to dig one out for lack of a better choice.

## The Ascent

Mark - As I mentioned earlier we spent most of Saturday (July 5) reconnoitering the area (which proved quite valuable later on the descent). We found a good log crossing over the North Fork east of the slide area, and a route to below the Goode Glacier with minimal bushwhacking. Traversing over to below the Goode-Størn King col we descended a steep wooded ridge, taking mental notes on how to avoid the cliff bands as we went. Another somewhat hairy log crossing got us back across the creek to the trail. The weather had been improving all day and continued to do so.

We left camp about 4:00 a.m. under a starry sky Sunday, July 6, and quickly gained elevation using the previous day's route. This involved some minor brush above the creek, exposed fourth class climbing on the cliff above the slide area, then open meadows and more scrambling to the glacier. Here we roped and climbed one pitch of ice, then traversed easily on snow to the base of the ridge. A steep traverse between two gaping crevasses put us on the toe. After unroping we began ascending the buttress. Initially the rock was loose and involved some mid-class 5 moves, but quickly became solid higher up. We stayed near the crest and found the climbing to be extremely enjoyable - clean firm rock warmed by the sun, air beneath our heels, and an absolutely spectacular alpine setting. About half way up the buttress we roped again and climbed the remaining distance to the summit using fixed and running belays, never encountering a pitch harder than 5.6 (many variations are possible, some maybe easier). Routefinding was never a problem. On the way we passed a party of four that had bivouaced on the buttress. They arrived at the summit 1 1/2 hours behind us as we discovered later.

Jerry - The following morning we hit the slopes early. Working our way through the glacier was interesting and confusing, but by some miracle we made no mistakes. Gaining the rock was easy, we just followed a snow finger onto the ridge. There was some excitement when, as we were taking crampons off, a house-sized hunk of snow that bridged the 'schrund collapsed and fell across our tracks. A stiff breeze full of ice particles cooled us off.

From here the routefinding was easy and the climbing fun. There was one or two moderate fifth class pitches near the bottom, then about 1200' of fourth class. We were then forced to gain the crest (class 5 pitch) after which was about 1000' of pleasant climbing, up to 5.6, to the summit.

## The Descent

Mark - The ascent had taken about 8 hours from camp. We stayed a while and read the summit register which went back to 1974 and was quite interesting. We were surprised to see that the NE Buttress is the most climbed route on the mountain these days, especially since easier routes exist. We were to discover, however, that these 'easier' routes are quite dangerous from an objective standpoint.

We had initially hoped to descend the Bedayn Couloir with the other party to avoid rockfall problems, but time was running out and we had a long way to go. Our plan was to descend the couloir, traverse to Storm King Mountain and climb over the Goode-Storm King col, then descend the glacier below and thence down to the North Fork via our previously scouted route.

One rappel put us into the couloir. The next 4 1/2 hours involved one of the most unpleasant descents I've had the misfortune to experience. Steep rotten rock with practically no anchors for rappels forced us into some very tedious downclimbing. A thin snow cover in places and seeping water added to the excitement. At any moment we expected rocks to come ricocheting down the constricted gully but luckily this never happened. Some pieces of ice did explode around us once, having fallen from high on the menacing wall that bounds one side of the couloir. After what seemed an eternity of unnerving situations, we were off the damn thing. I wouldn't recommend this descent to Muammar Khaddafi!

Next came the long snow slog towards Storm King, then the ascent to the col. Here we rappeled a vertical, rotten wall for 75' to the glacier below. A large 'schrund completely cleaved the ice except for one small bridge on the west margin. After crossing this and negotiating several crevasses, we reached unbroken snow slopes which we quickly glissaded. Soon we were thrashing down the brush and timber of the wooded ridge that we had scouted the previous day.

Rapidly failing daylight lent a sense of urgency to our tiring descent, and it was in twilight that we found our log above the roaring creek. Several miles down the trail led us to the tent, which we reached at 10:00 p.m., an 18 hour round trip. We skipped dinner and collapsed into our sleeping bags, completely exhausted.

Jerry - The weather was perfect and the views good, so we hung out on the summit a while. There were two descent choices - the Bedayn Couloir and the Southwest Chimney/Couloir. Based on Mark's advice from his climb 2 weeks prior, we chose to avoid the Bedayn Couloir. The SW chimney was a snap, taking only 2 1/2 hours from the summit to the first glissade on the snowfield below. We

*continued on page 14*

## Asgard: A day in our life in the Monashees

Asgard is the home of the Aesir the Norse Gods of mythology: Thor, Odin, Frigg, Balder, Loki, Freya, Tyr, Aegir and other lesser deities. This area like Mark Dale's Mt. Foraker is a timeless zone where days are limited by events. This narrative covers such a day and this comprised several sidereal days.

It was a beautiful Friday evening. While waiting for Jim & John Petroske to pick me up, I thought how great it would be if the weather was going to be like this: we were not to be disappointed. Along came Jim & John and, having loaded up my gear in their van, were on our way to Everett to pick up Ken Johnson & Alex Van Steen. With everyone and their gear aboard we were on our way to the Monashees via highway 2. In between short dozes familiar places like Wenatchee, Chelan & Omak went by quickly and then some non familiar ones like Oroville, Penticton & Revelstoke, where we arrived about 7:00 and indulged in our last civilized breakfast for some time albeit with a few yawns.

Having sated our appetites we went south way to Upper Arrow lake to meet the the ferry & Bill Petroske. No Bill there! Oh he must have some car problem. We went over on the ferry to see if he was stuck on the other side, no Bill. Thoughts of a gory accident went through our minds & so both J's went into Revelstoke to contact the RCMP. About 14:00 Bill drives off the ferry in his Valiant - we recognised the car. He had a starter problem and sat on the top of his car all night ready to flag us down when we passed but we had come a different route. The RCMP had given him a tow to a garage where they fixed his starter. A short while later both J's returned.

At last we were on our way (?) Part way up the logging roads we left Bill's car and transferred his gear to the van. There is quite a maze of logging roads and it seems as though we sampled them all & this also involved us in some road rebuilding. Eventually we arrived at the East side of the Gold Range (Thor-Odin area) of the Southern Monashees, which we had originally planned as our approach route. It didn't look like this was the way to go & so we opted for the Northern approach via "Hidden Valley". So back into the van once more to retrace our tracks. We stopped at Pingston Creek to camp on the road for the night. After dinner it wasn't long before we were sawing logs.

Next morning we loaded up the van & after about a mile the road had become overgrown and so we stopped. Having run out of excuses for more delays, we shouldered our heavy packs of 70 plus pounds & set off. We went up the road for 1/4 mile & then dropped into the bush. Having heard so much about the infamous Canadian bush, this didn't seem so bad. I've been in much worse in the Cascades. Before long we came to Thor creek where there was a log crossing. About halfway across where it was quite deep & fast flowing, I provided the group with some amusement here with my involuntary antics on the log. However this was no place to take a dip however badly you need one. Proceeding onward and upward and having negotiated a lot of devil's club we found we were on the side of a nubbin of a hill at the end of a ridge where it seemed we only had ascend a couple of hundred feet or so and we'd be there (?) Our guides soon set us straight. Well it seems we bore left a little too much when leaving the road in order to get to that creek crossing. So, back the way we came. Fortunately we didn't have to recross the creek at the previous

point but higher up, where it seemed like a cascading torrent. Now we were on the right track and would make good progress (?) The bush & terrain weren't too bad but we were succumbing to the heavy packs & the heat, or something, for we made slow progress. Eventually we reached the logjam which marked the outlet from the Lake and now had a foreglimpse of the scenery that lay ahead. It seemed that most people were eager to continue on to "Hidden Valley", which lay about a mile to the South & 500' gain, but body language was indicating otherwise. We set up camp, ate & then retired, hoping the grizzlies weren't too hungry.

The following morning after negotiating some steepish terrain with thick huckleberry and some slide alder, we came upon the outlet from "Hidden Valley". After crossing some boulders & traversing some steep heather, we arrived in "Hidden Valley". It was hard to move with all this scenery of awesome peaks & hanging glaciers ahead of us. Yes! This was Asgard, the home of the Aesir and we were mere mortals totally subjugated by it's grandeur. All was forgiven: this made it worth the while.

"Room 27 on the right, running water too" said the concierge (John P), "Your home for the next few days". What a beautiful spot for a campsite. I didn't know they had tornadoes here. That was no tornado, everyone had just unloaded their packs & strewn everything around. Just looked like a tornado had hit. After lunch & a few chores Alex & Ken went to climb a ridge to the West & do some scouting. We hiked up the moraine to scout a route for ascent of Peak 9300 (aptly named Cyclops by some of our group though not in keeping with the Nordic names of the area). Yes, it seems there was a route onto the glacier NW of Cyclops: up the gully partways then some small timber offered an ascent through the lower slabs. Finally by working back on the gentler slopes on the upper part of the ridge the snow finger at the edge of the glacier could be easily reached.

Early next morning we set out in two parties of 3. The first party ascended to the snow finger as planned but the second party having arrived at the base of the timber found one member sans water. So back to camp. Eventually both parties met at the snow finger, the second party having ascended directly up the upper slabs to save time, which was interesting! After putting on crampons, we made our way onto the snow finger and then onto the glacier. Ascending the lower part of the glacier we passed under the "shooting gallery" which was situated beneath a rocky outcrop beneath the ice cliff at the upper part of the glacier. The morning sun was just loosening the rocks and so this was no place to linger. A switchback on a little steeper grade brought us to a flatspot where we took a lunch break. Just a little ways behind us there was an ice bridge crossing a crevasse and just as we were setting out, there was an ominous groan, a rumble and a kerplow. We feared the ice bridge would collapse. I hoped this was not to be a "Shuksan Finger of Fate" as we proceeded gingerly across it. It held. We had to move to the left to detour the crevasse and then ascend a 600-700' ramp of 45 - 50 ice. From here the grade levelled off, we were now above the upper ice cliff above rocky outcrop. We headed towards the notch between Cyclops & its 9300' neighbor to the West. Here there was a narrow but deep schrund and then a patch of black ice to negotiate before squirming through a small gap in a huge ice chock wedged in the notch. A well placed screw was used for protection on the black ice. I know it was well placed because I had the job of retrieving it. On the other side of the ice chock we were in the sun & could warm up. The Southern aspect of both these peaks was very precipitous and the steep rotten gully between them very uninviting. There was one class 4 pitch up a sloping ledge system above the notch & then an exposed 5.4 pitch mainly on the South face. From here it was an easy scramble to the summit. This had been a great mixed climb. The rock was very good and sound; there was crusted lichen but this was no problem. We now felt like the Aesir looking down on their dominions of

countless peaks and vast areas of unknown terrain.

Unfortunately we now had to revert to the status of mortals and descend from Asgard. The first rappel took us to the top of the class 4 pitch above the notch and the second down to the notch, through the ice chock and beyond the schrund, where the ice had hardened considerably. From the top of the ice ramp we used our pickets for about 7 rappels which brought us to gentler slopes of the lower part of the glacier. By now darkness had descended, the sun having set some time ago. After reaching the tip of the snow finger, taking off our crampons and harnesses was a great relief. We set off along the ridge and eventually found our route down to the lower gully. A couple of times I thought we weren't going to find the way, the terrain having quite a different complexion in the dark. Once in the gully, Alex & John sped off to camp & had a good fire going when we returned. It was good to be back in camp even though we had reverted to status of mortals, requiring things like food, drink & other such luxuries.

So ended our first day in the Monashees. There are more days.....

CLIMBERS: Ken Johnson, Bill, Jim & John Petroske, Alex Van Steen & Al Wainwright

### Mount Goode (cont)

did three single rope rappels and downclimbed the rest. Warning- this sucker is steep and any falling rocks are going to give you a headache! After descending the snowfield we bivied in the perfect alpine meadows below the south face, after 13 hours of moving.

Mark - Wanting to catch the first bus back to Stehekin, we arose early on Monday and loosened our stiff joints in preparation for the hike out. The morning was beautiful and the fresh air, fields of wildflowers, and spectacular scenery made the walk relatively painless. A quick dip in frigid Bridge Creek near the trailhead was thoroughly refreshing. Before long the bus came by and thus began the first link in the chain of transportation that would take us from this pristine wilderness to the high-paced city of Seattle.

Jerry - We hoped to catch the shuttle bus so we could ride 2 miles on the Stehekin River road, so we got moving at first light. We went crashing down through meadows and into the brush and woods below, emerging onto the Park Creek trail 2 hours later, little worse for wear. Then a quick 3 miles to the road where we waited quietly and thought about how nice it would be just to ride the bus and boat back to the car. But this was not to be! Our car was at Rainy Pass, 14 grueling uphill miles away.

### OFFICIAL BUSINESS:

The deadline for the December Echo is Thursday, November 13th.

\*\*\*\* NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENTS APPEARING \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\* IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE \*\*\*\*  
\*\* OF THE BOEING COMPANY \*\*

## ATTENTION TRIP LEADERS

A reasonably complete list of BOEALPS trip leaders is required to facilitate the scheduling of an adequate number of club outings during the coming year. The list should include those persons who have lead club outings in the past as well as those who are willing to assume this responsibility in the future. Experienced members have a duty to volunteer to lead a fair number of outings each year and to encourage others with leadership potential to do the same.

Club outings may include any type of mountaineering activity the membership is interested in, e.g. peak climbing, rock climbing, ice climbing, ski mountaineering, crosscountry skiing, snowshoeing etc. Also, field trips/seminars in some of these categories are useful in introducing members to new types of activity.

Let me emphasize that you don't have to be on this list to lead a club climb. Its sole purpose is to provide me with a way to actively solicit trip leaders and ensure that enough club outings are scheduled every month to allow adequate opportunity for participation by the membership, particularly during the Summer season.

Please consider this matter and let me know if you are willing to lead future club outings. Write down your name, the types of activities you are interested in, your previous experience in leading mountaineering outings and your phone number(s). Send this information to me at M/S 6R-18. If you have any questions or suggestions, leave a message on my answering machine at 392-4414.

PS: We need some volunteers to lead crosscountry skiing and other Winter trips beginning in December. Please call me before the mid-November Echo deadline if you have any ideas.

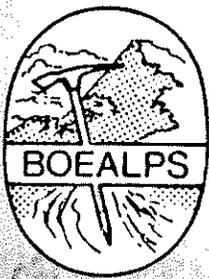
/s/ Charles Winters, Activities Chairman

## CLUB SEMINAR ON CROSSCOUNTRY SKIING, NOVEMBER 22

The ski season is upon us and for those who wish to learn or review their crosscountry technique, a one-day seminar has been scheduled. Jim Blilie has graciously agreed to lead this outing. Place is the Cabin Creek-Amabilis Mountain area off Highway I-90. This area includes both flat and hilly terrain. Interested persons including volunteer instructors should call Jim, ASAP, at 772-7003.

ALPINE ECHO





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## December Meeting

### Thursday, December 4th, 7:30 PM

### Kent Recreation Center

#### FIRST WINTER ASCENT OF SLESSE MOUNTAIN'S NORTHEAST BUTTRESS

December's speaker will be Jim Nelson, reputedly one of the Northwest's most notorious "hardman" winter climbers. He will present slides of the most severe Cascade winter climbs to date. The eight day ascent of Slesse's ominous, ice-plastered 2,500 foot northeast buttress is the feature attraction, along with other extreme winter adventures. Come and enjoy the fury of cold winter climbs in comfortable and safe confines, while Jim relates the experience of epic winter first ascents.

Be sure not to miss this exceptional presentation!

## Belay Stance

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Wind stirs the trees, branches flinging streams of water as rain crashes into the ground. Blecch!

A lot of things are going on this month. First a word about officers. We still need a Conservation Chairperson. Don't be shy, now. It isn't as hard as it sounds, and would be an eye opening as well as rewarding way to spend a few hours per month. Plus you have the support and experience of current BOEALPS Board members Jim Blilie and Eric Wetzel to fall back on. Don't wait for that phone call from the president with that impossible to refuse offer. Take the example set by Mike Bingle, who has graciously accepted the Membership Chair. Thanks are in order for volunteering to take on this important responsibility. Bryan Kriewald is also to be thanked for sticking with it until Mike came along. We all wish him success with his rowing club endeavors (he claims that rowing keeps him in better shape for climbing, but we'll just have to see about that). Speaking of membership, it's that time of year again. Dues are the same as last year. Please fill out the form provided and send your checks payable to BOEALPS to Mike Bingle.

We are now officially out of our supply of Roy Ratliff limited edition cover pages, hence the experimentation. No, this isn't the way it will be for the next few years (see contest news below). I am leary about how the top section will turn out. If it is illegible and you need to know who someone is or their number, give me a call and I will give you the info. That's right, I take full responsibility for my decision. Just for fun, I will give a Chouinard Oval Carabiner to anyone who can identify what the picture is of. I will give you a hint - it is in Washington.

This month marks the introduction of a new feature, the Activities Corner. This is put together by Activities Chair Charles Winters, and will contain the latest in club activities. Give him a call if you have any ideas for club events or would like to lead a trip. There are also a couple of people looking for feedback on activities they would like to run; Eric Wetzel is willing to run a MOFA course and I want to find out if there is any interest in an intermediate climbing course. Please take the time to read our information and give us a response.

Last month, Bryan received a lot of Echos that came back because there was no In-Plant forwarding address. This is bound to upset somebody, so if you hear anyone complaining about not getting their Echo, refer them to Mike Bingle, who will be more than happy to update his membership roster.

**EARLY WARNING!!!!** The January meeting will be held on the 8th rather than the first, for obvious reasons.

This issue looks to be a good one. Apparently I have been paranoid about the amount of articles coming in, because there certainly hasn't been any real decrease in input. This being the case, I am putting my full trust in you to keep those articles coming and will print everything I have. The only thing I am holding back is the third article in the Monashees series, but that is because time is running short and I haven't finished it yet. Keep up the good work!

This month's contributors are, in addition to myself, Mark Dale, Eric Wetzel, Charles Winters, John Petroske, and Jim Egleston. Special meritorious acclaim goes to both Jim Blilie and Erich Koehler for contributing three articles each. You guys make my job easy (as well as fun).

## Cover Photo Contest Results

The results are in and the winner is Mark Dale's striking picture of Nevado Huandoy from his recent trip to South America. Coming in a close (two votes!) second was Jim Blilie's black and white photo of Mount Robson. Mark's picture is currently in the process of being made into a cover page similar in format to the one we have been using for the past several years. Hopefully it will be ready in time for the January issue. Thanks go to all of you who submitted entries - better luck next time.

And amazingly, the weather had held for another weekend! Surely, this can't be Washington in October?! Having faith in the weathermen, we set out under very foggy skies in Seattle for the Headlee Pass trailhead. And we were rewarded. By the time we got to Big Four we had driven out from under the soup, and were treated to great dawn views of the peaks from Big Four to Del Campo.

By 7:35 we were hiking up the trail to Headlee. Remembering to take a HARD (90 degree) right at the trail junction, we were soon in the basin below the Pass, wondering where the bloody thing was. From here, the East Face of Sperry was spectacular and intimidating, bathed in the early morning sun. The Pass became evident as we progressed, and soon we had topped it at 4600'. To attempt the South Ridge of Sperry directly from the Pass (this is not the way Beckey recommends doing it) would be, as Rob put it: "very sporting". If you enjoy hopping 200 foot gendarmes on rotten rock with lots of shrubbery, it might be fun!

We traversed the west side of the ridge from Headlee Pass leading northward to Sperry, and soon found the obvious starting point for the South Ridge. What followed was about 2 to 3 hours of pleasant, exposed class 3 rock climbing. The only mishap was the attempt at the first pitch, where I strayed out onto the west face, and found myself on a pile of loose, breadbox to desk sized blocks. I knocked a few loose and one proceeded to cut the sheath of my rope almost all the way around. Needed an excuse to retire the thing anyway! Stay on the ridge crest on the lower parts! We used running belays for almost all of the ridge (it was quite exposed in some spots) and belayed only two very short sections. (we're still not really sure where Fred's class 4 bit was) Soon we were sitting on the summit in the glorious sunshine, enjoying the views and nursing scratches from the shrubbery on the ridge.

Wanting to also climb Vesper this day, we quickly signed the register, ate, took photos and made haste to descend the Southwest Route. This is an ugly route, the S. Ridge is much better. When we got to the lake we resisted the urge to jump in, filled our water bottles (I drank 7 liters of water this warm, dry day!) and cruised down to the outlet. (By the way, your U.S.G.S. and G.Trails maps are wrong, there's a large lake between Sperry and Vesper) Here we dropped our rock gear and hoofed it for the East Route on Vesper. This turned out to be probably the most pleasant class 2 climb I've done. Great slabs of warm, white granite tilted at a pleasant angle, just yearning to grip your boot soles. Kind of like the town wall with the angle reduced to about 25 degrees! The views from Vesper, well it was getting rather monotonous, what with being able to see from Rainier to Baker on each summit ... ho-hum, another perfect day in October!

We were coughing on the summit of Vesper due to a forest fire a couple of valleys over and the day was not young, so we soon departed. We had met no one all day, but we had seen some people from the ridge on Sperry. As we burned back down the trail, however, we quickly overtook four other parties. We had moved pretty fast all day, as we did not want another night hike like last weekend (see N. Three Fingers report this on last Echo.) By 5:20 we were back at the vehicle, 9 hrs and 45 min. after leaving it, and were then very shortly in Granite Falls enjoying a well-deserved (and excellent) turkey dinner at the Timberline Inn. Another fine day, on two very enjoyable routes!

Climbers: Rob Freeman, Jim Blilie

Note: A much more esthetic route would have been to ascend the South Ridge of Sperry, then traverse directly along the connecting ridge to Vesper. We did not do this because we felt it would take longer than descending to the lake and then doing the East Route on Vesper. It appears that the direct route from Sperry is no problem, and would have been more fun and maybe quicker. By doing the more direct route you could completely traverse the cirque.

Beacon Rock was for us until recently a place passed by to and from climbs on the south side of Mt. Adams. With the discovery of the rock climbing possibilities there, we decided to give it a try. Presently, most of the routes are rated around 5.10 and/or involve some aid climbing. This fact coupled with the long driving distance relative to Leavenworth/Index probably accounts for infrequent visitation by Puget Sound area climbers. Total climbing vertical is between 400 to 500 ft.

We met in Tacoma at 6:15 a.m. and headed south on I-5 through the fog, stopping at the Centralia McDonald's for breakfast. A few miles east of Camas on Hwy 14 the fog lifted and a sunny day awaited us in the Columbia River gorge. Following a brief stop at the Skamania General Store, we parked at the east side of the Beacon Rock parking lot at 9:45 a.m. After registering, a five minute walk down the trail led us to the S.E. Face. A dead snag a 100 ft. directly above indicated the end of the first pitch(5.6). We geared up and by 11:00 were underway. The wind was quite gusty. The first lead was face climbing, involving some exposed stemming and mantling. Two pitons were found along the way. Some other climbers were spotted further west. Another party fortunately only followed us to the top of the first pitch. We then traversed 75 ft. to the right and up about 20 ft. over some flakes. A difficult pullup over a slight overhang led to some bolts for the next belay. The next pitch(5.7) involved going around an overhang and up a series of dihedrals(50 degree slope, more fixed pins, good friction) for about 60 ft. until being forced onto a narrow ledge on the east face. Some "steps" then led up a short distance to the "tree ledge" and the next belay station. Breaktime. A train headed west passed by on the tracks below the river face. It was now 3:45 p.m. and time to get going. A series of dihedrals(5.5?) led diagonally up west about a hundred feet. A traverse west and some scrambling brought us to the "grassy ledges". Thirty feet east on a ramp then 10 ft. up a flared chimney, then a routefinding decision. To the west, it looked like few pro placements were available. We continued east 80 ft. to a tree at the ramp's end. Maybe an hour of daylight left. The last two pitches were on an airy ridge in line with the S.E. corner. Finally we stumbled upon the walk-up trail just at dark, only to meet some other crazies coming up the trail. Descent down the trail was by headlamp; there was a great view of the moon over the lights of the N. Bonneville dam. Home around 11 p.m.

Climbers: Erich Koehler and Jerry Ackerman

Hoping to get one more climb in before the snow covered the rocks, we met at Issaquah at 5:30 a.m. The fog lifted briefly as we passed N. Bend. Would have liked to have been able to see in the direction of the Tooth before starting out. On the Snow Lake trail at 6:50 a.m. We climbed above the sun-drenched cloud sheet at the head of the Source Lake basin. From here, the east face looked quite sheer. The few wet patches on the face looked like they could be avoided. At 8:50 a.m., we arrived at the "groove" above the base of the face and geared up. After a brief scramble, the ropes were brought out. We were careful stay close to the "groove" as pro placements were few to either side. Eventually the "groove" ended and we continued another 2 pitches up the slabby rock to the N.E. corner of the overhanging rock band where a couple of fixed pins were found. A couple of pullups through the "cleft" in the band led up to a tree above the face. About six pitches total to here from the bottom of the "groove". The climb up to the false summit would have been a scramble were it not for several inches of mixed snow and ice. A slip here would send one tumbling down along the N.E. Buttress, so we continued belaying for another 2 pitches to the false summit. A short scramble got us to the summit at 2 p.m. No summit register. There was a good view of Mt. Garfield and Glacier Peak. A party of three on Bryant Peak waved to us. We descended down a gully from the false summit to the snow-filled "class 4" chimney and finding no readily available rappel anchors there, continued over to the "class 3" chimney. A double rope rappel brought us down a good distance, only to discover we couldn't pull the ropes through. Rob climbed nearly all the way back up to free them. It was 5:15 p.m. by the time we got to the base of the chimney. One consolation was the tremendous view of the brilliantly pink alpenglow on the peaks to the north-east. The fog below limited our visibility as we finished our descent by headlamp, arriving at the car at 7:40 p.m.

Climbers: Erich Koehler, Rob Freeman and Al Wainwright

### Mountaineering Oriented First Aid Course

Plans for a Mountaineering Oriented First Aid (MOFA) are coming together. If you're unsure of your first aid skills, or just want to learn more, this is THE course for you!!! (If you're still wavering, just ask any graduate) The class is a Red Cross/Mountaineers sponsored course which includes 36 hours of instruction (including CPR) emphasizing hands-on practice. We'll meet two nights a week @ 3 hours per session. The cost for the course will be approximately \$20-30, depending on supplies (such a deal....). I can't nail down dates or specific nights and times until I compile everyone's wishes. So, for those who haven't already, CALL, or better yet, SEND Eric Wetzel your name, phone, M/S, evenings (and times) that are OK for your schedule, and your favorite sheep joke by mid-December and I'll set things up.

North Twin Sister (West Ridge) 6570' Sept. 21

We met at Al's place at 6:15 a.m. Sunday, stopped at the Marysville McDonald's for a quick breakfast. Just into Sedro Wooley, we turned off of Hwy 20 onto Hwy 9 headed north. Immediately past the bridge in Acme we turned right onto Mosquito Lake Rd. The Blue Mtn road turnoff was reached in another 4 miles. Somehow we found our way to Dailey Prairie in another 10 miles with only a brief glimpse of the Twin Sisters through the clouds to orient ourselves with. A switchback road led up the clearcut for about a mile towards the base of the west ridge. Leaving the car here at 9:40 a.m., we proceeded to the top of the clearcut and located a well beaten path at the crest of the wooded ridge. After about 20 minutes the ridge narrowed and alternated between trees and rock. Higher up, visibility improved and we left the trees behind. The main route stayed a little south and below the ridge. We climbed over the 30 ft. dropoff crag and continued to the base of the "obelisk". The ridge steepened and narrowed then eased into the "thin walking gable" - interesting exposure. Now climbing above the clouds, the ridge broadened for a few hundred feet. Then the ridge narrowed, leading to a 12 ft. high chimney at the false summit crag. We opted to do some class 3 stemming to a notch at the right. The yellow-combed rocks of the false summit were a short distance ahead. After a leisurely scramble, the summit was reached at 1:15 p.m. We met with a party of 4 Canadians basking in the sun. There was a clear view of Mt. Baker and the South Twin and not much else. It took just under 3 hours to get back to the car. We stopped at the Galley 5 restaurant (intersection of I-5 and Hwy 20) on the way home.

Climbers: Erich Koehler and Al Wainwright

Note: The sign at the Blue Mtn. Rd. turnoff indicated there is logging traffic Monday thru Saturday. The road is narrow in places and there is a gate which may be closed during times of high fire hazard, etc.

#### Individual Recognition Grants

Two \$500 grants will be available each year. The purpose of this grant is to encourage people to join an expedition, when they would otherwise be unable to do so for lack of funds. An applicant is not barred from applying if he or she is already a member of an expedition that is receiving funding from the Expedition Committee.

The deadline for applications is January 31, 1987. The Mazamas also provide funding for worthy expeditions. Please inquire:

MAZAMAS  
Expedition Committee  
909 N.W. 19th Ave.  
Portland, Oregon 97209  
(503) 227-2345

The following is an account of a serious accident which occurred last spring while our group was training in preparation for the Mt. Foraker expedition. I'm relating this incident to you with the hope that some valuable lessons may be learned. If you climb long enough there is a high probability that, sooner or later, you're going to be involved in an accident, either directly or indirectly. (The same holds true for driving and automobile accidents.) Your actions and/or the actions of those with you may very well determine the fate of the victim(s). It only takes a few seconds for a pleasant outing to turn into a life or death situation.

With these morbid thoughts in mind, I want to stress the importance that first aid training has when an accident occurs. Being able to react in the correct manner and treat the victim for injuries is something that can completely change the outcome of a bad scene.

Every mountaineer should have, and be proficient in, the basic precepts of first aid response. One of the best ways to do this is to take a Mountaineering Oriented First Aid (MOFA) course from the American Red Cross. This involves some sacrifice of time, but the benefits of MOFA training are priceless when they are needed and used. Think about it - the victim could be your best friend, or even worse, yourself. Well, let's get on with the story.

On 3/22/86 Ulrich Ganz, Juan Esteban Lira and I hiked up Thunder Creek in the North Cascades with the intent of climbing Primus Peak in 2 days. After 6½ miles on the trail we crossed the creek and began bushwhacking up the broad ridge on the north side of the peak. The terrain was very brushy, steep, and snow-free, interspersed with cliff bands. At about 3600 ft. elevation (still in the woods) we encountered a large cliff band and began traversing rightward to find a route through. The rock at the base of the cliff was mossy and wet from a light snowfall the previous evening. At approximately 3:00 p.m. I heard something crashing down the slope and looked over to see Ulrich (who had been between Juan and I) tumble out of sight below. The sound of his falling seemed to go on forever (Ulrich later said that he had been leaning out to step around a bush when his foothold gave way causing him to lose his balance and fall over backwards).

Juan and I quickly but carefully downclimbed and located Ulrich about 150 ft. downslope at the base of a 15 ft. cliff. He was groaning and bleeding profusely from head lacerations, lying face down with his pack still on and tangled up in some small trees. Fortunately he was conscious and indicated that he probably had a neck injury. We removed his pack without moving his body and gave him a quick check-over for other injuries. The bleeding on his scalp was soon brought under control and I fashioned a neck brace with Ensolite and clothing. Despite the possibility of a neck injury, Juan and I decided that we had to move Ulrich to a position where he could be better treated for shock and hypothermia (he was starting to shiver), as well as to protect him from possible rockfall.

I chopped out a platform in the dirt and rock under the cliff and we carefully moved Ulrich to this spot (about 15-20 ft.).

It was now about 4:00 p.m. and Juan began the long trip out to summon help (despite our somewhat remote location he was able to reach the trailhead before the onset of darkness). I now proceeded to treat Ulrich for hypothermia and tried to dress his wounds as best I could. He was conscious the entire time which was a great help. I brewed up some hot drinks for him and helped him eat a few bites of food. At this point Ulrich was having difficulty moving his limbs, possibly due to partial paralysis. After I secured us both with the rope, we settled in for a long night. Twice during the evening rocks tumbled down the slope where Ulrich had originally come to rest.

The next morning showed signs of deteriorating weather, with high clouds starting to race by. At about 7:30 a.m., much to my relief, I heard the distant sounds of a helicopter. Soon I spotted a Navy Chinook chopper (from the Whidbey Island Naval Base) and attempted to flag it down with a bright yellow bivy sack. After several attempts they finally located us with help from Juan (who was on board) and managed to lower a Navy EMT and Stokes litter into steep timber several hundred feet below the accident site. The EMT and myself then dragged the litter up to Ulrich, where the EMT examined him and put on another neck brace. We moved Ulrich into the litter and firmly secured him, especially the head, to prevent any movement. We then began the arduous task of belaying and lowering the litter to a small clearing below where the EMT had been dropped.

The chopper now returned but was unable to lower the winch cable far enough due to the trees and prevailing wind. It was then decided to drop us a chainsaw to fell a few key trees and provide a suitable evacuation zone. After an hour's work we managed to clear the area enough so that the chopper was able to retrieve the litter with Ulrich and the Navy EMT. The district backcountry ranger, Bill Lester, was lowered to assist me in recovering our gear. After packing up 2-70 pound loads, we descended the rugged slope to Thunder Creek, where we were met by Skagit Mountain Rescue personnel who helped us carry the gear out. By now low clouds had engulfed the mountains and it was steadily raining.

Ulrich's injuries were later diagnosed to be 2 fractured vertebra in the neck, several broken ribs, a broken nose, and severe head lacerations. Surgery was required to repair the neck injury and the prognosis for recovery is good. The doctor stressed that had the vertebra shifted as little as 1mm, complete paralysis of the limbs would have been likely.

The positive outcome of this whole thing was, I believe, due to several factors. The biggest help, other than the immediate first aid response, was the availability of a helicopter for evacuation. A litter carry would have been a hard, multi-day affair, more than likely resulting in further injuries to Ulrich. Ulrich's strong constitution also helped him survive the trying ordeal and the accompanying suffering. And last, but not least, just plain luck.

The following allegory is from "Journey of Awakening: A Meditator's Guidebook" by Ram Dass.

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"Picture a beautiful warm summer day. A group of people has decided to climb a nearby mountain. The going is easy, the day gentle. After several hours they reach a plateau with a rest station. Here they find a restaurant, comfortable chairs, rest rooms, telescopes - all the conveniences. The view is inspiring. The air is cooler and clearer than down below. A sense of well-being, of health and energy, animates the climbers body and soul. For many in the group this is enough. They return home refreshed and satisfied. They are Sunday climbers.

"A few remain, having discovered another path. Or perhaps it is the same path that began far down in the valley. Impelled by the need to explore, they thrust forward onto it. After a while the air grows cooler still. The trees thin out. Clouds obscure the sun from time to time. The path keeps rising, getting steeper and steeper. It is not yet beyond the skill of those who are determined to go on.

"They reach a second rest area, with no conveniences other than an outhouse and an outdoor fireplace. The comradeship is now deeper. Their eyes feast on a grander view. The villages in which they grew up nestle tiny and remote from this new distance. It is their past they see in a new perspective. They see the limits of their lives in the valley far below. Few people leave this station to travel higher. Most stay for awhile, then go back down.

"Some remain - a handful. They seek and find a hidden path disappearing above. Are they ready to ascend the flat faces of rocks, to creep along narrow ledges, to explore caves high above, to crawl up to the snow line and beyond?

"They feel some fear and loneliness now, some confusion. They ask themselves why they left the conviviality of the rest stop to tackle this painful, dangerous journey - or is it a pilgrimage? Their physical hardships reflect their spiritual struggle. The obstacles of rock and cliff mirror the possibility of great injury, worse than before because the openness and risk is greater.

"Added now is an inner battle. The climbers feel they have taken on an adversary. The mountain has become something to be mastered and controlled. Of the handful of people that climbs to this height, only one or two can reach the top. Those few who go for broke, who want to reach the top, will use their every tool to its utmost. They want all of it, the top of the mountain, the mystic experience every great climber has known...

"After one arrives at the summit, after going through the total transformation of being, after becoming free of fear, doubt, confusion,

and self-consciousness, there is yet one more step to the completion of that journey: the return to the valley below, to the everyday world. Who it is that returns is not who began the climb in the first place. The being that comes back is quietness itself, is compassion and wisdom, is the truth of the ages. Whatever humble or elevated positions that being holds within the community, he or she becomes a light for others

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We figured that Three Fingers, North Peak and Middle Peak would be a fairly easy day trip the day after the Boealps Annual Banquet. After all, we had done the South Peak easily in one day, so we thought that an eight a.m. start would be plenty early. So we hoisted our heavy packs (3.5 liters of water, rock gear, helmet, axe, crampons, etc., etc.) and started up that nasty trail from Tupse Pass with the hour-old sun blazing above our destination. We hoped to make the most of looked to be the last weekend of really nice weather.

We made quick work of the trail to Saddle Lake and then on to Goat Flats, where we halted for a food/water/picture break. There was still ice on the pools at Goat Flat and frost on the trail. The place was gorgeous with all the golden grasses setting off the clumps of pines and cedars with Three Fingers beckoning beyond. This has got to be a tough place to beat as a camping spot, although I hear that the mosquitos are fierce in the spring. (we had none) Soon, however, our reverie was broken by the need to progress upward. Standing out there in the sunshine, the high peaks were impossible to resist.

As we left Goat Flats, we missed the downward turn of the main trail. This placed us above what turned out to be one of Beckey's alternate approaches to the Glacier. When we figured out where we were, we decided to try and force the route onto the Glacier. This turned out to be very feasible, with the only problem being one icy, steep snowfield. After a bit of flatfooting with crampons on steep ice slopes, and removing the crampons several times, we found ourselves very low on the Glacier. Our way was certainly quite clear from here, and at about 11:30 a.m. we began climbing the Glacier. We decided not to rope up, since there was no new snow, and all the crevasses were quite apparent. This saved us some time, which we were going to need later. We climbed the steep lower section of the Glacier, found our way through the crevasse field beneath the Middle Peak, and then climbed up the steep ice thumb nearly to the col between North and Middle Peaks. This was all very nice climbing, unroped, up steep ice, in the sun in a most spectacular setting. (Angle up to 35-40 degrees)

From the edge of the rock below the North-Middle col, we scrambled across the ledge system Beckey mentions, and up some hairy class 3 rock to the base of the roped class 4 chimney. The ledges and chimney were quite obvious. The chimney turned out to be mostly class 3, with enough class 4 thrown in to make you glad you lugged the (\$#@\*&Z\$#!) rope all the way up there. From the top of the chimney we had, it appeared, one more pitch to go: a wild knife-edge ridge. Paul quickly led the first rope across and declared it easy but exposed and exhilarating. Mike followed and left in the few anchors that Paul had placed in the interest of speed (it was already 3:30! Where did all that time go?!) The rest of us rapidly swarmed across (and were exhilarated!) also leaving in the pro' for speed on the return trip. At 3:40 we were finally sitting in the sunshine on the top of the North Peak.

We limited ourselves to 30 minutes and checked our watches. The register was quickly produced and we found we were only the SECOND party to sign the register in all of 1986! Another uncrowded climb! We also took our summit shots which included the Boealps Pennant and some of the best summit views we had gotten all year. We signed the register, (has anyone found one without Russ Kroker's name in it?!) inhaled alot of food and water (this was becoming a long day -- all thoughts of the Middle Peak were abandoned), and fled back across the knife-edge and rapped down the chimney. Retrieving our boots, axes, and crampons we charged back down the glacier, not too fast though, definitely would not want to slip!

Now we had to trudge back up the south edge of the Glacier to one of the two saddles which were evident on the south wall of the cirque. The one which appeared the most feasible from the summit was the more easterly one, so we headed for it. The route across it was simple except the last bit. This was a narrow strip of steep ice which clung to the cirque wall above a large crevasse and allowed the only passage to the safety of the rocks above. Here Rob had an interesting moment as he dropped his ice axe right at the critical moment, seeing it slide toward the crevasse only to have it catch on a nubbin of ice! Soon the

interesting bits were finished, however, and we blasted (as best four exhausted dudes can blast) down the trail to Camp Saddle. It turned out that Camp Saddle would have been a better choice for the return route (it's the most westerly of the two saddles.)

With the sun set, and the Alpen Glow shining on Three Fingers, we turned our backs on Camp Saddle and raced to reach Goat Flat before the light totally failed us. We arrived just at headlamp time, and were treated to great views of the lights of Everett and surrounding towns, under a bright three-quarter moon. From here the rest of the trip was truly a trial. Bumping along over roots, rocks, mud, and through the bushes for three hours in the dark is not exactly my idea of a great time! In any event, we made it to the car at 10 p.m., exhausted after that "easy" fourteen hour day trip. (my longest climbing day to date) We headed directly to water and then to bed, arriving in time to hit the sack after midnight.

The North Peak is a great climb, apparently at any time of the year. I would suggest, however, the one do it as a weekend trip. That way, one could bag at least two of the summits, and maybe even all three (if you are as masochistic as we are!) and not be quite so pressed as we were. A thoroughly enjoyable, and fulfilling mixed climb, though not terribly technical.

Climbers: Paul Michelson, Mike Fitzpatrick, Rob Freeman, and Jim Blilie

### Intermediate Climbing Class to be offered?

I (Ken Johnson) am toying with the idea of an Intermediate Climbing Course. There seems to be a desire to learn some of the more advanced and technical techniques that were skimmed over in the Basic Course. This will probably be a four or five week deal, very intensive and hands on. The class will possibly cover advanced belay and safety techniques, fifth class rock leading, aid climbing, steep snow and vertical ice, mixed climbing, and possibly rescue. Of course the student to instructor ratio will be held very low, probably four to one or less. This means I will need a lot of experienced volunteers. I am expecting a lot of feedback and help on this one, so call or write me with suggestions on how we can pull this off, what you want to learn, and to tell me how much you would love to help out.

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on the way, a statement of the freedom that comes from having touched the top of the mountain...

'You cannot stay on the summit for ever; you have to come down again... So why bother in the first place? Just this: what is above knows what is below, but what is below does not know what is above.'

'One climbs, one sees. One descends, one sees no longer but one has seen. There is an art to conducting oneself in the lower regions by the memory of what one saw higher up. When one can no longer see, one can at least still know.'

- Rene Daumal  
Mount Analogue

"But can one say that such a being has returned from beyond? In truth, he or she is beyond return. The one who arrives at the top is not the being who set out at the bottom. One who arrives at the top goes through the fear of death, and sees what only a few ever see, knows what only a few ever know. Such a being returns to the world to live in humility and simplicity. For to have faced the forces of the universe and found a way to harmonize with them is to find one's true place, to be in the flow. This is the achievement which is no achievement. This very special journey allows such a being to be nothing special."

Taking advantage of one more good weekend (is this Washington ... IN NOVEMBER?!!) we decided to try one more alpine rock route before winter finally closed its fist around the Pacific Northwest. Since Fred Beckey seemed so enthralled with the route (read his description) and we had gotten good reports on the route, we opted for the West Ridge on the North Twin. On a suggestion from a friend, I decided to try and map the road route to the peak. (It seems alot of folks have gotten lost trying to find it. SEE MAP in this Echo)

We met at 5:30, to get an early start (long drive, short days of Nov.) but that didn't really turn out to be necessary. By about quarter til 8 we had escaped the valley fogs above Acme and were cruising down the pleasant Mosquito Lake Road (the road, not the mosquitos!) At 8:40, after driving to a ridiculously high elevation (4150 ft.!) we hoisted our heavy (rock gear) packs and headed up the climber's trail toward the West Ridge. From the clear cut below the ridge, the view of both Sisters is great, and our route looked very esthetic and inviting.

On the trail we passed a party from Vancouver, B.C., and were soon onto the lower "easy scramble" part of the ridge. And it was just that, easy, pleasant scrambling on the most "grippy" rock I've ever been on. (Olivine -- largest exposed mass in the western hemisphere) It's actually too grippy -- by the end of the day you feel like you hands have had the skin sanded off of them, and they have! After a good deal of this minor scrambling we were at the "drop-off crag" which was easily descended on the right. Here we took our only break on the ridge. As we began to hear voices on the lower side of the crag, we packed up and took off again.

From here the route is basically exactly what Beckey says it is, pleasant, exposed Class 3, and it follows his description very well. (or rather his description follows the route well) We did the south side variation that Beckey mentions, and we also descended this way (the North Slope was covered with 6-8 inches of slick, wet new snow). We found this to be Class 3 all the way (Beckey mentions some Cl. 4) and we didn't feel the need for the rope on the way up or to rappel on the way down. The route is really solid and clean. We found only the final steep gully on the South Variation to have much loose junk at all.

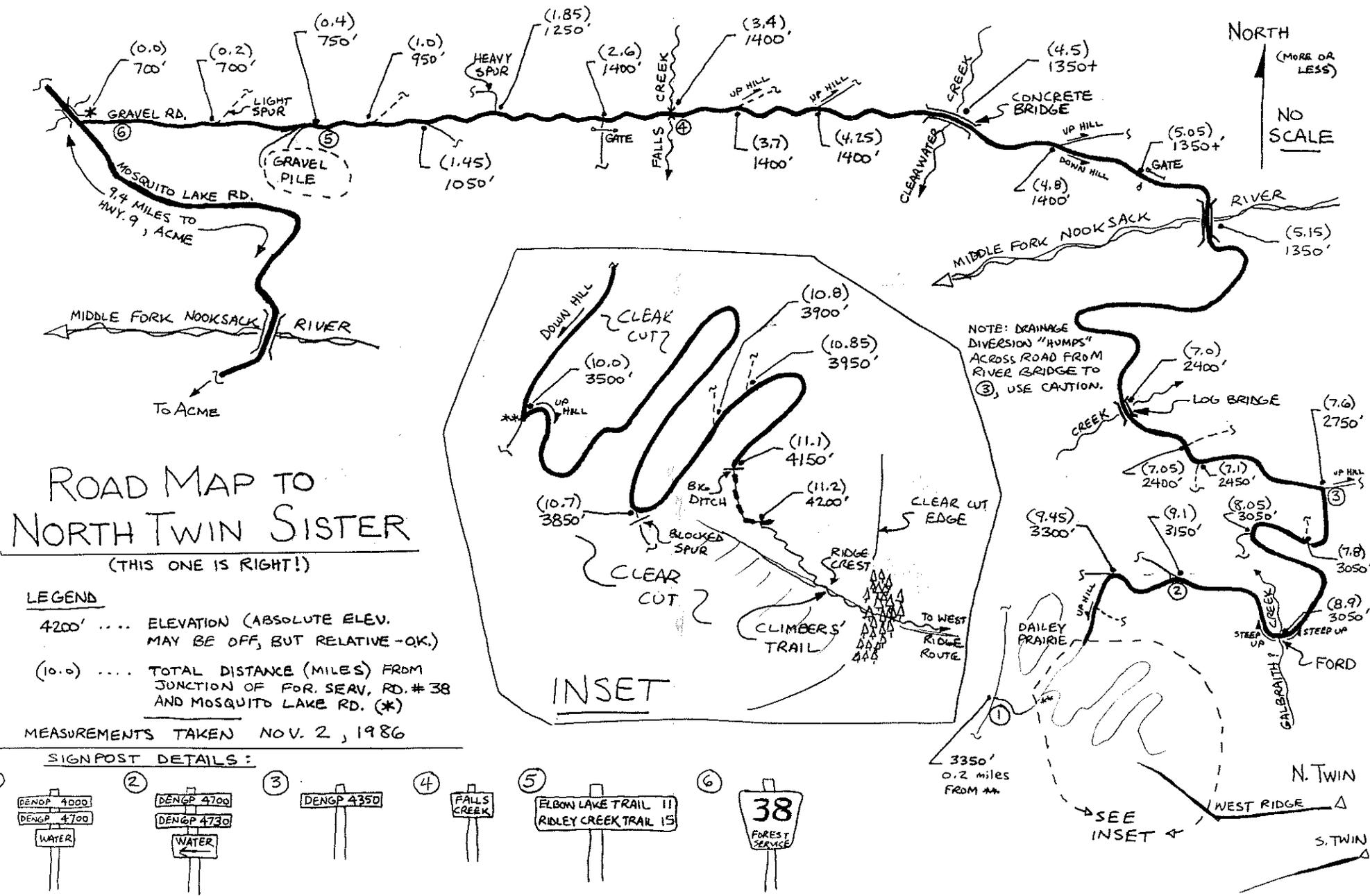
We arrived on the summit two hours after leaving the car and were treated to great views of Baker, the Border Peaks, etc., etc. Due to our good time, we sat on the summit for an hour and a half admiring the glory of the Cascades in November. After a safe descent (which took us a half hour more than the ascent!) we hopped in the car with enough time remaining to do some mapping. All in all it was a wonderful day in November. I highly recommend this route as a great, clean, solid, and esthetic Cl.3.

Climbers: Rob Freeman, Jim Blilie

## OFFICIAL BUSINESS:

The deadline for the January Echo is Thursday, December 18th.

\*\*\*\* NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENTS APPEARING \*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\* IN THIS PUBLICATION ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE \*\*\*\*  
\*\* OF THE BOEING COMPANY \*\*



## SATURDAY DECEMBER 13, ONE-DAY TRIP TO FAY PEAK

One long day, skis and/or snowshoes, a good practice climb, not technical. Call Jack Leicester for information and sign-up: 655-1596 work or 546-2086 home.

## SATURDAY JANUARY 10, ONE-DAY TRIP TO LANHAM LAKE

One day, skis and/or snowshoes, a good intermediate climb. Call Jack Leister for information and sign-up: 655-1596 work or 546-2086 home.

## WEEKEND JANUARY 23-25, THREE-DAY NORTH CASCADES BASECAMP

Every Winter, BOEALPS reserves exclusive use of this hostel in an outstanding cross country ski area on Hwy 20 just East of Washington Pass. You can arrive anytime Friday January 23 and leave anytime Sunday 25. Two hot meals per day plus makings for box lunches will be served beginning Friday evening and ending Sunday morning. Winter activities include 20 miles of cross country ski trails groomed and packed by the Methow Valley Ski Touring Association starting at the door. Unlimited back country skiing is available on nearby Fourest Service land. A small skating rink is located right outside the door with plenty of skates to borrow. Helicopter skiing is available and the hostel has a hot tub. There is one room with a double bed and several other four to six person rooms. The hostel accomodates a maximum of sixteen people. As of this writing (Nov 14), two dorm spaces have been reserved. This trip will sell out, so if you wish to attend, send \$60.00 per person (payable to BOEALPS) to me at M/S 6R-18 ASAP. If you have any questions, call me at 656-5369 work or leave a message anytime at 392-4414.

/s/ Charles Winters, Activities Chairman

## SATURDAY JANUARY 31, ONE-DAY TRIP TO PARADISE VALLEY

Join us for a snowshoe hike around Paradise Valley in Mount Rainier National Park. Beginning snowshoers are especially welcome. Call Thomas Murray at 655-1047 work or 643-7212 home for information such as equipment list and suggestions for snowshoe rentals and for sign-up.

# 1987 MEMBERSHIP REGISTRATION

## BOEING ALPINE SOCIETY

\_\_\_\_\_  
LAST NAME (please print)

\_\_\_\_\_  
FIRST NAME AND INITIAL

\_\_\_\_\_  
STREET ADDRESS

\_\_\_\_\_  
CITY

\_\_\_\_\_  
STATE

\_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP CODE

\_\_\_\_\_  
HOME PHONE

\_\_\_\_\_  
WORK PHONE

\_\_\_\_\_  
MAIL STOP

\_\_\_\_\_  
AGE

### TYPE OF MEMBERSHIP (CHECK ONE)

BOEING EMPLOYEE YES / NO

NEW MEMBER YES / NO

\_\_\_\_ REGULAR BOEING \$7  
\_\_\_\_ BOEING FAMILY \$10  
\_\_\_\_ FRIEND \$14  
\_\_\_\_ FRIEND FAMILY \$17

\_\_\_\_\_  
Please take a few moments to answer a few questions. Thanks.

How often do you use club equipment? \_\_\_\_\_

What club gear do you use? \_\_\_\_\_

What equipment would you like to see the club provide? \_\_\_\_\_

How often do you use the club library? \_\_\_\_\_

What books would you like to see in the library? \_\_\_\_\_

What type of club activities would you like to have? \_\_\_\_\_

Would you be interested in leading or helping to organize a club event?  
If so, what, where, and when? \_\_\_\_\_

Do you have any suggestions for future meeting programs? \_\_\_\_\_

Do you have any other comments or complaints? (Please use another sheet of paper.)

SEND COMPLETED FORMS AND CHECKS TO : MIKE BINGLE @ M/S 9H-32  
OR

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO : BOEALPS

25445 109th Ct SE #N205  
Kent, WA 98031