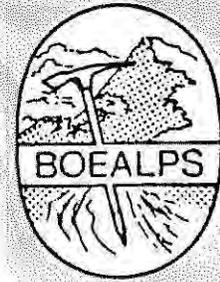


ALPINE ECHO

January 1987



BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

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January Meeting

WEDNESDAY, January 7th, 7:30 PM

Kent Recreation Center

Mt. Foraker's West Ridge

This multi-media presentation, given by Mark Dale, recounts the experience of a fabulous mountaineering journey through Alaska's vast wilderness. Featured is the successful third ascent of the giant 17,400 foot Mt. Foraker via the West Ridge. No mountain other than Denali dominates the Alaska Range as does Foraker.

Come and enjoy an adventure in a timeless land.

-- Looks like another exceptional program, folks. Don't miss it!--

My worst fears have been realized. I received exactly zero climbing reports for this issue. And just when I was beginning to have faith. My report on one of the climbs we did in the Monashees (in spite of a Mac crash that destroyed 2 1/2 hours worth of work) will have to tide you over until next months deluge of Christmas trip reports - I hope. Alex Van Steen contributed a quality piece of fiction as well as an open letter written all the way from Texas. He took great pains to write this in a legible manner, So I am taking a risk by printing it as received to capture the spirit and character of our token transient.

Other worthy contributors were Gareth Beale with an equipment status report and Charles Winters' Activities Corner. Thanks to his efforts (and those of the trip leaders) there is no excuse to stay indoors this winter. Mike Fitzpatrick and Jim Blilie contributed the comics, and other sources include the November issue of Outside and the Swallow's Nest winter catalog.

The cover is another mystery. As of this time the printers still have it. I will probably get it from them tomorrow. Since I was caught with my pants down, I am trying to use a ghost of our past cover. Who knows how it will turn out? On the side, one Richard Mayberrey, a new member, correctly identified the last cover as standing on Stetattle Ridge looking towards Davis Peak in North Cascades National Park. He gets one Chouinard Oval for his experiences in the area. Thanks to Rock and Ice for letting me steal the photo.

I apologize for the poor quality of the last issue. If you were one of the lucky few to get one of the rare and valuable "skewed pages" issues let me know. I will send you a copy of it done the way it was meant to be reproduced.

It is important that you make the effort to change your mailstop if you move. We got several issues back with no forwarding mailstop that we were able to track down at their new address. Some of these people had been at their current location for months! Don't expect us to track you down - this was done this time only to prove a point. Remember this the next time you don't get your issue.

Another good way to stop receiving the Echo is to let your membership expire. Look for the form in this issue. Dues are delinquent as of February, so let's get to it.

In tentative activities news, I believe that Eric Wetzel is still looking for people interested in taking a Mountaineering Oriented First Aid course. Response has been a bit slow. Is everyone already an expert in first aid? If you think you can get by without it, read Mark Dale's article in last month's Echo. This worthwhile course is in danger of being scrubbed, so give him a call to let him know you are interested.

Also, I will be hosting (at the club's expense) a meeting of people interested in putting together the Advanced Mountaineering Course. If you have skills that you can share or the desire to help out please get in touch with me for details after the first of the year. There is a lot of student interest, so this would be a good cause to support.

In the interest of better club communication, I am going to try something new. I would like to print very short descriptions of the climbs that are currently being done by club members. I would like for everyone to know what everyone else is doing for inspirational, educational, and social reasons. These don't have to be hard-core epics, just a source of information about routes and conditions. This way people will know what to expect on a certain route and what routes are in condition under what circumstances. Climbers will know who to talk to about a route they plan to do, and can get together with other climbers who have similar interests. I really believe that this could be a fantastic tool for everyone in the club. If you have done **any** climbing at all in the last couple of months, please give me a call or send me a mini-report stating the climb, the route, the date, weather and conditions, and party members.

Please note again that the January meeting will be held on WEDNESDAY, January 7th at the usual time and place. I apologize for any trouble caused by last month's premature prediction.

Finally, I would like to wish you all happy climbing and a happy holiday!

Picks droned back and forth, placements sinking soundly, extractions effortless, total and precise control. Tones of crystalline blue and pure white shattering soundlessly as his mind concentrated on technical delicacy. Front teeth holding ever so slightly; a dancer poised on an egg.

Strong, powerful arms pistoned high tech tools methodically. Sweat trickling down the nape of his neck, concentration furrowed deeply on his brow. He was forty feet out on thin paper.

Eighty feet out, fighting resistance, on a vertical realm where the only thing that mattered was perfect technique. Only calves burned slightly to remind him that he was, after all, only human, not the god that his mind wanted him to be.

He was definitely no stranger to this, the ultimate and most unforgiving of games. Three weeks prior he had soloed hard just south of here. A long route, a big face, one of the hardest, they said. A route previously considered the most noteworthy of ventures, even when paired with the best, and now done solitaire.

One century above the yawning 'schrund, last month was the last thing on his mind.

Nothing clouding. Anxiety poking slightly through heart's desire. Deep breaths exhilarating on crisp air. Almost painfully crisp, frosting his throat with small razor blades of ice. Beard and mouth enshrouded in the cotton of fresh snowfall. His navy blue watch cap almost a silvery grey, dandruffed shoulders, snowflakes flocking to rough pile.

He threw his tools into the opaque wall and hung back on his wrist loops. How to rest his weary arms on strenuous ground!? He peered upward, squinting into the spindrift. The excitement and beauty sent chills from the back of his legs to the base of his mind. A white marble-like world loomed ominously ahead, overhanging slightly. He dropped his chin to his chest, relaxed his neck and shoulders, let thoughts drift momentarily back to the harsh world of reality.

The creep he worked for was a worm of a little man, a weak bastard symbol of humanity. Yet that despised man ruled too much of his life. It was time for a change, a new job, something.

Never mind. One harsh thought, it was already too much. Back to honesty and the white world. One-ten, one-twenty, one pitch, the tough side of ninety degrees and getting tougher, more severe.

The wind began to howl in his ears, his thoughts no longer jumped, he concentrated fiercely. One or two more moves. Done. The first bulge surmounted. Precise, confident maneuvers. Easy going ahead. Sixty feet punched out rapidly. Tools again pressing a methodical path.

At two full near vertical to overhanging lengths he made a mistake. Only a slight one, a pick skating off a ripple to land painfully against the other forearm, bleeding, cursing. And yet, however slight, it stirred and unnerved the confidence that he had wielded so proudly and cautiously. Forget the mistake, go on. Place that tool again. It lands soundly despite a shaky mind. Then a crampon misses, an ankle twists. All of a sudden his world reeled, his head spun, his stomach churned, he teetered backward on the delicate edge of balance. Last thought before an inevitable drop; with both hands he grabbed the piece in his right hand and slammed it savagely into the ice. There was a huge explosion as fragile ice shattered and showered. Pieces crashing and sliding three hundred plus feet and disappearing into the dark 'schrund below. The pounding in his mind obliterated all else, each second, each heartbeat an eternity, but the tool held, buried deeply and magnificently. Thankfully, for what a shame it would be to fall, with still a severe unclimbed pitch ahead.

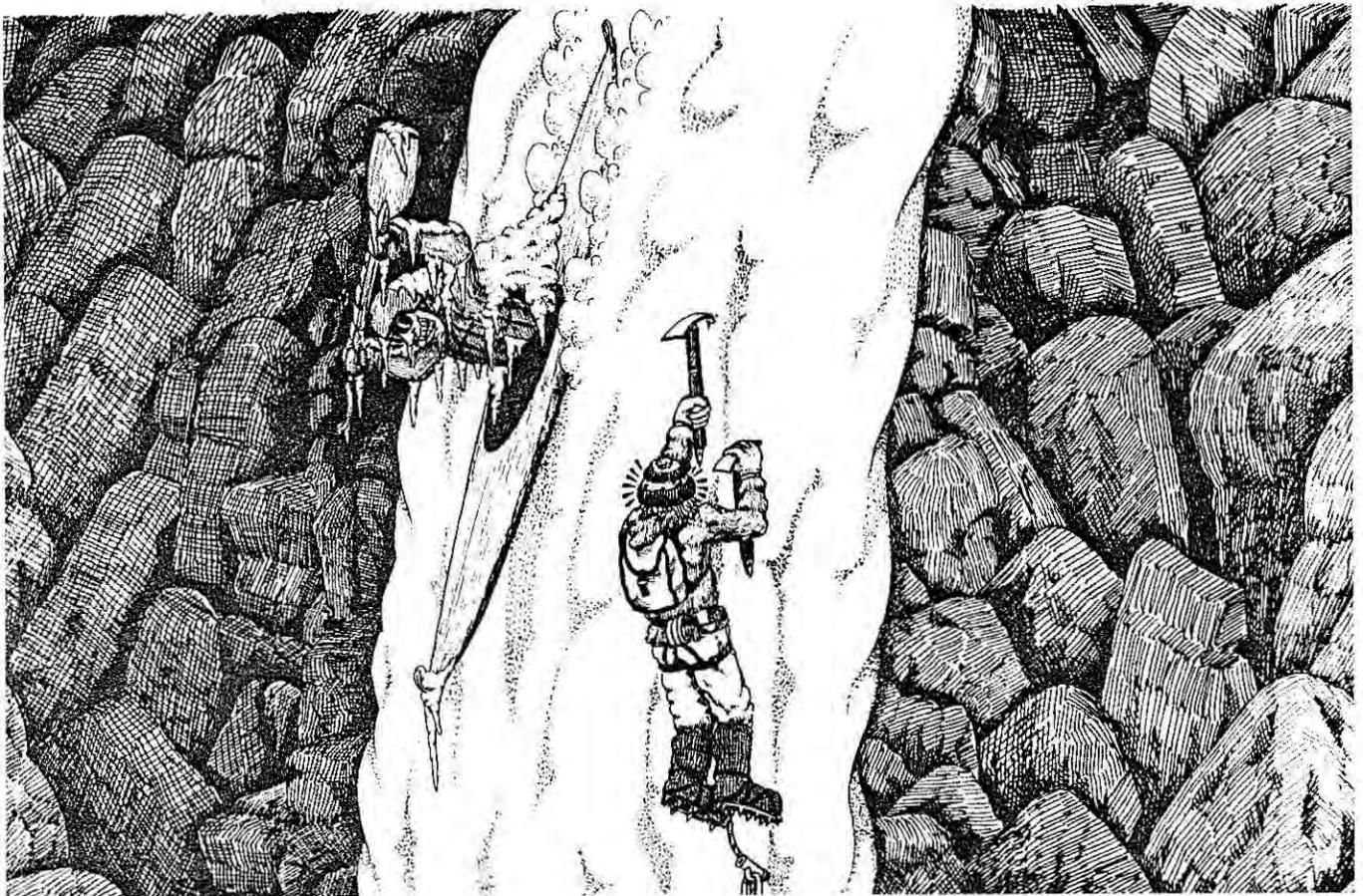
Reeling in his second tool, hanging limply at the end of its leash, he drove it home, and again hung to rest. For five minutes, a long five minutes, he hung, let his mind totally relax, breathing deeply. Cold bites his fingers, nips his nose, and kindly reminds him of the task to be completed.

Recuperated, he calls forth visions of fantasy to revitalize his mood. Those long hard soles that prepared him for today and for what was to be tomorrow. Feeling energetic, fantastic, the time to live was now. Once more, aesthetically peaceful in whole, he works powerfully and confidently through the movements of the last one hundred feet. Severe climbing, bulging, thin, ultimate, yet the yards trail beneath him rapidly, almost no thought required. This section is more difficult than the previous, but an exhilarating flow of energy permeates thoroughly his body and he moves. As graceful and as smooth as the gymnast supreme that he is, he counters gravity.

At long last he finishes. A severe ice route, short but strenuous, in winter, and done solitaire. Remarkable. Except for a few missing plates, the howling wind covers all tracks.

He is satisfied; assured, in a sense, of an immortality. He looks down the cliffs now, can't even see the bottom as the winds whirl white dust and obscure. He knows, however, that he must return the way he came, from the base of the ice cliff, down the white fields, and eventually to the reality he detested.

In a graceful arc, as a dancer before a hushed audience, he threw out his arms and dove, powerful legs propelling, into the pure white limits of the descent. Head thrown back, deep brown eyes exploring a new realm, he screamed in ecstasy of total control. Those four hundred feet that had taken so long and had been so exhilarating to climb became an even quicker and more exhilarating distance. A locomotive roared in his head, his heart didn't even have time to beat. Yet he thought, this is just as fun as the climbing. He landed softly, carefully; that same dancer on that same egg. He was a good climber, he was learning to accept that. He would look forward to his next adventure, but now he had to go home and look for a new job.



In The Home of the Gods : A Week In The Monashees

Part III - Two Kids in a Candy store

Ken Johnson

I awoke from a nightmare of endless staggering though infinite scree slopes and gullies to the even harsher brightness of sunlight on tent wall. My throbbing feet indicated that the dream was real - we had stumbled into camp a mere five hours ago, after spending 20 or so hours on our first climb in the Monashees. My unconscious body was oblivious to the passage of time, exhaustion robbing me of the mental state that only a good nights sleep can produce. Surely a rest day is in order.

The Petroskes were already going, breakfast simmering over crackling coals. Al, Alex, and I soon joined them, occasionally arousing ourselves from the stupor to congratulate each other on our efforts and to hang clothes out to dry. Breakfast and basking in the sun did wonders for my attitude, and soon I was gazing at the surrounding mountains with intentions that weren't altogether innocent.

A glance at Alex told me that he felt the same as I, so we decided to retire to the bosom of the mountains. We tried to enlist others for our venture, but all we heard were mumblings about sore feet and late starts. We were too hyped to get going to let this dampen our spirits, so there was a flurry of gear packing and clothe sorting as we attempted to make a fast getaway. We were off and running at 12:30.

Our intended route was the very aesthetic North Ridge of Peak 9300 East, which we had climbed the day before via a glacier to the west of the ridge. We had scanned the ridge ever since our arrival, and it looked like it would go without too much trouble. The morning light and the energy of our previous success spurred us on as we cruised across the meadow on the way to the toe of the ridge. Unfortunately, Alex cruised right into the stream, which caused a wet boot and some down time to dry off. He wondered aloud about the joys of blisters while climbing as we resumed our journey.

The rest of the approach was a dirty, loose, dusty, crumbly excuse for a moraine left in the wake of a spectacular glacial icefall. Some good slips and several breathers later we were finally climbing the initial 3rd class gully. This was a good sign, since it had looked a lot harder from a distance. Slick, polished rock provided a challenge for our Vibrams, but nothing was keeping us back this fine sunny day. This was a fine section of climbing. There is nothing like scrambling up friendly rock in a beautiful alpine setting.

We clambered onto a steep heather bench and things took a turn for the steeper. With polished, downsloping slabs to the left and overhanging (if sound looking) cracks to the right, we were forced to climb straight up over crumbly rock toward a damp looking and slightly overhanging chimney. I got to lead this pitch, a gripper featuring mud filled cracks, massive exfoliating sections of crumbly flakes, and unprotected face climbing on wobbly, if adequate, holds. Alex enjoyed this pitch, probably because of the top rope.

He had his turn, though. He distained the severe and damp, if short, chimney and led off on a climbing traverse to the left. I disapproved since this got us into unseen territory and I envisioned a nightmare getting back to the ridge crest, but he was on the sharp end. I was treated to the sound of rocks bouncing to the glacier below. This was a perfect accompaniment to his cursing. The rock was still very brittle, and his protection kept pulling rocks loose as he tried to place it. Finally he just went for it and sank a thank-God friend in an undercling. I also had fun on this pitch, as the route was very clean and well protected by the time I was on it.

Rather than follow his suggestion of keeping to the left, I opted for a small overhang that led to another steep bench with a dihedral above it. It was a short pitch due to rope drag, so he graciously let me have the next one, too. (You got us into this...) This turned out to be the best pitch of the climb - very steep and blocky, but solid and easy to protect. It was very enjoyable despite my pack's best efforts to throw me off balance. On his next lead, Alex started left again, but saw the error of his ways and overcame several small overhangs to thrash his way to the ridge crest. We felt like we were home free.

As we sat and munched we discussed the situation. It was already 5:30 with sunset at 8:30, and we were only a third of the way up the 3000 foot ridge. But we felt that we could scream up the easier terrain above and escape onto the glacier after the next headwall if necessary, or rappel the route if straits were real dire. We really wanted this route (an awesome first!) and didn't want to repeat the unpleasantness we had just conquered on a future day. We coiled the ropes and ran.

This section started as easy 3rd class amongst sparse trees and steepened gradually to a headwall at the 2/3rds point. The lighting on the rock showed several lines of weakness, so we weren't too perturbed. The going was fast and spectacular, with hanging glaciers on both sides of us and the valley floor dropping ever further away from us. I wish that we could have taken the time to savor the climb from here on out, but we were in a race with the sun. The headwall was climbed via an easy 5th class chimney, unroped to save time. It was some of the best soloing I had done to date - good rock (it got better as we got higher) and good attitude combined for great climbing.

At last we were at the top of the headwall, looking at the final ridge section sweeping to the summit. It was 7:00, time for some serious thinking. We could go for it and hope we could beat the sun, rappel and downclimb our ascent route, or rappel to the glacier and repeat the descent of the previous evening. We chose the first option. The ridge looked easy enough - broken and moderately angled, and it looked short. Now I know about something called fore-shortening. At any rate downclimbing would have been the pits, and coming this far just to give up didn't sit right with us young, naive, optimistic pups. My biggest problem with continuing was the emotional wear and tear that we would be subjecting our fellows in camp to. But hey, we're all big boys, right?

We jogged over some very easy rock and roped up for some running belays on the final push. Aside from a little verglas at a notch, there was no trouble getting started. We made slow progress, however, because of a lack of protection and rope drag as we weaved in and out of loose blocks on the ridge crest. Lichen made things a bit slippery for our sticky soles (donned when the ropework started at the crux of the climb), and were beginning to tire. We swapped leads a couple of times to spread frazzled nerves, and watched the sun set. The climbing got more difficult, not because of the technical grade, but because of the failing light and the cold breeze that sapped our energy and cooled our spirits. I was in the lead as the last light was dying, and it was nerve wracking for sure. We had to climb simultaneously for as long a possible to try top out, but we didn't move fast enough. There were always thoughts such as 'boy, this is tough, can't see too good, damn lichen...another loose block - ^%#\$, and I bet Lex is at that awkward friction move, lets see...three pieces, hope they hold...he better not fall now...or myself for that matter...'

At last it was too dark. I made the last few moves to a ledge and belayed Alex up. He joined me and we took our first rest since the push began, eating, drinking, and getting warm clothes on. We didn't have to say anything - the only choice was to go on. We got out the headlamps and Alex took off again, solidly belayed for a change. We laughed, thinking about the nights we had spent out at Index, preparing for just such a situation. This recollection eased our spirits a bit, and Alex disappeared into the night above. I turned out my light and gazed at the campfire far below. I hoped that they weren't too worried about us, but I knew they would be. It was very peaceful, sitting warm and dry, watching the light of the full moon creep into the basin below.

Alex was off, so I joined him at his belay. We had no real idea about how far above us the top was, we only knew it couldn't be too much farther. I gritted my teeth and led on. Climbing by headlamp isn't really all that bad. You are more isolated from the exposure, but you hardly notice anyway because you are concentrating on your moves. There have been times when I have even forgotten that it was dark out. The climbing was fairly easy, and after 50 feet I cried out "Hey! I'm up!" Alex's whoop from below sounded the end to the tension. We were on the summit at 9:30.

We ate heartily and drank the last of our meager water supply for energy. We weren't looking forward to the descent, but we had done it only a little more than 24 hours ago and were confident it would go. We took some hero shots, cleaned up the summit from the two recent parties it had seen, packed up, and climbed off. Where we had scrambled in the sun we now belayed cautiously. We were surprised it took us two leads to get to the rap point.

This rap point deserves description. A double length runner is tied around a couple of loose sounding blocks in such a way that the blocks are pulled tighter by the force of the rappel. Unfortunately, the runner doesn't quite make it over the lip of the drop off. This caused us a bit of rope drag the day before, but nothing serious. We were more concerned about getting the angle of attack right. We set it up and rappled to the ledges below. Making good time, I thought.

The sheet hit the fan. I tried to pull the ropes down. Alex tried. We both tried together. I anchored myself to a rock and jumped on a loop tied in the rope. We tried to pull it the other direction to loosen it up. (Yes, we were pulling on the right rope.) We spent an hour trying to set up a z-pulley, which is very interesting in the dark, when you are toasted, and the "victim" is straight above you. Then we hung packs at the end of the rope to reduce rope stretch, anchored me to a rock, and I climbed up above Alex a bit to try to operate the prussik knot. A half hour of sweaty, cramp producing, and nerve wracking labor bought us about two feet of the 150 or so. Only one thing for it - climb the sucker. And climb it I did. The going was slow and scary, even with the Bachman knots (using biners with a prussik to help loosen the knot). I was relieved to get past the overhang where I could free climb while belaying myself with the prussiks.

The problem was that the ropes had been massively twisted, through a combo deluxe of poor rappel technique and figure-eight devices. I untangled the mass, added another sling to extend the rappel anchor, pulled the knot way past the lip, and rapped off again, confident that we would soon be on our way. At the bottom a wondrous thing happened - the ropes jammed again, this time the knot! Try as we might, we could not shake it past the projection it was hung up on. Talk about frustration. At this point Alex came up with the best idea ever. Unplanned bivvy.

We carved a niche for ourselves and tried to build a rock wall to protect us from the wind. I donned my two emergency garbage bags and stuck my feet into mt pack. We tried to share the sparse padding as best we could, and cuddled up for a long evening at 9100 feet. The time? 2:00 AM. We sucked on lemon drops to sate our thirst and switched positions a couple of times for psychological reasons. I froze. Alex, on the other hand, almost relished it. He admitted that one of his goals was to go through an unplanned bivvy, so this was just another conditioner for him. I could relate to a degree, but I know my attitude wasn't even as good as his. I shivered and marked the time watching the moon arc oh, so slowly across the sky. Some faint northern lights brightened my spirit briefly, but mostly what I remember is shivering awake just as I was nodding off.

Daylight finally came with little ambition to do anything about it. We finally stirred and I stamped around for circulation as Alex climbed the ropes to free them. To our disgust, there was nothing obstructing the knot! Fate had certainly done something to us, be it good or bad, we thought as we sucked lemon drops. Alex rappelled without rearranging the ropes and we pulled them off, then set up the rappel to the ice-filled notch. While setting it up, we tried to see our camp, but the angle was blocked. They would just have to wait a while to see that we were alive.

At the notch we decided to climb to the summit of 9300 West. The ridge from the notch was certainly inviting, with a 90 degree drop to the south and a 70 degree face on the north. We were in the area, and couldn't see climbing 3000 feet up the glacier to climb these rock pitches since we had already been at the notch twice. Besides, we were warmed up and raring to go, the lemon drops taking effect in our empty stomachs.

So off we went for six very enjoyable pitches. The climbing was mostly easy with several short, steep, and exposed steps. The exposure was grand, and it was wonderful to see the day start from the top of a mountain. We took photos on top and left a register in the cairn. Like all other peaks Alex and I stood on in this area, there was a cairn but no register. This made us think that perhaps we had made some second ascents of these peaks. We certainly feel that our routes were firsts, since there is no record of visits to these mountains from the north, and we saw no evidence of other people in the area.

At any rate it was time to go down. We downclimbed the ridge because of its broken nature. The final rappel past the notch to the upper glacier was a relief, and we scurried to scrape up enough snow to slake our parched throats - our first water in over twelve hours. We ate the last of our food and took off.

We made good time, traveling simultaneously where we had belayed on the first descent. The snow was good for the most part, with only a few icy spots. This was a real education for me. I am glad we brought our cramponed and axes. The glacier had opened up considerably since we were last on it. In places we had to detour fifteen feet around crevasses that we had walked over. One spot gave us both problems : we had to jump three feet over a crevasse that didn't exist last time. This occurred just as the glacier was rumbling beneath us - a moment I will never forget. Then there were the spots we didn't trust the first time through. We kept our boot axe belays tight and tried to master that ginger-yet-quick pace. In retrospect it was a good thing the ropes had jammed. We both remarked how dangerous the descent would have been at night, since things were certainly not as we expected them to be.

At last it was over. There was nothing to do but drink delicious glacier melt, unrope, and begin the knee shattering stomp down to camp. The entire way down we had been looking for signs of life at camp, to no avail. We scanned the mountainsides, but couldn't spot our fellows. We figured that they didn't come looking for us since we would have met them on the glacier, so we figured they were out having fun of their own. We heard a lot of rockfall coming from the spectacular arena northwest of Thor, but saw no one.

We crumpled into camp at about 5:30. Nothing to do but eat, drink, swat flies, and dry clothes. Time flew by (perhaps because of our toasted condition) and we began to think about our partners again. A scan of the Northeast Ridge on Thor revealed John and Bill beating a hasty retreat. We watched until they disappeared behind the ridge. About an hour later they came back into view just as the light was dying. To our relief we saw that Jim and Al had joined them. We lit a fire to let them know we were okay and to guide them home, and wished them silent luck since we had borrowed a set of their headlamp batteries for our climb. We were asleep in no time. I wonder why I dreamed of climbing?

Summary :

North Ridge of Peak 9300 East, 3000' vertical, Grade III 5.6, 9 hours.

Bivouac at 9100'

East Ridge of Peak 9300 West, 300' vertical, Grade I 5.6, 2.5 hours.

Climbing took place over 29 hours on August 20-21.

Climbers were Ken Johnson and Alex Van Steen.

The other four party members were Al Wainwright and Jim, Bill, and John Petroske.

More articles on this trip next month.

Equipment News

First things first. I will be out of town (country) for 3 weeks starting 15th December. Jim Blilie been good enough to stand in as equipment chairman for that period. His number can be found on the front of the echo.

As those of you who attended the November meeeting are already aware, the club has some new equipment. Namely, 3 PIEPS SF avalanche beacons, and 2 North Face Windy Pass tents. The tents are 2/3 man and very robust, if a little on the heavy side. A complete list and description of all the club equipment will appear in next month's echo.

The winter season is once again upon us, and each year the current equipment manager discovers that the records from the end of the last season do not accurately describe the whereabouts of all the snowshoes. Coupled with the fact it was some nine months ago at least since anyone can remember using them, it is a bit of a nightmare finding them all. If you have a pair of the club snowshoes, and have not spoken with me about them within the last few weeks, please give me a call and let me know about it after the holidays.

Gareth Beale

A clear Thursday morning dawning finds me extinguishing the remnants of last night's campfire. Aside from the crippled electrician camped just down the road, who pans the South Fork Skykomish each day, the Index bivouacs see only myself and my dog this week.

Each morning I don rope and rack and head out to the lower wall and slabs. With my pup belaying faithfully, the job toughens as I am repeatedly slamming earthbound, yet a tail still wags. Two hard leader falls occur today. Three days later a small succession of #1 stoppers rip loose as I peel out of an A2 crack 80 feet above the ground. Luckily Ken pulls me tight on a #2.

The next weekend I am in Leavenworth with Matt and Ken and fall out of Deb's Crack. These are nasty habits I am associating with.

My luck changes tune and I quit falling from high places. I am forced to spend a week lying in the hospital as I contract spinal meningitis. Some luck, huh? At least it's three meals a day!

All this taken into perspective, a spirit comes to me one fine evening and says, "hey, dude, go south!". So I do. I pack up a few essentials, head down to Oregon, cross the beautiful Southern Cascades, down through the Nevada Desert, and into the Deep South.

I swore I'd never return and yet this land is warm (80's) and sunny. I relish the feeling and pause in my travels for a day of bouldering in Texas Canyon, New Mexico - a beautiful granite playground somewhat similar to a tiny Joshua Tree.

One and a half days later I find myself near central Texas at Enchanted Rock State Natural Area. Nesting comfortably in the beautiful Texas hill country "The Rock" beacons intensely. I hunt up an old climbing buddy and we're again tearing the skin off of the back of our hands as in the days of yester on some screwball of a grunt called Tooth Crack.

With climbs such as Raw Meat, Top Choice, Scrambled Egg Sandwich, Trash-can Man, Strawberry Jam, and Brain Salad Surgery my hand actually began begging for tape. Again, a hand-ham burgering experience.

Enchanted Rock, Texas Canyon, Hueco Tanks, and maybe even Joshua Tree may be unfamiliar to most of you. So just in case, if you're ever in The Southwest (God forbid!) I'll enlighten you on some areas of climbing interest.

Enchanted Rock State Natural Area is located between Fredericksburg (Hog capital of Texas) and Llano along Farm Road 965 approximately 75 miles west of Austin. In a land coated in cactus and mesquite, the pink granite domes are a welcome to rock-starved eyes. The rock climbing here tends to be a cross between that found at Vedauvo (near Laramie, Wyoming) and Tuolumne Meadows (in Yosemite). The climbs are either short crack climbs (the longest is two pitches) or intense friction / face climbs (from 5.9 up to 5.11 c). All climbs, however, are grade I and the only aid climbs require severe AB hooking (no pitons allowed as this is a Natural Area).

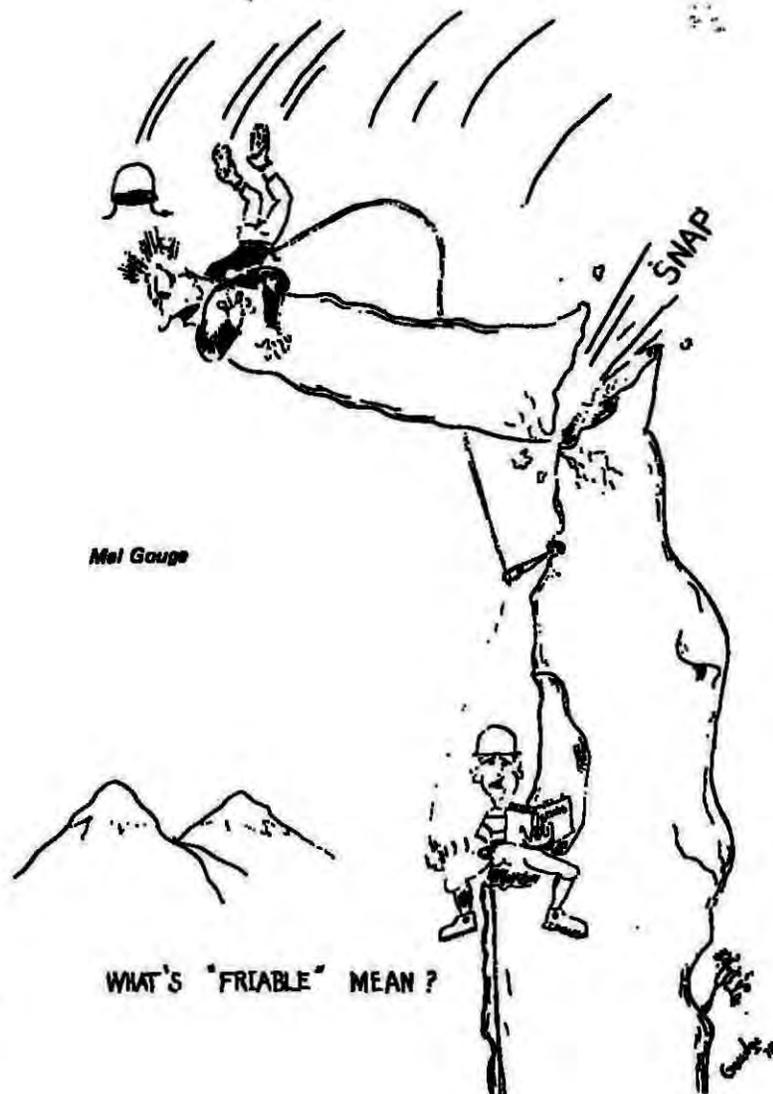
The park has been improved tremendously since I last visited several years ago. Some may frown at electrical hook-ups, picnic areas, and the gate fee, but the alternative to the fix up was closure of the park and so I think there is a gain to be realized despite the throngs of geeks unleashed weekly from local schools, churches, etc.

There is a guidebook to the area, entitled Stranger Than Friction and despite its poor accuracy with ratings does provide an interesting history and mapping of the area.

This evening ends differently than did one exactly a month ago (the evening I entered the hospital) and things look optimistic down here. I understand the weather is somewhat harsh up there and I sympathize with all the aspiring ones pining in frustration.

On an end note, I've popped off 20 or so satisfying climbs at "The Rock" already and again there's that restless spirit in the back of my head saying, "hey dude, go west!" I'll keep in touch.

ALEX VAN STEEN



The following information sources will help you stay up-to-date on weather, snow and highway conditions.

SKI CONDITIONS/WEATHER

- KSCA Weather forecast 382-7246
- Mountain weather and avalanche information 526-6677
- Dept. of Transportation road/pass report (25 cent toll call) 1-976-7623
- Cross-country ski report
 - Seattle 632-7787
 - Everett 258-4260
 - Tacoma 473-5823
 - Bremerton 373-2626
- Ski Acres ski report 236-1600
- Crystal Mountain ski report 634-3771
- Cascade ski report 634-0200
- White Pass report
 - Dial '0'; ask for Toll Station
 - White Pass *1
- Stevens Pass report 634-1645
- Methow Valley 800-422-3048
- Washington State ski report 634-2754

RANGER STATIONS

- Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest
 - Mount Baker 856-5700
 - Darrington 436-1155
 - Skykomish 677-2414
 - White River 825-6585
 - North Bend 888-1421
 - Glacier Public Service Center 599-2714
 - Verlot Public Service Center 691-7791
- Mount Rainier 569-2211
- North Cascades National Park (Marblemount) 873-4590
- Okanogan National Forest (509) 422-2704
- Wenatchee National Forest (509) 662-4335
- Olympic National Forest 753-9535
- Olympic National Park 452-4501
- USFS/NPS Outdoor Recreation Information 442-0170
- Washington State Parks 753-2027



William Nealy

OFFICIAL BUSINESS:

The deadline for the February Echo is Thursday, January 22nd.

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

GENERAL NOTES

Ray Smutek's Mountain School has contacted us about their avalanche seminars. A session is offered Feb 21 and 22 (classroom) Feb 28 Mar 1 (field trip). Although BOEALPS will not try to organize a group this year, anyone who is interested can call me and I will send you one of Ray's brochures.

SKIBACS has asked BOEALPS members to consider participating in their cross country ski outings. Look for someone from SKIBACS to expand on this subject at our January meeting. In return, someone from BOEALPS will speak at a SKIBACS meeting towards the end of the ski season to recruit fellow Alpine sports enthusiasts to try their hand at some BOEALPS activities. The deadline for sign up for many of the SKIBACS trips is January 10. If you wish to participate and have any questions, call Bill Staab, SKIBACS Cross Country Chairman, at 237-7096 work or 488-3401 home.

CLUB OUTINGS

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 (you bring your own blankets or sleeping bags). The hostel accomodates a maximum of sixteen people. As of this writing (Dec 12), the two double room and six dorm spaces have been reserved, i.e. there are eight dorm spaces left. 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 Charles Winters at 656-5354 work or leave a message anytime at 392-4414.

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.

SATURDAY-SUNDAY JANUARY 31 FEBRUARY 1, ICE CLIMBING

Come out to Icicle Creek and/or the Palisades on the East side and try out some water ice climbing. We will spend two days (I've put in my order for sunshine this year) at Icicle Creek and Palisades trying out our ice techniques.

There will be a wide variety of ice tools to try out, ice crews to practice placing and lots of cold, hard ice to bash one's knuckles on. The leader will once again be handy with unwanted advice on technique (learned in the -20° wastes of Minnesota--no sheep jokes please) and as a belay anchor.

Sign up for one or both days (both makes a lot of sense--long drive, short days). Two-day folks will be camping out at the Snow Creek lot (there are motels in Leavenworth for those who like comfort and sleep). Party will be limited to 10 people each day. This trip has been popular in the past, so sign up early. Call Jim Blilie at 237-4045 days.

More Avalanche Course Information:

There is another Avalanche Course being offered in the Seattle area. It is being taught by Gary Brill, whose credentials are unknown to me at this time. He will be teaching at the U-District North Face store on January 13th and 15th with a field trip TBD. This course is rumored to be dirt cheap compared to Smutek's seminar. Call the North Face for more information.

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.)

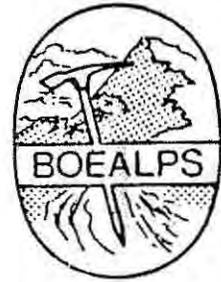
SEND COMPLETED FORMS AND CHECKS TO : MIKE BINGLE @ M/S 9H-32
OR
25445 109th Ct SE #N205
Kent, WA 98031

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO : BOEALPS

ALPINE ECHO

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





BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

President Rob Freeman . . 77-22 . . 237-4157	Conservation A. J. Mullen . . 20-24 . . 655-1141
Vice President . . . Carey Chaplin . . 47-10 . . 655-5456	Echo Editor Ken Johnson . . 01-45 . . 342-5341
Treasurer Eric Wetzel . . 8Y-60 . . 773-5259	Equipment Gareth Beale . . 7A-35 . . 865-6416
Secretary Mike Froebe . . 6L-46 . . 656-5685	Librarian Jeff Stonebraker . . 0Y-05 . . 342-8915
Past President Jim Blilie . . 70-87 . . 237-4045	Membership Mike Bingle . . 9H-32 . . 394-3373
Activities Charles Winters . . 6R-18 . . 656-5354	Programs John Petroske . . 9R-48 . . 237-8657

**February Meeting
Thursday, February 5th, 7:30 PM
at the new
Oxbow Recreation Center**

see map inside Echo

Where in the heck are the Monashees, and who cares anyway?

Come to this month's meeting and find out. Follow the adventures of an intrepid group of climbers as they explore this magnificent, if unknown, area. See if all of those articles accurately portrayed a week in Canada or if you have all been sandbagged. Experience the awe and majesty of untracked wilderness, the excitement and uncertainty of new routes, the frustration of unplanned bivouacs, and the nausea of spoiled camp food. Good times, good slides, and good climbs will be the order of the evening, so don't missit. (If you don't make it, Rotten will find you...)

Belay Stance

This is a small stance this time around. Sorry for the brevity and lackluster appearance, but time runs short.

First off, I apologize for the offense your senses must have undergone trying to digest the dog-meat cover page turned out by the print shop. Never fear, negotiations are underway. If the winning photo will not produce good results we will have to go with Jim Blilie's second place offering of Mt. Robson (sorry, Mark). We shall see what happens, but we will probably be stuck with what we have for a couple of months.

Next, I thank all of the people who responded to my plea for mini reports. I encourage everyone to contribute this way. As you can see we aren't expecting much. Feel free to write full length reports, poetry, prose, commentary, whatever, if you so desire. The more you write, the better the Echo.

Contributors this month were Jim Blilie, Jerry Baillie, Charles Winters, Mike Bingle, Rob Freeman, Alex Van Steen, John Petroske, Eric Wetzel, Dale Ott, and Steve Mason. Thanks a lot, gang.

We welcome A. J. Mullen aboard as the new Conservation Chairman. He will need all our support as he undertakes this important task. If you are interested in getting involved, give him a call. We wish him success in his new capacity.

As far as the advanced climbing course is concerned, things are moving right along. Watch for an announcement next month.

Pay attention to this issue. There is a lot of good stuff coming up both activities and programs wise. Happy reading and climbing.

Special Membership Notice :

This is the last month that you are considered a member if you haven't paid your dues for 1987. Don't miss out. Contact Mike Bingle for a membership form and information.

Important information about this month's meeting:

It will be held in the new Oxbow Recreation Center across the Duamish from the Developmental Center. This gives better access for those of us coming down from the north and will get us away from those dag-nabbed Square Dancers. See the map in this issue.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS:

The deadline for the March Echo is Thursday, February 19th.

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

In The Home of the Gods : A Week In The Monashees

Part IV - Just Another Climb

Alex Van Steen

If there is any thing to be said about the climbing partnership between Ken and myself it is that we always do our best to make epics out of nothing or at least return late at night after our headlamps have burned out.

Tower Four rises as the most obvious and aesthetic of the nine-odd towers north and west of Mount Thor. As seen from the approach, Tower Four presents itself as a significant jut with an obviously large summit among neighbors of lesser distinction. It wasn't, however, until the last day of our Canadian odyssey that Ken and I gave these towers any more thought than that of passing interest.

Unsure of our intentions for this day we headed out toward Mount Thor. An hour and a half later we took a pack-off break for some feeding and reconnaissance. The trail, if you want to call it that, had been an uncomfortable trudge up sliming slabs, through dense brush, and across large boulder fields. Note that the Petroske children are to be given credit for the erection of many ducks and for the colorful lacing of trees which aided us not so much in climbing the trail but were invaluable on our return later than night. As we passively masticated our week old sausages and cheese John and Bill strolled by, unburdened by packs, to retrieve a rope left during the previous evenings rappel home. Some senseless babbling and they were off, leaving us to our decision.

My mind-body complex was more in tune to an easier, non-technical route today, while Ken wanted something a bit more challenging than a hike. As we discussed various possibilities and lines, I began to admit to myself that I would actually do fine on a technically harder route once we got underway. (By the middle of the first pitch I would have lost that thought!) A stroll up Thor sounded too dull, an Ice climb looked too dangerous, and a gully too rotten. The South Face of what we called, for the lack of a better name, Tower Four (as in the fourth tower between camp and Mount Thor) would fit our desires.

We wandered over the remaining boulders and up the snow slopes to the base of the climb. We were able to third class up a bunch of dirt to a shoe-up area. It would be my lead. Clad in blue Gore-tex with a purple Alpinist on my back, to say that I clashed with the serene environment is an understatement. I led up uncomfortable ledges spiced with brambles and debris and was able to put in a few pieces of protection as I wheezed through some delicate face climbing and stemming. This first pitch ended over an hour later, much to my dismay, in a hanging belay. Ken came up quickly and took the second lead well. I followed the lad, or rather his rope, and where he proclaimed easy traveling I rolled bowling balls to the boulder field below.

A bit shaken, I enjoyed a break on a huge ledge which seemed to split the face. The same sort of climbing appeared to be head of us, which, by this time, I was denouncing somewhat apologetically. Not psyched for more of the same we scouted. To the right were some cracks which looked reasonable, possibly 5.7 or 5.8, and to the left a fourth class gully looked feasible. We both understood my mood and so decided to go left. In retrospect, although the route we chose was not as technical as Ken desired, I don't believe we would have summited going straight up or right.

We carried some essentials, some slings, and a rope. The rest of our gear we left stashed near what we thought would be the exit gully to the slopes below. Pitch after pitch we scrambled unroped up the slabs and chimneys. We accessed the ridge that rose from the top of the South Face and traversed toward the final summit outcrop. True exposure at certain points sent my heart on an extra beat. A slip at any time would have meant death but only at times when the exposure was intense or the travel truly vertical did the fatal potential seem to be in scope.

One particular section of crack was especially intriguing. I turned to Ken, who was only a few feet behind me. He felt fine, as did I. We made a simple comment, a rule in our game if you will : "No Mistakes Allowed". If either of us felt the least bit uncomfortable we would rope up or descend.

Some time later we stood on a small, blocky, and windy summit. Our main concern, as usual, was now to race against the setting sun. If we could get to our packs we would be fine. Three rappels and quite a bit of cautious downclimbing and we made it just as darkness demanded that we don headlamps. Of course, my light was already a dull yellow. I was on the third set of batteries for this trip!

We plodded cautiously down the exit gully and luckily we were able to do a standing glissade down several hundred feet of snow. This saved a lot of boulder hopping in total darkness. Our worst fears were realized as we had great difficulty finding the first of the Petroske ducks. By now the campfire far, far below was something warm and friendly that I desired intensely. Shortly we discovered the ducks and then, following suit, my light flicked its final moments and died.

To tell the truth, the trip to camp was spent in two modes. On our butts or preparing to fall on our butts. Steep, slimy trail and rock proved challenging to the exhausted mind and body. Ken and I both bruised our hips and thighs due to repeated falls. Mercifully, we sloshed through the final swamp into the warmth of the campfire at about 11:00 PM. Another day well spent.

After climbing for each and every day in this paradise I admit that I felt more fulfilled by our accomplishments than regret that we had to leave. I felt fantastic and would love to return some day. Let's hope we can.

1987 AGRIS MORUSS MEMORIAL GRANT

Once again, Boealps will be awarding a grant in the name of the late Agris Moruss, longtime member of Boealps and instructor in the Boealps Climbing Class. The grant is awarded each year to a worthy member (or group of members) to help advance their climbing endeavors.

Any member of Boealps is eligible for a grant. Application for a grant should be made in writing to the Past President (Jim Blilie) who will advance them to the other Trustees. When applying, outline your trip and explain why you are a worthy recipient. Please apply, few applications are usually recieved, so your chances aren't too bad.

Deadline for application is March 20, 1986. The award should be announced at the April meeting. Please send applications to:

Jim Blilie
M/S 70-87 (237-4045)
or
4226 - 50th Ave. S.
Seattle, WA 98118

BOEALPS SCRAPBOOK !!!!!

I am trying to bring the Boealps scrapbook as up-to-date as possible, and to enrich its content. I know there must be many of you members who have summit shots of yourselves or friends which include the Boealps Pennant. If you do, please get a small print made so we can include it in the scrapbook, and you can go down in history. If you wish, just send me (see below) the negative or slide and I will get a print made. (Have no fear, I treat photo-transparencies with the greatest care)

Also, if you are interested in carrying a Boealps Pennant for some special climb, I can get you one. Please carry the Pennant and spread the glory!!!!

Contact: Jim Blilie 237-4045
M/S 70-87

Mini Reports

Montana Ice by Steve Mason

Jeanne Gengler and I climbed two waterfalls near Bozeman, Montana, on January 1st. They were 60' and 80' smears up to 80 degrees. They were located 11 miles up the Hyalite Canyon road south of Bozeman on the east side of the road and below several obvious higher waterfalls. Five other falls were nearby that could be top roped. A mile further in is Twin Falls which we did not see but is reported to be good. Ice was good but subject to dinner plating. Temperatures were mid-twenties but were recently as high as forty.

Silver Peak by Dale Ott

Our day started in North Bend at 7:00 AM where we loaded the gear into Curt's 4X4. With the truck we were able to drive the half mile, snow covered Tinkham road off I-90, and park at the Lake Annette trail head. The trail had over a foot of snow but was packed down by skiers and hikers so we strapped our snowshoes to our packs. The first mile crossed three abandoned roads and later crossed the old railroad tracks. At 2600 feet of elevation we left the trail heading east through the woods for Olallie Meadows. We had 1500 feet of bushwhacking through thick, snow covered trees ahead of us. It was too steep for snowshoes and too soft for proper footing. At this point were we had to crawl to get anywhere so we decided to turn back. We had all been to the lake before so we did the next best thing : HEAD FOR THE NORTH BEND BAKERY!

Climbers (Both BOEALPS and W.A.C.) were Carol Williams, Curt Vansant, and Dale Ott.

Mount Hood by Eric Wetzel

January 11th...Mike Fitzpatrick and I stomped up Mt. Hood. Leaving a cozy timberline cot at 2:00 AM, the near full moon provided a beautiful evening to walk up the ski slopes. When the moon set, it was dark (no thanks to three separate headlamp burnouts!) Dawn rewarded our patience by lighting the summit rime a deep pink. At the summit at 8:15, the view south was great, but high winds kept the photos to a minimum. Back at the lodge at 10:30 (after fending off curious skiers) we found out we had time before room checkout to take a hot shower - how decadent! The snow was ideal at night...although we carried snowshoes, crampons, ropes, etc., etc., we needed only food, water, and warm clothes.

Mt Si Dec 20, 1986

"A lesson to be learned?"

I slept in late and was going to finish up Christmas shopping, but the day was beautiful, so logically I could not waste it buying gifts. I left that for Santa Claus. I decided the day would better be spent hiking. At the trailhead I did not bother to change into boots as I saw no snow near the top of Mt Si from the highway. I alternated between running and walking fast up the trail to the top, where I took a short breather before heading down. About one and a half miles from the trailhead on a flat section of trail I let my concentration wane while I was running. In the next few seconds my left ankle turned under all my body's weight and I found myself in excruciating pain. I sat down and looked it over, thinking I broke it. My foot felt kinda numb and I felt kinda dumb. It appeared to still hold me if I stood on it gingerly, so off I limped down the remaining trail not wanting it to stiffen up on me. Finally at the car I sat down and looked at it again, only now it had the appearance of a softball and was all black and blue. All I could do was swear at my stupidity as I drove off to a hospital to have it checked over. The doctor diagnosed it as a bad sprain, as x-rays showed no break. I later was to discover that I had torn some ligaments. My Christmas present was a pair of new crutches!

In conclusion: I will never again wear tenni-shoes when on a trail.

-John Petroske-

More Mini Reports

West Tiger Mtn. 1,2,3

(2400ft. - 3000ft.)

Several successful assaults were made upon these lofty summits so far this winter. Each time I get to the top, with the horizontal rain nearly ripping my gore-tex off, I wonder: why do I always come up here in such *@#%&@#! weather? Then I remember, if the weather were good I would be on a real peak!

Actually, Tiger Mtn. is a nice, almost always snow-free training climb. It's quick to get to, only 20 min. from my house (Seattle) to High Point Way. And, if you hike to West Tiger 3, then turn East and traverse the ridge over W.T. 2 and on up W.T. 1, then return by reversing your route, you gain 3000' of elevation.

NOTE: REI now carries a map of the entire Tiger Mtn. area for \$1
---Jim Blilie

Granite Mtn. and McClellan's Butte

I and several companions climbed Granite Mtn. earlier this winter. In spite of Ray Smutek's warnings to the contrary, Granite can be a fun and safe winter climb. Just watch your avalanche conditions! Several friends (read: step-kickers) make the trip much more fun. On our trip, in late November, it was sunny, and the south side of the peak was perfect "step snow".

Another good winter day trip, when your chomping for Inner Constance but the weather is marginal, is McClellan's Butte. We climbed it the weekend following Granite Mtn. in cold, snowy, blowy weather. After a couple of winter ascents, I would suggest the following route, which we took on this latest trip. Follow the summer trail route to the south end of the summit ridge, then traverse the ridge to the summit. You can stay mostly on the crest, with a few detours to the west. We found the class 2 slab at the top to be a real climbing challenge with a half-inch of ice on the rock and a plastering of shallow snow. Several step-kickers and crampons* are a must on this trip. Watch the avalanche conditions!! (* snowshoes too?)

---Jim Blilie

Future Program Information :

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.

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 inordinate 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.

Mountaineering Oriented First Aid (MOFA)

The MOFA class will begin on Thursday, February 12th. Classes will be from 6:30 - 9:30 on Tuesday and Thursday evenings through March 26th at the new Oxbow Recreation Center. Cost for the course will be \$25, payable to Eric Wetzel (preferably before the class starts). There may be a few spaces available for those who haven't reserved a spot. Contact Eric (773-5259, M/S 8Y63) or show up at the first class.

1987 BASIC MOUNTAINEERING COURSE

The annual BOEALPS Basic Mountaineering Course will be held during the months of March through May. The course covers the theory and practice of safe and enjoyable climbing, travel and living in alpine areas. The course is recommended to those 18 years old and over who are interested in year-round climbing. Completion of this course gives one the training necessary to participate in climbs on all major peaks in the state. The course is open to Boeing employees, their friends, and friends of BOEALPS members; with Boeing employees having priority for registration. A general orientation and registration meeting will be held on Wednesday March 4, 7:00 pm, at the new Oxbow Recreation Facility. For more information, contact the class coordinator, Mike Froebe, (M/S 6L-46, 656-5685).

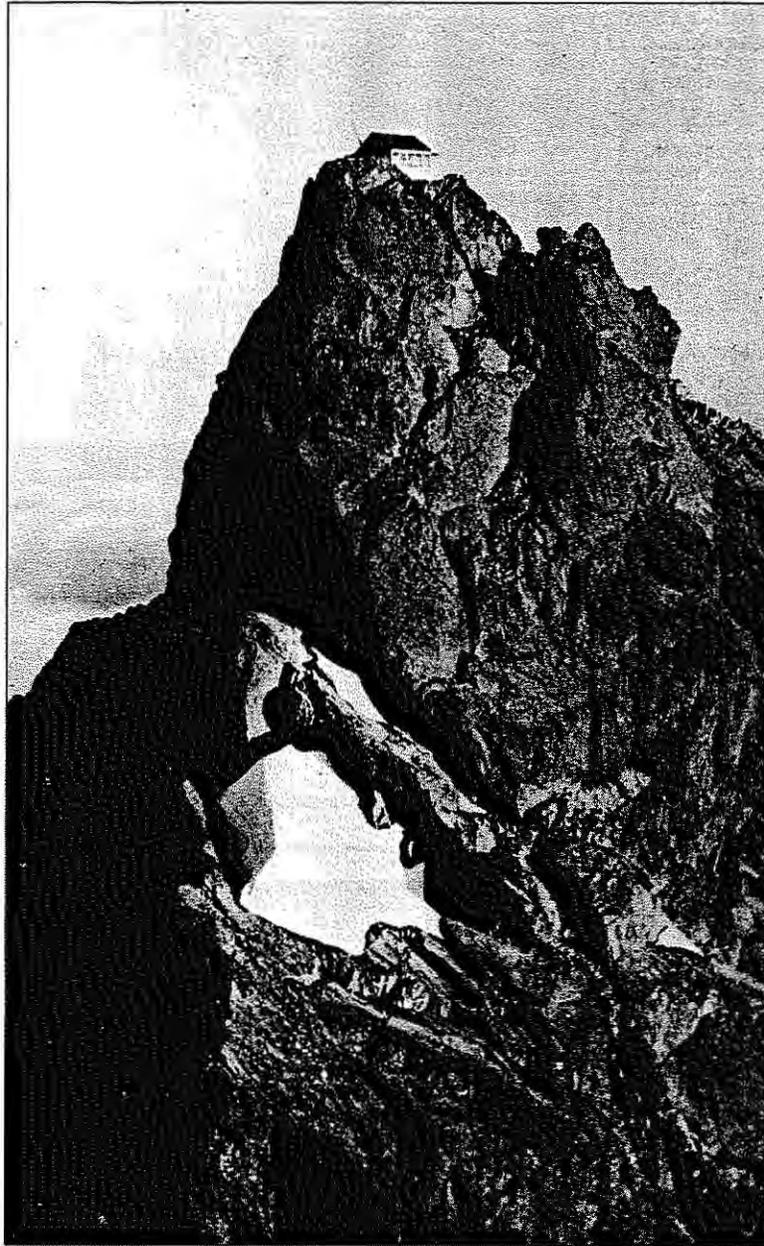
DAY TRIP TO COWLITZ ROCKS FEB. 21
A INTERMEDIATE SKI TRIP TO COWLITZ ROCKS IN MOUNT RAINIER
NATIONAL PARK. CALL MIKE BINGLE FOR INFORMATION AND SIGN-UP:
394-3373 (WORK) 852-2738 (HOME).

The 6th Annual St. Patricks Day Climb of The Brothers

March 14,15 1987

Kickoff the climbing season with an enjoyable climb of the Brothers. Good weather, good folks and good fun have combined to make this a tradition in the Boealps. Both the north and south peak are easily assesible from our camp. The agenda is to meet in Seattle on saturday, organize our group gear and head for breakfast in Hoodsport, followed by lunch at Lena lake and Dinner next to a presto-fire in the valley of the silent men. We will climb the peaks on sunday morning and finish the trip back in Hoodsport for a closing dinner. Join me on this excellent conditioning climb.

Your Fearless leader is
Jerry Baillie
Gimme a call at
367-1455 home
764-9175 work



REAL ESTATE

1 Rm., Mtn. Vu

Airy pre-WWII vacation cabin available atop spectacular Three Fingers Peak, a scenic 75 miles from downtown Seattle. Simple but charming 14-by-14-foot floor plan with windows all around; excellent exposures north, south, east, west. Stone porch in front. Newly painted white clapboard exterior, with quaint shutters, cedar-shake roof, and hardwood floors throughout. Close to great weather: St. Elmo's fire, northern lights, etc. Excellent lightning rod. Superb *Saturday Evening Post* collection. No bath, water, utilities, etc. Exhilarating access by rope and ladder. Rental through the U.S. Forest Service, Darrington, Wash. 98241.

COURTESY OF BRUCE WEIDE

ALPINE ECHO

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



BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

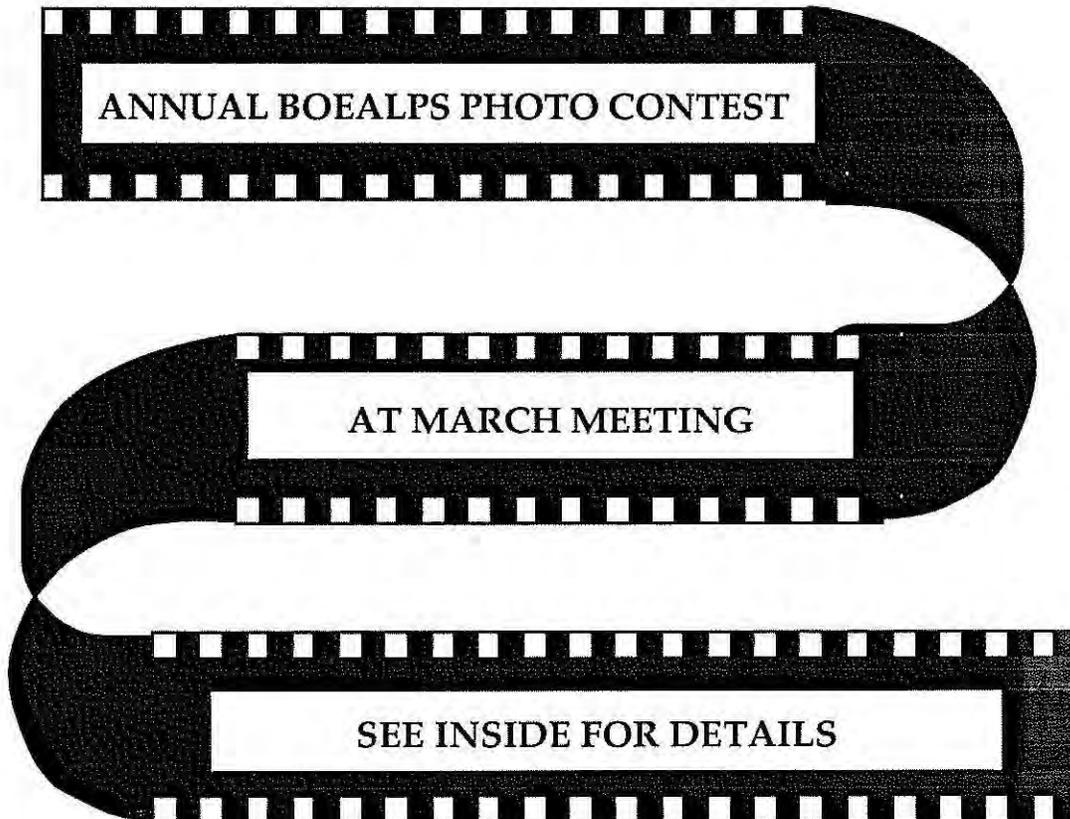
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Vice President . . . Carey Chaplin . . 47-10 . . 655-5456
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Librarian Jeff Stonebraker . . 0Y-05 . . 342-8915
Membership Mike Bingle . . 9H-32 . . 394-3373
Programs John Petroske . . 9R-48 . . 237-8657

Photo: Nevado Huandoy by Mark Dale

**MARCH MEETING
THURSDAY, MARCH 5th, 7:30 P.M.
OXBOW RECREATION CENTER**

see map



BOEALPS 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 and photos. However there are a few changes for this year, so a summary of the contest rules are provided below.

- > All entries should have the general flavor of the clubs interests (i.e. no pictures of the family dog, prize dahlias, or the six week old baby - unless the baby leads 5.13b rock.)
- > Each person is limited to 2 slides in each category - 3 slides allowed in the people category.
- > Each person may enter three photos in the print categories.
- > Popular voting will be conducted during the meeting with film and processing (in addition to fame and glory) for the top three finishers in all categories.
- > To avoid clean sweeps there will be a three prize limit per person.
- > Put your name and category on each slide - this makes it a lot easier to sort out the slides at the end.
- > For each slide category you want to enter, you must fill out a separate form (provided elsewhere in the Echo and at the meeting).
- > Forms for the print categories will be available at the meeting.
- > Please do not re-enter a slide or photo that has won in previous years.
- > Persons entering slides or photos should (read must) show up at 6:30 PM.

Slide Categories

- 1) General Mountainscapes
- 2) Flora
- 3) Water and 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 year's climbing season. Feel free to invite a friend who may be interested in the auction. Best of all, submitting items is free this year!

Belay Stance

Hello again. First off I would like to appologize about the last Echo, especially to Mark and Al, who's club trips were omitted in the mad dash to get things out. I hope that this issue is of higher caliber.

Thanks to everyone who took the time to submit an article. It is a pleasure to put together an issue with so much to offer. Keep up the good work! Rember, it only takes a few minutes to write a mini-report. Extra thanks to those of you who are making this new section a success. This month's contributors are: Dave Gloger, Jim Bllie, Don Goodman, Jack Leicester, Mark Dale, Dale Ott, Kurt Kutay, Tim Hudson, Steve Mason, Paul Michelson, Jerry Baillie, and John Petroske.

The last meeting was held at the Oxbow Center (a great show, if I must say so myself) and there was no negative response to the new facility. Accordingly the decision was made to move there on a permanent basis. If there are any strong objections to this, please voice them to your president, Rob Freeman. See the map in this issue if you need to find out how to get there.

In closing, I would like to point out that the Intermediate Course is now official. This is going to be a fantastic experience, if I must say so myself. Look for the announcement in this issue. Unfortunately, time constraints being what they are, the class will be starting in early April, so don't delay!

Happy reading and snow slogging.

PROGRAM TO FEATURE TREKKING IN THE ANDES AND AMAZON

One of Peru's most experienced mountain climbers and trekking guides will be speaking and showing slides of his expeditions throughout the Andes at several Seattle area locations throughout the month of March. JOURNEYS International, a Seattle-based adventure travel operator, is sponsoring the visit by Mr Lucho Felipa.

The program will feature an introductory, 20 minute multi-media slide program about adventure travel in Peru, complimented by Mr Felipa's personal account of his various climbing and trekking expeditions. Kurt Kutay, JOURNEYS Seattle director, will also discuss travel in the Amazon jungle.

For further information about the Andes and Amazon program, or information about trekking and climbing in Peru write JOURNEYS, 904 W Highland Dr, Seattle, WA 98119 or call 284-8890.

BACKGROUND:

MR LUCHO FELIPA: Lucho was born in Peru in 1955. He holds a degree in Business Administration with special emphasis in the development of adventure travel in the Vilcabamba Region (Cusco) of Peru. He is a graduate of many climbing courses in Peru as well as the Outward Bound program in Colorado. He is an outdoor and climbing instructor trained at the National Climbing School of Chile. Although he has acheived over 30 successful summits of the principal Andean peaks including Aconcagua (Argentina) and Huascaran (Peru), Lucho is better known as a distinguished trekking guide for American, Canadian, French and German groups over all main routes throughout the Peruvain Andes.

AMERICAN ALPINE CLUB NATIONAL MEETING

LAST YEAR'S AMERICAN ALPINE CLUB (AAC) NATIONAL MEETING WAS HELD IN DENVER, DECEMBER 5-7. THE MEETING WAS HELD AT THE REGENCY HOTEL STARTING WITH THE NATIONAL BOARD MEETING ON THE 5TH. BOARD HIGHLIGHTS INCLUDED: A LENGTHY DISCUSSION BY IAN WADE, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN PROFESSIONAL MOUNTAIN GUIDE ASSOCIATION, ON THE DRAMATIC GROWTH OF THE GUIDE ASSOCIATION OVER THE PAST YEAR DUE PRIMARILY TO THE NUMEROUS PROBLEMS WITH LIABILITY INSURANCE. THE ASSOCIATION DID NOT ASK FOR ANY DIRECT ACTION BY THE BOARD, AND THE AAC TOOK NONE, BUT THERE WAS A GENERAL AGREEMENT THAT THERE WERE MANY AREAS OF COMMON CONCERN, AND THAT THE TWO ORGANIZATIONS SHOULD BE SUPPORTIVE OF EACH OTHER. THE ACCESS "COMMITTEE", WHICH REALLY CONSISTS OF ONE MAN AND A GROUP OF HALF-CRAZED CLIMBERS THROUGHOUT THE U.S., REPORTED THAT CLOSURE OF LOW-LAND ROCK CLIMBING AREAS CONTINUE (NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS PESHASTIN) BUT THAT SOME POSITIVE PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE IN THE FOLLOWING AREAS: RED ROCKS (NEAR LAS VEGAS), VALLEY OF FIRE, CAPITOL REEF, AND HUECO TANKS. IT HAS BEEN FOUND THAT RE-OPENING AREAS OR KEEPING AREAS OPEN IS TAKING ALOT OF EFFORT BY MANY INDIVIDUALS THROUGHOUT THE NATION. CLUB SECRETARY, FRANK DE LA VEGA REPORTED ON A PROGRAM THAT IS UNDER STUDY FOR PROVIDING INSURANCE FOR INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS. THERE WAS MUCH DISCUSSION RE MEMBERSHIP REQUIREMENTS. THE GIST OF ALL OF IT IS THE BOARD HAS DIRECTED THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE TO BEGIN LIBERALIZING THE MEMBER ACCEPTANCE CRITERIA. THE EXPEDITIONS COMMITTEE (THE GUTS OF THE CLUB) REPORTED THAT THREE EXPEDITIONS WERE SPONSORED BY THE CLUB IN 1986; AN ATTEMPT ON THE OGRE, AN ATTEMPT ON THE LHOTSE TRAVERSE, AND THE NORTHWEST AMERICAN EVEREST EXPEDITION. THE LATTER EXPEDITION CONSISTS OF TWO BOEALPS MEMBERS. THE NATIONAL SCIENCE FOUNDATION HAS ASKED THE EXPLORERS CLUB AND THE AAC TO HELP DEVELOP GUIDELINES FOR PRIVATE EXPEDITIONS TO ANTARTICA. THE CONCERN IS THAT EXPEDITIONS ARE GOING THERE ANYHOW AND THE ENVIRONMENT IS VERY SENSITIVE TO OVERUSE OR MISUSE. TREASURER BILL PUTNAM PRESENTED HIS USUAL PITCH ON THE GREAT NEED FOR A BLOOD LETTING TO GET THE DEFICIT UNDER CONTROL. PUTNAM NOTED THAT A FEW KEY CLUB MEMBERS WHO HAVE PERSONALLY COVERED THE CLUB'S YEAR END DEFICITS ARE NOT LONG FOR THIS WORLD (ONE OF THESE CHAPS DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE PUTNAM, A FRIEND FOR TWENTY YEARS!). AFTER A LOT OF HAGGLING IT WAS DECIDED THAT THE DUES FOR YOUNGER AND OLDER MEMBERS WOULD REMAIN THE SAME, BUT THE MIDDLE GROUP (FROM 25 TO 65) WOULD BE RAISED \$5.00 ANNUALLY TO \$50 EFFECTIVE IN 1987. SOME OTHER MINOR ADJUSTMENTS WERE MADE, MOST NOTABLY IN THE FEES FOR THE CLIMBER'S RANCH IN THE TETONS.

THE MEMBERSHIP MEETING WAS HELD ON SATURDAY MORNING, MAINLY A SUMMATION OF WHAT IS DESCRIBED ABOVE. THE FIRST PROGRAM ON SATURDAY WAS ON EUROPEAN ROCK CLIMBING COMPETITIONS, THEN A PROGRAM ON LOWLAND ROCK CLIMBING THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. THESE TWO PROGRAMS FOLLOWED JOHN GILL'S FRIDAY NIGHT PROGRAM ON THE HISTORY OF BOULDERING AND HIS INVOLVEMENT IN THE SPORT. I THINK EVERONE WAS BEGINNING TO WONDER IF THIS WAS AN "ALPINE CLUB" MEETING OR "LOW-LAND ROCK" CLIMBING MEETING UNTIL MIKE KENNEDY GAVE A VERY NICE PRESENTATION ON ALPINE CLIMBING IN ALASKA, INDIA, AND NEPAL. AFTER A RATHER LONG BREAK FOR SOCIALIZING, DINNER, AND ANNOUNCEMENTS, GREG CHILD GAVE A SPLENDID PRESENTATION ON GASHERBRUM IV. JUST PRIOR TO GREG'S SHOW A HIGHLIGHT OF THE EVENING WAS A DRUNKEN, LICRA CLAD ROCK-JOC, WHO ATTEMPTED TO CRAWL TO THE SPEAKERS PODIUM TO APPARENTLY ATTACK THE CLUB'S PRESIDENT, JIM MCCARTHY (WHO RAMBLED ON FOR NEARLY TWO HOURS, UNFORTUNATELY THE ROCK-JOC PASSED OUT AND WAS REMOVED BEFORE HE COULD COMPLETE HIS MISSION).

THE HIGHLIGHT OF SUNDAY WAS A PRESENTATION/DISCUSSION ON HIGH ALTITUDE ILLNESS WITH DOCTORS DRUMMOND RENNIE, PETER HACKETT, AND ROBERT SCHOENE. ALL AND ALL A GOOD MEETING ATTENDED BY OVER FORTY PEOPLE FROM THE NORTHWEST.

DONALD J. GOODMAN
CHAIRMAN
AAC, CASCADE SECTION

Mt. Adams, North Lyman Glacier

Sept 6 - 7, 1986

Tim Hudson

(with apologies to Alex and Ken for my tardiness)

Saturday morning started badly. As Alex readied his gear at 0530, the ever-vigilant Issaquah police stopped just to make sure we weren't ransacking the place. (His van does tend toward the suspicious!) They departed after reassurances that we were indeed harmless, if a bit scruffy. Dusty and our cats then introduced themselves, quickly dispelling any remaining hope the neighborhood harbored for a peaceful morning. We separated poor Dusty and the killer cats, insured that she was tied and well supplied with tennis balls, and left before anything else might delay us.

A quick huddle pointed us toward Mt. Adams, since the weather seemed to be headed north. We checked in at the Morton guard station and arrived at the Killen Creek trailhead (4600') about 0930. A beautiful, late summer day had developed, with scattered clouds, warm sun and a light wind. Anticipation helped the miles pass quickly, even with heavy climbing packs. We broke for lunch at the junction of the Crest Trail, admiring the view and killing time with a mounted party.

Another couple of hours found us above High Camp (ca. 8000'), wishing we'd hired the pack animals and weighing our choice of climbs. After some deliberation, we wandered over the toe of the North ridge to examine the Lyman glacier.

The Lyman is split by a cleaver into two lobes (north and south) at its midpoint as it falls from the mountain's northeastern slopes. Both lobes contain respectable *serac* fields below the cleaver, and rise steeply above it before merging below the summit dome. Both are heavily *crevassed*.

The lateness of the season, combined with the exceptionally dry summer insured that the glacier ice was largely exposed and most *crevasses* unbridged. The tongue of the north lobe was very dirty, indicating considerable rockfall from the ridge bordering on the west. From our vantage, the south lobe appeared to be completely spanned by a deep *bergschrund* near its apex.

Choosing to avoid the obvious *'schrund*, we picked a feasible route on the north lobe, agreeing that an early morning start would minimize rockfall hazard.

So encouraged, we retrieved our packs and established camp on a sandy bench just east of the North ridge. The site was clean and comfortably sheltered from the wind, with a handy source of fresh meltwater. We dined to an exquisite sunset and retired to the Milky Way.

Dawn was clear and cold, with little wind and hardly a cloud in the sky. Another perfect day! We ate hurriedly and began the approach. The rubble of the moraine was aggravating and difficult to negotiate. Our early start had disappeared by the time we had covered the half mile or so to the snout of the north lobe and roped up.

By this time, the first couple hundred yards of the glacier were being bombarded by debris loosening in the warming sun. For a few moments I felt like a one-pin on league night! Fortunately, we traversed the free-fire zone with no mishaps, and were able to concentrate on routefinding.

The glacier itself was in pretty good condition. Its lower portion was covered by a heavy layer of frozen, wind-blown dirt, providing reasonable purchase (and adversely affecting the life of the rope). The lack of snow bridges caused some navigation problems, but none that were insurmountable. We made good time to the *serac* field, trading leads protected by running belays on a doubled 120' line.

The slope steepened to about 35° as we approached the *seracs*. I had the lead. Wholly absorbed in trying to pick a path through the jumbled towers, I momentarily neglected my footing. One crampon slipped, and I was off before I could react! Alex alertly caught my tumbling pendulum with a self-arrest, narrowly averting disaster. I was shaken and quite abraded, but otherwise not much the worse for wear. The helmet, donned earlier and forgotten, proved to be a Godsend.

(Moral(s): Keep your wits about you, both in the lead and when following. A helmet doesn't do much good stuffed in your pack.)

We continued to the *seracs*, gingerly feeling our way around and through the intricate maze. (Early season snow might provide a bypass on the west.) We encountered several pitches of two-tool climbing, some on the hard, brittle walls of the *seracs*, some on the softer, more forgiving glacier surface. Finally, after a particularly good lead on a short, near-vertical wall, Alex emerged onto the sunny, upper slopes of the glacier.

From this point, with the technical and route-finding problems behind, the climb became a straightforward trudge up the 30° slope to the final *'schrund* below the summit dome. Fatigue, altitude and a sharp westerly wind combined to make the summit push one of the longest I have ever experienced. We finally sighted the remains of the sulphur miners' cabin (truly a monument to the hardiness of man and beast), at 1400.

We descended the North ridge without incident and broke camp at about 1700. Knowing that the hike out would be a race against the thinning light, we set about it with our little remaining enthusiasm. The moonlight finally failed after what seemed like an endless march. We grudgingly groped for our headlamps, and mine was dead! ("A curse!" cries the superstitious climber. "Biorhythms!" the scientifically-inclined reader counters.) As we summoned the courage to confront this latest calamity, Alex just happened to catch the trailhead sign in his light! Saved again!

(Moral: Check those batteries. Take a spare set. They might be needed somewhere other than on a nice, wide trail.)

We checked out at Morton, pausing momentarily for rehydration at the local convenience store (the only establishment open at that late hour) and gassed the Toyota for the long haul home. Dog and master were finally reunited at about 0100, and left for a location more conducive to canine well-being. It had been a long, taxing weekend, and, except for Dusty, we were well satisfied.

Summary:

This is a thoroughly enjoyable climb, grade III, in a grand wilderness setting. Ice protection and skills are a must in late season. A helmet is recommended for rockfall. **A precaution:** Only attempt northern routes on Mt. Adams in good weather; finding the North ridge in limited visibility could pose serious problems upon descent.

Climbers: Tim Hudson, Alex Van Steen and Dusty (in absentia)



The deadline for the April Echo will be Thursday, March 19th.

The news articles and opinions expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the Boeing Company

A Freeze-dried Journey

(serves two, add 12 oz. boiling water,
stir, let stand 5 min.)

words and drawings by Jim Blilie

The love of Nature is after all an aquired taste. One begins by admiring the Hudson-River landscape and ends by loving the desolation of the Sahara. Just why or how the change would be difficult to explain. You cannot always dissect a taste or a passion. Nor can you pin Nature to a board and chart her beauties with square and compasses. One can give his impressions and but little more. Perhaps I can tell you something of what I have seen in these two years of wandering; but I shall never be able to tell you the grandeur of these mountains, nor the glory of the color that wraps the burning sands at their feet. We shoot arrows at the sun in vain; yet still we shoot.

--John Charles VanDyke
from The Desert, 1901

* * * * *

Even though they're used to it, they shrink from the terrific exposure. He, strung out on lead, two pitches from the top of the 2000 ft. route, and his partner, belaying from a tiny, chiselled niche in a steep apron of ice. The belay was shaky, offering porous, brittle ice and no piton cracks. Just a couple of ugly ice screws anchor them to the mountain.

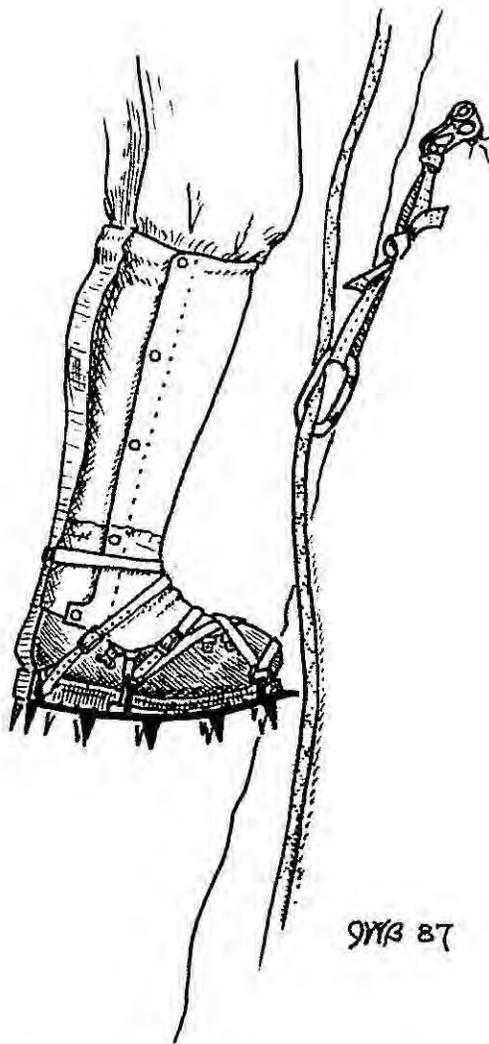
The air beneath his feet assaults his composure, knots his gut. He remembers: the Leader shall not fall!

The cold bites through heavy gloves to numb his fingers. His movement, though strong and steady, is not enough to force warming blood into his fists. Belayer stamps impatiently below. His mind drifts.

It's been a disappointing winter; no ice-climbing until this recent cold snap. No chance for a sensible amount of ice to build up.

Sometimes he sees no sense at all to his constant game of climbing. He wonders why he returns again and again to the hills, to risk. He enjoys the challenges, mental and physical: overcoming hardship, cold, altitude, fear, danger to achieve that childishly tangible goal of a summit.

The sheer beauty of his climbing world, too, is almost painfull. To be up among the peaks, ice-draped ragged summits receding into infinity, fills his eyes with wonder



and his mind with poetry. When his thoughts return, all that remains is the next himal, cordillera, or ridge of stark spires.

And the frozen runnel to which he clings.

The blue ice groans under his assault, giving an occasional hollow thump, but remains intact. He has been up this route before, when the ice was thicker, when it didn't shatter so badly, when it was warmer. But strength courses through his body as he moves upward, defying the difficulties.

He pauses to place an ice-screw, a strenuous job on this near-vertical pitch. Far above the last one, and a hundred feet above his belayer, he needs the security.

A small spindrift avalanche rushes down on him and he bows his head to meet it. It flows over, under, and through him. Sliding inside his parka, the frozen water seeks the ocean by a very indirect route. He watches the rest plunge out of sight into the confusion of snowflakes below. It's snowing hard now -- his belayer is barely visible.

Screw in, he clips the rope on, and replaces his ice hammers. He moves his feet up, precisely setting the four small, sharp crampon points which support him. Feet together, heels down, smooth motion, using little energy. He swings a hammer, and bright ice chips shower down, the pick careening off ineffectively. "Bloody, brittle crud today!"

This is the crux pitch of the route, which follows the only weakness in the North Face -- a steep shallow gully. In summer, it is filled with repulsively loose rock, but in winter, frozen in a pale arc, its icy chute draws him irresistibly.

He is there. The section that nearly stopped them last year. The ice necks down and smears over a slab in an obscene blue-grey streak. Thirty feet of vertical, then the angle eases to an spacious belay alcove. Arms going dead and calf muscles burning, he attacks.

The ice becomes amazingly thin; a wonder that it still adheres to the cliff. He hangs from wrist-loops to gain a moment's rest. Hammers and feet swing in smooth rhythm, absolute attention on every placement. He feels the consistency of the ice with each motion, knowing its every quirk. He reaches for a final placement, and suddenly the ice is unfamiliar.

A mere observer now, he sees the thin curtain of ice disintegrate, the spinning shards revealing a featureless wall of granite. Momentarily his crampons rest on solid ice. But at this impossibly steep angle, his body begins to describe a slow backward arc. A frantic, final hammer blow glances off the rock with a bright spark and hot ozone smell.

He presses off with his feet as he keels over, and manages to remain upright in-flight. Accelerating, he passes into the expanding cloud of ice fragments. Surprising how he can make out the fine network of cracks through the center of each one.

He feels his weightless body drift downward -- it's almost pleasant; everything so clear and hard-edged. He watches as the bright yellow sling on his last screw floats upward past him. Should have brought more 'biners -- had to tie that one. The rope loops in unnatural motions like an eel on linoleum. The snowflakes now appear motionless and he notes that they are the needle-shaped variety, just as he would expect in this cold.

The loose bight of rope through the yellow sling tightens. His partner is lifted from his stance and slams hard up on the anchors. Belayer and leader grunt under the impact. The magnificent elasticity of nylon is proven once again as the rope stretches far beyond what is seemly. The uppermost sling screams in protest. Louder, until the falling climber can make out each fiber's cry as it lets go, like a yelping beast...

A flake of frost from the tent's roof alights on his face and he starts awake. He snaps up, sees the smooth canopy of the tent around him, the soft glow from the street-light, and his nerves fall back into their proper places. The coyotes wail in the semi-darkness, just beyond the road. He pokes his head out of the tent into the thick fog. Still there. Been in it since early yesterday. Lying back down, and zipping his bag up tight, he shakes off the last shivers of the nightmare. Never, never trust a pizza you don't know.

Sleep eludes him as he thinks about how he embarked on this strange trip. Never seen the Desert he'd said, it'll be great. But no one wanted to leave the comforts of home for a place they didn't care for in summer, and even less as a frozen entree.

Solo. It fills the void of lost companionship with no demands for your attention; with an unimpaired "seeing" of all that surrounds you. With freedom. He exists randomly now, for a short while.

Armed with food, gear, and film he pointed the truck east. As planned, he made the pass just after dawn, and slipped from bright magenta alpenglow on the Tooth, into sullen, grey fog. This was supposed to be a "seeing" trip, was it not?

He sees the fog, the way it softens the harsh cliffs and twisted canyons. Just as it hides exposure and calms the nerves on steep climbs.

Leaving the interstate as soon as possible, he went east again, right through the Hanford Reservation. In every direction: sage, black basalt jumbles, sage, derricks through the mist, sage, straight, flat highway without any shoulder, and sage.

NO TRESPASSING sprawled on every fencepost. Who would want to?

Thankful to leave fission, fusion, and confusion behind, he passed Walla Walla and into Oregon. Finally, climbing into the Blue Mountains, the truck burst out of the fog into brilliant sunshine. This range and a few other high, ragged islands cruised in earth tones above the soup.

The truck wound its way up the canyon to the snowline and the crest of the Blues. From that high vantage, the Blues appeared to be a remnant plateau, rather than an uplift. Flat-topped with steep cliffs, then gentler slopes falling away to the surrounding plain, invisible below. The trees were more reminiscent of the Rocky Mountains than the West Coast: Whitebark Pine, Ponderosa Pine, Lodgepole Pine, Engelmann Spruce. It's the dryness. This was still desert.

But here it was just high enough to catch a bit of moisture from the winds, high enough to be cool. "The Brilliant Blues!" played Pete Townshend from the stereo.

Descending the east slope, he watched the last rays of day one fade on the high crest of the Wallawas. Memories of the Nez Perce: he knows why they loved this land. Eagle Cap beckoned to him. The mountains are like old friends. Up there lies Wilderness (it's even official) 9500 ft. peaks, glaciers, alpine lakes. But the red sands and black cliffs of the Great Basin possess him and he drove on.

On past Catherine Creek, ice choked boulders in the dusk; over another snowy pass; past Medicine Springs and back onto the flats, the fog, and Baker, Ore. He ate and then made for Farewell Bend State Park and camp.

Farewell Bend is where the Oregon Trail caravans left the Snake River and drove overland to the Columbia. A harsh passage through canyons so steep the wagons had to be jacked down, little water, and tough brush.

The campground was all his, not even a ranger about. He changed quickly and let exhaustion wash over him in his cocoon of goose feathers. Until he woke to the coyotes.

Still they yammer, now joined by Canada Geese. He's had a full night's rest and there's no use fighting the new day. He rises and luxuriates in a free, hot shower in the service building. Tent down and gear packed, he is underway by 5:30. Driving south-east he soon recrosses the damned, drowned, impounded, and remnant river. The once-mighty Snake, with hardly a free flowing stretch, now, except for Hell's Canyon.

Idaho, the third state so far on this trip. (you could also call this third state vapor) Under the fog, everything has a thick, sugary coating of rime and frost. The cottonwoods and poplars in the farm windbreaks loom like great pale coral reefs. Every dry grass or crumpled wild flower bows under its load of ice. The truck's antenna ices up and begins to flutter. He stops to apply mechanical deicing, and to make a simple breakfast on the tailgate. Bread, yogurt, fruit juice. He turns his back to the cold wind. Peaceful here, Sunday in the country. Only an occasional semi with sugarbeet hopper in tow breaks the mood.

Continuing, he rides in straight lines between great fields of the truck farms. Water from the Snake River impoundments making the desert yield. Another crossing of the Snake and he's back in Oregon. In Owyhee country -- rough black canyons capped with expansive steppes of soft dun grasses and fragrant sage. The truck grinds up the long grade out of a canyon, and he allows it a rest at the summit turnout.

A sign explains how the name Owyhee originated: from the Hawaiian fur trappers who explored this country in the 1800's. ("Owyhee" sounded like "Hawaii") He hikes into the quiet below the canyon rim, away from the highway. He drinks in the serenity of the eroded basalt monoliths, the flowing lines of the grasses, and the mist-shrouded rim beyond.

Topping out of the canyons of the Owyhee, he descends little. This is truly the high desert. The plateau he traverses lies at about 4500 ft. elevation, skimming just beneath the ragged top of the fog.

Unexpectedly, the fog parts and the scene opens before him. Funny how the eye, starved for sunlit colors and sharp edges, looks upon this fresh sight with such gratitude. Everything seems so new, so beautiful.

In fact, he sees a sere, corrugated steppe with no grand vistas to arrest the eye. Perhaps it is simply the openness that attracts -- the plateau rolls away many miles to the burnished mountains that frame the view.

The fog laps at the highway, threatening to coalesce again. The rimed plants are almost too dazzling to look at. The frost on the roadway, heated by the sun, rapidly steams into the dry air.

He passes through a small canyon gouged out of the plateau by the creek which now lies frozen at its bottom. Low winter sun makes the valley glow with a beautiful, un-earthly backlight. Frost sparkles on every dry wisp of last summer's grass.

He gets out to photograph the scene and is once more overwhelmed by the sheer stillness of the place. Not a car passes. He can hear a tiny field sparrow twitter from far across the field and the soft tinkle and laughter of the stream.

Rolling on, he is back up on the tablelands. The towns of Jordan Valley and Basque blink by. Here stand some very old, beautiful buildings of stone, whose intricate matching of blocks is reminiscent of Inca walls. White granite contrasting against a crystalline blue sky and old, stained wood.

The Basque influence is evident not only in the name of the town. A cafe also goes

by the name Basque. More mountain people: the Basques come from the high Pyrenees between France and Spain. They are and were too independent to lose their identity to the nationalism of either country. Independence is a good trait on this high desert.

The fog envelopes him once again, and the miles roll away mindlessly.

Topping a ridge, however, at Blue Mountain Pass (5293 ft.) he sets his altimeter and is in the sun. Right and left lie great red ridges of mountains. To the right (west) they hide Steen's Mountain, a large massif which is BLM land and a Wilderness Study Area. It is another high island of temperate life in the middle of the desert. He strains, but cannot part the peaks or the clouds to glimpse it.

He lunches in the shadow of the Trout Creek Mountains. Looking south into Nevada the Santa Rosa Range pokes 10,000 ft. into the sky. It looks very near in the clear, dry air, but is actually dozens of miles away. It would be nice to bag a 10,000 footer. He's got the gear, but not the time.

The breeze is strong and dry, but the sun keeps the chill away. Snow lies among the sage bushes, rapidly vanishing into the thirsty air. In winter these mountains are inviting, with the low noon sun picking out every crease in their faces. But in summer, burned black, red, and ochre, they must be beastly hot.

This is spectacular country, high plateaus divided by burnt ranges of mountains. It is all naked of trees, and laid bare to be seen. The openness draws you in to cross the valley, the next ridge of mountains, to see more ... and more.

He ponders the challenge of travelling this country in the height of summer. The difficulty appeals to him. Just like a difficult climb. The journey would be profoundly different, but the essential elements nearly identical.

Belly full, he leaves Oregon again and so the sun. He crosses Desert Valley, a flat expanse of open range. He dodges the cow chips on the road and the steers alongside it. This passage is truly mind-numbing: flat, straight, foggy, and empty. The only thing that keeps him awake is the occasional cow in the mist, giving his body a lively squirt of adrenalin as the truck and beast change course to avoid collision.

The dismal valley soon ends as he stops at Denio corner to gas up. (WARNING: Next Gas 89 Miles) Now he knows he's in Nevada. There are so many slot machines in the tiny gas station/bar/cafe/grocery store/motel he has to worm his way through to the restroom.

This place must have inspired the phrase: the middle of nowhere. The little, weathered, and forlorn building lies on a narrow flat between desert ranges, and only accentuates the emptiness. The peaks are sharply defined in the dry air, flying banners of cloud from their summits. Gravel crunches under pickup wheels. Seed-eating birds announce their possession of the swaying grass. Gas fumes. Oil spots in the dirt.



Abruptly, as he rounds a corner, the flat valley floor is transformed into a shining frozen lake. No snow mars the perfect euclidean surface. It almost mirrors the ring of mountains that wall it in. These blasted, scorched, naked peaks rise tier upon tier thousands of feet from the water's edge. Their folds and wrinkles display an incredible array of earth tones: umber, ochre, sienna, black, and brown. Each, of course, with its burnt variety.

He stops for more than a quarter hour. No cars pass. No birds call. Wind gently rattles the dry shrubs. The cirrus clouds trace fantastic dances across the intense cerulean sky. The lake lies, unmoved by the oppressive, awful, wonderful stillness. The stillness.

He speaks and the sound grates inhuman. Like the croak of a raven. It gives him a counterpoint to the quiet. Makes it all the more tangible.

The truck climbs higher and higher until his altimeter reads 5000 ft. Still more layers of plateaus rise above him. The road snakes along flat, then slams into the prow of the next scarp and is deflected sideways in a long switchback up the cliff. Red and black, rimmed with columnar cliffs of basalt, each successive layer lifts him 500 to 1000 feet higher.

The surface is moonlike, red sand and boulders with tiny scraps of plant life. Small drifts of snow still lie in the shadows. The soil is so dry, it is not bonded at all by ice, though the temperature is below freezing. It feels just like beach sand underfoot. The cirrus continue their brazen display in the sky.

Finally, the plateaus top out at 6500 ft. in the middle of a National Antelope Reserve. It's amazing any creature can thrive here. The plants have almost vanished. Even the sage, hardy denizen of the arid West, is here reduced to sorry looking clumps which rise only inches off the sand.

He looks off eastward and sees a panorama of mountains, plateaus, deep canyons and buttes. The highest ones are dusted white on their north slopes. The wind wails across the lonely plateau. Grey clouds hover directly overhead, giving a hint of snow.

His descent is rapid. He snakes down the west face of a bluff on a blasted-out catwalk. The wide, flat valley below glows in the low westering sun. At the bottom is a broad series of oxbows and waterways, their edges are rimmed with last years dry cat-tails. The breeze brings the faint honks and bleats of waterfowl.

The reeds rattle as he awaits the sunset. The sky is like a surreal painting,



splashes of cloud draped across it in unlikely juxtaposition. The clouds and the mood bode a blazing sunset. But in the end the solar disk settles quietly into the western canyon rim, lending only a faint pink glow to the cliffs.

In the fading light he passes other canyons which hold dry lake beds. Guano lake, named, with the flocks of waterfowl in attendance. The glow is now gone from the landscape. The ethereal light which the low winter sun had given all day now drops through a spectrum of greys, from battleship, to paynes, to slate.

He enters a narrow, sharp canyon. In the bottom rushes a clear, half frozen stream down from the mountains to the west. The vegetation is distinctively desert, sage, a few grasses, rabbit brush. As he drives along the canyon is clearly rising. The stream ascends in a series of cascades and twisting cataracts.

More dramatic, though, is the change in the vegetation. He's never seen such a microcosm of climatic change. The sage is soon interspersed with clumps of blue, resinous Juniper. The clumps coalesce into extensive groves on the south wall of the canyon. Pinyon Pines invade the Juniper groves, driving the Junipers to the north side of the canyon. The air is alive with birds, with life, and heady with fragrance.

As dusk begins to descend, the miniature band of forest is finally overwhelmed by a wave of Ponderosa Pines, as if on cue. The gaudy white wing tips and tails of magpies flash across the road. Jays and finches hold court in the swaying boughs. The sweet, dry, resinous incense of pine infuses every part of his senses.

Just as the light threatens to fail, he rounds a bend and is brought up short. Before him lies a small fall in the river. He must stop. He walks toward it, as it draws him in. He slides down the scree cone to the creek, stumbling and flailing.

The water descends, laughing and crashing, through two clefts in a wall of straight black basalt columns. The mathematical angles of the columns draped with random white icicles. The perfect, balanced, natural assymetry of the fall is unreal. He gazes in amazement. A tiny, round, golden aspen leaf flutters in the spray of the fall.

The leaf looks like it is going upward. The updraft caused by the falling water carries it. It seems. He's not sure. He always seems so cock-sure of everything. Now he wavers, the dusk fuzzing his perception.

As if in slow motion, he watches the frozen waterfall lose its grip. It slides down, disintegrating in a show of bright crystals on black rock. Bright? It's lighter now, the darkness halted.

He's holding two handles, gripping them with whitened knuckles...

The sling snaps like dry twig (3500 pounds, my ass).

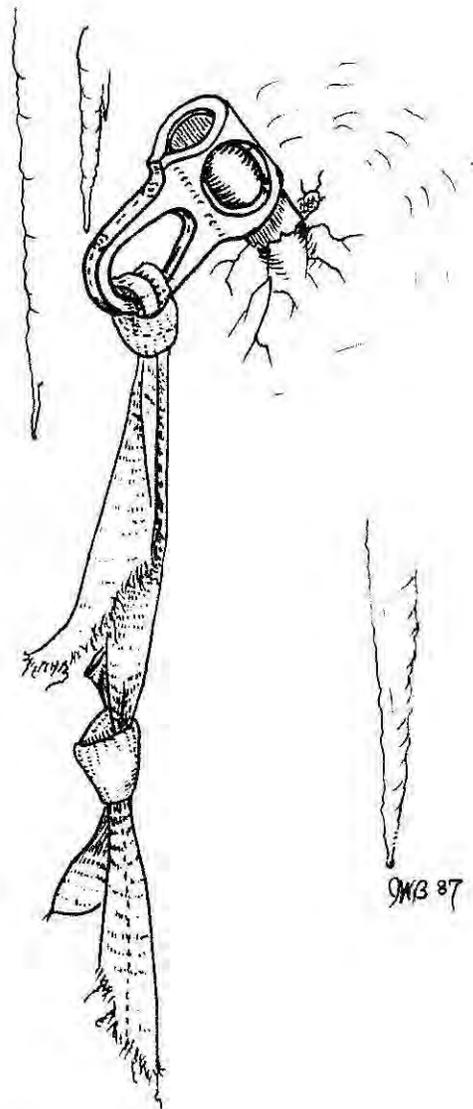
The sound is like pulling the joints of a Christmas turkey apart. The lower man, the belayer, drops back to the ice and hangs from the loosened screws, waiting. The leader rushes past him, two screws clanging from the limp rope. They pulled so easily.

The rope tightens. Belayer is pinned against the ice, rope cutting across his midsection. He lets out a bit of rope to lessen the impact, save the anchors. The screws only remain in their holes because they are under load. The first one gives. As all the load falls on the second, the belayer begins to follow his partner.

Trailing the two anchors he sails out from the face. They careen like the connected balls of a bola, their fates tied. Circling each other like the twin hearts of a double star, a mad conjunction.

Vanishing in the mist, they leave behind only a slowly rotating vortex of snowflakes.

And silence.



THE TRAP

by Mark Dale

I hung up the phone and pondered the disheartening news. Heavy snowfall, high winds, dangerous conditions - these were the bad omens disclosed by the recorded voice of the avalanche information service in Seattle. The same words heard so often this winter. No, we wouldn't have to cancel our plans, I thought, just change them. There's always a safe place to ski in the Cascade backcountry, it's just a matter of researching and choosing the right locale. Like the wary animal which wanders the forests where lie hidden snares and steel jaws set by the trapper, so does the wary mountaineer wander the wilderness where different but equally deadly traps are set by the forces of nature. Both animal and man survive by instinct, wisdom, and common sense.

Driving eastward over Stevens Pass, our moods lightened with the skies as we left behind the murky fog and drizzle of the 'wet side'. Not exactly a paradise awaited us, with high grey clouds mostly hiding the pale blue winter firmament, yet visibility was good and winds calm, and there occasionally appeared fleeting patches of sunlight on distant vistas. We passed by our original destination, Heather Ridge, and drove several miles further until beneath our new objective, Yodelin Ridge. A seemingly safe place for today, cloaked with mature forests offering protected skiing, and interspersed with clearcuts which might provide invigorating runs. My companions, Steve Mittendorf and Doug Barlow, were looking forward to a carefree day, as was I.

That there had been a substantial storm over the previous days was obvious as we climbed the logging roads blanketed with deep soft snow. The trees were heavily laden and we joked about the art of dodging 'snow bombs' in the old forest. Eventually we followed a spur road which led to a clearcut generously peppered with weathered grey stumps and fresh green saplings. We ascended this in a zigzag fashion, eyes and ears attuned to any signs of instability. Things seemed safe enough, though; not even any small sluffs from our skis to give us cause for concern. Working our way up through another band of large trees we came upon a greater clearcut. This one seemed to silently beckon. Fewer stumps and saplings, contours softened by the thick snow, and protected on all sides by tall timber, this slope promised the exhilaration of a steep run.

Still a bit cautious, we ascended the mountainside to the clearing's top. No cracks, no groans, no noises at all - the snow's silence was complete. We stopped on the shelf formed by

an old roadbed, with the slope dropping steeply beneath our feet. The views were expansive and serene, all sounds were hushed, a calmness seemed to exude from the land. Moments like this are reason enough to be here, I thought.

We decide to leave our packs and ski this manmade opening before seeking new terrain. After a quick lunch we switch on our avalanche transceivers and prepare to go, impatient for the intoxicating thrill of a steep ski descent. I volunteer to begin first and test the slope, this outward show of bravery being only a thin veneer which hides my greed for untracked snow. As I slip over the roadbed's lip, the acceleration seems instantaneous. I plunge from turn to turn, the deep soft powder rushing over my knees as I seem to float weightlessly downward. Stopping before halfway down the slope, I catch my breath and babble to Steve and Doug about how beautiful the snow is today. I watch as Steve makes a couple of turns and stops, with Doug still waiting above. Setting my poles aside and getting out my camera, I prepare to photograph Steve as he skis toward me, still about one hundred feet away. And as I held the camera to my eye, at that very instant, totally unexpected, the trap sprung!

It began with a small, innocuous, muffled crack - a dreadful sound to those who know its meaning, and I am one who knows. I see things happen with the slow motion eyes of someone else. All around the slope slowly begins to move and hiss, as deep rumblings well up from the bowels of the earth. Everything seems to be in motion, the once smooth slope now breaking into large churning blocks of snow. "SLIDE!!!", I scream as my feet are swept out from under me. One quick glance at Steve and I see him still standing, a confused and startled look on his face.

OhpleaseGodnotme, whatastupidfoolIam, Iwalkedintothetrapp, thetraphassprung, itsnotmytimetodie, ohpleasegivemeanotherchance! A thousand thoughts race through my mind in a second. Like a white freight train, the moving mass of snow overpowers me, carries me to my destination. I flail my arms, trying to swim on the cold, white, bucking sea. My speed increases as the avalanche pours me over the brink of a steep drop. I try to edge my skis into the underlying surface, but to no avail. Desperately I look below; can there be no escape?

Then, on a bench at the base of the drop, the train slows to a stop. Snow from above continues to pile up around me but then it too ceases. And I'm alive, only buried to the knees! The sense of relief is overwhelming, a relief that only comes after escaping Death's icy talons. "Thank You God", I mutter, "for another chance". Looking above I see tons of snow poised on the brink of the drop. The trap has only partially closed, I could still be buried. I yell up to Steve and Doug that I'm okay. Doug, who wasn't caught and witnessed all from our lunch spot,

tells me that Steve is alright but has been carried down and must carefully move off the upper slope which still hangs delicately over me. Still trembling, I dig out my skis and legs from under the heavy compacted debris. There would be little hope for someone buried beneath that. My poles and camera have vanished during the white frenzy.

Soon I'm at the edge of the forest and can see most of the slide area. What was once a smooth and inviting slope is now a chaotic mass of scattered snow blocks on a hard, glistening, swept surface. The fracture line of the slab is a foot and a half deep and extends in a ragged break for two hundred feet across the clearing. It's at least three hundred feet from top to bottom of the slide path, and I was carried more than one hundred fifty feet down. A fiendish deadly trap, and we skied right into it.

After about one half hour Steve and Doug reach me, carefully giving the open clearcut a wide berth. As they post lookout from the wood's edge onto the slope, I return to the place where I was deposited to search for my lost gear. Knowing that people and loose items would often come to rest in the same vicinity after being carried long distances in an avalanche gave me hope for finding my things. Much to my delight, I soon uncovered a ski pole, then the camera case. Doug joined in the probe and after an hour of poking and digging we recovered my other pole and the camera, all within ten feet of each other.

By now the initial shock of this frightening event had tempered somewhat and our hearts returned to their normal rates and rhythms. Needless to say, we avoided all open areas for the day's remainder, but were able to enjoy skiing through the big trees. Later that afternoon we spotted the remains of another slab avalanche, with ski tracks leading into its upper edge. Someone else had obviously taken a big ride that day. We listened with our transceivers but heard no signals and were relieved to see several sets of downhill tracks leading from the debris.

What's to be learned from all of this? I guess it just goes to show that even experienced wilderness travelers can be fooled, that caution and healthy paranoia can be dulled after years of avoiding these traps, either through blind luck or good decisions. Looking back, I see two ways we might have evaded this particular trap. One way would have been to dig a snow pit and observe the weak bonding of the new snow to old. The other way would have been to avoid the open slope completely. Yet snow structure revealed in a pit may not be enough to sway one's decision, and open slopes offer the best skiing. Perhaps the best method for survival is to think like an animal wandering through a land of hidden traps that are cleverly disguised. Look for clues, even one is enough. Instinct and experience will trigger a silent alarm, a tiny warning signal might be sensed from deep in one's mind. Don't ignore it! The trap is unforgiving.

Mini Reports :

Trip Report: Lanham Lake (BOEALPS Ski-hike), January 14th (or so)

Jack Leicester

The trailhead for this trip is the Sno-Park at Mill Creek; located five miles past Stevens Pass summit.

Directions: Road-dog the level Mill Creek road about 7/8 of a mile to the first (not so obvious) cat track that takes of up 15 degrees and left, "V"-ing back a mile or so to the power line. Ski up the power line road 1/8 of a mile until you hit the Lanham Creek drainage, then ski up and right, contouring into the open forested canyon, intersecting another logging road. Follow the road and then a trail, gaining five to ten degrees for about a half mile. The the fun begins; ski up a rather thin, steep ridge, a stream bed on one side and an avalanche slope on the other, for about 400 vertical feet (30 - 40 degrees) into an open-timbered 20 degree slope. The slope is basically following the stream bed over a saddle to the lake (1/2 mile). Return by the approach route. You have lots of latitude for telemarking or doing the spread-eagled, inverted spine-bender on the slopes just below the lake, but the thin ridge to access the upper trail is done with clenched teeth and sweaty brows. Once on the trail, it's a piece of cake back to the car. Just sit back on your heels and point the skis down the uphill tracks, insuck and think cool thoughts. Admittedly, the re-road-dogging is a downcomer, but not enough to spoil a nice trip.

We had nine lucky people. The usual latecomers (Mike Bingle and wife), two grouzers (Sharon Filer and Bonnie Sykora), a struggler (Terry Crook, until we opened up her world by putting skins on her dog-skis), a me-firster (Paul Bouche), and three charter members of the 'Over the Hill Gang' (Jim Burns, Lorna Willard, and yours truly). You other folks missed a good one.

Jumbo, Go Away (with apologies to FZ) February 15, 1986

Ken Johnson

Jerry Baillie, Mark Dickinson, and I met at the Everett Denny's to plan the day's events. While it was relatively easy to keep the chow out of the guide books, choosing a route wasn't. Big Four was out (avalanches), Whitehorse sounded like too much work in marginal conditions, and Dickerman was probably being rained on. Jerry spoke of Jumbo, a peak directly east of Whitehorse. The name sounded perfect - big and dumpy.

We could sort of make out our objective as we drove into Darrington, but didn't have a good enough view to save us. Soon we were wending our way up Squire Creek. Jerry's gutless wonder made it to 1600 feet. Surprisingly enough, road conditions rather than snow stopped us. We decided to be sporting, so we gave the guidebook a cursory glance and threw it back into the car. The topo was still at Jerry's house, so we didn't have to worry about surveying errors costing us the summit. We hiked up the road until I thought the terrain matched what I thought I remembered from the book, and into the brush we went. The going was fairly easy once we entered the old growth after crossing the stream. It was steeper, but more open and less cliffy than staying on the north. We thought we may have been off route, but Mark found an open air garbage dump to quell our fears. We got off the dirt when the trees thinned out. I was a bit worried about the new wet snow on top of the crust, but for nought. We punched steps up to the saddle on the south rim of the bowl as the snow started to fall and the clouds lowered. We tried to see the easy gully referred to in the book (I think) but saw nothing easier than 4th class snow plastered gullies separating very steep ridges and faces. We must be off route. After all, we are climbing with Baillie, aren't we? From the saddle we got semi-views of the terrain to the east and decided that a summit attempt was definitely off, since we didn't know where the summit was and couldn't see any good way to get there. Desperate to get to the top of something we struck out west along the ridge. Traversing steep snow beneath fun looking but snowy rock outcrops provided fun for a few hundred yards before giving way to a narrow rock ridge. Not having ropes or racks we retired to a not so snow-blown area to eat and dream of summer days and clean climbs. Full force glissades failed to set off the slopes, and soon we were back in the brush admiring the awesome Squire Creek Wall through breaks in the growth. All in all a good character builder and good excuse to get out with some friends, but not much excitement. Maybe next weekend.

Doug Weaver and I completed a successful winter climb of Inner Constance in the Olympics via a snow gully on the mountains Western Side. We hiked in Saturday under heavy clouds and fog and set up our snow camp below a huge boulder 3/4 mile up the valley from Lake Constance. Snow conditions were not too bad and snow shoes were not needed for the hike in. We left ours in the car. During the afternoon the weather looked like it was going to clear, but after dinner it began snowing. The falling snow did not dampen our expectations for the coming morning, which proved to be clear. We were off and climbing by six a.m. under clear cold skies and high spirits. The views of snow plastered Mt. Constance were quite impressive until dark clouds quickly rolled in and it began snowing. Things still looked reasonably well so we continued climbing. The clouds soon became a white-out but we knew where we were, well sort of. The final section of the gully was "semi-steeper" and we gained the ridge crest in a fury of raging wind and snow. Following the ridge crest for a short distance we finally reached the summit. We praised the fine weather and view, and 15 seconds later we were heading down. We must have been moving pretty fast since it took us only a little more than 3 hours to reach the summit.

The descent down the gully was great fun as we zipped down it, yelling, whooping, and laughing. Soon we were back at camp where we fired up the stove for some warm brews and defrosted our bodies. Lazily we packed up and headed down the trail. It sure felt great to arrive home at a reasonable hour. Thanks for the the great weekend mountain-gods.

-John Petroske

Climb Report- Palisades Ice

Late in January a few of us decided to see if we could find any ice worth climbing so we headed east with directions to the famous Palisades waterfalls. Jeanne and I were a little leary since we had cruised through the area in December on the way back from Montana and didn't see anything solid. The recent cold spell encouraged us, however and on we went for a four hour drive. Arriving at the waterfall visted last year by the Jim Billie ice capades we were happy to see that there was a little, not much, but a little ice there.

We made our approach (I guess they took out the barbed wire, Ken) and took a few trial whacks at some chandeliered ice covered, where level, with new snow. It seemed to hold so we discussed leading it. Mark beat us to the starting line but after a couple screws were set part way up four tries failed to start the third one. The waterfall had turned somewhat hollow (air pockets) and we decided to set a top rope and have some fun. The upper stretches were thin enough to blunt a few picks so it seemed that we made the right decision.

The upper two pitches were NOT in shape, unfortunately. The second wasn't continuous where we could climb it and the rest was raining water. The third was a spectacular looking free hanging drip of 100 feet or so and would have posed a real challenge. We deferred an attempt for when water was not running down it and it might be more secure.

The climbers were: Jeanne Gengler, Russ Brinton, Mark Dale, Jeff Hunt and Steve Mason.

With the promise of another climbing season fast approaching, everybody's busy going through their trusty Beckey books making out their "HIT-LISTS" for '87. For those seeking a moderately challenging and beautiful route consider the West Ridge of Forbidden Peak. Located in the Cascade Pass area this route is included as one of the 50 classic climbs of North America in Roper and Steck's popular book of that same title. Although all of the routes on this peak should be considered classics. With the increased popularity of this climb maybe the most difficult thing about it will be finding a legal camping spot in Boston Basin or dealing with people on the route. Plan your trip for week days or register early.

When Mike Fitzpatrick, Al Ryll, and myself climbed the peak in July of '85 we didn't run into any of those problems and in fact found a perfect no-impact Bivi spot on a slab of granite at the glacier's toe. We experienced no trouble in getting up the couloir however later in the season you would most likely be forced to climb the rock on the left. Hard hats are advised as rock fall was evident in the couloir. The climbing itself is largely class 4 and low class 5 with a 5.2 move on the "Tower Pitch" which we elected to climb directly (the book also mentions a N side by-pass). The exposure on the route is extreme and the views outrageous, as you are surrounded by some of the most spectacular terrain in the North Cascades. The rock is very grippy and for the most part clean. Most of the route can be down climbed although we made 3 or 4 short rappels.

This is a great climb for a warm summer day but an early start is suggested. We were the first party on the route the day of our climb and feel it made it much more enjoyable. As of 1985 the summit register consisted of a cookie tin and some scraps of paper. It sure would be a great peak for a BOEALPS register. Enjoy!

Submitted by: Paul Michelson

BOEALPS SCRAPBOOK !!!!!

I am trying to bring the Boealps scrapbook as up-to-date as possible, and to enrich its content. I know there must be many of you members who have summit shots of yourselves or friends which include the Boealps Pennant. If you do, please get a small print made so we can include it in the scrapbook, and you can go down in history. If you wish, just send me (see below) the negative or slide and I will get a print made. (Have no fear, I treat photo-transparencies with the greatest care)

Also, if you are interested in carrying a Boealps Pennant for some special climb, I can get you one. Please carry the Pennant and spread the glory!!!!

Contact: Jim Blilie 237-4045
M/S 70-87

Mount Kosciusko, Australia, December 15, 1986

by Dave Gloger

In the southeast part of Australia, about halfway between Sydney and Melbourne, lie the Snowy Mountains, which are the highest mountains on the Australian Continent. And of all the high peaks in the Snowy Mountains, the highest is Mt. Kosciusko, rising to an awesome elevation of 7200+ feet. Not truly holding any aspirations of climbing the highest peak on each of the continents, I figured that since I wasn't too busy this day I would try for one.

Parking my car at the Thredboe Ski Villiage (4500 feet), I established base camp at the base of the ski lifts. I quickly ascended the first 1500 vertical feet after purchasing a ticket for the Snow Gum Chairlift. At this point the scenery was distinctly alpine and actually quite pretty. Now six kilometers from the summit, the track headed off through large meadows with lingering snowpatches all around. After two kilometers I got my first view of the mountain and my heart pounded with excitement. After crossing two minor saddles, it appeared that much of the remainder of the track was snow covered. Since I hadn't brought crampons I briefly considered the situation at hand and then decided to push on in my running shoes. My shoes were soaked but I was able to push on despite the intense sunshine. Not using bottled oxygen I soon lost track of time and suddenly I found myself below the summit snowfield. Relentlessly I forged my way up the final 200 feet and then the summit was mine.

All around me lay the massive heights of the Snowy Mountains with at least several other peaks rising above 7000 feet. It was awesome, however I considered it unwise to linger for long on the summit for I ran the chance of missing the last chairlift ride down to the parking lot. Slipping and sliding down the snow I quickly reached the track and jogged most of the way down to the chairlift, which I reached reached a mere five minutes before it shut down. Safely back at the parking lot I could finally savor the thrill of my accomplishment. I contemplated writing a book, but instead I opted for the more prestigious option of writing a climb report for the Echo.

1987 AGRIS MORUSS MEMORIAL GRANT

Once again, Boealps will be awarding a grant in the name of the late Agris Moruss, longtime member of Boealps and instructor in the Boealps Climbing Class. The grant is awarded each year to a worthy member (or group of members) to help advance their climbing endeavors.

Any member of Boealps is eligible for a grant. Application for a grant should be made in writing to the Past President (Jim Blilie) who will advance them to the other Trustees. When applying, outline your trip and explain why you are a worthy recipient. Please apply, few applications are usually recieved, so you chances aren't too bad.

Deadline for application is March 20, 1986. The award should be announced at the April meeting. Please send applications to:

Jim Blilie
M/S 70-87 (237-4045)
or
4226 - 50th Ave. S.
Seattle, WA 98118

"This is interesting..."
-- M. Storey

The (annual?) S&M knuckle basher's outing was a resounding success once again this year. This was mostly due to the great crew that continues to show up for this strange ritual. They are to be commended on their good spirits and strong efforts. (Their warped sense of humor will not be discussed!)

At Leavenworth we found very little ice up the Icicle Canyon, and the ice that was there was very soft and thin. Under cloudy, snowy skies and 40 degree temp.s we went at the unsuspecting ice. The frantic hammer waving that resulted produced numerous blunted picks, wet clothes, and sore, tired climbers. All in all a good day on the hill.

Saturday evening we repaired to Gustav's in Leavenworth for burgers and beer. We hung out there, sitting in the free heat, until it was overly obvious that we had worn out our welcome. The laundromat was our next stop to dry out the aforementioned duds, and to do our best to offend the locals.

Clearly our behavior had no effect on the owner of the laundromat, as he was cleaning up the place, because he was amenable to Rotten's suggestion. The suggestion was, in light of the rapidly falling wet snow, that we spend the night in the laudromat! So we did. On the floor. All ten of us in sleeping bags. I believe this is the first recorded laundromat bivvy on a Boealps-sponsored outing.

The next day, we quickly loaded up in the rain and went to Wenatchee for breakfast. Then with full bellies and sunny blue skies went drove out to the Pallisades. (Actually, the most reliable ice route is about 15 miles past the town of Pallisades, on the south side of the road)

Here we found the lower step of the route to be fairly sound, and just the ticket for top-roping. Much fun was had on this chunk of ice. The views were spectacular: crisp blue skies above the rugged, red canyons. The sun was out, and it pleasantly warm -- in the forties. No sun got into the cleft where the ice was, however, (that's why it's there) and we were not fooled into believing it wasn't still winter.

John and Mike set up a top rope on a dihedral between two huge (6-10 ft. dia.) columns of basalt as a diversion. With two ropes going, everyone had plenty of time to get cold fingers, wet gloves, muddy, and worn out.

The most intense moment of the day came when the ~5 x 50 ft. upper icicle lost its grip on the canyon rim and came crashing down with a sound like a squadron of F-16's. Erich was being lowered on the rope at the time and roundly got his wits scared out of him. Fortunately, the ice never got any closer than about fifty feet from our top rope anchor. (There is an extensive intermediate shelf between our runnel and the upper icicle.)

Leaving early, we were able to change clothes in the luxury of warm sunshine. The final event of the weekend was an eating contest, held at Pancho's restaurant in Startup after an uneventful crossing of Steven's Pass.

CLIMBERS: Mike Bingle, Chuck Ericson, Eric Ingalsbe, Don Kato, Erich Koehler, Mark Morrissey, John (-ny Rotten) Petroske, Melissa (the Boss) Storey, Harry Townsend, and fearful leader Jim Blilie

Guye and Snoqualmie, April 5th

We will be leaving one car at the Pacific Crest Trailhead and drive to the end of Alpentel Road. From here we will climb Shoqualmie, then descend to Cave Ridge. A short hike will bring us to the base of the north face of Guye Peak. Summit rituals will be followed by a decent to Commonwealth Basin and the inevitable hike out to our cleverly stashed car. Don't miss this fine snow slog. Contact Dale Ott at 931-2108 (work) or 939-8345 (home).

Malachite Peak, March 21st

This will be a good day trip to a small but interesting alpine rock peak south of Skykomish. Participants must bring beacons and know how to use them. There is also the possibility of rope work on snow obscured rock and some steep snow. Group size will be limited to six, so don't delay. Call Mark Dale at 932-6357.

The 6th Annual St. Patricks Day Climb of The Brothers

March 14, 15 1987

Kickoff the climbing season with an enjoyable climb of the Brothers. Good weather, good folks and good fun have combined to make this a tradition in the Boealps. Both the north and south peak are easily assesible from our camp. The agenda is to meet in Seattle on saturday, organize our group gear and head for breakfast in Hoodspport, followed by lunch at Lena lake and Dinner next to a presto-fire in the valley of the silent men. We will climb the peaks on sunday morning and finish the trip back in Hoodspport for a closing dinner. Join me on this excellent conditioning climb.

Your Fearless leader is
Jerry Baillie
Gimme a call at
367-1455 home
764-9175 work

American Alpine Club to present Choy Oyu program.

The A.A.C. will be presenting a multi-media slide show on the successful 1986 American Expedition to climb this fine Himalayan peak. Choy Oyu, which is Tibetan for "Goddess of the Turquoise", is the sixth highest peak in the world at 26,906 feet. The show will be given by trip leader Jim Frush, and will benefit the Northwest American Everest Expedition. It will be at the University of Washington's Kane Hall, room 130, on Wednesday, April 1st. Doors open at 7:00 and the show starts at 7:30. Tickets will be \$4.00 at the door. Don't miss this adventure!

Intermediate Climbing Class Announcement

At long last, the intermediate climbing course is becoming a reality. This course is designed to cover the knowledge and skills necessary to climb moderate to difficult alpine routes. The course will consist of eight evening seminars, two rock climbing weekends, one rescue field session, and seven weekend experience climbs. The seminars will cover topics such as leading technical terrain, equipment, leadership and group dynamics, expeditions, and winter climbing. The experience climbs will include routes of varying difficulty from Grade II, 5.2 to Grade IV, 5.7 or harder. The class will run from April to the end of August. The seminars will meet two evenings per month, and the weekend sessions will also be held twice a month. Class size will be limited, so if necessary students will be chosen on the basis of experience and climbing ability. This promises to be a rich and rewarding experience, so don't miss it. For more information and an enrollment form, write (do **NOT** call) John Petroske at M/S 9R-48 (inplant) or, for you offplanters:

John Petroske M/S 9R-48
Boeing Computer Services Co.
P.O. Box 24346
Seattle, WA 98124-0346



YOUR NAME

SLIDE CATEGORY

SLIDE 1 _____
(Title)

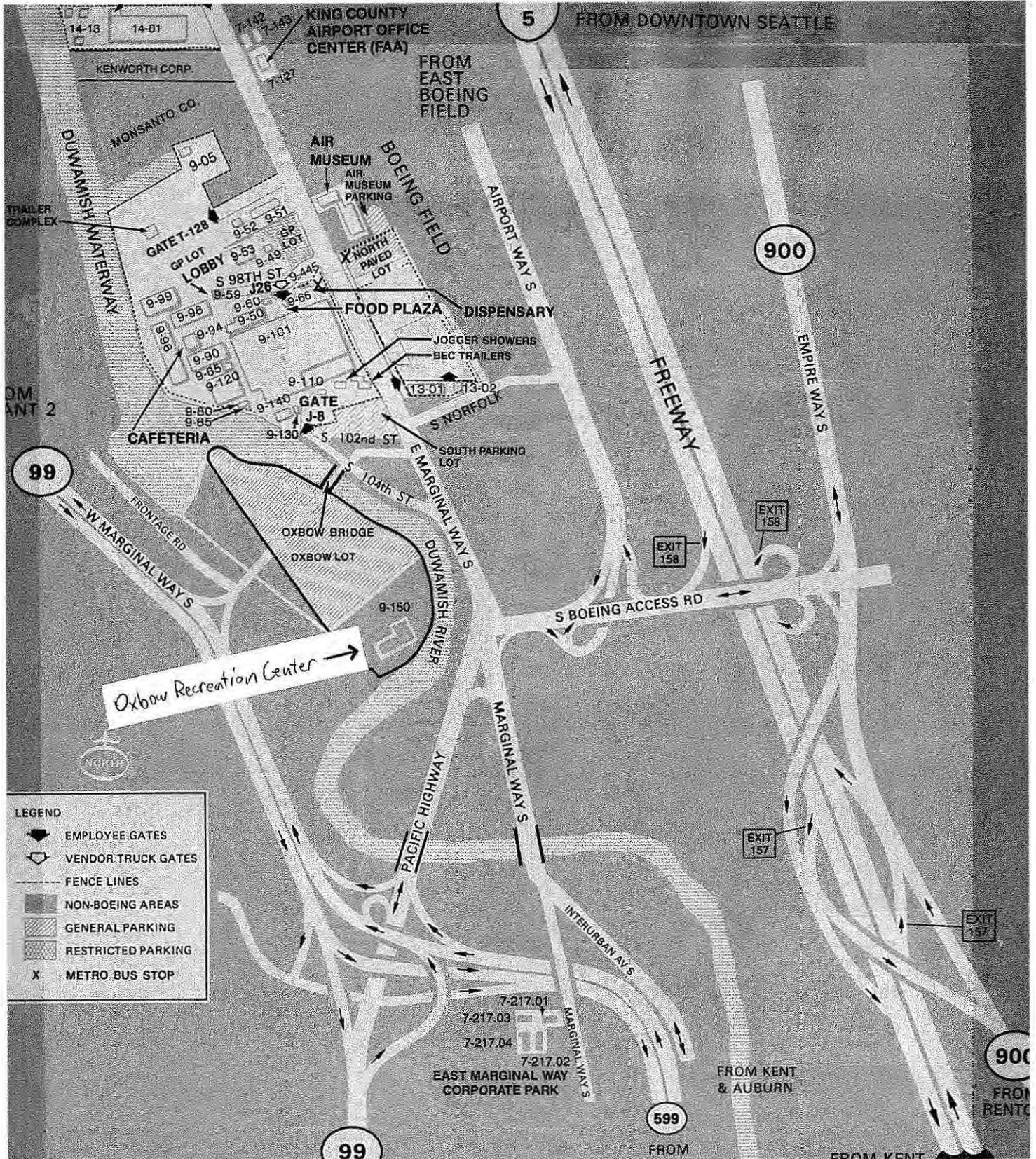
SLIDE 2 _____
(Title)

SLIDE 3 _____
(PEOPLE CATEGORY ONLY) (Title)

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

Attention ! Attention ! Attention ! Attention ! Attention ! Attention !

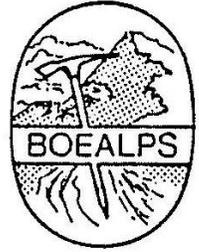
This month's meeting will be held at the new Oxbow Recreation Center. Now there is no excuse for you north siders! The meeting will be on the second floor - just follow the cleverly placed signs. See you there!



ALPINE ECHO

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





BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

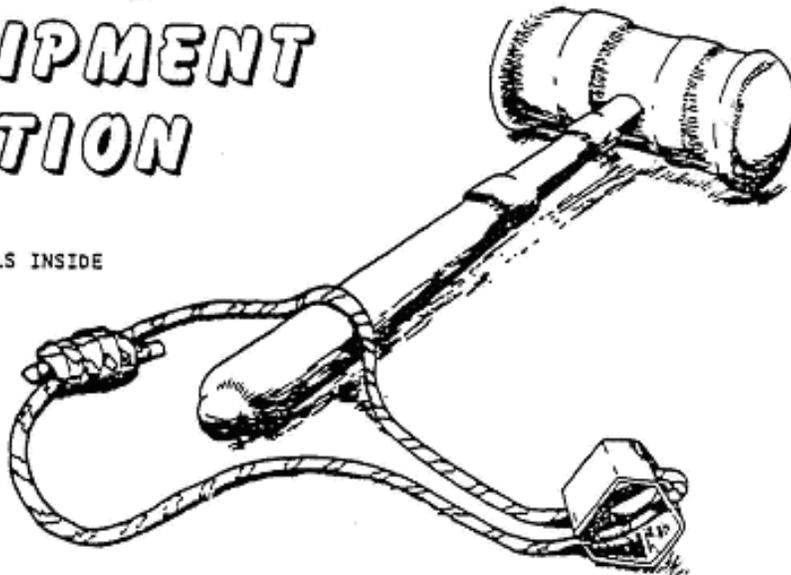
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Photo:NevadoHuandoyby Mark Dale

**APRIL MEETING
THURSDAY, APRIL 2nd, 7:30 P.M.
OXBOW RECREATION CENTER**

**BOEALPS
ANNUAL
EQUIPMENT
AUCTION**

DETAILS INSIDE



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= BOEALPS ANNUAL EQUIPMENT AUCTION =
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The BOEALPS annual equipment auction will take place at the April meeting to be held at the Oxbow Recreation Center. 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. This year our auctioneers will be John Pollock and John Petroske. 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 freeze-dried food, cut climbing ropes, etc...) .

This year all items will be sold via an audible auction (no silent bidding). No fee will be charged for persons who submit items for sale. Weeee ya hoooooo!

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. (Great strategy for bidding wars).
2. The first 20 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 and fun will start. It will continue through all the items. Refreshments will be available as usual.

Belay Stance

Ken Johnson

Hello, again. Things have been pretty hectic this month, what with trying to get the class together. As a result I have once again put off a couple of articles I had planned on writing. It would appear that most of you are in the same boat. I did manage to get a couple of things down, I hope you enjoy them.

Also contributing this month are Alex Van Steen, John Petroske, Mike Bingle, and Melissa Storey. Thanks a lot, gang, for making this issue what it is.

The spring season is upon us, which means getting out and trying to get in shape for what will undoubtedly be a fantastic summer. My big trip to the North Cascades is still five months away, and I'm already staying up nights thinking about it. I hope that as climbing activity increases, the number of reports and mini reports will also increase. (I know, you're sick of my griping, but what would you do in my shoes?)

About the cover photo -it is still being worked on. At this very moment Arnie Rinta, our Recreation Advisor, is dealing with the print shop. Rest assured that we will not give up until this matter is resolved. And don't worry, Mark, you

Will get your print back!

Photo Contest Results

Thanks to everyone who entered their slides and prints, and congratulations to the winners. Once again, a relatively small crowd was treated to some spectacular shots. Some, such as 'Dan Lewinski on Overhang', will be hard to forget, even though we may want to. The club dispersed 36 rolls of Kodak film and processing to 14 proud and happy photographers. Winners were:

Nature Patterns-slides

- 1st "Daggers" -Ken Johnson
- 2nd "Upside Down" -Carey Chaplin
- Tie w/ "Sunlight Through Leaf" -Breck Haining

Climbing- slides

- 1st "Rappel" -Ken Johnson
- 2nd "Tracks" -Steve Mason
- 3rd "Flash" -Ken Johnson

Flora-slides

- 1st "Fall Foliage" -Mark Dale
- 2nd "Limber Pine" -Jim Blilie
- 3rd "Valley of the Silent Men" -P. Michelson

Water and Waterfalls-slides

- 1st "Punchbowl Falls" -Mike Fitzpatrick
- 2nd "Columbia Gorge Falls" -Mike Fitzpatrick
- 3rd "Dosewallips Waterfallsn" -Dan Lewinski

Inclement Weather -slides

- 1st "Lull in the Storm" -Breck Haining
- 2nd "Snow on Old Snowy" -Jim Blilie
- 3rd "Fall Snow on Seven Fingered Jack" - Paul Michelson

General-prints

- 1st "West Ridge Mt. Foraker" -Mark Dale
- 2nd "The Dome" Jim Schinke
- 3rd "Ken Climbing" -John Petroske

Sunsets and Sunrises- slides

- 1st "Little Tahoma in Morning" -Breck Haining
- 2nd "Jack Daniel's Morning" -Paul Michelson
- 3rd "Peaceful Sunset" -Mike Fitzpatrick

People-slides

- 1st "Contemplation" -Mark Dale
- 2nd "Alien" -John Bell
- 3rd "Climber's Best Friend" -Breck Haining

Fauna-slides

- 1st "Peek-a-boo" -John Bell
- 2nd "The Herd" -Erich Koehler
- 3rd "Yield" -Dan Lewinski

General Mountainscapes-slides

- 1st "Denali" -Mark Dale
- 2nd "The Temple" -Dan Lewinski
- 3rd "Rainier" -Carey Chaplin

Flora and Fauna-prints

- 1st "Joined Me For Lunch" -Jim Schinke
- 2nd "Untitled" -Burt Daniels
- 3rd "Untitled" -Burt Daniels

Mountainscapes-prints

- 1st "Enchanted Morning" - Jim Schinke
- 2nd "Mt. Russel, Alaska" -Mark Dale
- 3rd "Making Clouds" -Burt Daniels

How Do You Like The Oxbow Center?

It has come to our attention that there may be some problems with meeting at the Oxbow Recreation Center. In order to find out what the general consensus is, we would like to get some feedback from you about how well our new meeting place is working out. Let us know what you like or don't like about it, and tell us if you think we should try to get back into the Kent facility.

In order to make the time and effort of doing this worthwhile, we will be throwing the names of all of the people who respond into a hat and drawing three lucky winners. The prizes haven't been chosen yet, but will probably be carabiners or some similarly useful and costly item. This is called 'buying votes'.

SMITH ROCKS, OREGON FEB. 28 - MAR. 1

IT DIDN'T SEEM AS IF THE AVALANCHE FOLKS HAD BOTHERED TO CHANGE THE TAPE FOR QUITE A FEW DAYS; THE VOICE DRONED ON ABOUT SPONTANEOUS SLAB AVALANCHES AND OTHER GENERAL NASTINESS. THAT PUT A QUICK END TO PLANS FOR THE WEEKEND AND PUT ME IN A CONTEMPLATIVE MOOD ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH ANOTHER DISMAL WEEKEND. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN PLANNING A HIKE IN THE RAIN AND THINKING ABOUT MY TAXES THE PHONE RANG. THE MESSAGE WAS SIMPLE -- GO SOUTH YOUNG MAN GO SOUTH!

JIM WAS PSYCHED TO GO TO SMITH ROCKS AND I WAS READY TO GO ANYWHERE. IT TOOK ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS TO CONVINCING RUTH AND THE PLAN WAS HATCHED. TWO HOURS LATER WE ALL STOOD IN THE KENT PARK AND RIDE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET ALL THAT STUFF INTO OUR LITTLE HONDA CIVIC. AFTER SOME PUSHING AND SHOIVING WE POINTED THE WHEELS SOUTH AND CRUISED DOWN I-5 WITH OUR ROCK SHOES DANCING IN THE BACK SEAT. AFTER MULTIPLE ICE CREAM/COFFEE/BATHROOM STOPS WE PULLED INTO A SNOW PARK NEAR MT. HOOD AT ABOUT MIDNIGHT. AFTER A BRIEF DISCUSSION ABOUT THE WEATHER WE CLIMBED INTO THE TENT AND FELL ASLEEP TO THE SOUND OF SNOWFLAKES ON THE RAIN FLY. EARLY NEXT MORNING WE HEADED SOUTH AGAIN IN SEARCH OF BREAKFAST. WE FOUND A GOOD ONE IN MADRAS AND THEN CONTINUED TO SMITH ROCK STATE PARK JUST OUTSIDE THE TOWN OF TERREBONNE OREGON (6 HOURS FROM SEATTLE).

SOON WE FOUND OURSELVES HIKING DOWN INTO THE CANYON OF THE CROOKED RIVER IN BRIGHT SUNSHINE AND WARM TEMPERATURES. JUST ACROSS THE FOOT BRIDGE, WE TURNED RIGHT AND HEADED UP THE RIVER TOWARD THE EASIER CLIMBS ON STAENDER RIDGE. THE FIRST BOULDER WE CAME TO CAUSED A DELAY. AFTER ALL IT WAS RIGHT NEXT TO THE TRAIL AND BEGING TO BE CLIMBED. A QUICK TOP ROPE VIA A BOLT AND OUR FINGERS WERE IN HEAVEN ON THE AMAZINGLY GOOD ROCK TO BE FOUND ALL OVER THE PARK. WE DID SEVEN ROUTES ON THIS PARTICULAR ROCK, ALL RANGING FROM 5.3 TO 5.7. ONE PRATICULAR ROUTE INTRODUCED US TO "POTHOLES" AN INTERESTING FEATURE OF SMITH ROCKS. JUST GRAB ONTO THEM AND OFF YOU GO HAND OVER HAND WITH JUGS ALL THE WAY. JIM WON DINNER FOR DOING THE FIRST ASCENT WITH PACK OF A BULGING OVERHANG ON THE END OF THE BOULDER.

AFTER LUNCH WE FINALLY MADE IT TO STAENDER RIDGE. WE THOUGHT WE'D TRY AN EASY CHIMNEY ON A ROCK CALLED FLAT TOP THEN SET UP A TOP ROPE FOR SOME OTHER ROUTES. EVERY TRIP HAS ITS LOW POINT AND WE FOUND IT INSIDE THIS PUPPY. FOR ONLY BEING 5.1 ALOT OF FOUR LETTER WORDS WERE UTTERED IN THIS CLAUSTROPHOBIC SQUEEZE BOX. THE 5.1 RATING CAME FROM THE FACT THAT YOU COULDN'T FALL! A DEEP BREATH WAS SUFFICIENT TO JAM YOUR BODY INTO THE CRACK. UP TOP WE MADE A HASTY RETREAT DUE TO A STIFF BRREEZE AND THE SETTING SUN.

WE TOOK A CASUAL WALK BACK TO THE CAR ENJOYING THE PEACEFUL RIVER AND AWESOME WALLS RISING ALL AROUND. A TRIP INTO BEND ALLOWED US TO CONSUME MASS QUANTITIES OF MEXICAN FOOD AND DO SOME SHOPPING FOR BREAKFAST SUPPLIES. THERE IS A BIVY AREA AT THE PARK FOR CLIMBER TYPE PEOPLE TO USE SO WE SLEPT THERE. CAMPING AT SMITH ROCK IS A LOT LIKE CAMPING IN YOSEMITE VALLEY. IT COSTS A DOLLAR PER NIGHT BUT NOBODY COLLECTS, YOU COOK AND EAT OUT OF THE BACK OF YOUR CAR, STUFF EVERYTHING INSIDE AND GO CLIMBING.

SINCE WE DIDN'T GET TO FINISH OVER AT FLAT TOP ON SATURDAY, WE HEADED BACK TO THE SAME AREA. THE GUIDE SHOWED TWO 5.4 CRACKS ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE ROCK SO WE THOUGHT WE'D GIVE THEM A TRY. JIM LEAD

THE LEFT ONE AND I LEAD THE RIGHT ONE. NICE ROUTES BUT A LITTLE LOOSE IN PLACES. IN BETWEEN THE TWO ROUTES WAS A THIN CRACK LEADING TO A ROOF JUST BELOW THE TOP. I THINK THIS CRACK WAS THE BEST CLIMB WE DID THAT WEEKEND. IT WENT AT 5.7 OR 5.8 WITH GOOD STEMMING AND FINGER JAMS. AN EAGLE SOARED OVERHEAD WHILE RUTH WORKED ON HER TAN AND ENJOYED THE WARM SUNSHINE. SOON WE WERE ALL LOLLING IN THE SUN THINKING ABOUT THE SEATTLE MASSES SUFFERING IN THE RAIN. WE SMILED. ONE MORE TRIP UP OUR FAVORITE CRACK AND IT WAS TIME TO HEAD INTO THE APPROACHING STORM. THE DRIVE HOME WAS UNEVENTFULL BUT IT DID START RAINING AS WE PASSED INTO WASHINGTON, A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR SUCH AN EXCELLENT TRIP.

SMITH ROCKS HAS SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE. ROUTES RANGE FROM TWENTY FOOT BOULDERS TO GRADE V AID CLIMBS. THE WEATHER IS GENERALLY GOOD WITH CLIMBING GOING ON TEN MONTHS OUT OF THE YEAR. I'LL BE BACK DOWN THAT WAY TO ENJOY THE SUN, THE ROCKS, THE PLACE. SO NEXT TIME ITS POURING RAIN, LEAVENWORTH IS SNOWED IN, AND YOU DON'T WANT TO DO YOUR TAXES - GO SOUTH!

CLIMBERS: MIKE BINGLE, RUTH BINGLE, JIM BLILLE

DEVIL'S PEAK

MARCH 8, 1987.

"The devil makes me climb." -Johnny Rotten-

Sunday I awoke to meet Mark Dale and Ken Johnson for an exploratory climb up Devils Peak. I was intrigued by this wicked named peak. It sounded like something up my alley, me and the devil battling it out. The morning proved excellent as the three of us meandered up the abandoned logging road sharing in good conversation. The road disappeared all too soon as we entered the thick forest and followed up a stream. Soon we reappeared from the dark and damp forest into a pleasant sunny basin where we took a short breakfast break and imbibed the surrounding views. Next we climbed to the pass at the head of the West Coal Creek basin and continued up the NE ridge in crummy snow conditions. We stayed along the ridge crest but opted to drop below it on the Northwest side at one tricky spot. The snow was lousy and we were sinking deep. Great workout conditions! Finally we arrived below our diabolical goal for the day, the East Face, a wicked heinous mass of snow, ice and rock. Truthfully, it looked quite enjoyable and fairly fun for climbing. We had a little "pow wow" and us wimps, Mark and I, thought it more appropriate to traverse over and climb the SE route because of the lateness of day. Ken agreed. Ken led the short rock pitch to the summit, and we soon all gained the top. After scurrying around Ken uncovered the summit register where he added our names to a wet mass of paper. Soon we were heading down trying to out run the evil storm clouds heading towards us. Apparently we had angered the beast. The descent passed without incidence and we arrived back at Mark's car just as darkness surrounded us. We fought the devil and beat him this day.

-John Petroske, Mark Dale, Ken Johnson

Of Bears. Bugs. and Spires

Alex Van Steen

This past season's climb of, as the regional Shoshone tribe's translation describes, "The Inaccessible Peak", was definitely a personal highlight and an adventure which will hold exciting memories for me in the years to come. As the climbing took place late last summer, tread lightly on the word "report" as I write this with the intention of entertaining rather than reporting.

It was Mark Dickenson, the infamous climbing mega-force that he is, to whom I attached my rope as we made the journey across the plains east to the heart of the Wyoming's Wind River Range. It was under his wings of experience that I stapled myself, determined that we would push each other and that I would learn. I would not be disappointed.

Although we accomplished some climbing in both the Wind Rivers and the Tetons this trip, it was our ascent of the classic Northeast Face of Pingora (that "inaccessible" peak that was later found to have a 5.2 route to the summit!) in the beautiful Cirque of the Towers which was, I feel, the highlight of the trip. The ascent was, in fact, a wonderful climax to several trips Mark and I had taken during the previous three months which were always on the cutting edge of my alpine ability and more often than not unsuccessful as far as summit bids were concerned. A hasty retreat down Mt. Stuart and a true thrashing under the omnipotence of Slesse Mountain come to mind.

Pingora itself is a wonderful granite jungle-gym. Although not as savagely alpine as either the Tetons or the deep North Cascades, its remoteness (8 miles hiking, 23 miles down dirt roads, and another 15 miles to the nearest mobile home settlement) and its altitude (11,884 feet) give technical climbs a sharper edge here. In perspective, though, clean and solid rock, a beautiful setting, and tremendous exposure all make for quite an enjoyable climbing experience. The Cirque is somewhat reminiscent of groups of monoliths such as the Bugaboo Spires or our own Washington Pass/Wine Spires area. Singly, Pingora has come to have a special meaning to me.

I was first introduced to this beautiful mountain back in August of 1981 when a friend and I climbed the fantastically fun Grade II route on the Southwest Buttress. When we dropped over the lip of the col and viewed for the first time the magnificent Cirque of the Towers, the adrenaline rush I felt left me as jittery as a spoonful of jello cubes. The wonderful impression I received would haunt me until the next summer when we returned for more climbing.

This time the story was a bit different -we fared less fortunately in August of 1982. We spent a week in the tent waiting for storms to break, which they seldom did. Where the year prior we had cried in the ecstasy of delightful climbing, we now cried in frustration and played cards in the tent until we hated each other!

Now, in 1986, I had returned. The score had to be settled. It was one to one. Realizing that a place such as the Cirque was forever a "real" experience (and we were psyched for that) it was our hope that the weather would hold and that good times would outweigh the bad. We had avoided the potentially wet and miserable hope of ascending the Wishbone Arête on Mt. Robson and had thrown all of our Cookies into one jar as we headed west on the all night drive. The weather turned out to be fantastic, as it did in Canada also, but we would have other problems later.

After a couple of days of enjoyable climbing in the Cirque we learned a few things. First, the mosquitoes were horrendous, the worst hordes I had experienced to date. After unduly warm weather and no afternoon storms for a few weeks, the mosquito planned parenthood center had given up and rampant sex had resulted in an abundance of the little blood suckers. We often sat submerged in either the cool lakes or the Deep Woods Off, or wearing full wind gear to protect ourselves! (I wonder if the mosquitoes encountered on Baring had anything to do with this?)

Second, the girl Mark and I picked up at the trailhead should have been left there. She was rather a bloke in that her personality reminded us of a soap dish. All aside, no harm done (except that we got caught in a late afternoon hail storm on the twenty pitch scramble up Wolf's Head since we had to laboriously rope up on everything ... but that's okay). The girl I had been living with (Dusty, my dog!!!) also went along and was by far an asset on the balance sheet. Dogs are allowed in the Cirque, and if they mind they can be good company and chase off the bears.

Third, if you don't cache your food, the marmots will get it, so we buried our food under six inches of snow and marked with a duck. We had spend good money and then carried in four big cheeses, a ham, and a chicken. Oh, yeah!

Fourth, if you cache your food against the marmots, the bears will get it! Enter the dog -to chase the bear out of camp three times!!! I wasn't joking about them bears! And there haven't been bears in these mountains for a long time. Apparently this young adult had strayed quite far. The goof took all of our cheese, ham, and chicken. Oh, sx?!!!

Well, after dealing with lots of mosquitoes, a very pesky bear, a rather boring companion, and slow climbing, we needed a certain something to get us psyched for a certain Grade IV 5.8+ we had our eyes on. Mark and I must have been praying to the same God that afternoon in search of salvation because with watering mouths and bulging eyes we screamed out with the vengeance of our ancestors. PIZZA We put on our boots, grabbed our rain gear, literally ran the eight miles out (two hours over very rough terrain), and drove to Pinedale (sixty miles away) to the Saddle Bar for pizza and a brew. Boy! Were we ever sore from that wussy attack!

Finally, we were ready for Pingora. The line we chose, the Northeast Face, is truly a classic. Many other lines on Pingora, while not recognized as such by The Book as classics, certainly are. Our line sweeps from a broad and grassy ledge straight to the summit. Of the twelve pitches on this Grade IV, the bottom ten are the technical ones. Many are solid 5.8, two are very hard 5.8 or 5.9-, and none are easier than moderate 5.7. The start of the climb is 150 feet off the deck (class 4) and begins with a very exposed and thin 5.8 traverse to a 5.7 dihedral which is hard to protect. You get down and dirty right away on this one! All solid, all beautiful, all mosquito free. The top two pitches are class 3 with one mid-fifth class step or a fourth class detour. The summit again, my third time on this little fantasy spire, is a great place to sleep, eat, and look around.

We were both adept enough at leading 5.8 and Mark (luckily) got to lead both of the hard pitches, including the infamous exploding grass hummocks, and we finished the climb with three or four hours of daylight left. Good enough to lounge around on top, rap down the short Southwest Buttress and ... get into camp to see Dusty arguing with the bear again! She was pacing back and forth, growling, tennis ball ever in her mouth as the bear kept its distance.

We had wanted to do more climbing since everything was going well but we were afraid the bear would eventually ruin our tents or bags so we packed up and headed to the Tetons. All in all fantastic and fun. Highly recommended. Anybody wanna go?

Forbidden

Ken Johnson

Got to move. Faster. Damn rope drag. Good belay down there, I'll just ignore the pro. Not much time left. "Ten feet!" John's cry was barely audible, blocked by a jumbled confusion of rock. Whew, barely made it to the stance. Let's see, a friend here. . . block doesn't move too much. How about a sling to back it up. That horn there. Come on, let's get moving!

"Off belay", Ken called, and settled into an uneasy waiting. The warm afternoon sun was tempered by cool October breezes blowing off the ridge crest. To his right he could glance over his shoulder and watch another party on the south face as they raced for the summit. The lower east ridge was out of sight, behind the hump he had just scrambled over. Behind him, two towers barred the way to the summit. The sun dipped ever lower to the west. A few moments later John called out that he was climbing and progress resumed.

What took him so long? He knows what we're up against. Whew, my arms are burnt. I should have paid attention to the rope drag, maybe left him apiece for that down climb. Oh well, he'll handle it. Come on! Wonder if Nelson will make it up. He sure is cruising, but his partner is pretty slow. Looks like they're caught in the same trap.

A whoop from the summit caught Ken's attention. He looked to see a smiling climber wave down to him. At least one of the west ridge groups was up. He gauged the distance carefully, and estimated it at about four pitches. Just then John crested on the ridge. "Hey, Rotten, try flipping the rope over that block. It should give you some protection for the traverse."

The rope flicked, and John looked up toward the summit. "Where do we go from here?"

"This is probably the first tower the book talks about. What we traversed around lower was just poor judgment on my part. I think we traverse around to the north, and then pass the next one on either side. From there it should be easy. Let's move."

John looked at the summit party, then down at the south face party. "Hang on a second." He sat down. "What time is it?" "Two-thirty." Shit! He wants to bag it! Not now, not when we're so close! "What do you think, Ken?" Anger filled him. All this for nothing! Just great. Does he think I came all this way, screwed up my hip, hauled all this gear; and climbed like a fiend, just to turn back 200 feet below the top? Four bloody pitches, and he's worried about making it. He glared back at John. "It looks like four pitches from here. The next one should be the hardest, with the last two pretty easy. I say we go for it."

"I don't think we have the time. There is no way I'm going to down climb this in the dark, and we aren't set for a bivy. What does he mean, no time? We just scamper up there and rap off. No problem. What would it take, an hour for the next pitch, maybe a bit more if there is as much snow as there was on that first traverse. And a half hour for each of the rest. That puts us at what, three hours tops? Five-thirty, hmm. And dark is at what, six-thirty? That means we have to get from the summit back to our gear in an hour. Shit, no way! It will take an hour just from here! No, there must be some mistake. We started climbing when, ten-thirty? Four hours for the four pitches up to here, but that was with bad route finding and those slow north side pitches. We should only have one from here, with the rest being a cruise. Then we just rap off, maybe down climb a little. But we can come straight off the towers, those slings show it was done before. But hell, John's moving slow, and probably won't like this next lead. Why isn't he in better shape? He's really wimping hard. As a team, we may not have what it would take.

"What do you think, Ken?" Rather than answer, he glanced away to hide his frustration and disappointment. Damn, he might be right! Not this time, not so close. I've been dreaming of this for five years now! So close, and yet so far. Look at Nelson's party, they're still going for it. Why shouldn't we? What's a night out? Ha, you remember. Cyclops. Cold, sleepless, miserable. And that was with good ledges. The way today is going, we probably wouldn't even find any. Not to mention it's about two months colder. And he's right, this ridge would be a killer at night, headlamps or not. It will be bad enough as it is. If only I didn't send John off on that first traverse¹ if only we had all our gear with us!

John's words echoed his thoughts. "We could make the summit and then descend the west ridge route. The rappels have to be wired over there. But we have to get the gear we stashed down lower. That would be a long way out of our way, and we couldn't get to it until tomorrow. We also might be able to rap this gully ahead of us to the snow below, but we left our axes behind, so the traverse from there would be unprotected. No way. The only way down for us is the way we came, and we have to get to our gear by dark. I don't want to down climb those slabs without being able to see where we are going. I want to get to the top as much as anybody, but . . ." His voice trailed off. Anger rose again, even as despair sank into his gut, and Ken muttered curses under his breath.

No way, he doesn't want it as much as I do. Even back in Colorado I wanted this peak. Forbidden, perfectly cut pyramid, rising above forested lowlands and shining glaciers, crown jewel of the North Cascades. What a summit! And denied, so close! We could do it, if he really wanted it. It's probably even a walk up after the two towers. But wait. Let's calm down and think about it.

He took a few deep breaths and gazed at Boston Glacier far below. A small thought arose from the undercurrents of his consciousness. He allowed it to grow. Think about the last time, on Cyclops. It worked out that time, but it still left a bad taste in my mouth. Ambition and desire countered common sense. It was a great experience, but I have to learn from it. I can't drag myself into such a situation again. True, we would probably do okay overnight, but at what cost? No sleep, cold, endless star-gazing. And the chance of something going wrong is so much higher, no matter how careful we would be. This thing is just too technical. Hypothermia and exhaustion would bring us just that much closer to the edge. It feels very important to choose to go down, to try to exercise some "good judgment", even more so than the summit.

Ken scorched the ridge with the length and depth of his frustration and anger. He turned to see John eyeing him sharply. Knowing he was doing the right thing was not enough to ease his pain. Helpless in his rage, he stared back. Finally he was able to speak. "Why don't you set up a belay and bring me back. They started down.

Subiendo en Baia. Mexlco

Melissa Storey

There we were, Dave Larson and I, alpinista extraordinaria, standing at the base of a rotten Mexican rock wall. Conditions couldn't have been nicer. Cerulean blue sky, aqua waves crashing onto the beige sand, our kayaks hauled a safe distance away from the pulsating surf. The air temperature was 80". "Ah," I thought to myself, "this is what February is all about.

After lunch and a siesta, I'd walked over to where Larson's body lay prone in the sand. After nudging it a few times the eyelids finally fluttered. Time to conquer the elements! We walked down the beach to some cliffs I'd noticed on our early morning kayak journey, passing Arlene lounging in the sand and John S. out on a spit catching fish.

Exhibiting a flair for self-preservation, I allowed Dave the honor of ascending first. What a mistake -for him! The last time I saw that much rock fall I was watching live footage of the Kiluea volcano. After some exciting moves to get him down, off, and away from that precipitously bad route, he returned the favor. We set up a toprope with a double anchor attached to the roots of two questionable cactus plants. The route was a gully that rockfall poured through with the slightest movement of the rope. A good thrill was had, and neither of us lost our front teeth, miraculously, as we went up three quarters of the way up until it was just toooo exciting for either of us to cope with.

We returned to camp and ran into some Boealper enthusiasts who insisted we head to some other cliffs. John S. and Arlene joined us and we had a great afternoon attacking firm rock on a toprope. While belaying, John looked for fish surfacing a few feet away since we were located on a rock plateau with the waves breaking in deep tidal pools behind his heels. The weather was so hot I was STEAMING in my BoeAlps-shirt.

That was the only day we rock climbed. Daylight hours were so few (6:30 am to 7:00 pm) that it was hard to pack in two to four hours of kayaking, plant and cactus walks, leisure seizures, exploring, fishing, cooking hedonistically supreme entrees, and dancing around the campfire into a day. Besides, the rock was just too treacherous. If there had been an injury, the nearest little ranchito was a six hour kayak trip south in the Sea of Cortez. Dave declared a new level of climbing, 5.13s. This is extreme rock with scorpions in the cracks where you have to stick your fingers. We immensely enjoyed seeing the three scorpions we came upon. Especially the one on John Haymond's sleeping bag. What a thrill!

Asi es la vida,
Your Roving Reporter,
Senorita Storey

BoeAlpers on location included Dave Larson, John Haymond, Connie Nakashima, Melissa Storey, and John Sumner.

From the South Random notes from Alex Van Steen

Oklahoma Rock (Is there such a thing?)

Dallas, Texas. I ventured twice to the refuge, about four hours north of Dallas. Once in January (pleasant weather) and once in late February (horribly cold). The rock there is a friendly granite, not heavily quartz impregnated, and for a guide-bookless novice, somewhat hard to find. Local climbers tend to concentrate on Elk Mountain and the Narrows, both sporting climbing up to two pitches in length. In addition to an overwhelming number of daddy-longlegs, bison and longhorn cattle run unleashed and can provide quite a stimulus for climbing higher.

Enchanted Rock Update

I was fortunate enough to get a job (at least for a while) at the local climbing shop. This gave me contact with James Crump, who guides with Yahoo Mountaineering. Both Yahoo and Headwater Guides run out at Enchanted Rock. I was made aware of a second edition of the guidebook which has about twenty corrections, thus being more accurate and appeasing many (I didn't think those "5.8s were that easy). I also learned that all bolt protected face climbs were set on lead which, in many cases, is incredibly

remarkable. Todd Skinner (now famous for his free ascent of City Park at Index) had come by and called Gravitron (5.11c) one of the boldest leads in America. Enchanted Rock is looking for its first 5.12 this summer by Crump and the Head brothers. We'll see! P.S. There are showers here and they are wonderful!

More Texas Rock Notes

(Are you sick of all this down south news yet? I hope someone can use it someday.) With three others I explored an area north of the central hill country near Belton and Temple. We played on an approximately one mile stretch of limestone, some horrid, some excellent, along the Leon River in Miller Creek Springs Park. The bluffs are 15 to 85 feet high sporting about 40 routes from 5.6 to hard 5.10. All routes must be topoped, lead on stoppers, or soloed -no bolts or rappel points anywhere. Routes often start in thick vines and ticks and end up on the bluff tops on private land. All things considered, this is a great bouldering area.

Season Opener at Index Saturday March 7th

Ken Johnson

The prospect of a dry weekend had us itching for a rope, so John Petroske, Doug Weaver, and I made hasty tracks for Index. Our lust for the rock was so great that we had time to stop at the Bush House for coffee before we went to sit at the base of the Lower Wall and wait for it to dry off. Doug knew of a good toprope problem that was dry, and we were off. It was a good warm up session, complete with falls and flashes. Good climb on friction, no strength, all finesse. Perfect after a winter of ignoring workouts.

Soon we wanted a real climb, and headed for the slabs. I tried to lead the Block Buster, but lacked strength and courage. Doug did it in fairly good fashion, but you could tell it was the beginning of the season from his grunts, groans, and flails. About this time we were joined by Steve Stroming, one of Doug's ubiquitous friends, so we paired off into two independent ropes. As Doug and John disappeared towards the Taurus cracks, I was able (just barely) to follow Steve up the Block Buster in even worse form than Doug. Steve promptly sent me around the corner to set up a belay for Libra, that fun looking 5.10a hand crack. Sure enough, the fun began.

Steve started up, and as soon as he was committed he got a friend stuck in an undesirable position. He worked on it as his strength began to fail, and believe me, this is a strength plus form climb. He caused me some anxiety as his legs shook, lips cursed, and arm jerked on the friend. Finally he gave up on it and clipped in, convinced that dubious pro was better than a certain fall. He grunted on up and out of sight. I couldn't hear a thing from him because of the lay of the land, so when the rope got tight I knew he was up and started to climb. I got about five feet up and lost all strength. I flailed a couple more times, but made no progress. I couldn't tell him to lower me, so I dangled helplessly, flopping like a fish out of water. Every time I tried to climb, he would haul me up a couple of inches before I would have to give up and dangle some more. And all of this in front of three parties below me, one of which was waiting for me to get off their route. What to do?

Then it came to me. If James Bond can do it, why can't I? Rather than undo my shoe laces, I took my prussik loops off of my harness (are your prussiks instantly available at all times?) and got them tied to the rope after a moderate amount of fumbling and cursing. Then it was a small matter of aiding up the rope and cleaning the pitch as I went. To say my grin was sheepish as I topped out of the hard section would be putting it mildly. I will never be able to live this one down. At least the perfect 5.6 hand crack to the belay gave me a chance, however small, to save face.

Meanwhile John was having trouble of his own. Seems he forgot how to place friends over the winter. He managed to get four of them (plus one nut) so stuck that a trip to the bottom for extra cleaning tools was needed. Doug took this task upon himself (they were his friends) and after a short time (an hour and a half) had ail of his friends back. At least he had a chance to impress the onlookers as he soloed to and fro. John and I considered throwing ourselves from the cliffs in shame, but we figured that doing so would probably have a negative effect on the climb we had planned for the next day.

All in all it was a good time. We are glad everything went wrong at one time; now we can get on with it. Good friends, good climbs, stupid mistakes, humility, and physical inadequacy. What more could you want?

Lining up for the Enchantments

"Trouble in paradise" is what *Signpost* magazine, in its April 1986 issue, titled the Leavenworth Ranger District's report on overuse in the Enchantments.

An Alpine Lakes Management Plan exists, setting standards for the allowable concentration of people in this popular region of the Cascades from June through September. Monitoring of visitor-days since the mid-'60s has shown a continuing increase. This has leveled off recently but remains well above the plan's standards.

Therefore, beginning this season, the Forest Service will require campers to have permits, and it will limit the number it issues.

Day hikers will have to register at the Leavenworth Ranger Station, although no restriction, other than the already enforced party limit of 12 people, will be imposed on them. But parties remaining overnight will need permits.

The ranger station will allocate up to 75 percent of the camping permits in advance, beginning March 1, for \$1 per person per day. The remaining 25 percent will be held at the station for users who show up in person on the day of their venture. They will pay no fee — but will not get a permit if the quota has been filled.

The quotas for overnight campers are:

Area 1, Enchantment Core, and the trails leading into it: Permits will be issued to 25 people each day. Nineteen will be offered by reservation and six will be saved for walk-ins (first-come, first served).

Area 2, Snow Lakes, and trails: Permits will be issued to five parties each day, four by reservation and one by walk-in.

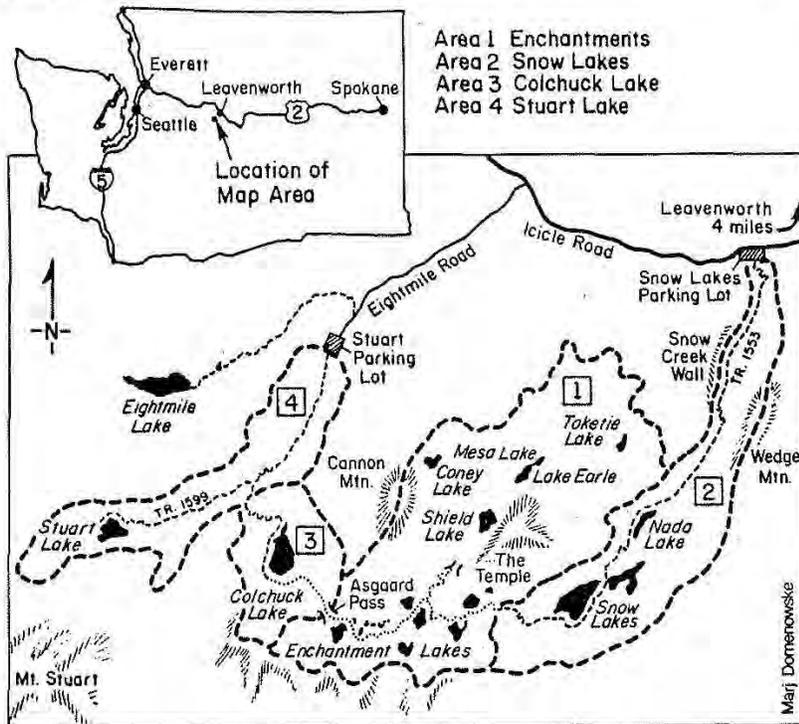
Area 3, Colchuck Lake, and trails: Permits to four parties each day, three by reservation and one by walk-in.

Area 4, Stuart Lake, and trails: Permits to five parties each day, four by reservation and one by walk-in.

Requests for camping permits are to be made by mail to the Leavenworth Ranger Station, 600 Sherbourne, Leavenworth, WA 98826. The phone number is (509) 782-1413.

Campers who then receive confirmed notification of their reservation must pick up their permit at the ranger station by 9 a.m. the first day of their trip. Walk-ins may apply for their permits beginning at 8 a.m.

■ Nancy Goodno



March 1987 *The Mountaineer*

The Leader

The leader, to restore his phlegm,
 Designs an artful stratagem,
 Aware that, with the rope below,
 Should fate disturb the status quo,
 Then twice the distance of the rope
 He'd drop at speed, without much hope
 (Acceleration, unimpaired,
 Thirty-two feet per second squared).
 He threads his rope through loops of line,
 Running belays his anodyne! -
 From fear alone; from harm no shield
 When there's a deadly flaw concealed,
 Producing from this scheme, though shrewd,
 An undesired vicissitude.
 He slips, and from above is heard
 A very rude four-letter word;
 Then screams, as he perceives too late
 His unpremeditated fate:
 The loops were thin, a masquerade
 Of safety, and have snapped; betrayed,
 He drops spreadeagled through the void,
 An unprebensible anthropoid.
 But from this lack of commonsense
 Results no fatal consequence.
 Our ignoramus is not dead:
 You see, he landed on his head.

Keith McDonald 1961



"CERTAINLY GETS LONESOME OUT ON THESE BIVOUACS, DOESN'T IT?..."



"Advance to Base, we have encountered unforeseen difficulties on the summit ridge."

"DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD BILL! MUMMERY COULDN'T DO FIVE-TEN; HILLARY COULDN'T DO FIVE-TEN; GROS COULDN'T DO FIVE-TEN; WHYMPER _____."



Happy April Fool's Day
 from "The Games Climbers Play"

THIRD ANUAL EASTER ROCK CLIMBING WEEKEND APRIL 18 & 19

JOIN US FOR A WEEKEND OF ROCK CLIMBING IN LEAVENWORTH. THIS IS A PRACTICE WEEKEND. WE'LL SPEND MOST OF THE TIME TOP ROPING IN ICICLE CREEK. SO DON'T BE SHY IF YOUR NOT A ROCK JOCK (WE'RE NOT) COME OUT ANYWAY. THERE WILL BE CLIMBS FOR ALL LEVELS OF EXPERIENCE.

FOR INFO CALL: MIKE BINGLE (W) 394-3373
RUTH BINGLE (W) 543-4011 EXT. 301
HOME 852-2738 (GOOD LUCK!)

Equipment News

Latest arrivals are 2 new pairs of Sherpa Lightfoot snowshoes. Next on the list is a new tent, as some of the large ones we currently have are a bit the worse for wear. It would have been nice to get another Kingdome, but that model has been discontinued by Sierra Designs. The intention is to buy one in the same size range. An updated list of club equipment will appear in the next issue of the Echo.

The Basic Climbing Class is now underway, and as usual they have a number of overnight trips as part of the course. The Class normally tries to borrow as many of the club tents as possible for these trips, which this year will be April 11/12, 18/19 and May 16/17. In addition the Class may need as many avalanche beacons as possible for the first two of those weekends. Please bear these dates in mind if you plan to use club equipment in the next couple of months.

The whereabouts of the Lowe Dome are at this time unknown to me. If you have it in your possession, or know who does, please give me a call.

Gareth Beale.



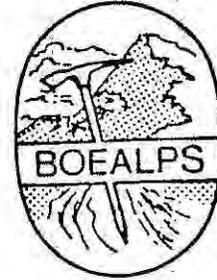
The deadline for the May Echo will be Thursday, April 23rd.

The news articles and opinions expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the Boeing Company

ALPINE ECHO

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





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Photo: Nevado Huandoy by Mark Dale

MOUNTAIN RESCUE

MAY 7th MEETING

Al Errington will be the guest speaker for the Thursday 7:30 pm May 7th meeting to be held at the Oxbow Recreation Center. Topic of this meeting relates to the "Mountain Rescue Society" a voluntary organization involved with mountain rescues. Al, a long time member of (MRS) will speak on the history of mountain rescue and mountain climbing accident prevention. The meeting should be interest to all members new and old.

This time around I'll remember to bring some cups! Sorry.

Belay Stance

Now that some good weather has arrived, I am finding it harder to find the time to put this thing together, but the show must go on. If only there was a way to write these things at a belay stance while waiting for my partner to figure out the crux. Or perhaps they could write it while I'm figuring out a way to back off gracefully.

We have a fairly good issue here, a good mix of climbing reports and non-climbing related info, of anger and humor. I hope that we will see more mini reports and climbing reports as the weather improves and everyone gets active. This month's contributors include John Petroske, Dave Gloger, Melissa Storey, Rick Jali, Rob Freeman, A. J. Mullen, Charles Winters, Mark Morrissey, Mark Dale, and Carey Chaplin. Good work, gang!

I'd like to take this opportunity to say a few words about the Intermediate Climbing Class. We have had two very successful weekends, one at Smith Rocks and one climbing Baker or Rainier. We have a great bunch of students, motivated and eager to climb. Everyone is having a good time and gaining valuable experience. If things continue as they have gone, this will be a very worthwhile summer for everyone concerned. It is hard not to think of the spectacular climbing to come. We are going to try to do this again next year, so if you are interested you should be getting out and trying some things on your own to get more experience in general mountaineering, and perhaps do some pushing on more technical routes as well. Above all, have a good time. Otherwise, why climb?

I'll close this Stance with my very first letter to the editor:

Dear Editor,

When will the horrendous cover page of the Echo be rectified. What is being done about it! No offense against Mark Dale's picture, but the reproduction sucks. Can we use something in its place, while the reproduction staff fix the crummy copy, or find a permanent replacement.

-John Petroske

Well, John, I finally have an answer for you. I have been talking to Arnie Rinta, our Recreation Advisor, and the news is good. He has convinced the Boeing print shop to try to shoot a better set of plates. They will be using the original print this time, so the quality should be quite a bit better than what we have now (shot from a pre-screened black and white half-tone). I should be hearing about the results of all this sometime next week, and may be able to let you know what is going on at the next meeting. I am very sorry that this situation has taken so long to resolve, and guarantee something for next month.



The deadline for the June Echo will be Thursday, May 21st.

The news articles and opinions expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the Boeing Company

OXBOW OPINION SURVEY RESULTS

The responses to the Oxbow facility survey have been compiled, and the consensus is favorable. The primary reasons cited by club members in favor of the Oxbow facility were its central location and ample parking space, as opposed to the remote Kent Activity Center. However there were few favorable comments regarding the rooms in which BOEALPS meetings have been held. Negative comments directed toward the meeting rooms ranged from marginal size to lack of full lighting control for slide shows, and bad acoustics. These deficiencies were outweighed by the central location. The only dissenting opinions were submitted by members, including myself, who reside in the Kent area, for whom the Kent Activity Center is more convenient. In light of popular opinion, BOEALPS meetings will continue to be held at the Oxbow facility, with the possibility of a limited number of meetings at alternate locations.

As promised those of you who responded to this survey, a grand total of 9 members, were eligible for a drawing from which three lucky members would receive prizes consisting of "carabiners or some similarly useful and costly item." The winners are:

Vaughn Bresheare
Don Olson
Tammy Trieweiler

These lucky respondents will receive their prizes at the May meeting. Your response to this survey is greatly appreciated.

Bearing Up

■
JIM
TEX
GARRY

BACK IN THOSE DAYS

when a bear wandered into a camp it was considered a nuisance rather than a major political event. Rangers had numerous home-made remedies to discourage the black bears that were the main culprits. Most rangers in this park (perhaps it's better if we don't state which park) carried sling shots and cherry bombs in their cars when patrolling camp grounds at night.

We had one kid working for us, he's right outta college and knows all there is to know, who got assigned to me. He was a fine physical specimen and proud enough of it that he'd demonstrate every chance he had.

He'd gotten a new nightstick about half the size of a good cedar fence post and was anxious to try it out. While we're checking camps one night, he gets his chance. Some folks had left food out on a picnic table and two cubs, maybe six or seven months old, are up on the table feeding. I'm looking all around with the spotlight trying to find their momma when he steps out of the station wagon and says, "Watch this." I was so puzzled, I did. Put the spotlight right on him and those two cubs as he saunters up to the table.

The cubs were as oblivious to him as two kids

would be in that wonderland of hot dogs, Fritos, Oreos and Twinkies. I honestly don't think they'd noticed him as they fed with their noses about six inches apart. But they sure noticed it when he delivered a two-handed, overhead wing—like he's splitting logs—with that nightstick right between the cubs. That nightstick hit flat and made as much noise as a rifle going off indoors. It made almost as much noise as momma bear did when she stood up from under that picnic table. The fact that the table was bolted to the ground didn't slow her up. The redwood top on that table exploded and there she was, three hundred odd pounds of very upset motherhood.

For what seemed a long time he looked up at her and she looked down at him. Then, as though all three of us took the same cue, the race started. That ol' boy was fast, but it's hard to run when you're arched like that, with your rear end tucked up as much as possible 'cause an ol' she bear's making a grab at it every step. I managed to sail in front of 'em in a shower of gravel and he dove through the back window as I went by. The old bear couldn't or wouldn't stop and hit our back quarter panel hard enough that it had to go to the shop to get the dent taken out.

We went back the next day to look around. The table top was kindling wood and we never did find his nightstick, not that he wanted it any more, because not too long after that he quit and got a job selling insurance. ■

Into the Red Zone
(or...Mountain Marathon Madness)

Early this year I had the rare opportunity to participate in a legal climb of Mt. St. Helens. I say rare because illegal ascents of the peak have far outnumbered the legal ones since the post-eruption closure of the mountain to climbers. This privilege was bestowed upon me for being a member of the Seattle Mountain Rescue Council. It seemed that various concerned officials of the State of Washington wanted rescue groups to get familiar with the volcano in anticipation of the hordes of climbers that would descend (ascend?) upon it this spring, when the peak is to be officially opened to the general public.

What began as a 2 day, 25 person outing degenerated into a 3 person, 1 day attempt due to forecasts of possible bad weather on Sunday. Those in the original group who backed out might be forgiven since they were on the mountain several weeks prior and had been nailed by a nasty storm (and had no desire to repeat that experience!). These were the circumstances that led me to meet fellow MRCCer's Dane Doerflinger and Juan Esteban Lira at the Southcenter rendezvous at 4:00 a.m. Saturday, February 7. Seems that we were the only ones with enough energy, optimism, and brain damage to attempt this 1 day tour de force. I was elected to drive since I had the largest car (a small Subaru) and the most sleep (3 hours).

Four hours of artificially-induced stimulation later, we found ourselves magically transported to the SNO PARK area about 8 miles past the hamlet of Cougar (and at an elevation of about 2200'). Saturday was shaping up into one of those beautiful premature spring days that sometimes occurs during the Cascade winter. Views of St. Helens were outstanding, the early morning sun casting sharply defined shadows across the glittering southern flank of the mountain. From this angle one would never guess at the catastrophic eruption that had occurred almost 7 years ago, the only clue being the flattened appearance of the summit area. Our objective route, Monitor Ridge, was plainly visible, running due south from the crater rim. I might mention that one could climb the peak just about anywhere he chooses on this side - we chose the ridge for aesthetic and safety (avalanche) reasons.

We shared the parking lot with a group of reporters/climbers from a Eugene, Oregon newspaper who also had a permit to climb (or so they claimed), and were planning a 2 day trip. We soon left them behind as we skied up several miles of logging roads and eventually into a large clearcut. From the upper boundary of this we followed a washed out ravine (possibly from an eruption mudslide) through mature forest to timberline, and then ascended steep snow towards the ridge crest. The weather was

near-perfect and the snow, which had been frozen hard earlier, was now softening under the sun's warming rays into what might be called ideal corn snow. It took all of our collective will-power to continue ascending instead of spending the rest of the day skiing these inviting lower slopes.

Upon reaching the ridge crest we more or less followed the broad hogback all the way to the crater rim. No difficulties were encountered, although we removed our skis about 1000' below the summit due to the myriads of water-ice blocks that were encountered on the higher windswept slopes. The view of the surrounding country was not spectacular but pleasing and becoming more expansive as we climbed, with Mt. Adams visible to the east and Mt. Hood to the south. Although now well within the mysterious and forboding "red zone", we experienced no psychic phenomena (other than occasional fatigue-induced hallucinations) and heard no groans from the mountain's bowels (although some frightening noises were produced by our own).

Above and to the east we noticed 2 small figures descending from the crater rim. Their movements were furtive and they seemed to be attempting to avoid capture (by us, I suppose), proceeding to retreat down an inconvenient route farther east. Probably a pair of "scabs" (illegal climbers) thinking we might be officials bent on their apprehension. We gleefully noticed that in their haste to leave they had not traversed to the true summit - the privilege of the day's first ascent was still ours!

At the late hour of 3:00 p.m. we finally topped out and peered over the rim at a most fantastic vista. Immediately below was the smouldering steaming lava dome, looking very much like a huge, warm cow pie on a cold winter's day. Sweeping up from the crater floor, multicolored walls of red, orange, yellow and shades of grey rose almost 2000' to the jagged, corniced rim. To the north was visible Spirit Lake, half full with a monstrous log jam, and all around the complete destruction wrought by the eruption. Quite a different sight from when I stood on the former summit almost 9 years ago!

We traversed the rim about 1/4 mile west and finally were on the heavily corniced summit (8300'+). At 4:00 p.m. after too brief of a stay we began the descent, little more than 1 hour of daylight left. After reaching our skis we attempted to telemark the once-inviting slopes, but alas! They were now freezing rapidly in the evening's shadows, making skiing a slow (and painful) process. After descending another 1000' or so we reached the reporters' camp on the ridge where they unselfishly gave us several quarts of water to rehydrate our parched bodies. From here we carried our skis down until near timberline, from where we skied through the forest by headlamp and moonlight, looking like 3 glowing pinballs as we bounced from tree to tree.

Upon reaching the logging road we began the final, and perhaps most exciting, leg of the descent. The snow had frozen to the consistency of solid ice and we found ourselves reaching speeds exceeding 30 MPH against our wills, even as we attempted to brake in the snowplow position. The only way to stop was to fall, which felt like sliding on asphalt pavement and produced a very similar "road rash". It was quite amusing to hear the distant clattering of Juan or Dane as one or the other approached, then seeing the erratically moving light from his headlamp speeding nearer like some out-of-control luge sled. Then there was the terrific crash as skier (and sometimes spectator) performed some unwanted acrobatic maneuver and tumbled to the ground. This scene was repeated time and again and was usually followed by convulsive, hysterical laughter from the by-now deranged victim.

We reached the trailhead about 8:30 p.m. in a semi-trance, a 12 hour roundtrip, car to car. The long drive home was broken up by sporadic stops for food and drink. It was after 1:00 a.m. when I dropped Juan and Dane off at their cars. At this point I noticed we all had the appearance of 2 week old cadavers. At 2:00 a.m. I crossed the finish line and collapsed into bed, thus completing the 23 hour marathon.

And to think I could have stayed home and watched Pee Wee's Playhouse on TV!

Submitted by Mark Dale

Lewis Peak

3/22/87

This climb was originally scheduled to be on Malachite Peak, but due to snowed-in roads was changed to the north side of Del Campo Peak. Upon arriving at the head of the valley (headwaters of the South Fork of the Stillaguamish River) above which Del Campo towered, we observed many signs of recent and eminent slab avalanche on north and east facing slopes. Thus we once again changed our objective to Lewis Peak, lying just south of Del Campo.

We ascended to the crest of Lewis's south ridge in wet, heavy snow and were treated to great views as we followed it towards the summit. At one point we were forced to rappel to a deep notch (hard to reverse), but otherwise had no difficulties. After a short stay on top, we began descending the north ridge, starting some fair-sized wet slides as we kicked steps down the sun-warmed snow. Upon reaching timberline the ridge became more rugged, and we picked our way down the west side of the ridge to the valley floor, managing to find the only easy descent route (huge slabs fill in the rest of the valley's wall on this side, as on the other).

continued next page

The rest of the return trip was straightforward, and we arrived at the cars at dusk having enjoyed a beautiful day in the Cascades. Our party included Don and Natalia Goodman, Jeff Hunt, Eric Koehler, Al Wainwright, and myself, Mark Dale.

Note - There are some very attractive routes from this valley, but due to it's narrow nature and slabby walls it is a dangerous place to be during high avalanche conditions. The debris from several very large slides had filled the valley floor when we were there, as they had when I was in the area several years ago.

Trekkers Help Preserve Machu Picchu

Unlike many hikers today, the Incas didn't litter their trails with bottles, cans and paper. To help restore the authenticity of this premier hiking route, the Earth Preservation Fund (EPF) is sponsoring the Third Annual Inca Trail Preservation Trek, August 6-20, 1987. Participants will trek 30 miles for 6 days along the famous Inca Trail to Machu Picchu, working alongside local Quechua Indians to clean-up and help preserve the ancient trail through the Andes Mountains of Peru. The inclusive cost from Miami is \$1659.

Over 6,000 hikers journey into the Machu Picchu Historical Sanctuary Park each year. Last year, 14 North Americans and 40 Quechua Indians from a nearby village collected and burned papers and hauled out 22 sacks of bottles and cans from the mountainsides.

The trip also includes stops in Lima and Cusco, rafting on the Urubamba River, two nights at Machu Picchu and an optional trip extension to an Amazon jungle lodge. The trip leader is an expert Peruvian anthropologist. For further information including a free map of the Inca Trail contact: The Earth Preservation Fund, Inca Trail Project, 904 West Highland Dr, Suite K, Seattle, WA, 98119 or call toll free 1-800-345-4453.

Mt. Washington - mini report

The day - March 28th.

The peak - Mt. Washington

The conditions - superb!

We met at the 272nd Park & Ride at 6:00 am and proceeded to Hoodspport where we had breakfast (remind anyone of the Brothers trip?). From there we proceeded up towards Lake Cushman and the Mt. Washington/Ellinor road. The views from the road were great and we were able to see all the routes clearly. There was evidence of avalanches of perhaps two days previous, but nothing recent. Being the hearty climbers which we are (???) we decided to bushwack rather than take the trail as bushwacking looked more direct (and curiously more time consuming). Anyway, we finally reached the base of the cirque headwall and proceeded up the rather exposed and slightly unstable middle slope with another group of two climbers (Bob and Randy). After getting to the top of the slope and calming our racing hearts we realized that conditions were not too good for going up the final pitch, however, Randy and Bob went for it and quickly realized that the mountain was not going to allow anyone to get any summit shots today. After being pummeled with ice and snowfall, Randy executed a precarious rap back down to the belay station and gave up on the summit attempt. After that we took a break and proceeded to glissade on down with Lynn Foss (he did six peaks in six days last year and will attempt Denali in 24 hours on May 8th) in the lead. All-in-all it was a great day with great views of Olympus, Rainier, Adams, Glacier, and the list goes on and on.

The gang: Melissa Storey, Bob Piotrowski, Rorey Fagan, Kevin Burkett, and Mark Morrissey. P.S. we have a picture for Jim Blilie with the Boealps banner.

FOR SALE

Chalk Bags:

A special offer for BOEALPS members. ROC equipment calk bags in black with a stylish lycra band are available for \$9.95 each (regularly 13.95). This is the same bag used by Todd Skinner when he captured 3rd place at the 1986 Speed Climbing Championships in the U.S.S.R.

Contact Doug Weaver at the next meeting. Just ask around for who he is.

Back Pack:

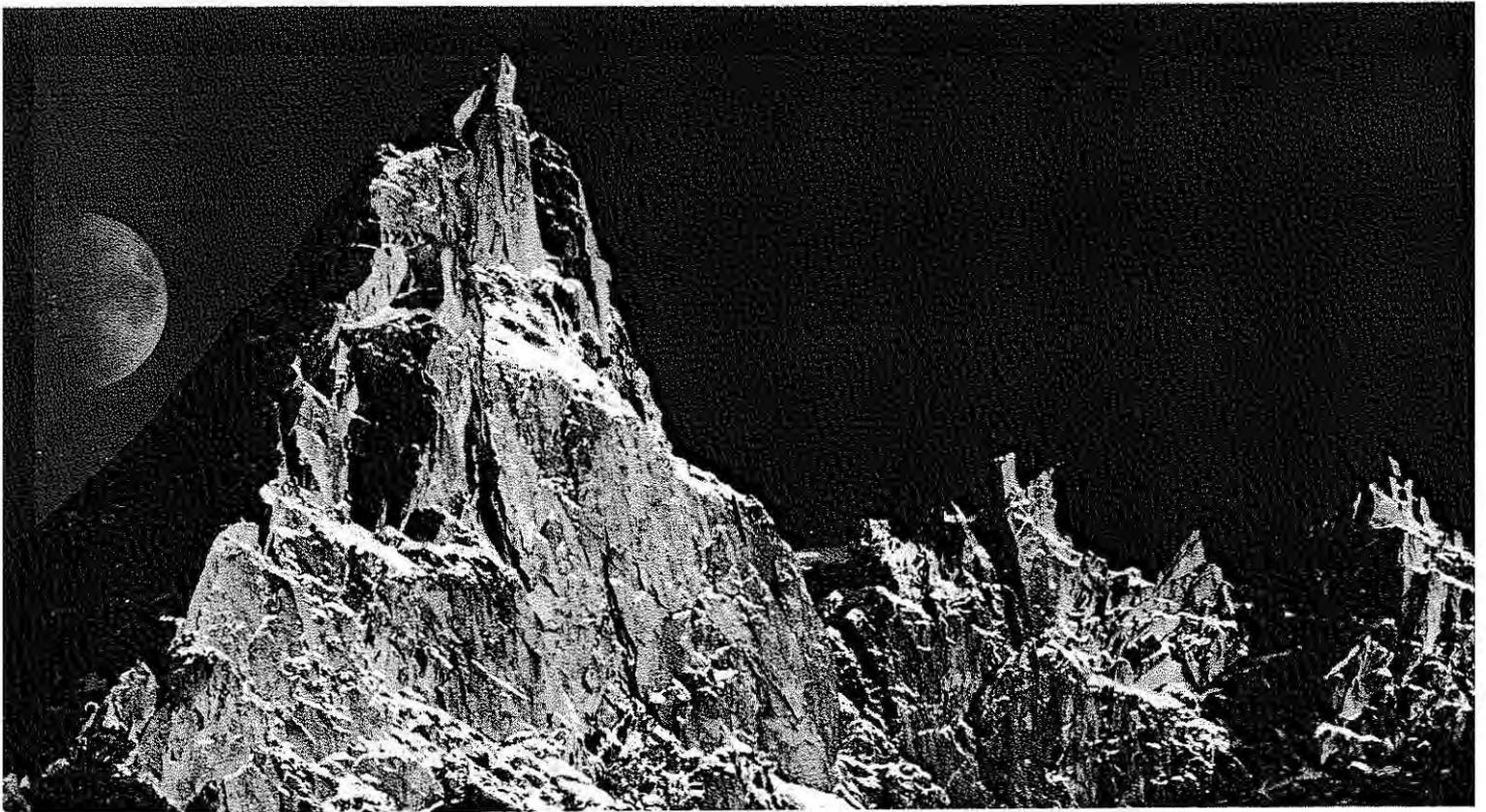
A good deal for a good pack. The pack is a Schonhofen "Ultimate" 5100 cubic inch internal frame pack. It is dark blue, made of Cordura, with leather crampon strap points. It features full compression straps and removable side pockets. It is four years old, but is in perfect condition. The asking price is \$150.00.

Contact Vaughn Bresheare, M/S 3K-20, 395-6100.

Mt. Ellinor - A Midweek Mini Vacation

Enthused from our climb of Mt. Washington the previous Saturday and knowing that the grand weather could not last forever, we decided for a midweeker at Ellinor. Melissa and John showed up at my place about 12:30 am (yep! midnight) on April 1st and we hit the road for the fun-filled two hour drive. I was thinking at about 12:15 am about how telling someone that you would pick them up for a climb on April Fools Day at about midnight might be a very good April Fools joke, but I was fortunate that Melissa didn't think about it first. We camped under the stars at the trailhead and watched stars while we drifted off to sleep. In the morning, who pulled up, but Lynn Foss and Chavelle the wonder dog (I personally believe that this dog has more summits than most Cascade climbers!). Lynn loaned us each a Foss Azguard Glissader and we started up from the upper trail. The 'walk' to the summit was warm (a cotton tee-shirt day) and the views were pretty darn nice. We could even see the summit of Baker behind Mt. Washington. After a feast of turkey stuffed with pasta salad (courtesy of John "cookie" Sumner), some great wine, cheese, strawberries, etc. we decided to begin the glissade back down. We used the glissaders that Lynn loaned us and we screamed off the mountain and arrived at the bottom with dry clothes. Those glissaders sure are nice. And what a yuppie toy they are. Anywho, we zipped back to the car and were back in Seattle at 3:00 with plenty of time to go to the climbing rock at Camp Long. These mid-week mini vacations sure are nice!

The gang: Melissa Storey, John "cookie" Sumner, Lynn Foss, Mark Morrissey and Chavelle the wonder dog. P.S. We have, once again, a picture of the gang with the Boealps banner for Jim Blilie.



WASHINGTON

Climbing in Icicle Canyon Threatened

Icicle Canyon has long been Washington's most popular roadside bouldering area. With its rushing streams and excellent granite, this mile-deep canyon has been the refuge of many seeking the freedom of the mountains without the effort required to reach true wilderness. Washington climbers have always been under the false impression that Icicle Canyon is on public land. Unrestricted use has until recently perpetuated this myth. But the truth about the future of climbing in the area is far from encouraging.

History has set the stage. In the 1860's the U.S. Government deeded large tracts of land to the railroads to promote development. In the Rockies and Cascades, if a canyon showed potential for providing railway passage, every other section of land in that canyon was deeded over. Around Leavenworth, every canyon with an east-west orientation was thus affected.

During Teddy Roosevelt's reign, the U.S. Forest Service took charge of the public lands in these areas. To provide cash flow, the railroads eventually sold excess land to timber companies. After many years of harvesting, these timber companies recently decided to sell the bottomland properties, which unfortunately include most of the popular boulders and crags in Icicle Canyon.

At present there is a year-round residence at Bridge Creek, a second at Eightmile Creek, and three seasonal cabins. Fortunately, Icicle Canyon is in a special zoning district with a unique governing body, the Icicle Design Review Committee, a five-person board which makes recommendations to the Chelan County Commissioners concerning development proposals. Current zoning allows only one single family dwelling per 20 acres. This alone will prevent a density problem. But what is the future for climbers and campers?

A number of climbing areas are on private property. These areas and their present market prices include Nearly Vertical Wall (aka Little Bridge Creek Wall, \$79,950), Eightmile Rock (\$84,950), Alphabet Rock (\$79,950), and Bruce's Boulder (\$79,950).

Icicle Buttress was sold to Bob Abbott of Seattle in a \$110,000, 40-acre deal, and is currently closed to climbing. Abbott is willing to deed the Buttress to the USFS in exchange for a 1/4-acre parcel near Snoqualmie Pass, a complicated and unlikely swap.

Rat Creek Boulder, a misnomer for Hook Creek or Donini's Boulder, is probably the most-threatened rock in the Icicle due to its small size and lengthy approach across a private bridge. In a desperate move, Dr. Mark Shipman bought the property containing this rock. The deal will close on January 20 if a zoning variance is granted concerning the rock and surrounding property.

Shipman, who made this remarkable acquisition at great personal expense, is also the Chairman of the Chelan-Douglas Land Trust, a non-profit group active in acquiring significant private wildlands. Due to liability concerns, the Trust is unwilling to own property for rock climbing, but it is willing to acquire such property with the idea of deeding rock to public entities such as the USFS.

In December 1986, the Icicle Design Review Committee voted to recommend approval of Shipman's variance request, which would allow him to deed Rat Creek Boulder and an easement to the USFS and still build one dwelling on the remaining standard parcel. He intends to sell, however, not build. On the same day, the Regional Supervisor for Wenatchee National Forest rejected this proposal, citing the creation of small blocks of public land within the private sector and, surprisingly, liability as his main objections. This is a setback and could be argued against more vehemently.

One other thing is certain: under the Reagan Administration, the USFS will not be able to buy recreation land in Icicle Canyon, a once hoped-for solution.

Starting in 1987, the Forest Service will strictly enforce the ban on camping outside of developed camp-

grounds. The Chelan County Sheriff's Department will prevent roadside camping on private property as well. Overall, this is a bad situation.

As a further note, Shipman is leading the drive to acquire the Peshastin Pinnacles (see *Climbing* no. 98), but the effort has received limited financial support from the climbing community. With the help of the Seattle Mountaineers, the Chelan-Douglas Land Trust has raised only \$2400 toward purchase of the Pinnacles. Nevertheless, owners Bitterman and Sweet were offered \$40,000 cash for the rocks and three acres of orchard for parking. They rejected this, wanting \$400,000.

Ironically enough, liability, the root of all evil in both the Pinnacles and the Icicle, is circumvented by Washington State Statute RCW, which states that a person recreating on private lands assumes inherent liability for his or her injuries. Unfortunately, the landowner may incur court costs defending suits anyway. In the meantime, the Pinnacles remain closed but unpatrolled.

I am in the unique position of being a climber, a landowner, and a member of the Icicle Design Review Committee. I am worried. As a committee member, I will save every rock possible, but as a climber I can see that roadside bouldering may soon be a thing of the past. As a landowner, I am disgusted with the trash left around my favorite areas, and I know that other landowners will turn hostile if this continues.

Some climbers seem to think that they do not have to care. Unfortunately, they may close the doors for the rest of us. In the past, belligerence and ignorance have worked fairly well for the Washington climber. Awareness and combined funds will be the key to preserving climbing for the future.

— Rob Newsom

Want to help out?

Contact A. J. Mullen at M/S 20-24

Peshastin is already gone,
let's not blow it with the Icicle!

TALKING DIRTY

In wilderness sanitation, when the tough get going, the going gets tough.

By Eric Perlman

The backcountry will drown in a sea of sewage and junk unless we get smart, soon. You know what I mean—*giardia* in the streams, tissues on the trails, pop cans tucked behind the trees.

We gleefully leave flush toilets and garbage trucks behind when we head for the hills. But as more people venture up trail and downstream, the mass of waste they leave behind endangers health and ecological balance. Besides—it looks awful, and smells... Fortunately, there are solutions. Last August, I rafted the Colorado River with O.A.R.S. (Outdoor Adventure River Specialists), and saw the look of the future.

More than 15,000 raft company customers float the Colorado River every year, along with several thousand private rafters. The solid waste problem along that over-traveled river is truly astonishing: There is none. That's right, the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon has no visible trash or human waste problem at all. Each beach and campsite along the river is occupied nearly every day and night of the summer, yet each site is as spotless as some brand-new island in the Aleutians.

How do they do it? Diligence—and the knowledge that if they don't keep the river A-1, they're all out of business.

Colorado River runners are required by law (and policed by rangers and each other) to pack a portable toilet and use it in camp. O.A.R.S. calls theirs "The Coconut Lounge" ("You put the lime in the coconut"). But their lime doesn't make jungle juice. It's the kind that neutralizes odors and disinfects.

It's a long way from fun setting up the Coconut Lounge. But it's a ball, compared to taking it down. As honorary boatman trainee, I won the job often. Each evening, you fit the large, rectan-

gular canister with doubled plastic garbage bags and mount the throne upon it. And every morning, you remove the bulging bags, tie off the tops, and, like a sneaking Santa, cart the load around the edge of camp so you don't spoil everyone's breakfast. The sealed bags go onto the trainee boat and into oversized ammo boxes that read, "Feed me, please me." The boxes stay sealed until the end of the two-week trip.



The new maitre d' at the Coconut Lounge.

ELZ HYMAN

All rubbish is handled just as thoroughly. Paper trash is burned, the ashes watered to a paste, and the black, grimy mess plopped into garbage sacks. Cans are crushed and carted out. Uneaten food is packed out, too. Nothing stays behind. O.A.R.S.'s sanitary control was the most thorough and impressive piece of private wilderness management I've ever seen. And judging by the condition of the camp and picnic sites along the river, the rest of the rafting concessionaires are just as good.

But someone has to get dirty to keep the river so clean. These modern-day untouchables are the boatman trainees. The hapless trainee boat starts out light and clean. As the voyage proceeds, its bilges fill with semi-airtight cans and sacks of solid waste. After a week in the

Arizona sun, the trainee boat is sent far to the rear, and downwind, of the raft flotilla. After two weeks on this rapid-running garbage scow, trainees are fully motivated to master their river skills and graduate to full boatmen.

It may be less than heaven, but sanitary engineering is the dirty job that someone has to do. As wilderness users, we must face the truth: If we are ever to expand the political clout we need to protect the backcountry, the numbers of people who use it *must* increase. They'll probably increase anyway. And whenever you increase the user-days, you increase the junk that gets left behind.

Most parks, wildernesses, and recreation areas ask visitors to pack out their garbage. The more people, the more strictly enforced the request. But so far, not even the rangers at heavily used Grand Canyon have gotten up the nerve to require hikers to deposit their ordure in plastic bags and take it with them when they go. So the stuff stays where it is. And often, everyone who passes within 100 yards knows just where.

Mountain climbers on Yosemite's El Capitan are America's worst offenders. Due to the high multi-day traffic on the more popular routes, and the scarcity of cleansing rains during the eight-month climbing season, a collection of large paper bags has become the standard pack-along item for big wall climbers. These are filled each morning, and gravity does the rest.

The backcountry trash problem is growing throughout the world. Today, only the highest density operations, like rafting's O.A.R.S., take up the burden of managing waste properly. But the day may not be far off when the old saying, "Take only pictures, leave only footprints," will strictly apply—even to what was dinner just yesterday. ■

The Wednesday Action Club

Hello all you wild 2nd shifters. Let's form an action club and see how much fun we can have on Wednesdays and still make it back to work on time. Let's go enjoy the dawn, the blue sky, and daylight whilst our pitiful counterparts toil wearily under the noonday sun. Activities will include climbing (rock and snow), kayaking, biking, skiing (whatever is left of it), and camping (midnight is a lovely time to start a trip). Whatever other activities this dynamic group of nocturnals dreams up will be considered. Give a call to head honchette Melissa Storey : 633-3730 (days at home) or 655-0124 (nights at work).

ROCK CLIMBING AT ICICLE CREEK SATURDAY, MAY 16

ICICLE CREEK NEAR LEAVENWORTH IS WASHINGTON'S ANSWER TO YOSEMITE VALLEY: WARM, DRY WEATHER MOST OF THE YEAR; GOOD ROCK WITH LOTS OF HANDHOLDS AND PROTECTION; A VARIETY OF CLIMBS ALL LOCATED CLOSE TO THE ROAD; COMFORTABLE USFS CAMPGROUND NEARBY.

JOIN US FOR A ONE-DAY ROCK CLIMBING TRIP. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A HOT SHOT CLIMBER OR HAVE LOADS OF EQUIPMENT TO JOIN IN THE FUN. ALL LEVELS OF DIFFICULTY FROM RANK BEGINNER TO EXPERT ARE WELCOME. CALL CHARLES WINTERS FOR INFORMATION AND SIGNUP AT 656-5354 DAYS OR LEAVE A MESSAGE AT 392-4414 ANSWERING MACHINE.

MOUNT SAINT HELENS MAY 9,10

The route we will take will be Monitor Ridge on the south side of the mountain, opposite the crater. This will be technically easy (Ice Axe required) and moderately strenuous (Elevation gain 4500 feet). We will leave around noon on Saturday and camp near the trailhead that night. We will start climbing at first light on Sunday. After several hours of step kicking, we should be on the summit well before noon. We should be back in the Seattle area around 7:00 or 8:00 pm.

Note: This climb will be subject to the mountain being legally open for climbing. As of this writing, this was expected to occur on or about May 1.

Carey Chaplin. W 655-5456, H 783-6186, M/S 47-10

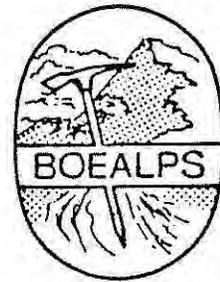
A CAREFREE STROLL ON THE McCLELLAN TRAIL WITH BOLO and SHOVEL

Have you ever wondered how the trails in the Cascades retain their immaculate, manicured appearance, year after year, in season and out of season, in good times and bad? Join us for lumbago, bunions, and an occasional blister as we cheerfully restore the McClellan Trail to its pristine beauty. Come as you are. Beer and tools provided by the Management. 8:00 A. M., June 13, at the trail head. More information next issue.

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: Nevado Huandoy by Mark Dale

CHO OYU
"Goddess of the Turquoise"

26,906 feet
Sixth Highest Peak on Earth

The June 4th meeting to be held at 7:30pm in the Oxbow Recreation Center will feature a spectacular slide show of an expedition that climbed Cho Oyu this last spring. Dave Hambly, will narrate this incredible journey up one of the Himalayan giants.

Rumors have it that door prizes will be given away.

Belay Stance

Ken Johnson

Not too much exciting to report. Al Errington's talk on Mountain Rescue at last month's meeting was very interesting and informative. More questions were asked after this presentation than at the last few months combined! The door prizes were also very well received by those fortunate enough to get them. For a change, the Board members didn't do too well. We'll have to fix that this time.

Bad news about the cover page. The print shop claims that they cannot do a better job. This means we are stuck with what we have. The Board will consider what we should do next. If you have any ideas, please send them to me at M/S OU-40.

The Intermediate class is still going strong. We spent a very productive weekend at Squamish. The highlights were multi-pitch climbs on the Apron and working on friction, crack, and leading skills. Several students with more ambition than common sense learned about the evils of leader falls. Only four suffered minor injuries! To buffer their wildness, they will be learning rescue techniques this weekend. Wait 'till they find out how hard it is to move an injured person around!

The membership roster is at the end of this issue. Thanks go to Mike Bingle for getting this list out and keeping it up to date. If things are not what they seem to be, please let him know so that he can get it right.

And finally, a warm welcome is extended to our new librarian, Teri Crook. She is taking on an important and sometimes frustrating task, and she could use our support and help in keeping the library in order. Thanks are due to Jeff Stonebraker, our past librarian, who missed only one meeting in his twenty month tour of duty.

Looking for a sleeping bag?

BOEALPS is putting together a buyers group for a discount on Feathered Friends sleeping bags. Each bag is custom made to order using only the finest down and materials available. These are top of the line bags. We are trying to get ten people together for a 25% discount. Contact Dave Newman at 342-3517 by June 12th if you are interested.

AAC holding membership drive.

The American Alpine Club is looking to boost it's membership. It has streamlined its application process to make things easier. Two of the more tangible of the many benefits of being a member are the American Alpine Journal and the Accidents in North American Mountaineering. These two publications are provided for free to dues paying members. Contact Don Goodman at M/S 7E-54 for more information.



The deadline for the July Echo will be Thursday, June 18th.

The news articles and opinions expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the Boeing Company

4/25

Met up with the rest of the Vertical Adventures Intermediate Climbing Class. Oren and Gary were my classmates and John Larga, the instructor. We all spoke Spanish which added an interesting twist to an otherwise boring weekend (HA!). His climbing method was Yosemite style which uses a minimum of gear, easy to check placement of anchors, no cleaning tools and no bloody knees.

We did two pitches of Mikes Book, Toejam, Bourgeone (?) a long vertical layback which made our shoulders scream, and 5.6 plus which I shed blood on. Gary insisted I go back up and clean the blood off.

We all led pitches varying from scary to almost-but-not-quite- impossible. Leading a 5.6 crack which required moving over and up to the next crack while trying to avoid a loose flake, I scratched by knee and bled on the rope which caused a cacophony of screaming and moaning from below.

To top the afternoon off, we did a first ascent on Beaver Rock. Two pals of John's put in one bolt, wire brushed it, and levitated up. We then used a sling ladder. It's amazing how finely tuned some peoples toes and fingertips are. Getting to the bolt required jumping four feet from one boulder over to the area of the bolt, which was 20 feet above the ground and flailing on belay. A good time was had by all.

St. Helens - 5/3

John Sumner and I hiked up to 4,100 feet on Sunday. Not much of a trail in existence, so we used a compass and bushwacked through the trees for three hours then pitched camp at the base of Monitor Ridge. At 5:00 a.m., Monday, we headed up the ridge. About two hours later we gained the top of the butte and had a tricky time picking a route over to the hogback that lay to the west. Thin snow over loose rock on a good incline has always been one of my favorite sensations, and I really enjoyed myself that morning.

Two hours later, after a little white-out, putting on our crampons due to early morning iciness and roping up close to the summit, I landed on the cornice with John giving me a good belay from below. The cornice was jagged and covered with snow and the lava dome's steam vents were in active mode with a cloud swirling above it. The walls of the crater plunged down with rocks and avalanche debris littering them.

Where we were all alone on a hot, bright morning with a geological treat in front of us with only ten or twelve helicopters swirling above recording our every move because it was opening day. Anyway, we had a blast glissading down and I was only two hours late for work. Oops.

LIBRARY BOOKS WANTED

Several people still have books that were checked out in 1985/86. Let's try to get these books back into circulation again. If you can't bring them to the meeting, just drop them in the Boeing mail: Teri, M.S. OL-15.

THANKS!

Mt. Rainier, Wilson Glacier Headwall

March 28 - 29, 1987
Tim Hudson

It was time for another training climb in preparation for a June expedition to Denali. Having retreated from high on Disappointment cleaver in February because of weather and reduced party strength, Bob and I wished to take no chances. With the prospects of a good weekend and the addition of a stalwart companion, we hopefully pointed the van toward Paradise. A quick consultation with the climbing ranger confirmed that the good weather was having its usual adverse impact upon both the crowds at the Muir shelter and the snow on the Gibraltar Ledges. Aesthetically, this dictated another south-side route. None of us had yet climbed the Fuhrer Thumb or the Wilson glacier headwall, so we decided to go have a look.

We left the visitor's center on snowshoes at 1000. The late start accommodated breakfast in Graham and maximized the probability that a more motivated party would precede us across the lower Nisqually glacier. (Aesthetics can take one just so far, after all!)

We climbed to just below Panorama point, descended to the glacier and roped up. We decided to follow the eastern edge of the Nisqually because of the unstable appearance of the snow slopes below Wapowety cleaver. And as luck would have it, a party of five Finger-bound Mountaineers was busily stomping a broad trail ahead of us!

It was a fine, clear day, warming as the high-pressure ridge developed. A steady easterly kept conditions comfortable as we slogged our winter packs through the heavy spring snows. It was with a certain reluctance that we departed the packed path and traversed the lower Wilson glacier to our bivouac on the Wapowety cleaver (ca. 9500'). We pitched camp at about 1700.

A better site would be hard to find. It is broad and level, affording a spectacular panorama of the Tatoosh and points south as well as a fine vantage of the Fuhrer Finger, Thumb and the Wilson glacier *cirque*.

The wind increased and the temperature plummeted with the waning light. We examined the routes through the swirling spindrift, weighing our options as we boiled up. We decided on the Wilson headwall because of its accessibility (read: it's closer to camp) and its challenging appearance. (It's amazing how one's perceptions are influenced by security and advantageous position!)

The shallow headwall of the Wilson glacier is separated from the glacier proper by two short, vertical rock bands. A steep, narrow snow and ice chute cuts diagonally through the blocking cliffs, providing the only obvious line of ascent. Local topography funnels debris from the entire headwall *cirque* through the chute. The rock bands themselves could provide marginal shelter from falling debris. However, climbers are exposed for the hundred or so yards between them and for twice that distance above the second band before gaining the relative safety of the 45° - 50° eastern headwall.

The easterly winds were loading the south and west-facing slopes of the headwall *cirque*. We could not tell how heavily. A faintly-visible fracture line high in the *cirque* and ample debris below the chute attested to recent avalanche activity. Although protected by a protruding buttress on the lower glacier, we would be exposed to the menacing Kuatz icefall throughout the crux of the climb.

The day had been relatively warm and the night promised to be clear and cold. We agreed that an early start would allow us to climb safely through the chute and escape most of the hazard posed by rock- and icefall. We were certain that the snow would consolidate and gambled that a

major slab was not forming on the upper slopes.

With these sobering thoughts, we squeezed ourselves and gear into Bob's three-man tent for what promised to be a short night.

It was shorter than we planned. The gusting wind rattled the rainfly incessantly. Mark, having neglected to practice, couldn't set the alarm on his new watch without activating the one-hour elapsed timer! The damned thing sounded for the final time at 0230, forcing, with some relief, initiation of the intricate maneuvers required of three people attempting to don winter gear inside a tent without upsetting the crucial morning boil.

We finally left camp at 0430. It was clear, calm and moderately cold (12° F). The refrozen surface provided excellent cramponing, and we fell into a rhythm of shared leads, progressing smoothly up the glacier toward the start of the difficulties.

The entrance to the chute was blocked by a short step of steep, ice-glazed rock at the bottom of the first cliff. Mark drew the assignment and quickly surmounted the obstacle, bringing Bob and myself up on a boot-axe belay. Another couple of leads took us through the icy, 50° trough to the top of the rock band. It was here that the upper slopes, in full sun for an hour or more, began to shed their encrusting rime.

It was now clear that we had departed camp too late. Descending at this point would have subjected us to bombardment from the entire, rapidly-warming headwall. There was really no choice. We had to continue, and quickly, before the sun loosened anything more substantial.

I led the slope between the rock bands, dodging occasional showers while keeping a weather eye out for anything major headed our way. I'm sure that the looming Kuatz icefall dominated all our thoughts! We quickly climbed to the upper rock band without mishap, however, and after a short rest in its shelter, Bob led us up through the end of the chute and out of immediate danger.

Now the fun began! The sun beat down mercilessly. The ambient temperature had risen to the middle fifties. The intense, reflected heat softened the windpacked snow to the point that we were often wading through knee-deep drifts. The headwall appeared as if it would never end. An interminable, climbing traverse finally brought us to the edge of the *cirque* west of the Nisqually icefall. From this point it is a long, straightforward slog to the summit, which we reached at 1200, pretty well spent.

The day remained surprisingly calm and hot. (So much for our winter climb!) It was clear that the headwall was in no condition for a safe descent, so we opted to return by way of the Fuhrer Finger. Before long we were rationing our remaining water as we picked a path through the Gothic splendor of the upper Nisqually icefall.

The descent of the Finger was spectacularly uneventful as the hot sun triggered myriad minor sluffs, and an occasional monster fall from the surrounding heights. The headwall chute seemed particularly active; but perhaps we were a bit sensitive! We arrived at camp and started a welcome boil by 1600, quite happy to be off the upper slopes and pleased with our accomplishment.

Summary: A fairly direct route from Paradise, grade II or III. Mostly snow, some ice on moderately steep (45° - 50°) slopes. Not recommended unless cold, stable conditions prevail. An early start is essential to minimize rockfall danger. Pickets and one or two ice screws should provide all the protection required (we used running belays). The Nisqually glacier approach to the 9500' bivouac is lengthy. A direct line to Wapowety cleaver is suggested when in condition. A generally enjoyable, infrequently climbed route.

Climbers: Mark Dale, Bob Dinning and Tim Hudson

The 4-5 mile hike from Barlow pass to the 'town' of Monte Cristo was not really all that bad, and was at least flat. The bridge repairs were unlike anything I've ever seen. It was about an hour and a half to the town site, and perhaps another twenty minutes to the Glacier Basin trail. From there, we reached the basin itself in about an hour, staying fairly high above the river, there being plenty of snow around. A large flat rock in the basin itself afforded a comfortable rest stop, from which we could survey the possible routes. There was still a lot of snow on the mountain, but we decided against the Class 2 'U-notch' route, and since we couldn't see the most difficult part of the North Col, we opted for the West Face.

An hour's plodding took us around Ray's Knoll and up the gully through the rock band. The first pitch on the West Face was about another hour, and the snow was pretty firm, but getting steep. At the end of this first pitch the snow had become alarmingly so, and the surface varied from hard ice next to the rocks to large, loose crystals at the top of the slope, which turned out to be a small cornice, though not overhanging. A short break on the rocks at the bottom of the next pitch, which is a jog to the left, and then up more steep snow. The conditions were such that we felt very precarious, with very little possibility of stopping a glissade if one should slip. The worst part was watching the other guy person kicking steps into sometimes insubstantial snow cover on rock. At this point we had already decided to take the 'U-notch' on the return journey, and would have turned around except that backing down was even less attractive than continuing. After all, it couldn't get much worse than this, could it? Well, not very much anyway. A short pitch on a somewhat exposed Knife edge led to a gully which then forked either side of a rock ridge. We thought briefly about taking the rock on up, but it was very exposed and a bit on the crumbly side. Rodger opted for the right side which I later figured was the 'exposed gully' in Beckey's description. Ice in the very bottom of the gully meant kicking steps into the snow to one side, and holding onto the rock for what was mostly psychological support. Out of the gully and onto some rock left only a scramble to the summit, which came upon one rather suddenly. Finally we could relax. It had been an intense couple of hours, but now they were over, the climb seemed all the more satisfying for its difficulty. A minor disappointment was the absence of a summit register, but we might have put a few too many expletives in it anyway.

Brimming with confidence as we were, we convinced ourselves that the easy route down was still the best idea, as we were a couple of hours later than planned already (We left Glacier Basin about 11.15 am, and reached the summit around 3.30pm). The easy route gave us pause for a while as we headed down a gully, the only exit from which was a sizeable bergschrund. There was however a very solid bridge over it, and it only remained to traverse, pausing to consider taking the North Col route down, but continuing down and around minor summits to the 'U-notch', which, looking for all the world as if it was corniced, led out to

a broad flat snowfield on the other side, and slopes just crying out to be glissaded. The conditions were perfect, and the glissades the best I can remember, with no danger of going too fast. We were back on our flat rock 15 minutes later, but still 2-3 hours hiking to go. Many treacherous holes awaited in the snow on the way out, alternately giving rise to amusement and irritation depending upon whether you fell in or watched the other fall in.

we had a wonderful stroke of luck on reaching Monte Cristo when one of the locals, named Greg, gave us a lift to Barlow Pass. He was a very colourful character and offered rides to everyone he saw on the way out. We learned that he was a member of the Monte Cristo Preservation Society, which has assumed responsibility for keeping the road in usable condition. Becoming a member (\$24/year) gets you a key to the gate at Barlow pass, among other things, which would normally cost \$50 from Snohomish County. I have the address if anyone is interested.

Climbers: Gareth Beale, Rodger Wessling.

TRIP REPORT - MAY 16 ROCK CLIMBING AT ICICLE CREEK

14 PEOPLE TRAVELED TO ICICLE CREEK NEAR LEAVENWORTH FOR A ONE-CLIMB ON PLENTIFUL ROCK FACES NEAR THE ROAD. IN ATTENDANCE WERE:

GARETH BEALE/MARY
MIKE AND RUTH BINGLE
BOB BINKEL
TERRY CROOK
ERIC INGALSBE
HAMID JAMISHIDIAT/RACHAEL

ERIC KASUILIS
MARK MORRISY
MELISSA STOREY
DICK ULMAN
CHARLES WINTERS

SOME OBSERVATIONS: MIKE, MELISSA (aka WONDER WOMAN), TERRY AND MARK WERE CLEARLY THE HOTTEST OF THE HOTSHOTS. SEVERAL OTHERS WERE VERY CLOSE BEHIND. BOB AND DICK ARE RECRUITS FROM SKIBACS. HAMID EXPERIENCED HIS FIRST DAY OF CLASS 5 ROCKCLIMBING, HE TOOK TO IT LIKE A DUCK TO WATER EQUIPPED WITH RUNNING SHOES, NO LESS. AFTER GARETH LOANED HIM SOME OLD BEATUP ROCK SHOES, HAMID STARTED PERFORMING VERY WELL. LOOK FOR MORE FROM THIS FELLOW. SOME FELLOWS CAME BY AND DEMONSTRATED THEIR ABILITY TO CLIMB CLASS 5.7 MOVES UNROPED. I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS VERY AMUSING UNTIL I SAW THE HILARIOUS INSCRIPTION ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THEIR TEE SHIRTS: "ASK ME ABOUT SAFE CLIMBING". IN ADDITION TO THOSE IN OUR PARTY, WE OBSERVED SOME VERY CAPABLE WONDER WOMAN TYPES CLIMBING NEARBY. I WAS SUITABLY IMPRESSED. UNDOUBTABLY THERE ARE STILL SOME PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD WHO THINK WOMEN SHOULD BE WEAK AND PASSIVE, IN MY BOOK THOUGH, STRONG IS BEAUTIFUL.

YOURS TRULY, CHARLES WINTERS

Mount St. Helens, 8340 ft., via Monitor Ridge, May 9 & 10, 1987

We joined the hordes of people on the weekend before the 100 persons per day limit was imposed. The reports I have read stated that around 1500 people were on the mountain this weekend.

Our group left the Federal Way P&R at 1:00 pm. on Saturday. In about 3 hours we re-assembled at the Yale boat launch near Cougar to register for the climb. Here we learned that there was a big crowd camping at the trailhead, so we decided to look for a less crowded spot near Ape Cave. We found a wide spot in the road about 1/2 mile below the Ape Cave picnic area and made our camp here.

After setting up camp we decided to explore Ape Cave. This is a lava tube about 2 miles long and 20 feet in diameter. The temperature averages 40 degrees inside the cave, which limited our explorations since we were dressed for the 80 degree surface temperature.

Back at camp we fired up the coals in the Barbecue and had a relaxing dinner complete with dinner music by Kevin Norby. After dinner, war stories were exchanged and we settled down to a warm night of watching the nearly full moon inch across the sky.

We awoke at 5:00, packed up camp, had a cup of coffee, drove 20 minutes to the trail head, and were on the trail at 6:30 am. Once we were on the trail it was a matter of following the crowds up the mountain. The Ptarmigan trail, starting at 3600 feet and wandering through the woods for about a mile, was snow covered but easy going due to the large number of people ahead of us.

Due to the size of our party, the varied speeds with which we were moving, and the large number of people on the mountain, we ended up climbing everyone at their own pace. Once out of the trees, it was a matter of following the previously kicked steps up the mountain. The route stayed just to the left of the ridge most of the way up.

It was a hot day, but there was a nice breeze blowing from the west and great views of Mt. Adams to the east and Mt. Hood to the south. It seemed like a solid line of people stretching up the mountain in front of you and down the mountain behind you.

The fastest of our party were at the summit in less than 4 hours, and most of us were up in less than 5 hours. At the summit we were rewarded with impressive views of the crater and lava dome, as well as Spirit Lake and the blast area, Mount Rainier and the hazy whiteness of the Olympics. There was also a chance to observe the sport of cornice stuffing in progress. In this sport it is seen how many people can stand on a cornice before it gives way. None of our party participated and, luckily, the ultimate strength of the cornice was not determined.

The excitement on the descent amounted to trying to find your way through the last mile of woods to the parking lot. Most of us missed the trail head by about 1/2 mile and had to trudge through a clear-cut to get back to the road.

Climbers were: Carey Chaplin, Joel Chaplin, Bob Trent, Kevin Norby, Rick Jali, Ben Quarless, Breck Haining, Jim Fortier, Wayne Kostinen, Erich Koehler, Mike McClelland, Michael Hall, Jim Jonsescu, Debbie Adams.

Squamish Rock Climbing Weekend

Join this group of intrepid climbers as they journey to the land of Eh? Good weather, great friction, and perfect cracks are guaranteed (viad where prohibited). There is no experience limit, some cove on out for a lot of fun. Contact Mark Morrissey at 941-3590 (home) for more information.

A Carefree Stroll on the McClellan Trail With Bolo and Shovel

Have you ever wondered how the trails in the Cascades retain their immaculate, manicured appearance, year after year, in season and out, in good times and bad? Join us for lumbago, bunions, and an occasional blister as we cheerfully restore the McClellan Butte Trail to its pristine beauty. Come as you are. Beer and tools provided by the management. We will meet at 8:00 AM on June 13th at the trail head. Please call A. J. Mullen at 655-1411 so he can plan to have sufficient tools and refreshment money.

SATURDAY JULY 11, 1987 ONE-DAY CLIMB OF LIBERTY BELL

CLIMB THE NORMAL ROUTE ON THE SOUTHEAST SIDE OF LIBERTY BELL. AN ENJOYABLE CLIMB OF MODERATE DIFFICULTY ON SOLID GRANITE WITH GOOD PROTECTION AND LOTS OF HOLDS. ABOUT 6 PITCHES, MOSTLY LOWER CLASS 5 WITH ONLY ONE MOVE AT ABOUT 5.6 (AND I COULD BE EXAGGERATING THE DIFFICULTY OF THAT ONE.) WE'LL MEET AT WASHINGTON PASS EARLY SATURDAY MORNING, HIKE ABOUT 2.5 MILES TO THE PROMINENT NOTCH JUST SOUTHEAST OF LIBERTY BELL, CHANGE SHOES IF YOU WISH, CLIMB THE ROUTE IN 2-PERSON ROPE TEAMS, HAVE LUNCH ON TOP, RAPPEL AND DOWNCLIMB BACK TO THE NOTCH AND HIKE BACK TO THE CARS BY LATE AFTERNOON. CALL CHARLES WINTERS FOR INFORMATION AND SIGNUP AT 656-5354 WORK OR LEAVE MESSAGE AT 392-2977.

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 ADAMS, DEBORAH R. 727 BELLEVUE AVE E #103 SEATTLE 98102, 322-5449, 237-2047
 ALON, SAMUEL 420 85TH PL SW #L204 EVERETT 98204, 347-3199, 342-3558
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 BAAL, ALLEN C. 915 NE 72ND SEATTLE 98115, 522-4770, 394-3205
 BABUNOVIC, RICHARD S. 1300 S EAGLE RIDGE DR #2101 RENTON 98055, 226-3508, 756-5769
 BACKMAN, TIM H. 7202 121ST PL. S.E. RENTON 98056, 277-0457, 237-3694
 BAILLIE, JERRY 13717 LINDEN AVE N APT #127 SEATTLE 98133, 367-1455, 241-4329
 BAKER DENNIS 4215 187TH AVE SE ISSAQUAH 98027, 643-3395, 931-2513
 BANKS, WILLIAM J. 10826 25TH SW SEATTLE 98146, 242-7657, 773-5494
 BARKER, BOB 14700 NE 29TH PL #235 BELLEVUE 98007, 883-1022, 237-1419
 BAUERMEISTER, WALTER 8320 AVALON DR MERCER ISLAND 98040, 232-5697, 237-9610
 BEALE, GARETH F. 10033 NE 127TH PL KIRKLAND 98034, 823-0957, 865-6416
 BEECH SUZANNE 14606 215TH AVE E. SUMNER 98390, 237-8583
 BEEDON, DAVID BOX 1475 RENTON 98057, 277-0945, 394-3808
 BELL, JOHN S. 19921 19TH AVE. N.E. SEATTLE 98155, 365-4318, 342-4229
 BERGLUND, PAUL J. 22244 35TH PL S APT #F206 KENT 98032, 824-1330, 655-7623
 BERTA, WAYNE M. 19726 SE 264 PL KENT 98042, 630-4255, 237-9429
 BINGLE, MIKE & RUTH 25445 109TH CT SE #N205 KENT 98031, 852-2738, 394-3373
 BIRD ROGER 657-6825
 BITTNER, AMBROSE IV 1001 W HOWE ST #A4 SEATTLE 98119, 285-9235, 237-8173
 BLILIE, JAMES W. 4226 50TH AVE S SEATTLE 98118, 722-0650, 237-4045
 BOUCHE, RICHARD T. 7833 STROUD AVE N SEATTLE 98103, 524-8176, 223-6656
 BRADLEY JOHN 13006 244 AVE SE ISSAQUAH 98027, 392-1045
 BRANDT, DOUGLAS A. 1205 THOMAS LANE #2 RENTON 98055, 271-2142, 657-9106
 BRAUNER, KALMAN G. 2603 QUEEN ANNE AVE N SEATTLE 98109, 282-2927, 251-2222
 BRECHTEL JAMES 941 12TH ST NE AUBURN 98002, 939-8581, 773-0664
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 BRINTON, RUSSELL S. & CAROL TAYLOR 16680 NE 88TH REDMOND 98052, 882-0892, 455-5426
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 BRYAN CURT 5210 S PEARL ST SEATTLE 98118, 723-1957, 241-3667
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 BUEHLER, DANIEL G. 213 D ST. S.W. AUBURN 98002, 939-1356, 764-0107
 BURGER, JEAN M. 43520 S.E. 151ST NORTH BEND 98045, 888-9229, 237-6351
 BURKET, KEVIN 1150 UNION AVE N #I-4 RENTON 98056, 235-6545, 655-1379
 BURROWS JAMES 14521 25TH AVE SW SEATTLE 98166, 244-2933, 234-2107
 CAMPBELL TOM 1026 NE 120TH SEATTLE 98125, 367-4385, 342-0285
 CAPRON, WILLIAM K. & KATHY 2723 NE 203 ST SEATTLE 98155, 363-3293, 251-2326
 CASAD MARC 24440 RUSSELL RD #104 KENT 98032, 852-8617, 773-0664
 CIRLINCIONE GLENN 17210 SPRINGBROOK RD. RENTON 98055, 271-2931, 237-7479
 CLARK, WILLIAM A. 1425 JONES AVE NE RENTON 98056, 228-3986, 657-1213
 CLEMMER DOUGLAS 4455 NE SUNSET BLVD #H8 RENTON 98056, 271-3147, 237-5265
 CLINGAN, JERRY W. 28618 8TH PL S FEDERAL WAY 98003, 941-5773, 773-4088
 COOPER, CLIFTON E. 4103 CHILBERG AVE SW SEATTLE 98116, 932-3124, 655-5958
 COSTELLO DANIEL 9117 11TH PLACE WEST EVERETT 98204, 355-8206, 342-1108
 COX, GREG 13008 17TH AVE. W. EVERETT 98204, 348-0683, 342-5799
 CRANFIELD, ROBERT J. & LOWANA A. 2109 N 166TH ST SEATTLE 98133, 364-5791, 657-3194
 CROOK, TERRY M. 1113 KIRKLAND AVE. #1 KIRKLAND 98033, 828-4156, 342-3412
 DABELSTEIN DONALD 1001 W. HOWE SEATTLE 98119, 285-9235, 657-3144
 DALE, MARK S. 8251 NORTHROP PL SW SEATTLE 98136, 932-6357, 237-3776
 DAMON, ROLF H. 3815 NE 4TH #F217 RENTON 98056, 235-6210, 237-1130
 DANIELS, BERT 2204 37TH ST SE PUYALLUP 98372, 841-3156, 657-8284
 DAVIS, NANCY J. 22626 SE 331ST ST AUBURN 98002, 886-0276, 575-1173
 DEACON BRADLEY & JILL 23918 12TH PL S #8 DES MOINES 98198, 824-7585 655-7996
 DEGRENIER, MICHAEL J. 36609 25TH AVE. S. FEDERAL WAY 98003, 874-0063, 657-1671
 DICKINSON MARK 2109 CHESTNUT EVERETT 98201, 252-5743, 342-5540
 DINNING, ROBERT E. & CAROLYN E. 2115 123RD SE BELLEVUE 98005, 747-5185 657-4221
 DOUCETTE WAYNE 13007 B AVE W #K308 EVERETT 98204, 347-4705, 342-1836

DRUFFNER, GEORGE R. 5601 37TH AVE S.W. SEATTLE 98125, 938-0957, 764-8303
 DRYDEN, ROBERT G. 717 N 2ND AVE KENT 98032, 852-1161, 237-6607
 DULLANTY, ROBERT E. 11126 SE 256 #E203 KENT 98031, 859-1964, 237-6053
 DUPAS, MICHAEL M. 5653 17TH AVE SW SEATTLE 98106, 762-3588, 656-5627
 EASTER, MICHAEL E. 9819 NE 15TH BELLEVUE 98004, 454-9291, 656-5349
 EASTWOOD STEPHEN 1602 N 97TH SEATTLE 98103, 522-4376, 464-8578
 EGAMI NORIHIKO 2307 NE 4TH ST #H204 RENTON 98056, 228-7074, 234-2081
 EGELSTON, JIM & CAROL 10208 SE 228TH ST KENT 98031, 852-2724, 234-1445
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 ERIKSEN, CHARLES M. 1411 GRANR AVE. S #M303 RENTON 98055, 226-6779, 657-3063
 ERRWOOD RICHARD G. 380 SW 176TH PL SEATTLE 98166, 243-3867
 ESTES STEPHEN 3808 45TH SW SEATTLE 98116, 935-7181, 773-9456
 FABER GREGORY 11543 SE 175TH RENTON 98055, 271-6601, 433-4451
 FABAN, C.L. 904 S 270TH KENT 98032, 839-5513, 773-7017
 FELDERMAN, KEITH W. 25118 SE 262ND ST RAVENSDALE 98051, 432-6668, 773-3306
 FERGLISON, JOHN M. 3626 FREMONT LN N #307 SEATTLE 98103, 632-7030, 773-5072
 FITZPATRICK, MICHAEL F. 3815 BABLEY AVE N SEATTLE 98103, 547-7873
 FORNER BRIAN 15142 65 AVE S #307 TUKWILA 98188, 433-0364, 342-2387
 FORTIER, JAMES M. 3890 WHITMAN AVE N #103 SEATTLE 98103, 632-1065, 773-6265
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 FROBE, MICHAEL E. 14609 203RD AVE SE RENTON 98056, 228-7375, 656-5685
 GALLANT, KAREN 2916 200TH #10 SEATTLE 98188, 824-4323, 657-6074
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 BENGLER, JEANNE E. 2307 NE 4TH ST. #F303 RENTON 98056, 235-2130, 395-6244
 GILBERT RICHARD 20252 SE 185TH PLACE RENTON 98058, 432-4956, 656-5391
 GLOBER, DAVID BOX 19711 SEATTLE 98109
 GOODMAN, DONALD J. 2308 1/2 MINDR EAST SEATTLE 98102, 328-1198, 237-7763
 BORREMANS, GARY L. 3400 119 PL SE EVERETT 98208, 742-8795, 656-5622
 GOWLAND CORRIE 702 W CASINO #T103 EVERETT 98204, 347-5321, 342-0805
 BRACE WILLIAM 26260 41ST PL S KENT 98032, 854-5324, 773-3006
 GREENFIELD JAMES 14336 SE 163RD ST RENTON 98058, 226-7231, 342-0885
 GROVES THOMAS 1712 NE 89TH SEATTLE 98115, 524-1651, 342-5793
 GRUBENHOFF, MARK A. 611 AUBURN WAY S #6 AUBURN 98002, 735-2739, 931-2551
 BUERRERD JOSEPH 15010 134TH AVE SE RENTON 98058, 235-0964, 773-0262
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 HALL, MICHAEL L. 4323 S 260TH ST KENT 98032, 852-5473, 656-5662
 HANDLEY, DEREK J. & SUBAN M. 13216 NE 54TH PL BELLEVUE 98005, 865-9666, 342-0957
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 HART, DUDLEY N. 6025 6TH NE SEATTLE 98115, 524-8259, 764-8897
 HART, HENRY H. 13743 SE 172ND RENTON 98058, 271-6467, 237-5659
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 HERMAN TODD 1300 S EAGLE RIDGE DR #A1004 RENTON 98055, 228-1796, 237-4842
 HISEY TOM 812 12TH AVE SE #E6 PUJALLUP 98372, 841-3640, 322-4970
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 HUDDLESON ARNOLD 17216 SE RENTON ISSAQUAH RD RENTON 98056, 271-5865, 575-3290
 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
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 ISHIKAWA HIROYUKI, 2307 NE 4TH ST #J304 RENTON 98056, 228-9775, 234-2606
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 JAMSHIDIAT HAMID 16510 EVANSTON PL N. SEATTLE 98133, 546-8137, 237-4799
 JOHNESCU, JAMES R. 4323 170TH PL SE ISSAQUAH 98027, 747-4832, 657-1325
 JOHNSON, KENNETH W. 8327 5TH AVE W #5-A EVERETT 98203, 347-3591, 342-5507
 JONES, DAVID L. 16015 9TH AVE SW. SEATTLE 98166, 244-8087, 773-6884
 JUDD COLLEEN 12823 9TH AVE W #A101 EVERETT 98204, 743-1229, 883-5665
 JUDD LAURA 1109 N 47TH ST SEATTLE 98103, 634-1203, 342-1783
 KANN WILLIAM 1902 NE 113TH SEATTLE 98125, 365-9554, 342-4422
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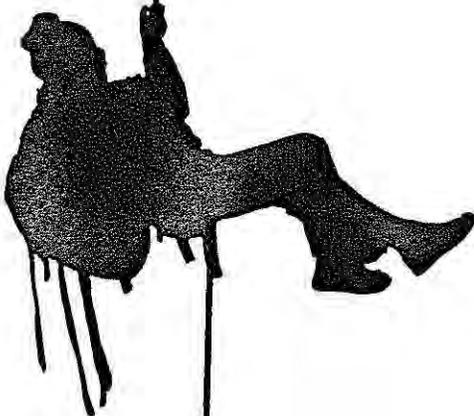
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 KIMES, DAVID L. 21571 123RD AVE SE KENT 98031, 631-1747, 237-9791
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 KOISTINEN, WAYNE M. 7119 BEACH DR SW SEATTLE 98136, 938-5285, 655-7691
 KOKES, JOHN T. 2020 GRANT AVE S #M105 RENTON 98055, 271-4284, 773-1252
 KOND BARBARA 2329 10TH AVE E #302 SEATTLE 98102, 324-6529, 543-7108
 KOURY, AL J. 14036 17TH AVE NE SEATTLE 98125, 365-8516, 655-9954
 KRIEWALD, BRYAN N. 4226 50TH AVE S SEATTLE 98118, 722-0650, 655-0105
 KUTA-CAMPBELL JANE 1026 NE 120TH SEATTLE 98125, 367-4385, 764-9172
 KUTZ ROGER 2022 S 282 PL FEDERAL WAY 98003, 839-0258, 251-4743
 LAM MAY 15165 SUNWOOD BLVD #C21 TUKWILA 98188, 241-6018, 656-7121
 LANEY SARA 1601 41ST EAST SEATTLE 98112, 322-7572, 443-9600
 LARSON, DAVID E. 3222 38TH SW SEATTLE 98126, 937-4706, 657-3786
 LAVIOLETTE, MARK C. 3238 NE 94TH ST SEATTLE 98115, 527-5442, 764-0618
 LAWSON JOHN 420 85TH PL SW #P205 EVERETT 98204, 348-5758, 342-5239
 LE NAMHAN 3546 S 244TH KENT 98032, 824-6587, 241-4976
 LEATHLEY, SCOTT W. 3625 BEACH DRIVE SW #10 SEATTLE 98116, 932-4876, 655-0801
 LEBLANC MICHAEL 5215 BEACH DR SW SEATTLE 98116, 932-7670, 655-5141
 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. 1602 E. LYNN SEATTLE 98112
 LIMB, MAX E. 214 19TH PL KIRKLAND 98033, 827-5934, 451-1145
 LINDSTROM, BRUCE D. 10409 SE 174TH #2418 RENTON 98055, 271-8470, 655-0332
 LIND PETER & BERTHA MARTINEZ 4722 147TH PL SE BELLEVUE 98006, 641-3296, 767-2276
 LOFTUS, MARK D. 4300 NE SUNSET BLVD #A7 RENTON 98056, 255-7482, 251-1173
 MADDEN, CHRISTOPHER G. 1834 BEACON WAY SE RENTON 98058, 226-7082, 575-7445
 MAGGIORE JOHN 1707 1/2 NW 60TH SEATTLE 98107, 789-5943, 655-6213
 MAPHET BOB 1926 W CASINO RD #M201 EVERETT 98204, 355-7298, 342-8101
 MARIE, DAWN 1215 M ST NE AUBURN 98002, 833-0709, 657-5740
 MASON, STEVEN 6737 57TH AVE S SEATTLE 98118, 723-3455, 237-6070
 MCBODEY PAUL BOX 1132 KENT 98035, 854-7624, 657-1342
 MEIER, THOMAS P.D. BOX 139 REDMOND 98052, 820-1799, 237-0371
 MELLOR JEFFREY 5037 148TH AVE NE #NN207 BELLEVUE 98007, 885-1790, 237-7023
 MICHELSON, PAUL 11915 SE 261ST PL KENT 98031, 854-4263, 394-3424
 MIDDLETON MARK 8911 HOLLY DR EVERETT 98208, 353-0522, 342-1701
 MIHALEVIC, DONALD & PAMELA 32551 7TH PL S FEDERAL WAY 98003, 941-1907, 237-5265
 MILES JIM 8815 20TH SW SEATTLE 98106, 762-7613, 433-4451
 MIRACO, ISABEL 1228 5TH AVE N SEATTLE 98109, 283-2193
 MONDRZYK, ROBERT 23805 SE 208TH MAPLE VALLEY 98038, 432-9578, 773-9763
 MOODY ROBERT BOX 986 FALL CITY 98024, 222-7282, 395-6243
 MORRISSEY, MARK W. 25615 27TH PL S #8104 KENT 98032, 941-3590, 865-3804
 MOTTERN, JOSEPH R. 7056 122ND AVE SE RENTON 98056, 226-5289, 773-6884
 MRAKOVICH, JOYCE & SAMUEL R. 1058 ANACORTES CT. NE RENTON 98056, 226-5977
 MUDROVICH, FRANK R. & MARY 15406 NE 3RD PL BELLEVUE 98007, 746-7693, 255-0429
 MULLEN, ANTHONY 17327 158TH SE RENTON 98058, 228-3786, 655-1141
 MURR, SARAH 6236 129TH SE BELLEVUE 98006, 644-0249, 655-7881
 NARDIN MARK 7718 174TH NW STANWOOD 98292, 652-6070, 342-5401
 NEARY MICHAEL 542 SW 298TH ST FEDERAL WAY 98023, 941-7683, 773-2572
 NEDERVELT PAUL 3451 24TH AVE W #323 SEATTLE 98199, 282-9151, 655-9485
 NEMETH, STEVEN R. 24845 SE MIRRORMONT WAY ISSAQUAH 98027, 392-1962, 234-1769
 NIENBURG, CHUCK R. P.D. BOX 58363 SEATTLE 98188, 852-5694, 773-6862
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 NYLAND ELLEN 3302 W TAPPS DR E #C SUMNER 98390, 862-6156
 OHMAN DEBRA 1150 UNION AVE NE #810 RENTON 98056, 228-9539, 251-2514
 OLAFSON PEGGY 19325 133 AVE SE RENTON 98058, 854-9635, 644-6999
 OLCOTT, BAYLE 11813 140TH AVE SE RENTON 98056, 235-4641, 237-1750
 OLCOTT, TIMOTHY A. 6768 48TH AVE SW SEATTLE 98136, 938-8453, 773-5740
 OLDENBURG, NEIL 1740 NE 91ST ST SEATTLE WA 98115, 525-7238, 657-5563
 OLIVER, JAMES & JANET 17631 156TH AVE SE RENTON 98058, 271-7911, 655-7743
 OLSON, DONALD L. 4510 SW DIRECTOR ST SEATTLE 98136, 932-4326, 773-7019

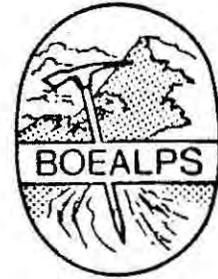
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 PACKER, ROBERT L. 5111 86TH PL SW MUKILTEO 98275, 353-2644, 342-5143
 PATCH ALLAN 20417 32ND PL S #B104 SEATTLE 98198, 878-7312, 773-2000
 PATEL MANUBHAI 16204 SE 165ST RENTON 98058, 255-5513, 237-6003
 PAULSON TIM 1935 ELM ST SE AUBURN 98002, 833-6208, 394-3425
 PAYNTER KRISTI 18133 94TH NE BOTHELL 98011, 486-4818, 885-9970
 PETERS, LARRY 4670 144TH PL SE BELLEVUE 98006, 643-7065, 773-6757
 PETERSON DALE 15813 SE 167TH PL. RENTON 98058, 255-5565, 237-8241
 PETERSON PAUL 149D S 329TH PL FEDERAL WAY 98003, 838-7893, 764-8394
 PETROSKE, JOHN 441 S SMITHERS #2 RENTON 98055, 226-8733, 237-8657
 PICKETT, DAVID C. 532 GRANT AVE S RENTON 98055, 228-8315, 241-3617
 PIOTROWSKI, ROBERT R. 3622 1/2 61ST AVE SW SEATTLE 98116, 932-6885, 657-9110
 POLLOCK, JOHN BOX 25589 SEATTLE 98125, 365-9192
 POOL KEVIN 35306 28TH AVE S AUBURN 98003, 838-1617, 773-7958
 PRICE PATRICK 2521 7TH W. SEATTLE 98119, 283-4910, 342-1108
 PRICKETT, CRAIG L. 8027 12TH AVE NW SEATTLE 98117, 784-2940, 655-3347
 PRINS, RALPH N. 8349 JONES AVE NW SEATTLE 98117, 789-5860, 773-7875
 PROM LYNNANN & SCOTT 1623 S 245TH PL DES MOINES 98189, 824-6454, 941-3900
 QUARLESS, BENJAMIN A. 3810 S 158TH ST #C5 SEATTLE 98168, 244-7367, 655-6025
 RATLIFF, ROY 1430 130TH NE BELLEVUE 98005, 453-7167
 ROBINSON, ROB H.L. 36305 312TH AVE SE ENUMCLAW 98022, 886-1691, 656-5343
 ROSE, DANIEL S. 3141 E LAURELHURST NE SEATTLE 98105, 523-0870, 342-9506
 RUBSAM, RANDY L. 1300 S EAGLE RIDGE DR #2053 RENTON 98055, 255-4635, 656-5839
 RUSSELL GARY 6332 21 SW SEATTLE 98106, 763-9942, 931-4322
 RYLL, ALFRED B. 3240 S 180TH #9 SEATTLE 98188, 248-1452, 394-3888
 SADLER ROBIN 4230 BAGLEY N SEATTLE 98103, 361-1792
 SAUTBINE STEVEN 2301 V ST NW AUBURN 98002, 735-3846, 394-3680
 SAWATZKI MARK 11038 14TH AVE S SEATTLE 98168, 248-3107, 655-7901
 SCANLON, DONALD A. 5782 S 152ND ST #810 SEATTLE 98188, 244-7107, 657-6525
 SCHILTER LOUISE 1808 14TH AVE #3 SEATTLE 98122, 329-1176, 467-4382
 SCHINKE, JAMES 23107 120TH AVE SE KENT 98031, 852-6002, 655-8282
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 SHERWIN, KATHY L. 21025 120TH AVE SE KENT 98031, 631-3396, 656-5416
 SHETTER, MARTIN T. 1701 12TH AVE S #405 SEATTLE 98144, 322-4703, 394-3190
 SHIPWAY, JOHN 13600 NE 9TH PL 104 BELLEVUE 98005 643-7016, 342-5732
 SHIVITZ, WILLIAM F. 15809 SE 175TH PL RENTON 98058, 228-6738, 656-7043
 SIMMONS STEVEN 2311 KENT-DES MOINES RD #B204 SEATTLE 98198, 878-5682, 655-6286
 SINGLETARY, PRESTON 6416 18T AVE NE SEATTLE 98115, 524-3151, 237-8189
 SLANSKY, RICHARD A. 2339 41ST AVE E SEATTLE 98112, 325-1033, 342-2644
 SMITH, JOHN N. 7510 33RD AVE NE SEATTLE 98115, 522-3327, 342-3237
 STEPHENS ROBERT G. 3425 S 176TH #281 SEATTLE 98188, 244-0249, 657-2026
 STEVENSEN, RIP 6838 S 133RD ST SEATTLE 98178, 772-6456
 STEWART, CHRISTOPHER B. 8608 12TH AVE SW SEATTLE 98106, 763-9149, 655-8363
 STIVERS, BRIAN & CATHIE 3708 152ND ST NE MARYSVILLE 98270-8908, 653-4807, 342-8119
 STOKES, PATRICK H. 22328 16TH AVE S DES MOINES 98188, 878-3193
 STOLL GREG 2814 206 PL SW LYNN 98036, 775-8957, 241-4298
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 STRATTON NANCY 2524 62 AVE #2542C FIFE 98424, 922-5626, 383-0800
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 SUTHERLAND, STEPHEN B. 19607 122ND PL SE RENTON 98058, 852-0724, 657-6690
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 TRENT, ROBERT D. 1015 QUEEN ANNE AVE N #203 SEATTLE 98109, 243-8637, 764-0153
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 VANSTEEN, ALEX 3922 ELMCREST HOUSTON TX. 77088
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 VUKONICH DANIEL, 1020 112TH ST SW #E303 EVERETT 98204, 355-2916, 342-4880
 WAINWRIGHT, ALAN V. 2014 E JEFFERSON SEATTLE 98122, 324-1088, 575-5734
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 WHITE, CHRISTOPHER 1205 GRANT AVE S #R303 RENTON 98055, 228-7806, 656-7059
 WHITE, JOHN L. 158 154TH PL NE BELLEVUE 98007, 746-9343, 237-0994
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 WHITE MARK 1200 GRANT AVE S #W301 RENTON 98055, 271-3235, 657-3221
 WILKINS, DIANE 3100 S 208TH #B305 SEATTLE 98198, 878-0405, 764-1084
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 WOODLEY KEVIN 3617 12TH AVE W SEATTLE 98119, 282-3701, 657-1858
 YOUNG, ROBERT C. 7025 S 116TH ST SEATTLE 98178, 772-4077, 234-2331
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ALPINE ECHO

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





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Photo: Nevado Huandoy by Mark Dale

**BOEALPS Annual Picnic
 Thursday, July 9th
 Camp Long**

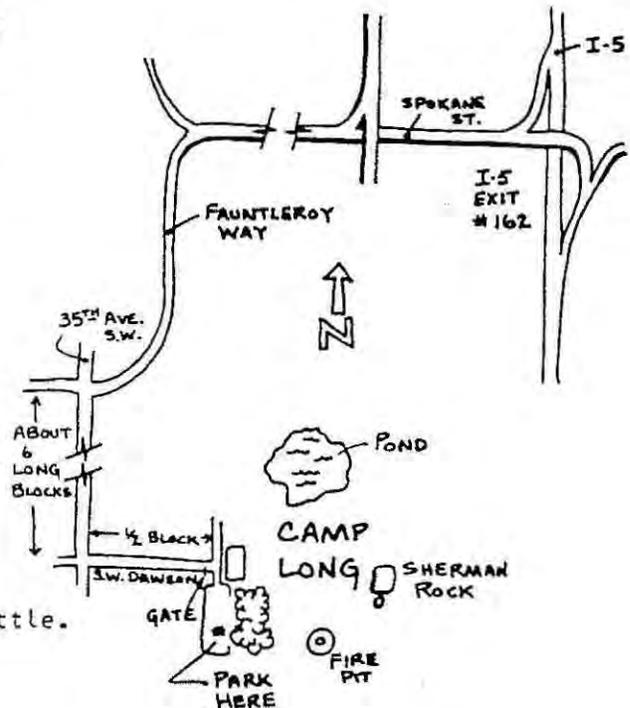
Time again for the annual picnic at Camp Long. Bring the whole family... This is always a good time to meet people that you haven't seen in awhile - they seem to come out of the woodwork for this one.

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 - 35th SW and Dawson in West Seattle.



* NO ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES *

Belay Stance

Ken Johnson

Summer is here at last. Warm rock, bright sun, birds chirping, water dancing, breeze cooling, sun burning, shining stars, clear skies. I wonder how much more of this I can take? It just doesn't seem right. Maybe just a little rain?

First off, I would like to thank this month's contributors. They are Jerry Baillie, Mark Dale, Teri Crook, Mike Bingle, Sara Laney (good work!), and myself. I hope that you enjoy our efforts.

In place of the usual pitch to get more articles, I would like to take this opportunity to wish fellow BOEALPS members John Petroske, Al Wainwright, and Frank Abramonte the best of luck and good climbing on their trip to Bolivia. They are planning on climbing Hunancuni and Nevado Colodo, two 20,000 foot peaks in the Apolobamba, a mountain range to the north of the Corderilla Real. Have fun, guys!

The intermediate class is going strong. Two weeks ago successful climbs were made on Prussik Peak's West Ridge, the Northeast Ridge on Triumph, and a possible new route to a sub-summit on Torment (don't always believe the guidebook). Last weekend we climbed the West Ridge of Forbidden and the Northwest Face of Slesse, and tried the East Face of Chimney Rock and the West Face of Sloan. Sounds fun, doesn't it? Be good, boys and girls, climb this summer, stay in shape, and you, too, can be a part of it next year.

The Alpine Echo has gained International prominence. Due to the prolific new route activity by several BOEALPs members and the glowing route descriptions of these fine routes and the diligent research of Mr. Whipple, the Echo will be listed as a reference in the soon to be published update to the Guide to the Interior Ranges of Canada. Just think, the newsletter you now hold in your hand will be known the world over for the quality and importance of it's content, and the club will be catapulted into new realms of respectability! Kind of makes you humble, eh?

Be fore-warned! Next month will mark an event long awaited by the Northwest Mountaineering Community. Some said that it was impossible, a task beyond the abilities of any man. Others argued that it would be too artificial and limiting. Many dismissed it with an emphatic "Who cares?" Now, at last, the burning questions can be answered - just how bad is it? Watch for Mark Dale's Cascade Brush and Bushwhack Rating System, appearing exclusively in next month's Echo.



The deadline for the August Echo will be Thursday, July 23rd.

The news articles and opinions expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the Boeing Company

Mt. Triumph, Northeast Ridge June 13-14, 1987
Boealps Intermediate Climbing Course

We left north Seattle at 5:30pm on Friday and drove to Marblemount for dinner, checkout at the Ranger Station and then car camping at the trailhead for Thornton Lakes. The night was clear and the sun rose at 4:00am and we were off at 4:30am. Tennis shoes were worn for the two mile road walk and at 5:15am we were at the old trailhead. Knut and I then changed into our brand spanking new boots, I had never even tried on my left boot and Knut had only worn his around the house.

The trail was snow free for about two miles and then only patchy snow the rest of the way to the first lake. The fisherman's path above the west shore was easy to follow and soon we arrived at the outlet to the second lake. The steep slope headed to the notch was scree and dead bear grass which made footing tenuous, as I found out. We reached the notch at 10:00am. It was windy and cold. We quickly dropped down the far side to a rocky knoll where we rested, stashed the tennis shoes and roped up for the glacier. Little did we know that we would be using our harness's for the next 34 hours!

Max lead out across the glacier and no problems were encountered and at 11:30 we were at the base of the ridge. It looked nasty, with multiple moats to cross. A boot axe belay was welcomed for the initial crossing to a dirty wet ledge. A running belay was used and few (never enough) pieces placed as Knut and Max joined me on the wet rock. One waterfall, a snow dihedral and generally unpleasant climbing consumed two full hours before we were safely(?) on the ridge proper, 1:30pm. The full packs were proving to be awkward. Dreams of bivying on the summit lured us onward. The first section is class 4 with short fifth class problems which we surmounted with running belays. At 3:00pm we were forced onto the north side and serious belaying was required. The 140ft north side traverse was wet and tricky due to snow on the route but a second pitch straight up lead back to sunshine and the sharp ridge crest. It was now 5:30pm and 13 hours since we had left the cars. We decided to bivvy. There was room for three and a block of snow for water. A simple game of Scissors-Paper-Rock decided the pecking order for the meager bivvy sites. Max and I shared the roomy one while Knut preferred the 20in wide ledge three feet below us. We all remained tied into the mountain as the ridge was quite sheer. The remainder of the day we spent melting water and preparing for day ahead.

The Picket Range dominated our view, from the McMillian spires to Terror, Fury and Challenger. The sunset was beautiful and the sky clear as we bedded down for the night.

After good nights rest we awoke at 5:00am and were climbing by 6:00am. We took one lightly loaded pack and the extra rope as we started out with a running belay. Soon we were at the base of the second to last step. It was enjoyable and a solid 5.5? as I mistakenly climbed the rapel route rather than a north side traverse. This involved an off width crack (5in wide) and a layback. Once the first rapel horn was reached the angle eased off and the second pitch was a true 5.5 which ended at the base

of the last step. A short east side traverse lead to class 4 rock and steep heather which was scrambled to the summit 10:00am. With running belays. It took 90min from the last step. Oh the views... Goode, Dome, Shuksan, Sloan, and the ever present Picket Range.

The descent began with a running belays down to the last step. It was steep and exposed, and Max took the rear but placements were found and we arrived back at the step at 11:30am.

Now began the rappelling back to camp. The anchors were all in place and solid. There did seem to be anchors for 75ft rapels but we had two ropes (11-150 and 9-120) and were able to skip over the intermediate rapel points. Camp was reached at 3:00pm. We packed up quickly continued rappelling and at 6:30pm reach the notch at the foot of the ridge. One wild free rapel into a dry! moat followed by some scrambling on a wet ledge brought us to the glacier 7:30pm.

Now the race was on, to find the trail in the woods before darkness forced an unplanned bivy. Knut led back across the glacier, doing a fine job of kicking steps considering our tired condition. We grabbed our stashed tennis shoes, removed our harness's and headed up and over the notch back to middle Thorton Lake. We pushed hard and arrived back at the cars at 11:00pm. We were beat. 13 hours on Saturday and 16 hours on Sunday and we still had the 3+ hour drive home.

So this is Intermediate Climbing huh? Max Limb and Knut Nossen were led by Jerry Baillie.

**Basic Mountaineering
Graduation Class
Naked Apes
May 16, 1987**

By Sara M. Laney

Sweet Surprise of Sunshine on chosen Mt. Baker.
We motored up to 6,000 feet, picking our route,
dropped camp, and heavy packs.

Some spurred on for an afternoon ascent,
knowing it would bring us down by night.
The slog became rhythmic with every kick step
across the Easton Glacier, poking for holes
through precarious soft spots.

Mixing strength, pace, and consistency,
each rope team took a lead,
winding us through the thick glacier and open cravasses.

We reached the beaten path of other Boealp teams
and continued the slog past stinky steaming sulphur vents.
Crossing a rather creepy side slope cravasse,
we began the toejam kick step
up the far right side of the Roman Wall.

Early evening freezing and higher altitudes
allowed for only hard-earned-dents in the steep snowy face.
The wind left no one to surprise
that more clothes must be donned,
even before reaching the summit.

One last tromp across the rounded top, we greeted the absolute
last sunrays at the peak.
Quick summit kisses, hugs, yells, photos, and a golf tee.
As in all summits, I placed a penny at the top, facing up.

Night was eminent, fatigue, chill, and the descent.
Wind swept us off the summit,
decending into a colorful orange-red sky.
With hard-hit-icy-heel-kicks, we carefully decended the steep face.
One three man team challenged the art of arresting for life,
right above the menacing crack.

The worst was over once we all crossed the creepy cravasse.
We met up with the other teams that patiently waited
for our arrival to the saddle.

Decending into our own critical path,
headlamps adorned the tired climbers.
The very last bit of dusk
drew stars against silhouetted Black Buttes.
Rhythmic bobbing of lights slogged downward, winding round
tedious spots and open cracks.

Silence of the night only broke once with an ice fall
to our darkened left.
It stopped us for a gratuitous moment.

Slogging onward, we could see a light in camp
circling the sky, greeting us from far away,
spurring us on with a hint of hope, fresh water, and sleep.

Careful route finding and tired team mates
brought us through the last rock outcrop and open holes.
In the blackness, we could barely see the moraine we needed so badly.

At 11:45 p.m., we reached camp.
Fresh cold and hot water was ready for the weary climbers.
Exhausted, yet exuberant, we extricated the swamie belts,
hopefully, for the last eventful time.
Ropes were wound and food was found.

Sleep brought peace under the stars of safety.
An experience in itself,
- the midnight flight -
allowed us to utilize all skills
and to make every step count
for safety above all else.

Not once did the sky show a Falling Star.

P.S. Thank you to all the instructors for their time, patience,
persistance, conscientious, and skill building motivational
fun scale commitment.

MT. SHUKSAN'S NORTHWEST COULOIR

Mt. Shuksan's northwest side presents one of the more spectacular and complex facades of any mountain in the Washington Cascades. It is also the most-seen aspect of the peak, being in full view from much of the upper Mt. Baker Highway and ski area. Numerous steep ribs and gullies soar from below to buttress the high basin that contains the most impressive feature of the face, the Hanging Glacier, with its spectacular and dangerous ice cliff. No less than six routes have been climbed in this area.

It was with bittersweet emotion that I looked full on at the face from our car at the road's end. Jeff Hunt and I had been informed by the ranger that recent logging (last year) had resulted in a new road being built to within two miles of the upper White Salmon Creek basin. Looking up the valley we could see our approach would be shortened considerably from the old White Salmon road, which is (was) the normal approach. Looking down, though, we could see the ugly scar of a new clearcut as it descended for 600 feet all the way to the creek. Logging in the past years has steadily destroyed much of the primitive nature of this valley which has long been notorious for heavy brush and difficult travel, truly wild terrain. At the valley's head, Mt. Shuksan seems to guard the interior of the North Cascades National Park to its west from the destructive encroachments of man, a mighty bastion protecting one of the last true wildernesses in the conterminous U.S.

We left the car to begin a slowly descending traverse towards the upper valley, this seeming the most reasonable approach. Our pace soon slowed to a crawl as we battled thick brush and negotiated cliffs and steep ravines. At one point we shimmied over a slanting log wedged above a roaring creek, just upstream from a 60 foot waterfall. Another time found us carefully downclimbing into a precipitous ravine on pieces of rock barely held into place. At this point we had decided to pick another route for the return trip. After what seemed an eternity of bush-beating, swearing and removing stickers we broke free of the vegetation. Yeah, Mark, you sure know how to have some fun!

It had actually taken less than two hours to travel this far, but the intensity of difficulties during the 1+ mile made it seem longer. Now it was pretty straightforward to work our way up snow and more brush to the White Salmon Glacier basin. This is truly an awesome place and one that can be quite dangerous as evidenced by the large amounts of avalanche debris that littered the entire area. We climbed to a protected knoll just beneath the Northwest Couloir and made camp. At this spectacular spot we had a good (and safe) vantage from which to observe the different routes. Between Jeff and myself, we had climbed four different lines on the mountain, but none on the northwest side. Our original choice was the Northwest Arete, but this looked quite unappealing in its present condition with water running over the lower slabs from the melting snow above. The Northwest Rib seemed no better, so we finally set our sights on the Northwest Couloir. This looked to be in good shape other than some deep furrows and avalanche debris from spring activity. It remained fairly

quiet the rest of the day, a sign, we hoped, of safe conditions for Sunday. Our only concern was the possibility of ice climbing where we crossed onto the Hanging Glacier high up. Lack of attention to the guidebook had led us to believe we would need no ice screws for our original route (NW Arete), so we had none.

A 3-D moonrise over the Northwest Rib really enhanced the wild grandeur of our surroundings as we prepared supper and turned in for the evening. All was quiet that night except for some minor activity from the Hanging Glacier. The predawn light of 5:00 a.m. found us up and climbing. The snow varied from breakable crust to front-pointing consistency. We followed the steep couloir to its bottleneck, where we negotiated several small 'schrunds. Here the inherent danger of the route is all too obvious, as any rockfall or avalanche must be funneled through this point. We now made a steep ascending traverse out of the couloir proper and up the snow/ice face to the right, crossing some deep snow runnels along the way. Eventually this put us on the upper Northwest Arete. Here we followed the crest for a short distance (class 4) then reached the prominent towers at the arete's upper end. Downclimbing some dirty rock led us onto the Hanging Glacier.

We were now faced with the crux of the climb, but it was a crux with two choices. One option was to climb the dark unfriendly gully between the upper arete and the ice cliffs of the Hanging Glacier. The other possibility was to climb and traverse beneath some very large and unstable-appearing seracs to a point out of view around a corner to the right, hopefully to find a route through the upper glacier. We chose the latter option since the gully looked uninviting and hazardous, and we couldn't see an obvious exit from it. With that we climbed to the base of the seracs and performed a delicate, icy traverse on frontpoints to the right, praying for ice screws from heaven (which we never got) and moving very quietly lest we disturb the slumbering blue-white giants towering above us. A noise drew my attention towards the gully we had just bypassed as some large chunks of ice came tumbling down.

Climbing together we finally found an exit which led through the seracs and onto the upper glacier, which consisted of firmly frozen snow and few obstacles other than an occasional crevasse or serac that had to be avoided. We took a break under the north face of the summit pyramid, and seeing nothing but unappealing routes began the long slog towards the south summit gully. It seemed to take forever as we punched steps up Hell's Highway and around to the summit's south side. Three weeks earlier Jeff, Kai Bune, and I had climbed Mt. Shuksan in a day from Seattle, skiing up and down the Sulfide Glacier. Then, the summit rocks had been coated with ice from a recent storm and the sun's warming rays had turned the gully into a bowling alley. The three of us were hit multiple times by falling ice, but making use of the meager protection offered by projecting rocks managed to get up and down safely. Now the rocks were snow-free and the ascent was much less nerve-racking.

The steep snow pitch we had previously climbed to the right at the upper gully had melted out and required some tricky climbing with crampons on wet loose rock. This was the only difficulty, though, and we arrived on

the summit exactly at noon (by my watch, anyway). After absorbing the never-ending views for a while, we descended a different route into the gully from it's left side (looking up) which was quite reasonable. At the bottom of the summit pyramid we met a party who had climbed the Price Glacier. They had all the ice screws that we had needed, and didn't use any on their ascent, since steep wet snow and avalanches had been their main problems.

The long slog back to camp followed Hell's Highway and Winnie's Slide to Shuksan Arm, where we crossed a col to the White Salmon Glacier and descended its slopes to the basin. We felt completely exposed here, there being nowhere to hide from the avalanches that may sweep down. An ascent or descent of this route must be done in stable conditions (which we had). After quickly picking our way over and through the debris from the Hanging Glacier (a very real threat as you cross beneath it), we climbed several hundred feet back to camp, arriving at 4:00 p.m. The last leg of our journey remained before us, that being the bushwhack to the car. Ironically, we could look across the valley and see it parked at the top of the clearcut. So near, yet so far.

This time we stayed low in the valley in order to avoid the difficulties encountered when we came in. The brush was worse but there were no cliffs or ravines to deal with. After an hour of severe brush-beating we broke out onto the lower clearcut and began the long, tiring 600 foot ascent of its precipitous, scarred slope. At one point we were climbing wet, mossy class 4 rock overlain with logging debris. The consequences of a fall with our full packs would not have been pleasant. Finally, about 8:00 p.m., we staggered to the car. Thus ended what we considered a physically demanding but rewarding climb on perhaps the most unique peak in the Washington Cascades.

Mark Dale

Climb date- June 6&7, 1987

This years trip was into the Eldorado Glacier area, with Klawatti, Austerera and Eldorado Peaks as the goals.

We met on saturday in Seattle and drove to Marblemount for our customary breakfast at the Log Cabin Inn, with Pie ala mode. We headed to the trailhead at 10am and after some recon work we found a route across the river. The climbers path (nice trail) was found by traversing right (east) after crossing the river. It took two hours to begin to break out of the woods and onto wide open snowfields. The heat was tremendous as we carried our packs up the steep open snow slopes in the early afternoon. Following beautiful ski tracks didn't make the drudgery any easier. Soon we were at the standard ridge camp for Eldorado. We continued on towards our camp which was to be at the foot of the summit ridge of Eldorado Peak. We pulled into camp at 4pm. The views were fantastic, and the evening was cold and clear. It always suprizes me how great the weather is on Memorial Day in the North Cascades. Dinner was welcomed by some, those of us that had fresh pasta (Thanks Dee) while others ate gruel (good work Fitz.)

Morning dawned bright and blue and we targeted Klawatti and then Austerera Peaks. Klawatti proved quite easy, especially due to the steps that the skiers had kicked to the summit the previous day. The summit was reach barely 1.5 hours out of camp. We climbed the ridge closest to Eldorado Peak, skirting the lower difficulties by a snow slope on the right (lower east side). The rope proved to be an extra on Klawatti because of the snow down low. The route to Austerera was on the west side of Klawatti and then thru a notch to the east side of the ridge between Klawatti and Austerera. We again found ourselves following ski tracks! This summit proved to be a little more challanging. A short srcamble along the ridge followed by an icy forty foot chimney (class5.2). The rope was used here for both a handline going up and a rapel on descent. The views from the summit..... Pickets, Goode, Buckner, Forbidden and all the usual stupendous sights scean on Memorial Day. Including a view of the skiers headed towards the Tricouni/Primus col. We left the summit and returned to camp at 3pm. We split up at this point as Ken and Fitz went crag climbing on the Tepah Towers while the rest went up Eldorado itself, less one tired and heat exhausted puppy (Randy). The summit of Eldorado made three 8000ft summits in a single day! It took less than an hour to make the summit from camp. The views to the south were rather hazy and a slight breeze made the summit cool. No register was found! The glissade back to camp included one small crevasse jump, but was otherwise mundane. Meanwhile Ken and Fitz climbed the two crags closest to Klawatti peak and reported that the nearest one required some rope work (class5.4). The evening meal was good despite the blueberry slop for dessert. The next morning Randy and Ken headed to the summit while the rest played on the Tepah Towers. Dee and I found rope work on the Third Tower from Klawatti (Oliphant). The rock was fractured granite with lose rock piles everywhere. The Towers while enjoyable would not make the trip worthwhile in themselves. The

plan was to leave the camp at 11:30am, but since Dee and I were still rappelling at that time we broke camp about 12:30am. The descent was rapid, at first the gruelling glissades that demand so much of the buns. Then scree for ankle conditioning followed by bushwacking (off route) for face and eye tone. And finally the long trail where blisters were brought to fruition. We reached the river and promptly marched right in. The clean clothes, beer (Thanks Gareth) and Dinner at the Mountain Song with great Strawberry-Rhubarb Pie.

Climbers were Bob Mondryzk, Mike Fitzpatrick, Dee Urbick, John Shipway, Ken Johnson, Gareth Beale, Roger ???, Randy Ternes and Jerry Baillie (author) We all missed the Al's this year.

DEL CAMPO - June 14

In spite of the unusually fine weather, our climb got off to an auspicious start - a beautiful black dog in the Barlow Pass parking lot decided we were breakfast. After a quick escape down the road, we headed up Weden Creek Trail. It was over the river (brrrr!) and through the woods, below tremendous waterfalls swollen with spring runoff; finally we arrived at Gothic Basin and headed across the snowfields for the rock summit. Bob shamed all us younger folk by proving to be the best step kicker of all - and Rick, who had never climbed before, had the chance to cool off practicing ice axe arrests in a steep gully.

The last several hundred feet to the summit was a nice rock scramble with enough exposure to make you think twice where you put your feet. Lots of loose rock, and lots of climbers so falling rock was a constant concern. Finally the summit-expansive views of the surrounding peaks, and a register with some derogatory comments about the Boealps written in it. John and Melissa had champagne and fresh salmon while the rest of us envied their creative summit food.

The descent was one long glissade to the bottom of Gothic Basin. What a blast! Then the long trail hike back to the car and off to Seattle by dark. It had been a longish day, but, we all agreed, GREAT FUN!

Climbers: Bob Barker, Teri Crook, Jim Johnescu, Melissa Storey, John Sumner, and Rick (?).

Where Did We Go?

Fun and Games by Ken Johnson

Here is your chance to test your knowledge of routes in the Cascades. Just fill in the blanks in the route description below. The person who correctly fills in the most will receive a \$20 gift certificate from Swallow's Nest. In case of a tie, a random drawing will be held. For the sake of fairness, those who participated are not eligible. Also, no cheating, bribery, group efforts, or blackmail will be allowed. Send your responses to Ken Johnson, M/S 0U-40, prior to the next Echo deadline (Thursday, July 23). Results will be announced in the next Echo and the prize given away at the August meeting. Good Luck!

We left Denny's before it was light, opting for an early start on that January day. We were hoping to make a ski ascent of Mt. _____. The drive up to _____ was uneventful, except for the usual problem finding a parking spot, and soon we were puzzling over exactly what we should bring along. We decided to leave the ice screws and crampons behind and take our chances. The trudge along the road to where we could start skiing was short, but still no fun since we had to carry the boards. Mist swirled around the summit of _____ Peak, leading us to hope that the clouds would burn off as the day progressed. The vertical West Face, uninviting in the best conditions, looked positively hideous in its robe of snow and verglas. We struck up from the road and made for a clearcut. Being a relative novice (read absolute beginner) to ski mountaineering, I immediately ran into trouble since I had neglected to rent skins. The surface was fairly crusty and slick, but not firm enough to support my weight. I could make very little uphill progress, a definite detriment on a climb. Finally we got into some timber where the snow was more consolidated, so I was able to walk with relative ease. I would up carrying my skis most of the way in.

We meandered our way east up _____ Creek, eventually finding the trail of the same name. We followed snow shoe tracks for a while and crossed a couple of creeks. Then it was time for some route finding. I should have known better when Jerry said that we should continue traversing up and to the east. I had been up to _____ Basin before, and thought that our approach was to be from there, so I saw no problem. Neither did anyone else, so east we went. The going got steep and difficult in skis, so Jerry and I took ours off and continued through the timber along the crest of a ridge. Mark and Rip decided to descend on their skis a bit, then climb up to meet us. When we finally caught up with them it was apparent that we were off route. We should have kept close under the east side of _____ Peak to gain _____ Ridge, which would lead us to the saddle between _____ Peak and Mt. _____. Our suspicions were confirmed by the voices of another party below us to the west.

From here we climbed a steep, loose snow slope (the sun had indeed come out and everything was getting soft and wet) and began traversing back to the northwest. This entailed more steep, loose snow, some nasty cliffs and gulleys to avoid, and generally unpleasant travel. We finally joined the trail left by the skiers in front of us, and the worst was over. Too bad Rip dropped his shovel, which dissappeared into the trees below long before we could hear it stop. Much colorful language and a short rest occurred while a search was made. Luckily, he was able to find it.

From here we went up a few switchbacks and made an exciting (for me) descent into the basin below and to the west of _____ Ridge and just to the south of our objective. The variable snow conditions were making it hard for me to keep up with the likes of Rip and his brand new ski mountaineering package. We took a lunch break in the basin and enjoyed the fine weather.

All too soon it was time to move on. The tracks lead up a steep (for skis) slope, switchbacking a couple of times before leveling out to a more or less constant thirty degrees. After the first switchback, I took my skis off and carried them the rest of the way. Jerry left his skis just above the steepest section, while Mark and Rip were able to continue on a little higher before succumbing to common sense. From there it was just a step kick up the south slope to the summit. We had fun watching the previous party coming down - they had a blast skiing through the crud. I was really looking forward to giving it a try myself. But first, the top.

The first party had stopped on the south summit, so made the only true ascent that day. Academic, really, since the true summit is only a few feet higher and fifty yards to the north. The views were pretty good, despite our proximity to civilization. The wind was a bit chilly, but it was nice and sunny. Mark meditated while the rest of us took pictures and discussed the descent.

We plunged down to skiable territory and strapped on the boards. I was on my _____ in an instant. The snow was really heavy, and for a beginning telemarker like me, impossible. Mark had a better time of it, but had his difficulties as well. Rip was in the best shape, carving turns like he knew what he was doing. All of his mishaps were because he wasn't "used to" his gear yet. We finally reached the steep section above the basin, and took off the skis for the plunge. Mark, ever impatient, pioneered the belly glissade to make a rapid descent with his skis strapped to his pack.

We made good time to the basin, then to the saddle and down the 'trail' from the summit of _____ Peak. We actually got to ski a little on the way out, and soon were dropping our gear off at the cars and making our way to the bar. A good initiation for me and a fine summit all around.

ACTIVITIES

Charles Winters

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DAY TRIP!!!
JULY 19
LUNDIN PEAK

LET'S GO FOR A SCRAMBLE IN THE SUN TO ONE OF THE COMMONWEALTH BASIN PEAKS. THIS IS AN EASY TRIP WITH A SHORT BUT EXPOSED SCRAMBLE THE LAST 100 FEET TO THE SUMMIT. ALL YOU FOLKS WHO'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THE PERFECT TRIP THIS IS IT.

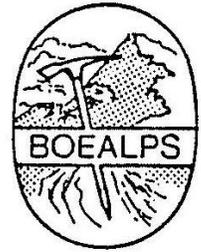
FOR INFO AND SIGN UP CALL:

MIKE BINGLE 394-3373 (WORK)
852-2738 (HOME)
RUTH BINGLE 543-4011 EXT. 301 (WORK)
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ALPINE ECHO

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





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Photo:NevadoHuandoyby Mark Dale

**APRIL MEETING
THURSDAY, AGUST 5th, 7:30 P.M.
OXBOW RECREATION CENTER**

THE GUEST SPEAKER FOR AUGUST IS LISA THERRELL. LISA, WHO HAS EXTENSIVE EXPERIENCE IN THE NORTH CASCADES, WILL BE PRESENTING HER TRIP TO NEW ZEALAND WHERE SHE SPENT FOUR AND A HALF MONTHS HIKING AND CLIMBING. THIS PROMISES TO BE A SPECTACULAR SHOW WITH EMPHASIS ON THE FLORA, FAUNA AND PEOPLE OF NEW ZEALAND AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF A HIKER. DON'T MISS THIS ONE!

Belay Stance

Ken Johnson

This is a pretty hefty issue, folks. It looks as if all of this fine weather is bringing you out in droves to climb a few of the many fantastic peaks this area has to offer. This months contributors were Alex "The Transient" Van Steen, Mike Froebe, Erich Koehler, Rob Freeman, Mark Dale, Mike Fitzpatrick (four articles!), Ambrose Bittner, and Charles Winters. Steve Mason and Steve Sutherland submitted reports for two Intermediate Class climbs.

The next issue of the Echo will be my last, so I know that you won't let me down -I want to go out with a bang! In keeping with the changing of the officers (see below), I thought it would be a good idea to let someone else experience the joys and frustrations of putting this thing together. Ken Henshaw has expressed interest, and will take over for the October issue.

Officers to be Elected at September Election

September is the month that club officers are elected. The offices are President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer. The time commitment for these positions ranges from three to fifteen hours per month. There are many rewards to being an officer, such as the Board Dinner and the blatantly rigged Door prize drawings at the Banquet. In addition you get to help the club along in its everyday activities and help solve some of the problems that crop up from time to time. It is a great way to meet other climbers and puts a new perspective on climbing. All in all a fun, enjoyable, worthwhile way to spend your time. (Would I lie?) If you are interested in putting your name in the hat, would like to nominate someone, or if you have any specific questions about the duties of an office, please call Rob Freeman at 237-4157.

Contest Results

The results are in for the "Where did we go?" contest from last month's issue. In spite of the hefty prize offered, only three entries were received. Each entry missed one blank, so a winner was randomly determined. The lucky winner was ... Don Goodman. He will be picking up the \$20 Swallow's Nest gift certificate at the September meeting. Congratulations! In case you were wondering, the correct answers were: Snoqualmie, Snoqualmie Pass, Guye, Commonwealth, Commonwealth, Guye, Cave, Guye, Snoqualmie, Cave, ass, and Guye.

If anyone has an idea for similar fun and games contests, please submit them to the Echo.



The deadline for the May Echo will be Thursday, April 23rd.

The news articles and opinions expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the Boeing Company

Forbidden Peak, Northwest Face, July 11-12

After a 7:00 AM rendezvous at Ken's place in Everett, we were underway to the Boston Basin trailhead. The plan was to attempt the Northwest Face of Forbidden Pk., with the North Ridge as a backup plan. The weather looked quite agreeable, and a pleasant 1 1/2 hour drive brought us to the Ranger Station in Marblemount. Upon registering we weren't surprised to find Boston Basin full, with permits issued to climbers destined for the West Ridge, including a BOEALPS Intermediate Class party. This posed no problem for us since we planned to camp in Col.

From Sharkfin Col we would rappel to the Boston Glacier, traverse to and cross the North Ridge, and traverse the Forbidden Glacier to the base of the Northwest Face. From the base of the face, the climb proceeds up an icefall to the right of a prominent rib, gaining the rib after about 300 ft. The rib is then followed in direct line with the summit to where it merges with the upper Northwest Face. After reaching the summit, we planned to descend the East Ridge to the standard East Ridge notch and then continue on an easy traverse back to Sharkfin Col.

From the Ranger Station, we proceeded up the Cascade River Road to the parking area for Boston Basin, where we were greeted by the usual awe inspiring views of the North Face of Johannesburg. An hour and a half of uneventful hiking brought us to the lower reaches of Boston Basin, with a panorama of Mt. Torment, Forbidden Pk., Sharkfin Tower, Boston Pk., and Sahale Mtn. After another 1/2 hour of hiking, we stopped for lunch in the upper basin. An unusually bold marmot provided lunch time entertainment as he made ever closer forays toward my open pack with an eye on a free meal. At one point, he grabbed the waist belt in his powerful jaws in an attempt to either abscond with the entire pack or perhaps just for the saline flavor left by the sweat of many climbs. Only a half-hearted rock thrown forced him into a tactical retreat.

As we finished lunch and prepared to continue climbing to Sharkfin Col, the weather was looking more ominous, with dark clouds looming over our objective, Forbidden Pk. We continued the trudge up to the col, climbing the west side of the Queen Sabe Glacier, accompanied by a light rain. We could see beneath the clouds to the west that the Puget Sound area was still enjoying a fine sunny day. Convinced that this was merely a temporary local weather disturbance, we were optimistic that sunny skies would return. Ken was even bold enough to comment that he was enjoying the rain, as it kept him cool while ascending.

Upon reaching the top of the glacier, Ken made a reconnaissance of a rotten gully, the top of which appeared to be Sharkfin Col. As soon as he entered the gully, the rain increased to a downpour, with freezing rain thrown in for good measure. The downpour in turn triggered substantial rock fall, forcing Ken to beat a hasty retreat before reaching the top of the gully. After the rain subsided, we both climbed the gully, and the multiple rappel slings convinced us that we had found Sharkfin Col. There were, however, no suitable bivy sites. Observing that it was raining a few miles down the valley, and that we were likely to be subjected to another round of precipitation, we descended to our packs at the base of the gully, donned full rain gear and pondered our fate.

Since we had come this far, we decided to sit tight and wait until an hour before sunset at which time we would either settle into a bivy site on the glacier or retreat to the car, depending on the prevailing weather. We both agreed that

getting caught in similar weather the next day, once committed to our route, would be most objectionable. Our patience, however, was rewarded. By 7:00 PM the clouds had completely dissipated and we basked in the last rays of the evening, drying our gear as we cooked dinner.

By 9:00 PM we were settling into our bivy sacks. From the warm comfort of my sleeping bag inside my bivy sack, I felt sorry for Ken, who had opted not to carry a sleeping bag and was in for a cold night. As we set our watch alarms and said goodnight, I assured Ken that I would awake at 4:00 AM, as my biological clock always wakens me before my watch alarm. I guess that clock is in need of repair, for Ken roused me from a deep sleep at 4:30

AM, wanting to know what time it was. During the night Ken had accidentally engaged some of the mode-select buttons on his watch and was now unsure of the time. Having been brought from pleasant sleep to harsh reality, I began to psyche myself up for the day's climb. A hot brew and clear skies were all that was necessary to motivate us out of our bivy sacks and into action.

We got underway at 5:30 AM just as we noticed another party of two ascending toward Sharkfin Col. A brief exchange revealed that they too were headed for the Northwest Face. We would wind up leapfrogging with this party for the rest of the day. After rappelling from the col to the Boston Glacier, we began traversing the glacier to our North Ridge crossing, first rounding a minor buttress protruding from the East Ridge, then forcing our route around a few crevasses. The view of Mt. Logan, illuminated by rays of sunshine filtering through a solitary cloud was inspiring. Mt. Buckner was also visible now at the eastern end of the Boston Glacier.

We opted for the higher, southernmost North Ridge crossing to the Forbidden Glacier, while the other party took the lower crossing further north. They were able to scramble over the ridge to easy snow on the Forbidden Glacier, whereas we made a double rope rappel down a rather unpleasantly loose gully. By the time we finished rappelling and securing our ropes, the other two had already completed the descending traverse of the Forbidden Glacier to the prominent rib which marks the base of the Northwest Face.

Having crossed the North Ridge, Eldorado, Klawatti, Austeria, Primus, and Tricouni peaks, as well as the aqua blue Moraine and Klawatti Lakes were in full view. The North Ridge crossing also yielded the first views of our route. The Northwest Face, or more properly-rib, certainly is a classic line on a classic peak, and seeing it for the first time unleashed a surge of adrenalin. At this point the route looked a little menacing, as it was in the dark shadow of a transient overhead cloud. The ice climb which provides access to the rib was not yet visible as it is on the west side of the rib.

We quickly caught up with the other party at the base of the rib, where they were scouting the route up the icefall. We chose a line parallel to the rib through the icefall and proceeded ahead of them as they went back to their packs which they had left a short gain access to the icefall, we had had to leap, secured by a boot-axe belay, 6 ft. down to a snow block in the moat at the base of the rib. As we climbed the first pitch in the icefall, the surface transitioned from soft snow to harder ice, forcing us to put on our crampons. I lead the first two pitches up fairly steep ramps interrupted by short level sections, with Ken moving simultaneously. Upon reaching a more vertical section, where one could peer horizontally into a crevasse/cavern, and with seracs perched above, I brought Ken up with a boot-

axe belay for consultation. We could see what appeared to be easy access to the rib, slightly above and one pitch of traversing across the icefall from us. This proved to be the crux ice pitch. Ken lead out with the security of a belay, but found little opportunity to place any screws or pickets for protection. After rounding a rotten ice bulge, easier ground lead to welcome rock. This was the only pitch which really required the use of two ice tools. I chose a variation, ascending over the bulge, which proved equally unpleasant.

It was now 10:30 AM and we were happy to be clear of the objective danger of the icefall. After removing our crampons, we began several hundred feet of class 3 and 4 scrambling up occasionally loose rock to where the rib leveled into a knife edge ridge for approximately 2 pitches before trending more steeply upward. At this point we decided to remove our boots in favor of the sticky security of rock shoes. This was especially necessary for me, since I had worn my plastic Koflach double boots in anticipation of a harder ice climb and in consideration of the large amount of glacier travel on the approach. During this break, we were joined by the other party and allowed them to play through since they had no helmets, and up to this point had been moving as fast as we were. We could now see climbers above us, both on the summit and ascending the West Ridge.

For the next 6 pitches, we followed directly behind the other party, with our lead climber hot on the heels of their second man, or woman in this case. There was no latitude for route variation on this portion of the climb. They were a friendly couple and reasonably good company, but with the same person leading each pitch, they lacked the efficiency of a team rotating leads. The weather was holding fine, with no threat of a repeat of the previous day, so we spent the time waiting enjoying the stupendous N. Cascade views. Finally, after he took nearly an hour leading the crux pitch, a chimney at the top of the rib which gains access to the upper face, we were able to pass them as the face now allowed more variation in route. Five to six pitches later, up solid but exposed class 4 rock, we reached the summit at 6:30 PM.

We spent the next half hour celebrating, eating, drinking, and taking a panorama of photos before beginning the descent of the East Ridge at 7:00 PM. The other party was still short of the summit at this time, although we could occasionally hear them below. Three rappels, some mildly exposed down climbing, and outstanding route finding by Ken brought us to the East Ridge notch at 8:30 PM. I did not find the East Ridge to be as nasty as its Beckey description would lead one to believe, although I guess it could be when wet.

Boston Basin beckoned us, just a short charge down the south side glacier, but we instead had to traverse the lower East Ridge back to Sharkfin Col where we had stashed our extra gear. The last gendarme below the East Ridge notch required a single rope rappel, followed, hopefully, by an easy cruise back to one last rappel into the col. The ridge narrowed into a rotten knife edge the last 100 yards before the col, which was not too pleasant in near darkness. Fortunately there was a suitable anchor at the end of the ridge for the double rope rappel into the col. I finished the rappel at 10:15 PM in total darkness, under the stars, with headlamp on.

As a fitting climax to an already too long **day**, the ropes became hopelessly stuck in the attempt to pull them down from that last rappel anchor. Being of not so sound mind and body at this point, I was ready to abandon the ropes. Ken,

however, being more rational argued for returning in the morning when hopefully daylight would assist us in retrieving the ropes.

was already in favor of spending another night out since we faced a three hour hike to the car followed by a three hour drive home, which would get us there around sunrise in great shape to go to work.

Monday morning dawned one of the clearest days either of us had seen in the North Cascades; far too nice to be at work anyway. The ropes were retrieved in short order, and we made a leisurely hike back to the car, enjoying the beautiful weather. After a mild reprimand from the Rangers in Marblemount for our late return, we adjourned to the Mountain Song Restaurant for lunch. In summary this was a great climb in a magnificent area. Aside the lengthy approach which involves traversing half way around the mountain, the climb isn't really very difficult; mostly exposed class 4, interspersed with brief 5th class problems, the hardest being 5.5 or 5.6. The ice climb will vary in difficulty with the season.

Climbers were Ken Johnson and Rob Freeman

Prussik Peak, West Ridge June 1-14

We left for Leavenworth early Saturday to get the now necessary permit for the Enchantments. Fear of not being in time at the Ranger station didn't keep us from arriving a little late (8:15). We got the permit with only one other party of two ahead of us on the list. The weekend promised to be another classic.

We left the Colchuck lake trailhead at a good pace and arrived at the lake about one and three quarters of an hour later. The day was beautiful as Dragontail and Colchuck beckoned to us, but the way led us up and over Asgard pass which was thankfully 2/3 snow for easier climbing. On the way up we met two parties coming down who had retreated from the plateau due to high winds the night before. We searched around the eastern end of the high area and found a suitable bivy site, somewhat protected from wind, at three o'clock. With some time on our hands we kicked up Little Annampurna afternoon for some views of Stuart and the Enchantments. The evening meal was finished by a culinary delight for desert brought to us by the Scrambling Gourmet, Steve Eastwood. It took the form of strawberries and French cream; just the thing in a bivouac.

The Cascade BRUSH AND BUSHWHACK RATING SYSTEM

For years there has been something sadly lacking in the climbing world. Something necessary to help describe the total mountaineering experience in those areas blessed with challenging peaks surrounded by primeval forest. That something is a brush and bushwhack rating system. After years of the hand-to-limb combat encountered in below-timberline approaches, one comes to realize that this part of an ascent can be one half, or more, of the battle (notice the use of fighting terms).

And yet, just how does one accurately relate this important facet of a climb with words? "It was ugly, real ugly", "Brutal", "A freaking fail", "Oh, not too bad, but I did lose a pint of blood". Well, these are pretty good subjective descriptions but what's missing here is something more definitive. What we need is a way to portray in a more precise manner those endearing struggles with the brush.

Therefore I propose the Cascade Brush and Bushwhack Rating System. This system is named such since most of my experience in the past ten years of climbing has been in the Washington Cascades. It's perfectly applicable, though, to other ranges of a similar nature, e.g., the Olympics, Northern Selkirks, British Columbia Coast Range, Alaska Range, or any mountain group that below-timberline approaches necessitate brush-beating and bushwhacking. This system rates both difficulty and grade much like the technical climbing ratings in use today.

Before defining system nomenclature here's a few guidelines for describing your favorite flail;

- 1) Conditions described must be when the approach is snow-free, since snowpack greatly affects most bushwhacks, reducing their difficulty considerably.
- 2) More demanding terrain, e.g., cliffy or steep, will increase a bushwhack's difficulty and grade as compared to one with the same vegetation cover on level ground
- 3) Both the density and type of brush are important factors.
I'll take an open area of mature devil's club over a dense stand of slide alder any day.
- 4) Grade is determined by both time and distance involved in completing the approach, as well as the duration of difficulties.
- 5) Since creek and river crossings play an important part of many approaches, a special subrating has been devised for these.
- 6) When a mechanical device such as a machete is used the bushwhack is no longer "free", and an aid subrating must be used.

DIFFICULTY RATINGS

These apply to the "free" difficulties (no aid used) and range from BW1 to BW5, where BW stands for bushwhack. Difficulty ratings apply to those areas of worst brush that can't be avoided.

BW1 -Light brush, travel mostly unimpeded, only occasional use of hands required e.g. mature open forest).

BW2 -Moderate brush with occasional heavy patches. Pace slowed, frequent use of hands required.

BW3 -Heavy brush, hands needed constantly, some loss of blood may occur due to scratches and cuts, travel noticeably hindered. Use of four-letter words at times.

BW4 -Severe bushwhacking, pace less than 1 mile per hour. Leather gloves and heavy clothing required or loss of blood will occur. Much profanity and mental anguish. Thick stands of brush requiring circum-navigation are encountered.

BW5 -Extreme brush. Multiple hours needed to travel 1 mile, full armor desirable. Wounds to extremities likely, eye protection needed. Footing difficult due to lack of visibility. Loss of temper inevitable.

AID RATINGS

When artificial means are used to penetrate brush, then an aid rating should be used to describe the device required. These ratings range from BA1 to BA5 where BA stands for brush aid.

BA1 -Machete or sickle

BA2 -Gas powered weedeater

BA3 -Chainsaw

BA4 -Agent Orange

BA5 -Bulldozer

CREEK AND RIVER RATINGS

These ratings are used to describe the difficulty in crossing watercourses. The range is WA1 to WA5, where WA stands for water.

- WA1 - A dry crossing is possible by using rocks or logs.
- WA2 - Possible wet crossing, but dry crossing can be done with some finesse.
- WA3 - Wet crossing, ankle to calf deep. WA4 -Wet crossing, calf to knee deep.
- WA5 - Wet crossing, greater than knee deep, possibility of getting swept downstream.

GRADES

Grades range from I to VI and follow the same general guidelines as climbing grades.

- I - Brush beating can be done in a few hours or less.
- II - Generally will take somewhat less than half a day.
- III - Could take most of a day, but hardened parties will be able to complete in a short day.
- IV - Will take a long day and involve continuous battle
- V - A1+ to 2 day bushwhack, difficulty rarely less than BW4, large quantities of bandaids and wound dressings will be needed unless properly attired.
- VI - The most extreme of bushwhacks, requiring over 2 days to complete with probably a BW5 difficulty encountered along the way.

Following are some examples of rated bushwhacks;

- Picket Range, Goodell Creek Approach -Grade III-IV, BW4
- Mt. Shuksan, White Salmon Creek Approach -Grade I-III, B4
- Mt. Spickard, Silver Creek Approach -Grade V, BW4+
- Mt. Blum, Blum Lakes Approach -Grade III, BW3+, WA5
- Devil's Peak, Coal Creek Approach -Grade I, BW2

Examples (cont'd)

Monashees, Thor Creek Approach -Grade VI, BW4, BA1
(first exploration)

Chimney Rock, Standard Approach -Grade II, BW2

And there you have it. No longer must one try to decipher the deranged mutterings of a victim of jungle warfare. A person needs only to apply the appropriate brush ratings to relate his brutal experience to others. And who knows? With advances in bush technology and the competitive nature of climbers, we'll probably see difficulties pushed to BW6 or beyond. And there just has to be some Grade VII's out there.

So come on, folks! The next time you report a mountaineering trip that involves green hell, use the Cascade Brush and Bushwhack Rating System to tell others about it. They'll be glad you did!

Mark S. Dale

Prussik Peak (continue from page 6)

We roused ourselves early and made for Prussik pass by 8:00 AM. The climb started at 7:30 with sticky shoes on our feet. Steve E. lead the first pitch of easy class 5. We may have started a bit too far in towards the north face but quickly rejoined the route in the next pitch. On the ridge now we made the exposed 5.7 slab and ridge beyond in good time using two ropes with three climbers. Scrambling across the face under the summit the last pitch of 5.6 laybacking and easier chimney squeezing was surmounted and we took in the summit views. Without much time to rest we got ready for the rappels back down the route. By three o'clock, after several rappels, we were back at the packs.

Leaving camp around 5:30 we hauled back over Asgard and through the thickening mosquitoes and clouds to the trail. Rain kept the dust down on the trail and we reached Don's car at 9:00 only to find someone had helped themselves to Steve's clothes, Don's wallet and shoes and the front passenger's window. After temporary repairs with duct tape we limped home.

To those that follow, the theory that you shouldn't leave valuables in the car and might as well leave it unlocked may be a good one at the Colchuck/Stuart lake trailhead. Still it was a great intermediate class climb and worth all the trouble.

Climbers were: Steve Eastwood, Don Kato, and Steve Mason

The Beauty & The Beast: Coast to Coast Excitement

Alex Van Steen

The Beauty in Southern California

Early April, the sun beams a comfortable warmth on the Mexico-California border as I shoulder my pack and begin a beautiful and exciting journey which would end nearly two months and 850 miles later in Yosemite National Park.

Albert Ruggles, my friend and a hardy backpacker, shares with me the electrical ecstasy of the challenge to come. Long term backpacking offers a challenge to us which, as of yet, I have been unable to find in climbing. In packing, I have found that the challenge of endurance and a sustained low level appreciation of each day rival with the thrilling highs obtained while climbing. Although packing and climbing do differ thus, I find it hard to say anything but that I love both intensely.

The first few hundred miles of our journey along the Pacific Crest Trail followed a tortuous path through the high Anza Borrego Desert and then down into the Mojave Desert before climbing the Tehachipi foothills which start the Sierra Nevada mountain chain.

I remember the intense excitement I felt when I first laid eyes on winter coated Gunn and Merchant peaks on one of my first Cascade climbs and also the feeling of awe I felt when caught in the supreme beauty of the early morning colors while climbing the Muir route on Rainer. I guarantee that on those days there were tears of joy in my eyes. Those same tears again said hello as we pounded over the high desert trails where rarely a single sign of man could be found. In the early days our lust for the trek and the excitement of the venture had us cruising nearly 20 miles per day. The views of green scrub and the boiling yellow sands 2,500 feet below us were a sight to behold. Huge black timber rattlers spiced the terrain three or four times a day as did magnificent views and sunsets. It was fifteen days before we saw our first traffic light and pizza.

Skills with map and compass, time management, and team work (sometimes I took these skills for granted while climbing) played out large roles for us. Our mental strengths as we climbed over the small ranges of mountains separating the two deserts (San Jacinto, San Geronio, and San Gabriel Mountains) were challenged as we found ourselves in harsh winter conditions (surprisingly) with only cotton baggies, light trail shoes, and a nearly indefinable trail. Our attitudes as we crossed the monotonous, grueling western Mojave on the day after day hot flatland hike were challenged. This compounded with eight days of Diarrhea and vomiting leaving me weighing 145 lbs. (normally 165 lbs.) and Albert 160 lbs. (normally 185 lbs.), kept us honest. Never did we think of quitting; nor did we argue or complain. We were excited because we would soon hit the high Sierra and push on.

Our reception into the mountains was friendly yet exciting. A radical flashflood (a huge torrent of churning mud, brush, and water) in the Tehachapis had us running for the hillside and yet through the following weeks the incredibly low snowfall made our snowshoes unneeded and the hiking pleasant. Having picked up our winter gear (wool and boots) readied us optimistically for the John Muir Trail, Mt. Whitney, and the back country of Kings Canyon.

The two weeks in which we climbed Mt. Whitney (14,494) and the many high passes (10,000 -14,000) through that backcountry, I shall never forget. Beginning with our assistance to a frostnip victim who had soloed the Mountaineers' route on Whitney, through an intense five day snow storm which often had us wading in deep powder and vulnerable in avalanche runs, to our eventual return to the lower forests and several outrageous river crossings, it was all challenging and beautiful.

I was scarred with blisters and weight loss but stronger in mind, heart, enthusiasm, and experience. The climactic ending to my journey came in Yosemite Valley beneath the inspiring monoliths of Half Dome, El Capitan, and a dozen others at the end of the John Muir Trail.

This two month journey I shall never forget. It has been an eye-opener to me once again as to the reasons I love to be in the woods and to the beauties and challenges to be found there.

Interim

After leaving the PCT at Yosemite I hitchhiked across lonely Nevada to Salt Lake City, Utah where, tired of thumbing, I purchased, in a state of ecstasy, an airline ticket to Houston, Texas. There I picked up my van (left in care of Dusty, my dog.) and drove to Balsam, North Carolina in the heart of the Smokey Mountains. I had picked up work as a counselor to learning disabled children ages 8 to 18 at an adventure camp. Project SOAR teaches life skills through the adventures of backpacking, rock climbing, and white water rafting.

The Beast in North Carolina

I had three weeks free time to enjoy between my temporary but extended Christmas job at a Houston climbing shop and my departure for the PCT in California. Excited about the climbing I had been able to do thus far and excellent weather prevailing, I decided to push myself hard. I purchased new rope, new shoes, and new slings (all at discount from the shop) and intended to work toward leading 5.10 on the granite bolt-protected faces of Enchanted Rock State Natural Area. Just before leaving for California I accomplished several 5.10 leads, and, to top it off, had a chance to visit with Lou Whittaker who was visiting in Austin. I felt great and optimistic and spent a great deal of time on the Crest Trail fantasizing about climbs to come.

Working for SOAR has allowed me to scope the state's climbing scene, pick up partners, and even do some harder routes in between the packing and rafting trips. After bouldering for several days during my first two weeks here I finally felt ready to try a harder route. This is what followed:

Michael Gottfried (one of the more advanced SOAR kids) and I were at Looking Glass Rock high in the Smokey Mountains during a four day trip here. Looking glass sports long climbs of moderate to high difficulty on steep rock. Although there are many cracks to climb, many of these are limited to water seams and the numerous horizontal cracks are what provide the protection. This is definitely tri-cam territory.

Sunny weather seems to be lacking these days and each afternoon the showers move in briefly. It really hasn't hindered any of our outdoor activities and interspersed through an extensive lush forest are hordes of White Mountain laurel, red rhododendrons, and pink azaleas. An impressive sight from cliff tops; the beauty outweighing the limited climbing time.

Our first pitch this day was a 5.9 seam which was difficult and unprotectable only for the first fifteen feet. There after, protection on a 5.6 face led to a comfortably broad ledge. As I belayed Mike up, I noticed clouds rolling in over the hills. No rain yet, though (can you guess what's coming?).

The second pitch followed an arcing flaring dihedral to a lip. Water was seeping out of a wide section of the crack and forced me again onto an easy but unprotected face. I returned to the crack and placed pro twice before hitting the lip. At the lip, an off-balanced 5.8+ step up on a rounded bulge was necessary. Not too bad except that as I got there a small trickle of water began to coat the bulge ingeniously. It has begun to rain and the cliff tops were being pelted. I tried

a few times to commit to the move but tweaked so I attached an artier on a tiny hexametric in the only flam I could find and (after breaking off twice) finally clambered over the bulge A1 style.

Past the lip a threateningly blank face yelled 'no pro, sucker' but the angle soon mellowed and despite the slight rain proved simple. Then, for some queer reason, the artier at the lip caught in my line to provide an interesting fight with rope drag. The small hexametric which had popped on me twice held strong as steel and would not release! What followed was a pull up rope, stick it in my teeth, make a move type strategy. Twenty-five irritating feet later I finally found a small horizontal crack and a good bucket in which to sit and belay.

Mike followed well considering my poor belay with rope drag but slipped once past the lip on a face now coated in light water. The artier had been left at the lip; Mike, in his haste to beat the oncoming torrents, had forgotten it. I'd get it on rap.

A large cloud covered us and spilled viciously, drenching us thoroughly. The top and rap point still a full pitch up, I made an easy but unprotected traverse 50 feet right to a lone tree on a ledge. As I belayed Mike across the rain simmered briefly. As quickly it simmered it boiled again. We both began to shiver as we set up the rappel, longing for our dry clothes and rain gear below.

In a torrential downpour, with winds lashing fiercely, I rapped to below the lip (here a roof) and began to terrain traverse the 30 feet back to the artier. The water hit me like buckets one foot from a crucial hold and the artier, I slipped on the greasy rock and began the ride of my life. For 40 long feet, I spun around so quickly off the slick rock that even break dancers would be scared. I felt my pants tear, my shirt tear, my shoulder tear; all I could think of was 'tuck my head, keep tight my brake hand, don't rip off.' As I began to slow I knew I would be o.k. and then, slam! I hit the wall of the opposing dihedral. I saw it only inches from my face, and yet, I hit it with my back. I stayed calm, though, and held by brake hand tightly.

Quickly regaining composure, I completed the rap -almost. The ledge of the second pitch stood **15** feet below me. Don't you sometimes wish you had a 165? I had no choice, the rain and wind were fierce: Mike could be threatened with hypothermia. I dropped! I landed. Not like a dancer on an egg I assure you, but safely.

For ten long minutes I waited. We could not communicate; I could barely even look upwards. What was happening? Where was Mike? Why wasn't he rapping off? My worst thought was that he was shaking so badly that he couldn't attach the figure 8. I waited a few more minutes, tried to call to him, but nothing.

I knew what I had to do. Mike was too inexperienced to be taking so long; I would have to go back up! Somehow, and from somewhere, I drew from within everything it took to face climbing those 15 feet back to the ropes. The buckets were so small that I am sure I would have hesitated even if the rocks were dry, and one pitch off the main deck meant total control was a must. I reached the ropes, thanked God, and clipped my jumars for the haul up. I cruised up, almost running, having trouble at the roof, and being out of breath when I got to Mike. The wet ropes had fooled him into thinking I was still on rap so he hadn't come down; a simple mistake by a beginning climber stuck in his first epic. I'm glad he was o.k.

The rap down to the ground was tricky and forever disheartening in the storm but uneventful and cost free.

At the bottom we hugged, packed up (even our dry clothes had gotten soaked), and walked a wet half hour back to the Volkswagen I had borrowed.

The beast had gotten the best of us this time (I went to the hospital a day later because my back was so bruised) but I am sure the beauty will be there next time. I'll be ready.

Bonanza Peak(Mary Green Glacier) 9511' July 3-5

We met at Issaquah at 4:40 a.m. Friday and made our way to the Big Y cafe near Dryden for breakfast. Catching the 9:45 a.m.(didn't leave until 10:05 a.m.) ferry at Fields Point further up Lake Chelan reduced the pressure on our schedule. Several other parties with Bonanza in mind were onboard as well as a party of two with Goode as their objective. Sunny skies with a cool breeze off the water made the ride a pleasure. After docking at Lucerne around 12:30 p.m. we boarded a school bus for the 12 mile ride to Holden (elev. 3209'), gaining 2000' vertical in the first 2 miles. Our hike to camp began in a drizzle around 2:20 p.m., arriving at Holden Lake at 4:45 p.m. There was a good view of the Mary Green Glacier perched on the slopes above the lake but the summit was enshrouded in clouds. Then we trudged up the brush, mud and the talus to Holden Pass (elev. 6300'), arriving at our campsite at 6:45 p.m. By now the summit had cleared off, allowing us to study our intended route. We met a party of two who had to back off the S.E. ridge today because of rain and snow. Bonanza shined brilliantly in the sunset light. Several deer wandered through camp. A starlit night seemed to promise a clear summit day. With a leisurely start 6:30 a.m. Saturday, we went up the ridge from Holden Pass to the glacier, which was only mildly crevassed. We reached the base of the steep slope below the schrund around 8:45 a.m., stopping to don hardhats. Exiting the snow onto the rock well below the level of the schrund, our route very gradually tended leftward, up terraced rock, then past a small snowfield. One slabby area prompted us to think about roping up. Above this we made a short traverse to the left and elected to climb the left-hand gully of two gullies leading to the summit ridge. We gingerly traversed the loose rock of the exposed ridge to the summit, arriving at 11:20 a.m. A host of unfamiliar peaks lay before us but Baker and Glacier were easily recognized. Entries in the register dated back to 1961. The clouds on the western horizon were of only brief concern and soon we began our descent, rappelling a few pitches to alleviate our wariness about the loose rock. The sky darkened as the base of the rock was reached. Our success would come at a price-before the descent of the glacier was complete, thunder and lightning threatened us. Sleet and rain dampened our spirits as we returned to a soggy camp. Jiffy Pop to the rescue! The rain abated and we discovered you can just fit three people into an Omnipotent. Sunday left us to pack our wet gear and a three hour hike back to Holden. The village dining hall served up a good lunch. Pat and Al had left early enough to catch the ferry enroute to Stehekin. The rest of us caught the 1:45 p.m. bus for the 2:30 p.m.(didn't leave until 3 p.m.!) return ferry. Our friends from Goode were onboard; the weather cut short their attempt. Some double checking in the baggage room prevented our gear from being off-loaded at the wrong destination.

Climbers: Erich Koehler, Wayne Koistinen, John Toraason, Pat Engle and Al Ryll.

Mt. Stuart, West Ridge

July 12, 1987

Steve Sutherland

After Pete was done goosing the waitresses, and Richard had finished rolling up his pancakes and stuffing them in his pockets, our intermediate climbing class trip to the West Ridge of Mt. Stuart left Ken's Truck Town and was under way. The forecast was for great weather, so we were all psyched for a goodtime. The boot situation wasn't quite so good; Pete had given up on his completely and would do the trip in running shoes, and I noticed at the trailhead that my soles were unstitched and flapping from the instep forward. Modern equipment is for wimps anyway.

We got all the way to Ingalls Pass before it started to rain. Undaunted, we continued to Ingalls Lake, dropped our packs and decided to go climb Ingalls Peak instead of sitting around the lake swatting bugs. Ingalls was an enjoyable 3-pitch climb. Tim was thankful for the chance to defrost his rock climbing skills after training for Denali all season. We stared across at the enormous Mt. Stuart and its West Ridge, surrounded by gray, and hoped that the weather gods would let us climb it on Sunday.

Sunday morning was beautiful and we took off for the West Ridge at 5:30. The 3 other parties who left the lake at the same time we did were a subtle hint that we wouldn't be lonely. We made good time on the first part of the route which climbs up a class 3-4 gully of pleasingly solid granite just east of the West Ridge proper. After about 2,500 feet, we traversed to the next gully and ascended to the notch behind Long John Tower. The pitch leading to Long John Tower was roped and was the only place on the route where we had to wait for other parties. From the notch, we ascended to the top of the West Ridge where things get spectacular very quickly. From there, we traversed on South side ledges to the West Ridge notch at the base of the summit pyramid.

This is where the fun starts. We climbed in 2 rope teams of 2 for about 4 leads. The climbing on the North side was nice and airy on easy, solid rock. The final two pitches were back on the South side of the ridge and proved to be a lot of fun. Pete and Tim climbed some cracks on the left, and Richard and I went up a chimney on the right (by the way, stemming doesn't work when you're wearing a pack). The last pitch was the most interesting of the climb involving some enjoyable moves and ending just a few yards from the summit.

After spending an enjoyable 45 minutes on the summit with some pleasant men wearing ties, we were off to slog down that sand pit called Cascadian Couloir. We were spit out of the grimy gully by Ingalls Creek a couple of miles and a thousand feet or so below our camp. The thought of grunting back up to camp was just about as uplifting as the thought of going back to work on Monday. Our misery was, however, lessened by the colorful fields of wildflowers which lined the trail along Ingalls Creek. We arrived back at camp at around 5PM, almost 12 hours round trip.

An uneventful pound back to the cars followed soon after our return to the lake. We were tired, but pleased with what we had done. An enjoyable climb, a good workout, and the chance to meet some interesting people made the trip a definite success.

Climbers: Richard Babunovic, Tim Hudson, Steve Sutherland and Pete Szak.

Cutthroat Peak (8050') and Silver Star Mtn (8876')

Tuesday and Wednesday June 30 and July 1, 1987

Bob and I left Seattle Tuesday morning about six a.m. for the long drive to Washington Pass. We arrived at the starting point for Cutthroat peak (right at the sign pointing to Whistler Mtn) at about ten or so and quickly loaded our day packs. We dropped down and crossed the creek and headed up the trail through beautiful meadows complete with flowers and marmots. After filling up our water bottles at the stream, we headed up the dirty, loose gully toward the west ridge, as described in the guide book. Following a lunch break on the ridge crest, we moved right around a small buttress, and then scrambled up toward the ridge crest. We knew we were on route when we saw some pitons and rappel slings. After a short class four pitch, it was easy scrambling along the ridge. At the summit pyramid, we opted for the class 5 variation and were past the chimney and chockstone described in the guidebook in short order. The short slab was a bit tricky to get past (probably should be class 5) but after a few minutes of scrambling we were on the summit.

This summit had as a register an army ammo box and a few slips of paper, so it would be a good candidate for a BEOALPS summit register. It had taken us about 4-1/2 hours to make the summit, so we kicked back and enjoyed the views south to Dome and Glacier Peaks, west to Black Peak and Mts. Baker and Shuksan. The peaks to the north and east looked horribly dry and hot, which is probably why not many people go there.

From the summit, we did two 75 foot rappels back to the ridge, then made the mistake of heading down the gully in front of the west ridge. This gully turned out to be dirty and loose, not pleasant for down climbing. Rappel slings were everywhere in this gully, making it obvious that others made the same mistake as we did. We should have stayed on the ridge back to where we came up. After a while we made it down, and then did standing glissades on the loose dirt and scree down to the meadows and stream. After drinking lots of fresh, cold water, we headed down the meadows toward the car, stopping often to take pictures in the fine late afternoon sunlight.

We drove into Winthrop and feasted on ribs and beer for dinner, a civilized end to a fine day of climbing. It was now dusk, so we drove back up the road to one of the National Forest campgrounds, where we slept in our bivy bags and sleeping bags.

We awoke about five the next morning, ate breakfast, and then drove to the start of the Silver Star climb. Since we decided to head to Burgundy Col, we crossed Early Winters creek, then headed up the ridge between Willow Creek and the Burgundy Col Creek. Although the route was cross-country and steep, there was little brush and we were in the shade. At about 6400' we traversed left off the ridge into a beautiful basin of boulders and larch trees. The climb up to Burgundy Col was not as dirty as we thought it would be looking from the road, and we made quick time. From the col, we dropped a bit then traversed right to the glacier, which showed only a few crevasses. We kicked steps up the glacier and easily crossed the spot where a bergshroud opens later in the year. After a short scramble up the summit rocks we were on the top. We both had to climb the exposed summit rock to take the usual summit photo. We signed the register book and found Fred

Beckey's name in there, with a supposedly new route (the far Northeast Face!?). It had taken us about 5-1/2 hours to make the summit.

The trip back to the car was uneventful, but it was much hotter than the trip in, since the sun was beating down through the thin forest. We made it back to the car about 5:00 p.m., making for an eleven hour day. We were satisfied as we drove back to Seattle.

Climbers were Bob Mondrzyk and Mike Fitzpatrick

Sahale Peak (8680') and Boston Peak (8894')

Thursday, June 25, 1987

On Wednesday night, Paul, Al, Don and I left Seattle about 7:30 pm for the Cascade Pass trailhead parking lot. It was a warm evening and the drive through Darrington was pleasant as we discussed our climbing trips on nearby Three Fingers and Whitehorse. We arrived at the snow patch blocking the road just before the parking lot at about 11 p.m. and woke up a couple of fellow climbers sleeping there. We fell asleep looking at all the stars and satellites overhead.

We woke up about 5 a.m. and were quickly on our way up the trail to Cascade Pass. From there, the trail continues to the left up to Sahale Arm. The views down the Cascade and Stehekin river valleys were beautiful and all the peaks of the Glacier Peak Wilderness area and beyond were visible. Rest breaks were frequent as we stopped to identify all the new peaks that kept popping into view. The trail was snow-free until about 7000' and the glacier was pretty much covered over as we climbed up to the summit rocks. A short scramble to the summit brought all the peaks to the north into view, including our next objective -Boston Peak. Surprisingly, we did not find a register on the summit.

From the summit of Sahale, we rappelled down the north side about 50 feet then took to the snow heading toward Boston. The Southeast face route did not look appealing, with the guide book describing about 350 feet of steep loose class 4 (some say class 5) rock. We opted to drop to the left to the gully on the west side of the peak. The traverse was over steep snow, which could be nasty scree later in the year. The gully was snow filled and steep and we kicked steps up, occasionally moving onto the loose rocks beside the snow to avoid moats and icy patches. The gully led up to a false summit north of the true summit and after a five minute scramble we were on the top. The summit register on this peak showed that we were the first there this year and that it is only climbed a few times a year. None of us recognized any fellow-BOEALPS names in the register, but some big name climbers had done the climb, like John Roskelley.

After a nice break on the top, we scrambled back to the snow gully and made our way down the steep snow to the Queen Sabe glacier. We roped up for the descent over the glacier to Boston Basin, which was snow-free, then headed down the trail (can it really be called a trail ?) to the road and the car. We arrived at the car at about 5:30 p.m., making it about a twelve hour day. Tired but satisfied, we headed home.

Climbers were Paul Michelson, Al Ryll, Don Wolley and Mike Fitzpatrick

GRRSSHOPPER MOUNTAIN

June 13th, 1987

Here it was Thursday and I didn't have any plans for the weekend yet. So naturally it felt great when Roy called and asked if I wanted go on a climb with Dave, Nancy, and him this weekend. The invitation was quickly accepted, and I began to prepare for the weekend. I was very excited about this climb because Roy had said there were no recorded ascents of this mountain which meant we could put a first ascent on the books.

However, Friday afternoon rolled around and Roy called telling me that Dave had to work and he couldn't get a hold of Nancy to tell her the plans. So he canceled too which left me at home alone Friday night wondering what to do for the weekend.

Well, after sitting around depressed for a couple of hours I decided to HELL WITH THEM! I would go climb the mountain any way. This was the second weekend in a row that people had canceled climbs with me and I wasn't going to let it ruin my weekend. Gathering information on the mountain was like detective work. I had a map and according to Roy there was a bushwhack at the base and some rock higher up but he didn't know how much. Becky's book contained a picture and from it the rock looked like mere scrambling. So I decided there was no reason I couldn't do it alone.

I packed as quickly as possible and hit the road about 10:00 p.m. The drive was long and tiring across Stevens Pass and after a couple of wrong turns on the dirt roads I pulled into the campground at the base of the mountain at 1:00 a.m. The car bivy was a little uncomfortable in the reclining bucket seat but it made getting up at 7:00 a.m. rather easy for an early start.

All my bivy gear was with me as I started into the bushes. Roy had scared me into bringing it because he said he had made a few attempts before and never made it to the summit-usually because of weather or hangovers. The bushes were as thick as ever and scratched at my arms and legs and face as I struggled to push through them. Back at the campground I had made note of a gully which led to the top of the ridge just south of the summit (or what I thought was the summit) and I hoped I would come out of the bushes in or near this gully. After about an hour the ground became much steeper and the bushes less thick and I realized I had made it to the gully. From there it was up to the steep ridge on the summit side (or what I thought was the summit side of the gully. The ridge contained just enough rack to keep me interested as I made way up. After about five hours I came upon the base of the summit pinnacle which I skirted to the left and climbed up to the top of a beautiful summit. It was a false summit but it was beautiful nonetheless!

The real summit loomed about 100 feet higher and a quarter mile to the south. What a disappointment to see a deep notch separating me from my goal! I had to descend the way I had come, cross the gully, and climb the 500 feet of elevation I had just lost. But it was worth it. I reached the true summit in about an hour I was the first person to stand on the top of Grasshopper Mountain!

The summit was large enough to explore and which I was doing when something caught my eye on the ground. I stooped over to pick it up and realized it was

the rusty top of a tin can. My hopes were dashed as I realized this meant someone had been there before me. But just because this tin can top was here didn't mean that another person had been here, I thought. A bird could have carried it up here, or a mountain goat, or it could have been dropped out of an airplane. One of these must have been the case because if the mighty Roy Ratliff couldn't make it up here then probably no one else had either!

With that in mind I descended and was even able to follow a small creek through all the brush and eliminate the dreaded bushwacking. Going down was tough on the quads but I reached the car about 10 hours after I started out. All in all it was a very nice day. Climber:

Ambrose Bittner

TRIP REPORT, CLIMB OF LIBERTY BELL JULY 11

PARTICIPANTS WERE:

BOB BARKER ERIC KOEHLER
TERRY CROOK MARK MORRISY
JIM FORTIER DICK ULMAN
JIM JOHNESCU CHARLES WINTERS

OUR PARTY MET AT THE BLUE LAKE TRAILHEAD JUST WEST OF WASHINGTON PASS SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 11. WHILE WE WERE STILL GETTING ORGANIZED, A GROUP OF SIX CLIMBERS FROM THE MOUNTAINEERS ARRIVED AND TOOK OFF UP THE TRAIL IN A GREAT HURRY. WE STARTED AT 6:30 AM. AFTER A HIKE OF ABOUT TWO MILES AROUND THE RIGHT HAND SIDE OF THE PEAK, THROUGH PLEASANT FOREST AND MEADOWS, WE SCRAMBLED UP SOME SLABS AND A GULLY TO THE PROMINENT NOTCH JUST SOUTH OF LIBERTY BELL..

CURIOSLY, THERE WAS A FEMALE GOAT AND TWO KIDS IN THE AREA OF THE NOTCH. AT FIRST, WE THOUGHT THEY WANTED TO GET BY US AND ESCAPE TO THE SOLITUDE OF THE WILDERNESS. BUT NO, THEY REALLY SEEMED TO LIKE HANGING AROUND US HUMANS. THE FEMALE HAD A RADIO COLLAR, PERHAPS SHE HAD BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO HUMANS DURING HER CAPTURE. THIS SETS A REAL BAD EXAMPLE FOR THE KIDS WHEN HUNTING SEASON COMES.

AFTER WAITING A WHILE FOR THE AFOREMENTIONED MOUNTAINEERS TO PROCEED UP THE PEAK, WE GOT STARTED ON THE CLIMB. THE NORMAL ROUTE AMOUNTS TO FOUR PITCHES OF VARYING DIFFICULTY, ON SOUND ROCK WITH GOOD PROTECTION AVAILABLE. IN MY OPINION, THE MOST DIFFICULT PART WAS AN AWKWARD 40-FOOT VERTICAL CHIMNEY THAT I WOULD RATE ABOUT 5.5 OR SD. ALL MEMBERS OF OUR PARTY LEAD AT LEAST ONE PITCH. A LITTLE DOWNCLIMBING AND ONE 150-FOOT RAPPEL COMPRISED THE DESCENT. EVEN WITH A PARTY AHEAD OF US AND EIGHT PEOPLE IN OUR GROUP, WE WERE BACK TO THE CARS BY 7:00 PM. ALTOGETHER, A VERY SATISFYING ROCK CLIMB SUITABLE FOR THE AVERAGE PERSON.

/S/CHARLES WINTERS

Many thanks to Charlie for organizing this climb. We all had a great time and learned a lot. Its not many people who would willing drag such a motley crew up a mountain like Liberty Bell -to find out at the base of the rock that only three out of the eight of us had even minimal leading experience. Well-we all do now!

Cutthroat Peak (8050') and Silver Star Mtn (8876')

Tuesday and Wednesday June 30 and July 1, 1987

Bob and I left Seattle Tuesday morning about six a.m. for the long drive to Washington Pass. We arrived at the starting point for Cutthroat peak (right at the sign pointing to Whistler Mtn) at about ten or so, and quickly loaded our day packs. We dropped down and crossed the creek and headed up the trail through beautiful meadows complete with flowers and marmots. After filling up our water bottles at the stream we headed up the dirty, loose gully toward the west ridge, as described in the guide book. Following a lunch break on the ridge crest, we moved right around a small buttress, then scrambled up toward the ridge crest. We knew we were on route when we saw some pitons and rappel slings. After a short class four pitch, it was easy scrambling along the ridge. At the summit pyramid, we opted for the class 5 variation and were past the chimney and chockstone described in the guidebook in short order. The short slab was a bit tricky to get past (probably should be class 5) but after a few minutes of scrambling we were on the summit.

This summit had as a register an army ammo box and a few slips of paper, so it would be a good candidate for a BOEALPS summit register. It had taken us about 4 ½ hours to make the summit so we kicked back and enjoyed the views south to Dome and Glacier Peaks, west to Black Peak and Mts. Baker and Shuksan. The peaks to the north and east looked horribly dry and hot, which is probably why not many people go there.

From the summit, we did two 75 foot rappels back to the ridge, and then made the mistake of heading down the gully in front of the west ridge. This gully turned out to be dirty and loose, not pleasant for down climbing. Rappel slings were everywhere in this gully, making it obvious that others made the same mistake as we did. We should have stayed on the ridge back to where we came up. After a while we made it down, and then did standing glissades on the loose dirt and scree down to the meadows and stream. After drinking lots of fresh, cold water, we headed down the meadows toward the car, stopping often to take pictures in the fine late afternoon sunlight.

We drove into Winthrop and feasted on ribs and beer for dinner, a civilized end to a fine day of climbing. It was now dusk, so we drove back up the road to one of the National Forest campgrounds, where we slept in our bivy bags and sleeping bags,

We awoke about five the next morning, ate breakfast, and then drove to the start of the Silver Star climb. Since we decided to head to Burgundy Col. we crossed Early Winters creek, then headed up the ridge between Willow Creek and the Burgundy Col Creek. Although the route was cross-country and steep, there was little brush and we were in the shade. At about 6400' we traversed left off the ridge into a beautiful basin of boulders and larch trees. The climb up to Burgundy Col was not as dirty as we thought it would be looking from the road, and we made quick time. From the col. we dropped a bit then traversed right to the glacier, which showed only a few crevasses. We kicked steps up the glacier and easily crossed the spot where a bergschrund opens later in the year. After a short scramble up the summit rocks we were on the top. We both had to climb the exposed summit rock to take the usual summit photo. We signed the register book and found Fred

Beckey's name in there with a supposedly new route! the far Northwest Face !?). It had taken us about 5 1/2 hours to make the summit.

The trip back to the car was uneventful, but it was much hotter than the trip in, since the sun was beating down through the thin forest. We made it back to the car about 5:00 p.m., making for an eleven hour day. We were satisfied as we drove back to Seattle.

Climbers were Bob Modrzyk and Mike Fitzpatrick

Sahale Peak (8680') and Boston Peak (8894')

Thursday, June 25, 1937

On Wednesday night, Paul, Al, Don and I left Seattle about 7:30 pm for the Cascade Pass trailhead parking lot. It was a warm evening and the drive through Darrington was pleasant as we discussed our climbing trips on nearby Three Fingers and Whitehorse. We arrived at the snowpatch blocking the road just before the parking lot at about 11 pm and woke up a couple of fellow climbers sleeping there. We fell asleep looking at all the stars and satellites overhead.

We woke up about 5 am and were quickly on our way up the trail to Cascade Pass. From there, the trail continues to the left up to Sahale Arm. The views down the Cascade and Stehekin river valleys were beautiful and all the peaks of the Glacier Peak Wilderness area and beyond were visible. Rest breaks were frequent as we stopped to identify all the new peaks that kept popping into view. The trail was snow-free until about 7000' and the glacier was pretty much covered over as we climbed up to the summit rocks. A short scramble to the summit brought all the peaks to the north into view, including our next objective - Boston Peak. Surprisingly we did not find a register on the summit.

From the summit of Sahale, we rappel led down the north side about ⁵⁰ feet then took to the snow heading toward Boston. The Southeast face route did not look appealing, with the guide book describing about 350 feet of steep loose class 4 (some say class 5) rock.. We opted to drop to the left to the gully on the west side of the peak. The traverse was over steep snow, which could be nasty scree later in the year. The gully was snow filled and steep and we kicked steps up, occasionally moving onto the loose rocks beside the snow to avoid moats and icy patches. The gully led up to a false summit north of the true summit and after a five minute scramble we were on the top. The summit register on this peak showed that we were the first there this year and that it is only climbed a few times a year. None of us recognized any fellow-BoeAlpers names in the register, but some big name climbers had done the climb like John Roskelley.

After a nice break on the top. we scrambled back to the snow gully and made our way down the steep snow to the Quien Sabe glacier. We roped up for the descent over the glacier

to Boston Basin, which was snow-free, then headed down the trail (car it really be called a trail?) to the road and the car. We arrived at the car at about 5:30 pm making it about a twelve hour day. Tired but satisfied, we headed home.

Climbers were Paul Michelson, Al Ryll, Don Wolley and Mike Fitzpatrick

ACTIVITIES

Charles Winters

C
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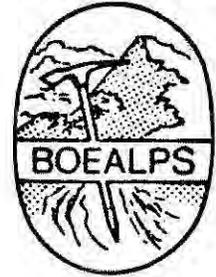
MT. FURY - Multi day trip August

The climb will be into the Heart Of the Picket Range and will be a good introduction to the area. Both summits of Fury will be climbed. The trip will take between 5 and 8 days in early August, with the specific dates to be determined by the party. Contact Jerry Baillie on 655-0824 at work or 367-1455 at home. Party limit 6.

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: Nevado Huandoy by Mark Dale

**September Meeting
Thursday, September 3rd, 7:30
Oxbow Rec Center**

CLIMBING FILM FESTIVAL

SEPTEMBER MEETING
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd, 7:30 PM
OXBOW RECREATION CENTER

Come view some super fantastic and excellent 16 mm climbing movies. This meeting will be highlighted by the showing of dramatic films on the daring and bold exploits of mankind. "Kick-back" and relax, or at least try, as your hands begin to perspire and your stomach fills with adrenalin soaked fear. WARNING: Parental guidance is advised. People who have high blood presure and pace-makers please beware.

Refreshments and cookies will be served after the movies.

Belay Stance

Ken Johnson

This is my final Echo. It is with some reluctance that I give up this responsibility and privilege. I have had a lot of fun putting this newsletter together. It is always exciting to see new articles coming in, to hear about what other people are doing, and to pass on information to fellow climbers. Although there are many good things that have happened as a result of being the Echo editor, the best was that I got to meet and to know so many BOEALPs members. I know that there are a lot of you that I don't have direct contact with, but I am sure that I would know only a fraction of the climbers that I do now if I hadn't let Jim Blilie railroad me into doing this. It has really brought me out of my shell and given me the foundation to take on bigger projects, both climbing and otherwise. The best part about this is that now I can spend more time writing articles rather than collecting them. I really enjoy a good climbing yarn, and I hope to entertain you with a few of my own. I thank you all for being patient with me through the rough issues and writing so many articles. Keep it up, and keep the next editor busy. I wish Ken Henshaw the best, and will support him as best I can. Continue to send your contributions to me for this next issue. I will be getting together with Ken around deadline time to get him going. Off belay...

Contributors this month were Jerry Baillie, Dave Gloger, Rob Freeman, John Petroske, Doug Weaver, and myself.

Intermediate Class Complete

The first go round of the BOPEALPs Intermediate Climbing Course is all over but the party. I think that it was a real success, with a lot of fine routes being climbed, a lot of experience gained, and a lot of new friends made. A more complete synopsis will be coming in a future Echo. If you are interested in being a part of it next year, get out often and stay in shape over the winter. See you next spring!

Officers to be Elected at September Election

September is the month that club officers are elected. The offices are President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer. The time commitment for these positions ranges from three to fifteen hours per month. There are many rewards to being an officer, such as the Board Dinner and the blatantly rigged Doorprize drawings at the Banquet. In addition you get to help the club along in its everyday activities and help solve some of the problems that crop up from time to time. It is a great way to meet other climbers and puts a new perspective on climbing. All in all a fun, enjoyable, worthwhile way to spend your time. (Would I lie?) If you are interested in putting your name in the hat, would like to nominate someone, or if you have any specific questions about the duties of an office, please call Rob Freeman at 237-4157.



The deadline for the October Echo will be Thursday, September 17th.

The news articles and opinions expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the Boeing Company

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 * ATTENTION: BOEALPS ANNUAL BANQUET *
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 * WHEN: Friday, October, 9, 1987 *
 * Banquet Location: Doubletree Inn at Southcenter (see map) *
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 * *****

This is a notice to remind all members of the Boealps banquet which will take place this October. This annual event promises to be fun. Its the big event of the year folks. Do not plan on missing it!!! More information on this years speaker will soon follow.

Ticket prices this year - (which covers everything except the no host bar) are the same as the last several years - \$13.00 for regular and family Boealps memberships, and \$16.00 for non-members (guests). Tickets are limited and payment must be received by October 6th, 1987.

The banquet schedule is as follows:

6:30 - 7:30 p.m. - Cocktails (no host)
 7:30 - 8:30 - Dinner
 8:30 - ? - Speaker presentation

 BANQUET REGISTRATION FORM

NAME _____

MAIL STOP _____ PHONE NUMBER _____

MEMBER TICKETS _____ at \$13.00 = _____

ADDITIONAL TICKETS _____ at \$16.00 = _____
 (guests, non-members)

TOTAL ENCLOSED _____

Make checks payable to BOEALPS
 Mail this form with payment to: John Petroske 8444 41st Ave. S.W.
 M/S 9R-48 or Seattle, WA 98136

***** DO NOT FILL OUT BELOW *****

DATE RECEIVED _____ REGISTRATIOM NUMBER _____

Three Fingers / North Peak - 6870 Ft.
August 2, 1987

After car camping at the trailhead on Saturday night, we started up the trail to Goat Flats at 5:30 A.M. at a rather brisk pace. Shortly after Saddle Lake, the trail passes by many small meadows and ponds before finally breaking out into the open at Goat Flats. After a short break at the flats during which time we woke up several overnight campers, we pushed on and arrived at the saddle above the 3-Finger's Glacier shortly before 9:00 A.M. Here we roped up for the trip down and across the glacier. We also needed crampons as the glacier was still in the shade. After crossing the glacier, we unroped and ascended a narrow snow finger that paralleled the glacier and lead up to the rock of the north peak.

We climbed a little higher on the snow than we should have and consequently started climbing the rock too far to the right. This resulted in a couple pitches of crummy class 4 rock. A word to the wise - "Stay left at the start" - then it will only be crummy class 3 rock. From there on the climbing was quite enjoyable and matched Beckey's description well. After topping out on the second chimney, the summit comes into view with an airy ridge leading the way over to it. The ridge provided no real difficulties other than a few remarks of the exposure; however, one member of the group decided that it was time to relieve himself just at the start of the ridge. So if you're up there sometime in the future and it doesn't smell so good - talk to Steve Eastwood about it. After crossing the ridge, a short scramble took us to the summit where we heard the sound of an engine in the distance. At first we thought it was roar of the hydroplanes but it was just an ultralite flying by the summit. And some people think that climbers are crazy. Anyways, the views were impressive as we could see from Adams to well north of Baker and from the Olympics to the peaks around Lake Chelan. Even Seattle was visible through the haze but fortunately we couldn't see (or hear) the rooster tails on Lake Washington.

After returning across the ridge while holding our breath, 3 rappels took us back to the snow and a nice glissade took us back to the glacier. Reroping, we trudged across the glacier and back up to the saddle. Then it was a race against the sun to reach the cars before dark. Fortunately we won as we arrived around 8:30 P.M. It was a long day, but 4 tired climbers (Ambrose Bittner, Steve Eastwood, Dave Gloger, & Tom Groves) contently drove off into the sunset.

Peak Bagging In The Tatoosh
June 6, 1987
Ed Davis & Dave Gloger

Location	Elevation	Time	Running Time	Comments
Reflection Lk	4854 Ft	5:00A.M.	0:00	General gloom and drizzle
The Castle	6500 Ft	6:30A.M.	1:30	Broke above the clouds
Pinnacle Peak	6562 Ft	7:30A.M.	2:30	Highest peak on the trip
Plummer Peak	6370 Ft	8:30A.M.	3:30	An easy stroll to the top
Denman Peak	6006 Ft	9:00A.M.	4:00	Is this really a peak
Lane Peak	6012 Ft	10:00A.M.	5:00	Found slings from climb class
Wahpenayo Peak	6234 Ft	12:00P.M.	7:00	Saw a goat kicking down rocks
Chutla Peak	6000 Ft	1:30P.M.	8:30	The end is in sight
Eagle Peak	5958 Ft	2:30P.M.	9:30	More slings and the last peak
Longmire	2760 Ft	5:00P.M.	12:00	Plastic boots hurt on trails

Marble Peak - 5111 Ft
August 12, 1987

Crawling out of bed around 8:00 A.M., I shortly thereafter received a phone call from Kai Bune asking if I would like to go climbing. After a brief discussion of various peaks and the possibility for such an early start, we decided on Marble Peak (between Big Four and Mt Pilchuck). This was a revenge climb for me as I had tried it twice before but had never been that close to the summit.

As an infamous Beckey log jam no longer existed across the South Fork Stilliguamish River, we crossed the river at Silverton and then headed downstream around noon (a nice alpine start). Partially along trail, sometimes bushwacking we were soon overcome by blueberries and huckleberries. The quantity and plumpness of the berries was overwhelming. We almost abandoned the climb so as to gorge ourselves on berries but somehow we managed to push on. Still we thought that Mark Dale should have allowed for a heavy concentration of berries in impeding one's progress for his bushwacking rating system. About a half mile downstream, we found the start of an old miner's trail that would lead to Marble Pass. Progress was generally good but this is an old trail and even this had to be considered bushwacking at times. Also progress was still being impeded by the Class 5 (plumpness)/Grade 6 (quantity) blueberry bushes. Shortly before the pass as we left the dense forest, the trail virtually dissappeared. Fighting our way up to the pass we came upon quite a bit of old equipment from the old tram system that used to haul ore over Marble Pass.

For some dumb reason, we thought that it would be an easy scramble to the summit from the pass - wrong! It turned out to be a thousand feet of steep densely covered slopes interspersed with moss covered rocks requiring a lot of vegetable belays. Never have I bushwhacked so close to a summit. However, from the amount of goat hair that we found on the branches, apparently it's not a lot easier for the mountain critters. As we neared the summit, we were still passing by large quantities of blueberries but we had other things on our minds. Finally we reached the summit just after 4:00 P.M. The views were somewhat limited by the clouds of an approaching weather system but still we could see Devil's Peak & Thumb as well as Copper Lake and the long narrow glacier that extends towards it off of Vesper Peak.

The descent was rather uneventful except for the pain that we felt as we had to walk past so many berries without sufficient time to eat them all. Surely a bear would be in heaven in this area. Upon reaching the Stilliguamish we weren't too keen to bushwhack upstream, so Kai somehow managed to rock hop across the river and I just plunged through with my boots on. I was pleased to finally make it up Marble Peak but it's not a climb that I would necessarily recommend to my friends unless they have fantasies about indulging in mass quantities of berries.

Dave Gloger

Mt. Baring, East Buttress of South Peak, May 20

Ken Johnson

John Petroske and I were confronted by the classic question - how could we best squander an impromptu day off? A few possibilities were on the list; the Upper Wall at Index, a possible new route on Baring, and a mystery climb in the Mt. Crosby area. John wasn't too keen on extensive aid work, so we drove past Index to Baring. The weather was somewhat encouraging, since we could see the east buttress of the south peak as the sun rose in the east. Unfortunately, we could also see the glint of ice and water on the rock, remnants of the previous night's storm. So on toward Crosby, only to be confronted by a locked gate that had sprouted up only a half mile from the Miller River Road turnoff. A hasty and heated diatribe against the USFS lubricated our aggressive tendencies. Only Baring would sooth our rage.

We followed the logging road from the train overpass on US 2 without too much difficulty. A folding army shovel helped tame some of the bigger bumps for John's Colt. A river washout forced us to abandon the car about a half mile from the clearcut on the southern slopes of Baring. We quickly hiked the road to the cut, then clambered straight up rather than traverse the switchbacks. While this provided a good warmup, it is dubious that any time was saved. From the upper northeast corner of the cut we gained open timber to make good progress. We did a climbing traverse to the right in hope of gaining the prominent snow gully leading to the notch east of the south peak. As we gained altitude the timber became steeper and was laced with slide alder filled gullies and short cliffy sections. It was a combination of excellent route finding and dumb luck that placed us right at the base of the snow.

Rather than speeding us on our way, the snow actually slowed us down. A half inch of soft snow covered a very hard crust. A hard kick was good for a quarter inch of penetration. A half inch cost two or three toe smashers. At least we each had an axe. The best way to go was up the edge of the 40 degree gully. We each chose a different side to spite one another. John laughed as I resorted to laying back off of the edge of the ice. I jeered as he tiptoed over verglas covered slabs. John had the most fun, climbing through a tunnel created by ice and rock. All the while, the warming sun sent small silver shards of ice and cold driplets of water our way to spur us on. We both got our fill of moat problems this day.

At the top of the gully, John's side (the right side) paid off. He was at the notch while I tried to take an "easier" rock gully to the left. This forced me into a mess of damp, snowy junipers. I was completely soaked by the time I thrashed (BW3) my way to join him on a sandy ledge at the base of a rock wall.

This seemed like a logical place to start. We had passed up a lot of climbing possibilities lower in the gully due to wet rock, but now there was no getting around it. A tree filled ledge led to a notch to the west on the northeast face, and we speculated it might provide an easy way up. But we were determined to use the rock gear we had lugged all the way up, and besides, the route didn't look too hard and was beginning to dry out.

As we were roping up, John casually showed me a rusty steel carabiner that he had found when he first got there. This cast a pallor on our new route hopes, but not on our desire to finish the climb. Going back down the gullies would have been unpleasant at best, so we were hoping for an easier way down via the Northwest Ridge route. Up it

was.

The spin of the ice axe gave me the coveted first lead. The climbing was generally enjoyable if one kept to the more solid rock. The rock was dense and friable, lending itself to loose gullies and ample holds with few cracks for protection. The better rock was found on the steeper sections. Belay anchors took some imagination, but there were good ledges to work from. We didn't think anything would go over 5.4 or 5.5 so we left our rock shoes in our packs. The first two pitches went by quickly as the weather began to deteriorate.

The third pitch was the crux. I tried going up several different lines, but each time loose rock forced me to the left. The moves would have been easy, and were pretty well protected, but John was in the line of fire, so I decided to look elsewhere (after all, he was belaying me). The solution was a ramp leading left to a crack in a bulge that barred access to a gully curving to the right below us. The exposure was exhilarating as I committed myself.

And committing it was. Protection was marginal, and there was still some loose rock to deal with. The zig-zagging I had done down low left me with quite a bit of rope drag, and it had begun to snow. I got the feeling that things were becoming a little bit desperate as I contemplated the wet face in front of me. I had to make several moves over slimy rock to reach a loose, grassy gully that led to a good belay ledge. The next few minutes were one of those 'special times' that climbers look back on with such fondness. Clumsy mountain boots on small, wet holds, hands jammed into muddy, crumbly cracks, no communication with the belayer, snow blowing around your head, teeth clenching the rope so that rope drag won't stop you half way through the next move, making the move to find that the holds aren't as good as you hoped, muscles vibrating as you fight to put in pro, almost falling off as the pro fails when you test it, arms slowly burning, realizing you cannot reverse the last move, having to go for the next move unprotected before you become too weak to move. It was good to reach the belay. John's only comment on joining me was an incredulous "You climbed up that wet muck?!?"

As he was about to take off on the next pitch, John turned to me with horror in his eyes. "Oh, man, do I have my ice axe strapped to my pack?" My heart leapt to my throat when I saw that it wasn't. I cursed as I thought of the consequences. No matter how we got down, he would need the axe. This dictated that we retrace our path, a particularly hideous option considering the lack of good rappel anchors, the fact that we would have to descend immediately to allow ourselves enough time to get off, the unpleasantness of the gullies we would surely be forced into, and the crowning glory of descending the snow gully without crampons. There was no way that we could go on. I nearly cried, until I noticed that John was laughing. He explained that his axe was inside his pack! He had to climb fast to dodge the rocks I hurled in his direction. Rotten to the core.

His pitch ended with some third class just below the summit. The snow was abating somewhat as I started after him. As he belayed me up, he told me his eyebrows were tingling, like ants were crawling through them. I thought it was the altitude, but as I joined him, my axe began to sing. Here we were, on the summit of the South Peak, in a slight snowstorm, and lightning was about to blow us into a billion bits! In a very clear state of mind I did the only rational thing, I tried to take my pack off to remove the ice axe from my presence. John's panic overwhelmed me, however, and I joined him

in his hasty retreat from the summit.

We repaired to a group of junipers that sheltered us from the wind and snow, and ate lunch to pass the time. We had a great view to the west, where clear skies dominated the horizon. Moist air was being pushed up the valley, and as it cooled it condensed. Index seemed to be the starting point for all of the precipitation, and it was really enjoyable watching the storms build. Every once in a while it would clear some, and we would run to the summit, only to be warned away by John's eyebrows. Finally it got clear enough to see the main peak, only 100 feet higher than us, to the north. It was safe at last! A quick look around the summit revealed a cairn, but no register. This, coupled with the fact that we hadn't seen any other pitons, slings, or biners on the route, led us to believe that we may have done a new route after all. Research since then hasn't turned up anything, but we will never know for sure ...

We descended steep snow and brush, then rappelled down our sopping ropes to the huge notch between the south and main peaks. It was something else to get a shower from the spray thrown off of our figure eights. We never even thought of climbing the main peak since while we were in the area, but no big loss. I had done it before, and it would have been another hour. At first I thought we might have had the time, but I was to be proved wrong. An excellent glissade brought us to the bottom of the gully, where we rested in the sun and dried off a bit. It was hard to believe that it was snowing just a few hours before. We made the traversing climb back up to the northwest ridge notch, then headed straight down the south slopes.

We entered the twilight zone at timberline. The descent took us twice as long as we thought it would. At one point we both saw the road below us, only to have to walk another hour or so before we really found it. We never did see the clearcut, and I thought we were lost for sure, but there was nothing to do but continue down, since we couldn't see through the thick forest. We finally fell on the road right about dark. After a quick chat with a friendly axe murderer, we were on our way home.

In retrospect (it has been a while since the climb) this was one of the most enjoyable climbs I have done. The varied nature of the climbing, coping with the difficulties with our minds and abilities rather than with technology (i.e. rock shoes and crampons), the commitment, the uncertainty, the route finding, the weather, and especially the companionship, combined to form a most meaningful and memorable experience out of what otherwise may have been an average and slightly unpleasant climb. The hope for this kind of experience is what keeps me going during severe bushwhacks, burning glacier crossings, freezing bivies, and driving rainstorms. Too bad they all can't be this special.

Recap : East Buttress of the South Peak of Baring, III, 5.5, BW2, 8 hours from the road, 11 hours round trip. Several hundred feet of snow and ice up to 40 degrees, followed by 4 roped pitches and some scrambling. This route would definitely be more enjoyable and worthwhile if it was dry. The south slopes provide a very straightforward approach to Baring, including the Northwest Ridge route. Having experienced both ways, I believe it easier to come from the south.

No Apologies, Just Returned
- by Doug Weaver

In a recent Echo trip report, I read about "some fellows" who were soloing 5.7's. Not only does the author find solo climbing "amusing," he seems to project a lack of understanding about solo climbing. I was not there to witness this event, but in my opinion, I believe soloing can be "safe climbing."

On June 28th, I left the Colchuck Trailhead at 5 AM. My pack held a single 9 mm rope, slings, 5 pitons, rock hammer, food, water, rock shoes, route information, and a small rack of chocks and friends all to use for a self belay, if needed. I was headed for Dragontail (8840'), the July North Face Route solo. My plan also included Prusik Peak (8000'), the West Ridge, and back out in a day.

At the base of the first route, I put on my rock shoes and studied the route info. It was early morning and the sun was just starting its ascent into the sky. I joined in the climb, with the sun my competitor. I climbed from ledge to ledge and up through gully systems, some streaming with water up through a steep chimney, testing each hold by knocking then wiggling it: Good, good hold, move, pull, stretch, tap tap, bad, look around, oh a horn, test, good, pull up and then mantle. A few more ledges and I found myself at the foot of the snow amphitheater. I'd climbed right past the first 5.7 of the day. Across the snow onto a ridge, a hand crack, some face climbing, and the first 5.7 crux was behind me.

With my rock shoes, I kicked steps into a steep ice couloir while grasping the rock with my hands where I could.

Five hours after leaving the trailhead, after 27 pitches, I was on the top of Dragontail. I'd been here once before on a climb of the hidden couloir in April. Just a few feet from the summit my partner and I spent a freezing night without any biviwac equipment. At this bivi site I dropped my pack and removed my wet shoes. Again, I studied my info.

I put on running shoes and gaitors, took one last sip of water; and headed down the glacier to Prusik Peak. The sun was a tough competitor for now I was feeling its heat. I sat on top of Prusik now eight hours from my start. The west ridge has 7 pitches of classic climbing on sound granite. Looking back over to Dragontail, I felt great joy, but the contest was far from over. I still had alot of down climbing, hiking and the dreaded Aasgard Pass. I finally used the rope and made a few rappels.

On the trip out, my antagonist was at my throat, parching it, when water lay all around me, bad water? I gave into drinking glacier milk, the lesser of two evils, and ended up with a stomach ache for days.

After 14 hours, I was at the finish line: A grade IV and II completed with 34 pitches and about 14 miles behind me. A total gain of about 6500' on which turned out to be the hottest day yet this year. I'd won, beaten the sun and returned with no apologies.

Mt. Buckner's Northwest Face and Boston Peak August 1-2, 1987

Buckner had been on mind for a long time. It was the highest peak in the state that I hadn't climbed and the northwest face looked like a fun route. No brush, limited scree and a 9000 ft summit!

We met in Lynnwood at 6am and drove to the Mt. Baker Cafe in downtown Concrete for a good breakfast. Then we checked out at the ranger station and arrived at the Cascade Pass trailhead at 9:30am. The weather looked threatening but was predicted to improve on Sunday so we forged ahead, passing several people carrying their bicycles on the trail. They were biking from Spokane to Bellingham via Stehekin. Pausing for a rest at the pass we pushed on up Sahale Arm. We entered the clouds at the base of the glacier and later stopped at the base of the east side of the summit block of Sahale. Juan wanted to climb it, but Mark and I had already do so and since it was a whiteout there wasn't much point. So we traversed along the east side of Sahale, quite steep and dirty, with a light dusting of snow from the previous night, arriving at the Sahale-Boston ridge at 4:30pm. We crept along the ridge in the whiteout until we came to the "campsite". It consisted of a flat granite slab, six feet wide and twenty feet long on the ridge crest, and dropping away on both sides into space. We quickly decided not to spend a howling night here. The "easy" traverse on the east side of Boston peak was the grungiest pile of blank traverse I have ever done, period. We were all wishing we had come through Sharkfin Col to arrive on the Boston glacier. It took two full hours to traverse from the campsite to the Boston glacier, where we quickly found a decent campsite. It was 6:30pm.

Boston Peak was close at hand, the weather had cleared, and our peak bagging instincts were strong, so we went for it. We left everything in camp in our haste. The moat above the glacier was tricky, followed by a short rightward traverse leading to a chimney with monster blocks at the bottom and loose stuff everywhere. At the top of the chimney the summit was a pleasant, if rushed scramble away. It was now 8:00pm and the sun was setting. Our main concern was the chimney, but with care we were able to downclimb it and quickly scramble back to the snow and run to camp. We started dinner at 8:45pm while in our bivy bags. It was quite cold as the lids on our water bottles had frozen while we were away climbing. The weather had cleared and after a lot of pasta we finally called it a day.

We planned on waking at 5:00am but it was so cold we stayed in the sacs until the sun hit us at 5:45am. Juan was good enough to fire up the stove and the hot drinks really hit the spot. We were out of camp at 6:30am and after a few detours we made it to the bottom of the climb. Mark lead up to the moat and found a relatively comfortable spot to rest and change the lead. The moat itself provided the only steep ice of the trip and one ice screw was used. Above the moat the slope was consistently 50+ degrees with many deep runnels. After 800ft a good rest spot on the left side of the face presented itself and I took advantage of it. The face had been in shadow until this point and the

warming sun felt great. We also were able to avoid the extremely narrow section at the top of the face by traversing east a hundred feet from our rest spot to gain the upper snowfield. Though the slope was still 50+ degrees, the rockfall was much less and after 400ft the summit ridge was reached at 11:00am. 4.5hrs from camp. After taking numerous summit and panorama shots we noticed that two people were climbing up the standard southwest route. This was a stroke of luck since we were headed out that way and would eliminate possible route finding errors. The two guys turned out to be friends of Mark and Juan's from Mountain rescue, Denny and Karl. The down route proved to be a scree slope, but after our Boston Peak rubble tune up it was no problem. At about 1000ft our below the summit Mark realized he had left his camera on top, OOPS! He didn't want to go back and he knew a group that was climbing Buckner on the morrow so he chanced that he would run into them and that they would return his camera. The mine relics in Horseshoe Basin were interesting. The route home climbed back up to the foot of the Sahale Glacier and then down the Arm to the Pass and finally the cars. It took six hours to return from the summit to the cars.

A final comment on the traverse on the east slope of Boston. It is an extremely unstable slope and not recommended.

Climbers were: Mark Dale, Juan Esteban Lira and Jerry Baillie

ACTIVITIES

Charles Winters

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***** ANNUAL PRESIDENT'S CLIMB *****

Mt. Deception, The Needles; Olympics. 9/19-9/20

This years President's climb will be to the Mt. Deception, Needles area of the Olympic Range. Camp will be made in or near Royal Basin, from where numerous climbs can be made. There should be something to satisfy all levels of interest and ability. Climbing opportunities range from class 2 and 3 scrambles up Mt. Deception (7788 ft), the highest peak in the Eastern Olympics, to class 5 climbing on the many summits of the Needles. As this range is in the famed Olympic "rain shadow", good weather is guaranteed. All past, present, and future BOEALPS Presidents, as well as all club members are encouraged to attend. Contact Rob Freeman to sign up or for further information:

Work: 237-4157
Home: 935-1422

We were looking for a good day climb and since Dee had attempted this in poor weather previously, we selected it. We met at 5:30am and hit the Melakwa Lake trail before 7:00am. The air was already muggy as we trudged up the trail arriving at the lake at 8:30am for our first rest. The lake was overrun with campers and boy scouts, seemingly all cooking bacon as I wondered why I skipped breakfast. It took an hour to scramble up the scree to Melakwa pass and another half hour to drop to the outlet of Chair Peak lake where we watered up for the hot climb. 10:00am

We approached Roosevelt directly from the lake by a northward climbing traverse. The summit of Roosevelt has a towering appearance from the lake and is on the left side of a prominent gully, versus the higher "looking" scree pile to the right. We climbed both finding the register on the tower. It was 11:30am.

The traverse initially follows game trails just under the crest on the east side. Then through a gap to the west side until the crest itself is followed. All difficulties were passed on the west side, from this point on to summit. The climbing is best on the crest and whenever a westside bypass was required it was on very loose and dirty rock. No fun at all. The idea is to force the crest route, especially once the ridge begins climbing towards Kaleteen. Running belays predominated with only a couple of short fixed belay pitches. Our route included some class 5.5 climbing on solid rock but mainly class 4. We arrived on the summit at 6:30pm; hot, tired and very thirsty.

The down route was the standard class 3 route that follows a gully to just south of Melakwa pass. It was quite dirty for a short section. We had run out of water hours ago and the creek above Melakwa Lake appeared to be ghardia free so we all gulped down lots of water. We left Melakwa lake at 7:50pm and no time was wasted as we marched for home, arriving at the cars at 9:20pm.

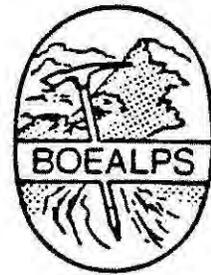
Climbers were Dee Urbick, John Doherty and Jerry Baillie.

ALPINE ECHO

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



October 1987



BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

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photo: Nevado Huandoy by Mark Dale

October Banquet

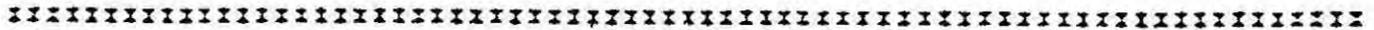
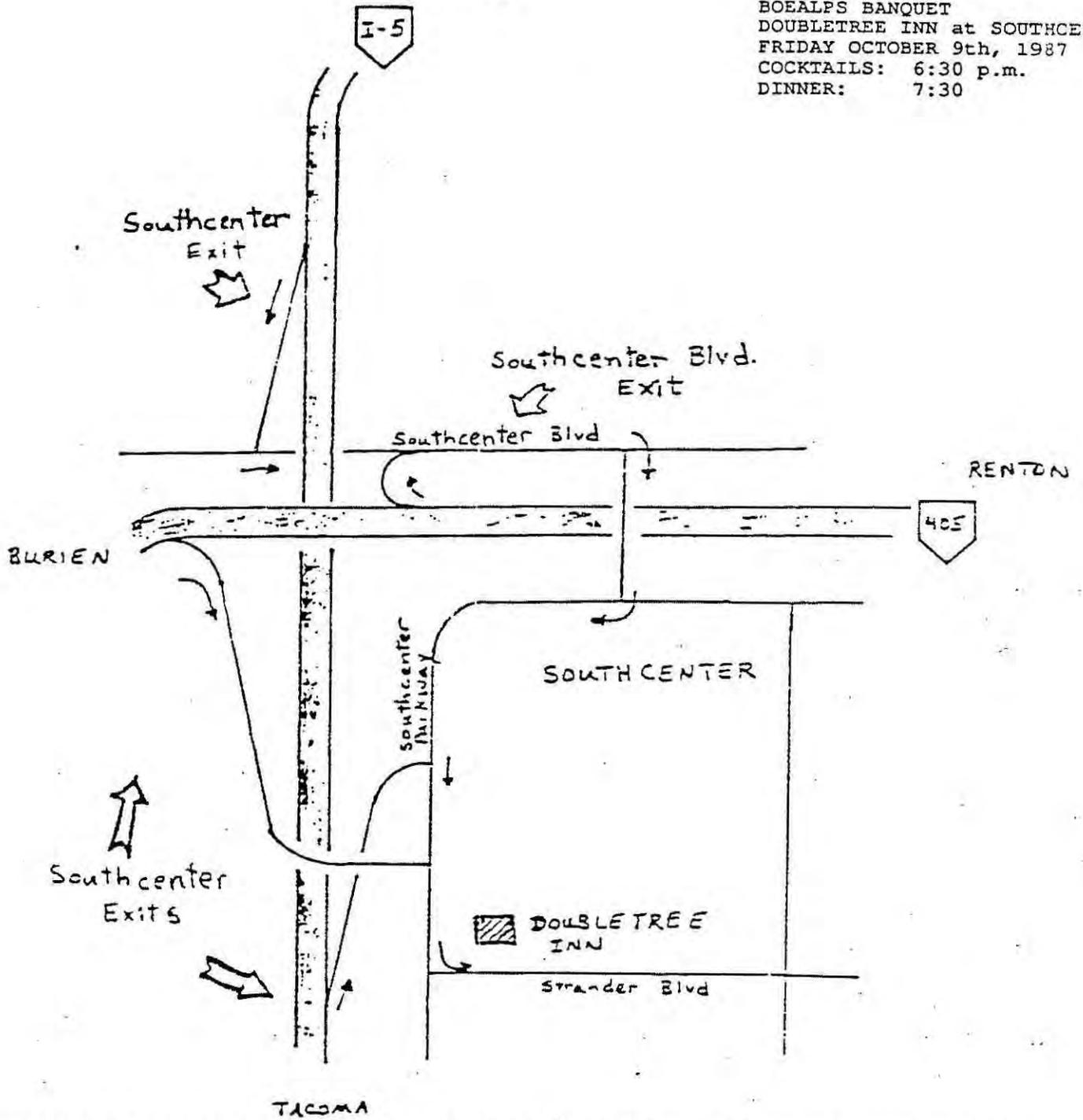
Friday, October 9th, 6:30 PM

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 James Donini, who will be talking about his exploits in Alaska, South America, Asia and the Soviet Union. You won't want to miss this one.

SEATTLE

BOEALPS BANQUET
DOUBLETREE INN at SOUTHCENTER
FRIDAY OCTOBER 9th, 1987
COCKTAILS: 6:30 p.m.
DINNER: 7:30



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BOEING ALPINE CLUB BANQUET

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*****
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* ATTENTION:          BOEALPS ANNUAL BANQUET
*
* WHEN:              Friday, October, 9 , 1987
* Banquet Location: Doubletree Inn at Southcenter (see map)
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FAMOUS James Donini will speak on the upside down world of climbing. Jim's climbing exploits have led him to many exotic and remote areas of the world. He has climbed extensively in Alaska, South America, Asia, and the Soviet Union. His climbs have been profiled on the "American Sportsman" television program. He will present a spectacular slide show on climbs and expeditions he has been on. Slides will range from climbing Latok I, in the Himalayas, climbing remote granite towers in the Brazilian jungle, to climbing Mt Hunter, in Alaska. Jim Donini is an exceptional speaker, in addition to being a superb climber. This will be an exceptional banquet, long to be remembered.

Ticket prices this year - (which covers everything except the no host bar) are the same as the last several years - \$13.00 for regular and family Boealps memberships, and \$16.00 for non-members (guests). Tickets are limited and payment must be received by October 6th, 1987.

The banquet schedule is as follows:

- 6:30 - 7:30 p.m. - Cocktails (no host)
- 7:30 - 8:30 - Dinner
- 8:30 - ? - Speaker presentation

 BANQUET REGISTRATION FORM

NAME _____

MAIL STOP _____ PHONE NUMBER _____

MEMBER TICKETS _____ at \$13.00 = _____

ADDITIONAL TICKETS _____ at \$16.00 = _____
 (guests, non-members)

TOTAL ENCLOSED _____

Make checks payable to BOEALPS
 Mail this form with payment to: John Petroske 8444 41st Ave. S.W.
 M/S 9R-48 or Seattle, WA 98136

***** DO NOT FILL OUT BELOW *****

DATE RECEIVED _____ REGISTRATION NUMBER _____

Belay Stance

Bonjour! My name is Ken Henshaw, and I'll be your host for the next year or so.

My apologies for the lateness of this issue and the substandard quality. Once I get a few of these under my belt, the Echo should get back into the shape you've grown accustomed to. If you have any articles or contributions you'd like to make, you can send them to me at M/S 25-82. If you work for another company (or you don't work at all) you can send your articles to the address on the last page of this Echo.

My predecessor, Ken Johnson, did a fantastic job with the Echo and deserves a standing ovation for all the hard work he put into this newsletter. Through his timeless efforts, he's made the Echo come alive with fascinating articles and informative route descriptions. Indeed, Ken has left me with a tough act to follow. I'll only make two promises: one) I'll do my best to continue providing you with a quality newsletter, and two) the same promise Ken gave you two years ago; "If you send it in, I personally guarantee it will be printed."

Contributers this month were Ambrose Bittner, Dave Gloger, Jim Blilie, Jeanne Gengler and Bob Trent.

The deadline for the November Echo will be October 16th.

**The news articles and opinions expressed in this newsletter are
not necessarily those of the Boeing Company**

I've always been crazy. Crazy about books, food, wine, the female of the species (any species), music. And crazy about maps. Maps lead me into a new place, a new landscape. Looking at the brown crinkley contour lines, the lines that signify highways, dirt roads, trails. Or the lack of trails. Looking at the blue spots that mean frigid, turquoise glacial lakes, class V rivers, or waving acres of cattails, I can go somewhere in my mind, even if I can never get there on my feet.

Looking at my USGS index map for Oregon I spied an interesting quad. He-Devil quadrangle -- straddling right across Hell's Canyon. And it included Hat Point, the high-point of the western rim. Hell's Canyon is 7500 feet deep (officially: I don't know where they measure from) making it the deepest canyon in North America. This was intriguing. I ordered the quad.

When the map came, I was fully occupied exploring the Canyon when something else caught my eye. Holy @\$%#*! Look at those lakes, those peaks. All those contour lines disappearing into one. What a savage little mountain range. Even the name rang -- Seven Devils Mountains. My feet set up a terrible itching, and the *Trip* was on.

When I arrived at the trailhead, alone (no partners to be found this weekend), at 2 a.m. after a 10 hour drive from Seattle, I was a bit disappointed. I was hoping for the untouched range promised by the lack of trails on the map. What I found was herds of cars. Oh well, no one I knew had ever been there. Besides, I might be able to get some information on the peaks I hoped to climb.

Saturday morning. After three and a half hours of sleep I hoisted my pack, equipped with tent, rappelling rope, and four days of food (60#) and set off on the roundabout nine mile trail to Sheep Lake. After crossing two ridges (up *and* down -- ugh!) I hit the turnoff for Sheep Lake. I had passed only two hikers so far, and they were on their way out. The foot tracks dwindled until mine were the only ones ascending the divide between Gem and Sheep Lakes. This was great. I would have the lake to myself. Sweet solitude.

Just then I ran smack into a party of three packers. Coming from Sheep Lake. They were trying to escape the crowd at Sheep Lake and were heading down to Gem Lake. They also told me about the party of rednecks with 3 gallons of whiskey, guns, and a Mountain Goat permit. I decided to join them. One of the best decisions I made all weekend: they immediately whipped out several cold beers from their packs.

Before leaving the Gem-Sheep divide, Bill (Wild Bill) and I dumped our packs and started up to climb the He Devil (9393 ft. highest point in the area.) We ascended the line which I had earlier picked out on the topo map: the northwest ridge. It turned out to be an enjoyable class 2 scramble. (the northeast face of the He Devil is a sheer cliff. Most of the peaks in this range have at least one side that is a walk up, and others which are quite sheer.) He Devil unfortunately did not have a register. What it did have was location.

The view from the summit was fantastic. 8000 feet down into Hell's Canyon to the west, with the (nearly) 10000 foot high peaks of the Wallawas in Oregon rising behind. 7000 feet down into the canyon of the Salmon River to the east. And piled up behind the Salmon were ridge upon ridge, range melting into range falling into river gorge. The Gospel Hump, Selway-Bitterroot, and the Frank Church-River of No Return Wildernesses. And some of the greatest rivers of the West: the Selway, the Salmon, the Clearwater.

Reluctantly, finally, we descended. To camp -- a beauty on Gem Lake, and to the three bottles of wine, the quart of eight-year-old (only a youngster) bourbon, and the fettucini with fresh pesto sauce and hot Italian sausages that Bill, Sam and Dee Dee had brought. I made friends with these folks real quick. Luckily, I had humped in some

Bacardi Black Label and smoked oysters to add to the party. A good time was had by all, as we howled at the full moon and toasted our good fortune: we could be in the city, watching TV.

Too good of a time. The next day my stomach was not in climbing order as I bid the three crazies from Moscow/Pullman goodbye. But such is the luxury of long weekends. I just lay in the sunshine, read, and admired the views. Bummer.

And made plans for the 'morrow: 3 peaks.

It turned out to be my last day in the Wilderness. I packed up my camp and humped it back up to the base of the She Devil. Here I dropped all but a day pack and climbed the class 3 west ridge to the summit of She Devil (9300 ft.), arriving 1 hr., 50 min. after leaving my camp on Gem Lake. The registers I found (2 others on The Tower of Babel and The Ogre) were all placed in 1963 by a party of Mazamas from Portland. The registers were all less than half full. And there were no entries from anyone claiming to be from western Washington! (I read the entire register on She Devil.) Apparently I was the first since '63 at least. Needless to say, I left BOEALPS and SEATTLE shamelessly scrawled all over these registers.

After an hour on the summit (first break of the day) I ran down the cl.1 - cl.2 east ridge (a real "stroll off") to the col. From here it was a quick romp up the half-mile-long west ridge of The Tower of Babel (9268 ft., 200 ft. of cl.3) The peak would definitely be harder from any other direction. Class 3 sure gets your attention when you're alone. Ever notice that? Ho-hum, more mind-bending, wicked-badd views from this summit. Another summit register defiled with "BOEALPS!"

On to peak number three. The Ogre: 9200 ft., about one toasty mile under the screaming sun from Tower of Babel. This turned out to be an easy but airy 500 foot class 2 run up the west ridge. (Lots of west ridges on this trip.) Half a pint of grapes (YEAH!) and summit shots and I was on my way down to my pack and the *water* of Sheep Lake. (It was already a three liter day. The heat, sun, dryness and elevation of this range wring the water right out of you.)

A short rest to dangle my feet in the cold water of Sheep Lake and partake of a bit of it (iodined of course) and I humped my pack back over the direct trail (about 2 miles! Not marked on any maps. Bill and company informed me of this trail, which is why they were coming *from* Sheep Lake on their way in.) 3 pm only! I showered in some of the excess water that I had in the truck (no potable water at the trailhead) and opened the cooler.

And lo -- a miracle had been visited upon me. The cooler was full of water, but floating there ... yes it was! Ice. The beers and Cokes were floating among tiny icebergs. I had ice cold beer and Coke after three days in the hot sun.

I drove off into the Palouse, with the sunset turning the rolling hills into glowing undulating waves, broken at intervals by ragged black basalt canyons. Bugs splattering on the windshield, beer in hand, stereo blasting. What a great weekend.

Climber-type: Jim Blilie

Goat Rocks Wilderness
Old Snowy, Ives Peak, Mt. Curtis Gilbert
by Bob Trent

Sept. 12,13

I had been wanting to see the Goat Rocks area for a few years, so when a new coworker (and soon to be a Boealps member) expressed an interest, I started digging up some info. As it turned out, last years Presidents Climb was exactly what we had in mind and on the same weekend in September to boot. (See guys, some people do save those newsletters and refer back to them).

We were sufficiently convinced by last year's trip report and the encouraging weather reports, so we headed off Friday after work to the Berry Patch trailhead. We car camped in a convenient spot nearby, and dreamed of the magnificent feats that lie ahead.

Saturday dawned cool and foggy, but with enough sun poking through to encourage us on to a day of great and admirable deeds. A check of the map showed that you can cut about a half mile off the approach by taking trail 96A instead of 96, so we headed off through the mist towards Snowgrass Flats.

In just over two hours we were above the Flats and slightly below the Pacific Crest Trail where we made camp near the last reliable water. The drought this summer really had it's effect up there as we found out later. We had risen above the low fog/clouds that covered the western part of the state and views of Adams and St. Helens, though hazy, were truly breathtaking.

We soon headed north on the Crest trail for an assault on Old Snowy. This is one of the most spectacular sections of the Crest trail I've seen and well worth a trip, even if you're just backpacking. An hour and a half later we were looking alternately at the Packwood glacier, the summit of Old Snowy, and a huge sign telling us where we were (highest point on the old Crest trail in the Goat Rocks, elev. 7000').

Taking the new high route, we quickly reached the new high point of the trail (elev. 7600'), then took off on the final grueling ascent. (Well, not actually gruelling; it's just a walkup for the last 300'). The view was fantabulous! Adams and St. Helens were now accompanied by the Big R looming through the haze. The Goat Rocks, stretching south to Curtis Gilbert, were awesome. We were even entertained by a hawk doing double and triple barrel rolls near the summit (Johnathan Livingston Hawk I suppose).

After stalling on the summit for over an hour and a half, we finally faced up to the traverse over to Ives. This was interesting. The extremely hot, dry conditions made the sand, gravel, and loose skree quite mobile; no moisture to make things stick even a little bit. 'Dynamic footing' and 'standing rock glissades' were the order of the day.

An hour and a half of that crap ended in a scramble up the final few feet to the summit of Ives Peak. We indulged

in the view (read: 'recovered from the climb') for an extended period before plunge stepping down the sand and glissading on the loose rocks to the Crest trail and our camp. A little dinner and a sunset followed by some star gazing made for a fine end to the day.

The clear, starry night yielded to a glorious morning view of Adams with some high clouds colored by the yet unseen sunrise. After taking the Crest trail north a couple of miles we entered Cispus Basin, (worth the hike in itself) then headed up the ridge below the Big Horn.

A 'broad rotten gully' huh? Where is the darn thing? Alright, let's start the search. Well, this looks to be about the right place. Gad zooks, he must be kidding! Okay, let's not be total wimps. We'll give it a try. Once you get above the pile of rubble at the bottom it actually looks pretty clean.

Great, the first 150' or so wasn't too bad, most of it clean rock; but now I see what he means by 'rotten'. It's getting to be a bit of an understatement. This is a real mess! It's a fair distance down too. Well, what's up here? Hmm, this is interesting.

" Okay Jim, it looks like this way might go, but I'm not Joe Rock Climber so check up there a ways. ...Oh jeez, ...here he comes! ...Fast! ...Sidestep the bigger rocks,...I hope the slab he's standing on doesn't slide much further. I think I can grapple him if he comes this far down,..maybe. Good, it stopped. Whew!!! Be still my heart. Alright, hold still and I'll scramble up the left side to take a look up there. ...Looks like a big black hole... Not bloody likely... Decision time. Right, let's give up on this route. We gave it a shot. You okay? It's only a little blood, besides it's too far from the heart to kill you immediately."

Yeah, I know all of you rock jocks out there are probably yawning right now. Well, a klutz that knows his own limits will probably outlive you all. After escaping the gully, we realized it was too late to try another route. Next time maybe that SE ridge will be a bit more hospitable than the gully. Besides, two out of three summits isn't bad for the trip. A few more minutes looking at the small island-like mountains jabbing up through the sea of low clouds and we were off.

The usual long, boring trip back to camp and out to the trail head was finally over with, and we soon were partaking of mass quantities of food and chocolate milkshakes at the Wheel Cafe in Morton. It was a great trip with only a few minor scrapes and some sunburn to accompany the sore feet. I guess that in itself makes the trip a success. Oh, and a good time was had by all. (naturally).

climbers: Bob Trent, Jim Hinkhouse

The dirt ruts peter out where chromide
rich fields oozing with Snake River Water, green life
give way to sand and dust so dry.
You can feel it greedily pulling away the fluid of your cells.

Across a rolling expanse of tan waving grasses
(waving in the the breeze, the hot breeze the only
relief from the solar blast above)
Stand dark shapes of Junipers.

The sand shifts under foot, few roots and no water.
Cow chips turn to dust under the sun, bones whiten.
The trees (Shade) grow closer very slowly.
Sweat starts but never drips, turning to white crust on the skin.
Hawk dances directly in the sun overhead, screaming.
She laughs because I cannot see her, nor can the mice:
Food on the hoof, paw, foot. Only patience is required.

A Peregrine starts from the sage and is gone,
small birds confer in the brush,
squirt through the grasses like pin-balls.
Hillsides solidly pocked with rodent burrows make
many footholds collapse, legs weary.
Up another sand ridge, another. Finally the trees draw nearer.

He shades me.
And gratefully I shake hands with the gnarled, resinous
old critter (check for rattlers first).
Dusty, blue berries sprinkle the ground,
crushed between fingers they are incense.
(oh, for an ice filled gin and tonic, sweat beads
sliding down the glass!)

The warm, bare sand makes a glorious bed.
I sleep in silence beneath the Juniper (not 's';
each Juniper keeps a respectful distance from his fellows)
Silence broken only by birds
and by the moving sand grains, walking across my skin
and the palpable roar of the sun.

I dream of great red Canyons
Green desert rivers with rapids and herons
Iridescent cottonwood leaves
Tilted sedimentary rock hiding ancient graneries, kivas, homes
A long-dead Raven flapping his way up Glen Canyon.

The Junipers laugh.
Silly humans -- trying to dissect, categorize, analyze
that which simply
Is.
Barely enough sense to get out of the sun
and savor a semi-cool beer while driving home.

— Jim Billie

Cutthroat Peak - 8050 Ft.
South Buttress
September 19, 1987

Heading off from Seattle on Friday evening, we stopped for dinner near Arlington where Dave Larson demonstrated how one can spend a half an hour tearing their new truck apart in order to turn off the dome light rather than just throwing a switch. And we thought that he was an engineer. Anyways, after spending the night at Rainy Pass, we awoke early to a clear but cold starlit sky. Driving a couple miles towards Washington Pass near the Whistler Mountain viewpoint sign, we started off around 6:30 A.M. Initially we dropped down a short distance to cross a couple small streams and then followed a sometimes obvious footpath up the steep heather slopes that lead to the basin on the south side of Cutthroat. Heading up a gulley near the head of the basin we soon found ourselves enjoying the warmth of the morning sun at a major notch on the south buttress.

As the rock was dry and warm, unlike it had been when 3 of us had gotten rained off the route a month early (the only day of real rain in August), we traveled unroped for about 300 - 400 vertical feet. The climbing was generally class 3 & 4 with just a couple moves of Class 5 thrown in for good measure to help get the heart rate up. After traversing left to the base of a major gulley (we never saw the 120 foot long crack that Beckey describes), we decided it was time to rope up. One lead took us to the crux of the climb - a short but awkward stretch of 5.7 climbing. Finally near the top of the gulley system, came the "Tarzan jump for a bush" (described in the Beckey guide). It was a little intimidating to make a leap downward for a sand covered piece of downsloping rock but everyone made it across without any problem.

From the notch between the humps, the two rope teams took different routes. Ignoring the Beckey description, the first team worked their way over to the second dike notch before descending a gulley and traversing over to the north ridge for an easy scramble to the top. Per the advice of the first team, the second team descended down the gulley from the first dike notch. Foul language is still being mumbled about the ugly conditions that were encountered in that gulley (fresh snow and ice on top of loose rock and sand). Finally (2 hours later), the second team worked their way over to the summit and joined the first team which was napping contently on top. The summit register which had been placed there just a couple months earlier by Boealps member Paul Michaelson seemed to contain a high percentage of Boealps names. We added ours and decided that it was time to head down.

A little bit of downclimbing and about 8 rappels brought us back to the major notch on the south buttress where we had stashed our boots on the way up. After reaching the basin it was once again a race to reach the cars before dark. Fortunately we made it (around 7:15) and soon we were headed off to Winthrop for the evening. This is really a good alpine climb with generally solid rock and would receive a high recommendation from climbers: Ambrose Bittner, Dave Gloger, Dave Larson, Dee Urbick.

P.S. For those adventurous types, be sure to try the french toast at the Duck Brand Inn in Winthrop.

Big Four was a nemesis.

No one that I knew personally, except Mark Dale, had actually made it to the top of Big Four. And it just sits there, staring at you from above the Mountain-Loop Highway with that savage North Face. It just had to be done. So when Paul called, I thought about my tired, sore feet (Kaleetan Pk. on Saturday) ... for about one second.

Paul had been turned back by the North Rib route so we decided to go for the "easy" East or Dry Creek route. Finding a crossing of the river was no problem from the parking spot Beckey mentions. (which was right where he said it would be). Following flags until we got to the edge of the Swamp, and then around it by brush bash (Gr. I, BW1) we were soon on the dry creek, which, true to its description, was a highway of dry cobbles.

The fun began when we reached the head of dry creek. Here we were presented with the wooded slopes that lead up the basin below the East Couloir proper. The ever-so-easy ramps that Beckey dashes in on his aerial photo were nowhere to be found. (we found what appeared to be the best route on our way down. Head right up for the waterfall and as you get nearly beneath it, on your right you will see a series of large flakes which ascend through the cliffy lower parts of the slope. If you look real close, you'll see rap slings. This gets you through the nasty parts. There are a few flags also.) We ended up on some nasty, slimy, brush-guarded class 4 cliffs, which Paul and Don led in good form. (A few green handholds never hurt!) This was followed by simple class 2 bush whacking. (Gr. I, BW2 for these areas below the upper basin)

With great joy we reached the upper basin. We'd been out several hours now and had only gained about 1000 feet. The going got quick, now. Stopping beneath the East Couloir, we tanked up our water bottles. (it was a scorcher) The Couloir was excellent step-kicking, and soon we were at the break/waterfall about halfway up. This is where you exit onto the easy cl 2/cl 3 rock on the right side of the couloir. (We had considerable rockfall in the couloir, most of emanating from the cliffs high up on the left)

The rocks led us to the "big 4" snow field. (I am told this looks just like a figure 4 from the Monte Cristo area.) This was also excellent snow. As it steepened, we exited left onto class 3 (some cl 4?) rock. This rock was fine except for the fact that it was very continuous, exposed, and unprotectable (read un-rapellable) for several hundred feet. This interesting bit led us to the summit ridge and a ten minute scramble/snow hop to the summit. Exclaiming in mind-bending war whoops, we stood on the summit. The North Face dropped nearly straight down to the Big Four parking lot below. How many times had we stood there, wishing...

The summit ridge/snowfield is nearly flat between the five "summits" visible from the road and surprisingly small. We drank in the sunshine, and the views of Whitehorse, Three Fingers, Sperry, Vesper, Morning Star, Del Campo, Gothic, Glacier, Sloan, etc... Too soon it was time to descend.

It was definitely one of the nastiest descents I've made. Starting with hundreds of feet of very exposed down-climbing, followed by (the best part!!) thousands of feet of boot-glissading down the East Couloir, then ugly descending bushwhacking/rapelling. And a bit of bush-bashing around the Swamp to top off the day. (It's still Gr. I, BW1) A fine peak to have done and have BEHIND one! Driving home, we looked upon it with different eyes.

Climbers: Paul Michelson, Don Wooley, Jim Blilie

MT. STUART WEST RIDGE

AUGUST 8, 9, and unfortunately 10th

We all started off from the Climbing Class Instructors party on Friday night, agreeing to meet at Ken's Truck Stop near North Bend from where we would car pool to the trail head. However, I suddenly remembered as I was crossing Mercer Island on I-90 that my boots were back at my house. Realizing that the only thing to do was to go back and get them I worried about what everyone would think when I didn't show up after I had started out with them. I didn't need to worry too much because when I showed up a half hour late they had already called back at the party to see if anyone knew where I was. That's the reason I can write about it now without too much embarrassment - because everybody already knows anyway!

We finally arrived at the Ingalls Lake trail head about midnight and promptly sacked out. We were up at 4 a.m. Saturday morning for a breakfast of pop, barbeque chicken, and watermelon (acquired from the party) before we started out at about 5:30 under beautiful clear skies. Hiking up to Ingalls Lake was relatively uneventful except when we were almost attacked by what sounded like a growling frenzied killer bear which was hiding behind this huge rock. Ken and I decided it was our duty to protect the women of the group and braved going around to the other side of the rock to face this deadly creature. Boy did we feel foolish when we sighted a big, fat, frightened marmot hiding under the rock.

From Ingalls Lake we made our way to the gully which consisted of some very sound class 3 and 4 rock. We scrambled up it noticing along the way a 50 foot tower of rock looming above the ridge on the right side of the gully. It looked suspiciously like an erect male genitals! I can't decide whether to call it Erection Tower or The Towering Erection.

We made it to the top of the gully in good time and traversed over into the next gully. Just before reaching Long John Tower we ran into a pitch where a rope was needed. We weren't sure whether to go up the left slanting crack or the stuff just to the right of it. I proceeded up the left slanting crack which was a mistake because I had to traverse over into the stuff on the right anyway. Everyone else did a variation of the stuff on the right. One person went through a small hole in the rock (without a pack on), another person went around it, and the last person went off to the right of it. Unfortunately, that pitch took a couple hours longer than we would have liked due to my going off route and then having to haul packs. Just above that pitch we filled our water bottles with snow from a patch at the base of Long John Tower and scrambled the last few feet to the notch between the Tower and the West Ridge. It was getting late so we decided to eat dinner and bivouac there for the night. The night was beautiful. A full moon and Ellensburg city lights twinkled at us as we slept - very soundly too since there wasn't any wind to disturb us and Ken didn't snore too loudly.

The next morning we got up shortly after dawn and descended the short distance to the next gully which we climbed up to the ridge crest. We then traversed around the West Tower underneath the scissors formation and over to the notch. From there it was uneventful climbing to the most difficult pitch of the climb -

the layback crack. Here Nancy gave us all a lesson on a new technique to get past difficult moves on the rock. It's called rock-cussin'. When you are just about to your last ounces of strength you burst out in a long, loud sentence of expletives and before you know it you're above that move and home-free. It works amazingly well.

Above the layback crack it was just a short distance and some relatively easy climbing to the summit. We stayed there long enough to enjoy the scenery, eat some food, and realize that it was getting late. It was about 5:00 p.m. and we had a hell of a long way to go back to the cars. Based on what we had heard about the Cascadian Couloir being so loose and dirty we decided to go down Ulrich's Couloir instead. This was a mistake because we ended up doing a couple of rappels which always takes longer than it should and before we knew it, darkness arrived. Ken decided he did not want to go any further that night and wanted to bivouac. The rest of us still wanted to try to get out and make it to work the next morning. So we left Ken with a rope and his assurances that he would be all right and went on. After about an hour we were so tired that we decided to give it up and found a place to bivouac for the night.

We got up with the sun and realized we were now members of the Monday Morning Club which made us feel like real experienced climbers. We descended the last bit of the couloir and without too much trouble we found the trail leading up to Long's Pass, eating huckleberries along the way since we didn't have any food left for a good breakfast. At the top of the pass Janet pulled out her emergency food - some smoked oysters and some chocolate covered peanut nuggets that had melted together into a bar - and we hungrily gobbled it up. After that it was a quick two miles to the cars and some very happy feet.

Ken was right behind us the whole way and even made it back to Seattle before us because we stopped in Cle Elum to eat and call in to report our whereabouts. It was a good thing too, because there was one worried boyfriend that was trying to get a search party together and come after us by noon. (Hint: allow enough time for a climbing party to come out on their own before starting a search party. It is not likely that all members of a party will be incapacitated in an accident and someone will be able to send for help. So if the sheriff hasn't heard anything yet then it could be nothing is wrong.)

No one got fired for missing work on Monday so it was worth being with good friends for another beautiful day in the mountains!

Climbers: Janet Oliver, Ken Henshaw, Nancy Stratton, Ambrose Bittner.

Eighteen miles of trail per day with a full pack is a difficult concept to grasp. If you would really like to come to grips with this situation, I recommend climbing Mt. Olympus (7965 ft. -- uttermost pinnacle of the Olympic Penninsula!) via the Hoh River Trail.

As we set out on the trail, we had packs which were as light as we could possibly make them. Not light enough, with rope and rack (damned if I'll be turned back at the summit block after 22 miles of walking!) and glacier gear stuffed in. Our plan was to stop every two hours, which we did. This worked out to about four breaks and was just right. We got to Glacier Meadows Camp, which is actually well below the meadows, in time to grab some good camping areas. We ate gourmet ramen/tofu delights and boil-a-bags while the sun and moon both set behind a perfectly clear Snow Dome.

We rose at 5:00 am and were on our way by 6:15 the next morning, under very threatening skies. The clear skies of the previous evening had been replaced by three layers of roiling clouds, and we were already 2 hours behind a party of Mountaineers who had left at 4! We all had serious peak bagging urges after 18 miles of trail, however, and there was no talk of not going for it.

We roped up, although the necessity of this was doubtful, and were soon passing many parties as we charged up to Snow Dome. We were on its dreary, windswept top, eating lunch #1, two hours after leaving camp. There were only a couple of the dozen or so parties on the route ahead of us now. The clouds obscured the summit most of the time, but we did get a few glimpses. Making quick work of the route up the glacier and around the false summit, we were at the final block. A fine, bone-chilling 32 degree rain had started.

The supposedly Cl. 3 final pitch had become a Cl.5 thriller with the water and ... snow! (another snowy Fourth of July!)...yep, snow, on the rocks. Almost everyone called a good slap of the hand on the lower rocks their personal summit. But, be turned back a hundred feet short? No way! Up we went, only the hardest two of the Mountaineers left in front of us on the rocks. The lead looked really dicey, so, in the interest of saving time, not to mention adrenalin, I got a top rope from them and belayed the rest of our party up.

We quickly signed the register amid flying snowflakes and beat a hasty retreat down on rappel. Back at camp we quickly packed in light rain and splashed back down the trail. We wanted to make Sunday a short one. 18 miles two days in a row. We won the race to Glacier Ranger Station shelter, and found four clean dry bunks for four tired bodies. The rain poured but the roof was sound. Sunday was a quick hike to the car, then on to pizza and beer in Aberdeen. Another "grunt peak" down.

Climbers: Rob Freeman, Bryan Kriewald, Robin Sadler, and Jim Blilie

Bugaboo Spire-August 23, 1987-Jeanne Gengler and Steve Mason

We started out our vacation in Canada with a trip to the Bugaboos. Before we left, I telephoned the Alpine Club of Canada for information about the area. I found out that the Kain hut, located just below Snowpatch Spire, was equipped with room for 50, stoves, utensils, but, alas, no foamies. So we drove to eastern Washington Friday night, equipped with foamies, and stayed near Spokane. The following day, we drove to Coeur d'Alene and north to Canada via highway 95. The drive to Brisco took nearly 12 hours from Seattle.

From Brisco we took 45 km of logging roads. Despite the lack of signs to prevent us from taking the wrong spur, we eventually reached the trailhead. From this point, we saw our first view of the Bugaboos: the incredible granite spires of Hound's Tooth and Snowpatch, piercing through the broken snow and glaciers. We needed no encouragement to make the two hour climb to the hut, which is steep enough to warrant safety cables and a ladder. We found the hut to be all it was reported to be, and got to bed early so we would be ready for an early start climbing the south ridge of Bugaboo Spire-the route Conrad Kain first climbed.

We left the hut at 6:30 Sunday morning to greet a beautiful day. The approach consisted of climbing a long talus slope to the snowfield below Snowpatch and up the steep snow slope to the Snowpatch-Bugaboo col. At this point, we switched to rock shoes, and started the class 3-4 scramble up half the ridge, where it gets steeper. From there, we belayed one steep pitch, and some exposed traverses to the pitch at the famous great gendarme. Steve lead this pitch which had a few exposed 5.7 moves worth carefully protecting. Unfortunately, along whole belayed section before the gendarme, we were inching along behind three climbers from Calgary, who belayed every fifty feet, and kept saying, "quite a bit of exposure here, what?" We finally were allowed to pass and the climbing became more enjoyable. We reached the summit at 3:00 and got our first views to the north. We could have spent hours taking in the incredible scenery, but because of our earlier delay, we were running late.

The decent is just the reverse of the ascent. (note: rappel from the opposite side of the gendarme on decent) Everything went smoothly, until we got to the class three part, where many climbers had taken a variety of paths. Naturally, we chose the wrong one which didn't stay close to the ridge crest, and spent quite a bit of time traversing to where we wanted to be. We reached the col, and found to

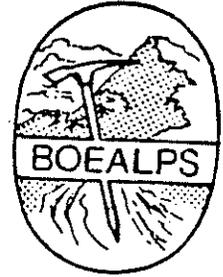
our surprise, that it was 8:30 pm already! We decided to forgo the break that we were longing to take and race towards the hut before dark. Now for the moral of the story: never take a short cut when it's getting dark. All day we had watched climbers traversing across the snowfield below Snowpatch on firm snow, while we had trudged up the dirty, slippery talus. It looked too inviting. Much to our chagrin, we found that the snowfield dropped off onto steep, polished cliffs complete with waterfalls. The were not easily negotiated. Fortunately, another party followed us in our folly and we explored in the-by now, almost completely dark-night. After a bit of anxious searching, we found a mildly wet decent, and then the hut was not far. So our Bugaboo saga ended at 10:00 pm with two very tired climbers.

The weather didn't hold for more of this wonderful granite exploration, but we did manage to quiz a few people at the hut for more Bugaboo potentials. So we'll be back!

ALPINE ECHO

c/o Ken Henshaw
9725 E. Marginal wy 25-82
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 Programs....John Petroske..9R-48..237-8657

Photo: Nevado Huandoy by Mark Dale

November Meeting

Thursday, November 5th, 7:30 pm

Oxbow Rec Center

CORDILLERA APOLOBAMBA, THE BOLIVIAN ANDES

The November meeting will feature a slide presentation by John Petroske on climbs in the Cordillera Apolobamba, a seldom visited mountain range in Bolivia. John will show slides from his recent trip, in which eight first ascents were made, including an ascent of Nevado Huanacuni, 19,200ft. Come and find out about this climbing adventure, it should prove to be fun.

As usual snacks and beverages will be provided. Friends, & guest are welcome. Hope to see you all there!

Belay Stance

Konichi-wa. I hope you all enjoyed the banquet last month. Those who didn't attend missed a great slide show by Jim Donini and an excellent dinner put on by the Doubletree Inn. Rob Freeman gave his "State of the Club" address before turning control of the club over to incoming president Ambrose Bittner. Rob summed up the state of the club by declaring that everything is, "Status quo." Rob and all the other officers deserve all our thanks for their work at running the club and taking care of business.

The list of personnel taking over the reigns of the club follows.

President - Ambrose Bittner
Vice President - Ken Johnson
Treasurer - Debbie Ohman
Secretary - Richard Babunovic

Ambrose took the beginning climbing class in the spring of '85, and has been very active in the climbing community ever since. His instructor during the class was the incomparable Roy Ratleff, who instilled into Ambrose the values and morals that he has today.

The club faces some tough issues this year. I encourage everyone to attend the next meeting and show their support for the new officers (or offer some constructive criticism). Remember, this is your club, the officers are there to serve you.

Last month I made the promise that if you send an article to me, I'll print it. Well, several club members wasted no time in putting me to the test. Not only did I receive an abundant amount of climbing reports, but I received three, count 'em three, letters to the editor. Eat your heart out Ken. Steve Mason took the opportunity to make a vile, slanderous attack on my character. Keep in mind Steve, it's not nice to fool with the Echo editor. And finally, an article appeared in my mailbox from a certain "Johnny Rotton." Now I know this man to be a fine climber and an excellent programs chairman, but whatever possessed him to write such a sick, disgusting article, I do not know. However, that's just my opinion. And since I'm new at this, I decided to hold his article until I could talk it over with other members of the board. Until then John, you'll have to wait.

Contributors this month were; Jerry Baillie, Steve Mason, John Petroske, Richard Babunovic, Diane Hunt, Dave Gloger, Jim Blilie, Charles Winters and Chuck Broughton.

The deadline for the December Echo will be Tuesday November 17th.

**The news articles and opinions expressed in this
newsletter are not necessarily those of the Boeing Company**

Letters to the Editor

October 7, 1987

To: The Boeing Employees Alpine Society

I've been a member of this club since 1981. I was extremely active in the club for a few years and have always retained an interest in what's happening. I am currently a bit concerned that our reputation as a serious and safe climbing club is going to suffer. I refer especially to the "drinking and driving" comments in a climb report in the last Echo. Maybe some climbers do break the law in that manner, but we, as a club, should not condone and publicize this kind of action.

Another concern that I have with the climb reports, is that there appears to be a bit of bragging about taking unnecessary chances in order to "bag" a peak. Each person has to make their own personal decision about whether or not to take a risk, evaluating their own goals; but as a club, perhaps we need to edit these reports to make new climbers or just interested readers, understand that the summit is a calculated risk, not a club priority.

I understand that this may be my own interpretation of someone else's writing, but I also noted an apologetic feeling from a party that turned back because they felt unsafe. There shouldn't be any insecurity about the reaction of your peers in a club that puts safety first.

Please understand that this letter is not meant to be aimed at any one in particular. I believe that each writer should carefully choose the attitudes depicted in a report. The editor should then take action to avoid misrepresentation of the club's interest. I just want us to be safe and happy.

Diane H. Hunt

Diane Hunt

-Dear Echo Editor,

10/14/87

First of all I would like to thank Ken Johnson for doing a fine job while he was editor. I look forward to more fine issues from our new editor Ken Henshaw. There is, however, a battle I still must fight: Like what is being done about the HORRIBLE cover page on the Alpine Echo! I can not accept that piece of garbage that's supposed to be a beautiful photograph of Nevado Huandoy. Please fix it, and soon!

-John Petroske

Editor's note:

I'm glad you asked, John. It seems that in the transition of editorship from Ken Johnson to myself, several hundred copies of the cover page were lost. It gets mighty windy on a motorcycle when you're cruising down I-5. Currently, the pages are being stored next to my fireplace, so if we get a cold winter, they could be gone before you know it.

-klh

RETORT!!! MT. STUART WEST RIDGE

OCTOBER 1987

In the course of observing the literature of mankind, I periodically experience a disturbing situation that I would like to highlight for all readers alike...

I noticed this "problem" in last months Echo article issued on a climb up Mt. Stuart's West Ridge. The Section I am referring to is found in the next to last paragraph. The writer comments on a "worried boyfriend" who was trying to get a search party together, because the climber's were only one day overdue. The paragraph proceeds to be critical of the persons action...

...Please, don't be so bold as to write public statements that criticize a persons efforts without fully understanding and/or stating the facts fairly...especially when the intent of the action could have only benefited the situation, and not of harmed anyone!!

First of all here are the facts...

- (1) The climbers left Friday night and therefore, at trail head early Saturday morning: (2 day climb).
- (2) Friends etc...told to expect them Sunday.
- (3) Climbers returned Monday evening..., no injuries, day late.
- (4) Most climbers were due to work on Monday morning. No employer had heard from them!
- (5) No search party was ever sent out! True, the consideration of one was being discussed, but not "before noon" as stated in the article.
- (6) At 1:30 p.m. Monday the sherrifs office was called "by the boyfriend" and informed of "known facts". The only action to be taken was to check the trail head for vehicle identification!
- (7) Beginning at noon, the "boyfriend" did begin to contact spouse's and friends of the climbers, to see if anyone knew of reason's for a late arrival. (He found that others were worried).
- (8) Experienced climbers (friends) were consulted that afternoon and concern of a problem were discussed as "possible". All factors were reviewed...(a) weather - excellent (b) condition of climbers - good (c) route - difficult & remote (d) climbers registration - none (e) route length - 12 to 18 hours (f) food and water - unknown
- (9) No action was being performed single-handedly as implied.
- (10) At 2:30 p.m. climbers phone from Cle Elum saying all was ok...

And now for my opinion...

As an experienced climber myself, I feel that a leader on any major climb, needs to constantly evaluate/monitor the "pace" and physical condition of the entire team. (If a leader is not being utilized, all members should be doing this). The route up Stuart has been written up by Echo in the recent past and other good descriptions exist. Advice; research what you are about to climb and try an approximate were you should be on the mountain at a given point in time!

I feel that it should have become obvious to a leader that the climbers were proceeding at a pace that would not allow them to return to Seattle on time. Therefore, the leader should have allowed members of the team to make a group decision on retreating and sacrificing the "summit", or continuing, and thus returning to Seattle a day late...

If the second option is chosen, then all must be willing to pay the consequences of the decision. One being the potential of a "pissed off" employer, and of course the other being worried friends & spouses, (if you have any) who were anticipating arrival on Sunday.

To conclude I feel enough has been said on this adventure, and my congratulations to the climbers for scaling a tough mountain. However, the next time you read in the newspaper of a climber being rescued in the Cascade Mountains, please sit back for a moment and think of the person who was concerned enough to notify authorities and proceed with a calm and logical plan of action! Don't be critical -

"Boyfriend"

P.S. What ever happened to the system of registering with local forest service before climbing?

Editor's note:

I'd like to encourage a dialog between club members on this or any subject. However, if I see anything along the lines of "mudslinging" at fellow members, I'll exercise my right as editor and send the piece back to the author for a rewrite. This article comes dangerously close, but I felt the author deserved his say. Any responses?

-klh

MT. STUART VIA NORTH RIDGE 10/3-4/87

I was fortunate to find someone that had the same desire to climb the North Ridge of Mt. Stuart and had the same open weekend that I had. A pretty unlikely combination sometimes. So with the thoughtful best wishes of boyfriend and neighbor we set off Sat. morning for the Tenaway river trailhead. The skies were partly cloudy and the temperature was pleasantly cool. (Departure from trail head 7:10) Lively conversation made short order of the walk to Ingalls Pass where we were greeted by a clear view of ^{the} nearest mountain in the central Cascades. Walking on, we passed by Ingalls lake, dropped down to Stuart Pass and began our grunt to Goat Pass. It looks worse than it really is; I suppose the cooler temperature made it bearable. At Goat pass we munched on lunch in full view of the N. Ridge and the rest of the approach. The clouds had finally moved in for good, covering the upper reaches of Mt. Stuart. We preceded by dropping to the lower edge of the first snow field and below the big "hump" between the snow field and the Stuart Glacier. After topping off our bottles (all 5 liters) in anticipation of a dry N. Ridge we began our short walk across the glacier with crampons. (This is such a short traverse that it could be done without crampons, the moat on the other side might be a problem.) We gained the notch at 2:00. The wind was howling and the weather was questionable.

Our chosen route was the 5.5 steps and ledges on the west side of the ridge. Running belays worked well on this route with plenty of protection available. Route finding was a cinch thanks to suggestion from a friend: "look for where there is no lichen". It was about as easy as climbing by chalk marks. After an hour of climbing we came across some great bivy sites. With the weather looking grim, Jeanne wisely decided for us that we would spend the night. If the weather got nasty we had a pretty straight forward escape route. (I wanted to keep moving, Ken J. must be rubbing off on me.) We ate another one of Jeanne's wonderful dinners and settled down to a relaxing evening. Incidentally, we also found fresh snow patches nearby so the ridge wasn't as dry as we expected.

The morning brought cold stary skies. Two happy campers brewed up the standard gruel and began climbing by 7:00. Running belays were still the order of the day up until the ridge crest was reached where two leads took us to the Gendarme. Rappelling off an incredible tangle of slings (Mark Dickinson would have a heyday here), we dropped below the gendarme. Two more leads put us back into running belay territory and the last dash for the top. It might have been a dash if I stuck to the route. (You have to keep things interesting or open water kayaking might start to look inviting.) One last ugly lead put us back on the route and we strolled in bright sunshine to the top. (Time 12:30)

A quick set of summit photos and lunch was all we took time for since Long's Pass was calling to us from the other side of the valley. The Variation No. 1 couloir (as labeled in the Becky guide) seems to arrive at a level trail sooner than the other couloirs so we chose it. The extra flat trail was a small price to pay to minimize the damage done by walking down those cruel gullies. At the base of the couloir we refreshed ourselves with a few helmets full of stream water over the head. No need to drink from the stream, the 5 liters we started that morning with was plenty of water thanks to cool and breezy weather. Again, good conversation made quick work of the walk to the trailhead. (I'm just slightly exaggerating) We were back at the car at 6:30 p.m.

A good time was had by all. Becky's description is without any real flaws. This is a fun climb and this is a great time of year to do it as long as you can get the weather to cooperate.

Climbers: Jeanne Gengler, Richard Babunovic

The climb of Gunsight had been on my mind for ten years and recently the mysterious Agnes Peak became a target. We knew of no one who had climbed either peak. The approach was chosen for two reasons: First, head for a basecamp for the entire week and drop the monster packs; And second, to minimize bushwacking.

The trip began slowly, with the ferry ride up lake Chelan and then the park service shuttle bus to High bridge and the Cascade Crest trail. We hit the trail after 2pm on Saturday and reached camp at Five mile campground before 5pm. Fitz made dinner for the group that first night and thereby lightened his load for the long climb the next day. It was quite good with some instant pudding for dessert. It sprinkled all evening and until 10am the next morning, hence we rose late and didn't get moving until 10:30am. Hiking along the south fork of Agnes creek was pleasant after the morning rain. The Agnes creek gorge was very deep and narrow just south of the camp. We reached the Agnes-Spruce junction and had lunch at noon, while we debated further the chosen route. Fitz still insisted that west fork of Agnes creek would have been better since it was a known! Known to be the worst bushwack in the Cascades. We opted for the slope above the Agnes-Spruce junction to the saddle between Agnes and Gunsight peaks. We eventually followed the watercourse parallel to and just north of the Blue lake drainage. At 4pm we broke out of the light brush (no slide alder or vine maple) and camped near the watercourse at the lower edge of the meadows below Mt Asa. We immediately began levelling the ground to pitch the tents and soon had two "flat" tent sites. The clouds that brought rain the previous evening were with us again but chose not to dump on us. Seeing the ridge the following morning, spurred us on and we reached the saddle in only two hours. It had taken us less than six hours to climb from the west fork of Agnes creek to the saddle. The rest of the day we relaxed and surveyed the area, including a look at the approach to Agnes, its easy. The quality of the books that were brought came to the fore as "The Hunt For Red October" became the topic of discussion. It was also quickly torn into several "volumes" to handle the demand. It was Monday and the clouds that had threatened all day opened up and showered on us for about an hour at 5pm. It was to be a daily occurrence never lasting for long with a beautiful sunset following. We could see the Ptarmigan Traverse peaks enshrouded in clouds every evening. In fact the storms swirled all around us, from Bonanza in the south to the Pickets in the north. On Tuesday we headed for Agnes, leaving camp at 6am. The route traversed from the saddle below ridge until stopped by major buttress descending from the southeast peak of Agnes. An easy scramble followed by a 100 yard traverse on red dirt/rock led to crest of the buttress. Easier going followed as we ascended the buttress toward what appeared to be the main peak. At this point we still had not seen Mt. Agnes proper. At the top of the buttress the southeast peak's summit was two pitches class 5.5 away and we quickly disposed of these, thinking the whole time that we were nearing the summit of Agnes! What a shock when I first saw the main

peak, it looks like the Matterhorn from that perspective. When the rest of the guys joined me, I suggested we call it a day. It was 10am. Finally we headed toward the imposing monolith hoping for something "around the corner". We were in luck. Crossing a high snowfield on Agnes's south flank we spied a gully leading toward the summit ridge. We scrambled to the ridge and then Bob decided to push the ridge (unroped class 4) and got himself stuck like a cat in a tree. I had to climb up with a rope and then we repelled back down the pitch. I wish to note I bashed my head rather hard while precariously unroped and was counting my blessings the rest of the day. Mike found a chimney and Jimmy took the lead, methodically climbing the pitch, class 5.5. It brought us to the ridge above where Bob had been and within an easy scramble of the summit. The clouds were forming again as we took pictures and read of Don Goodman's and Juan Lira's ascent just two weeks past. The descent consisted of just one rapel off the main peak on a shinny new piton Don had placed, followed by scrambling down the gully. We then climbed over the southeast peak and a single rapel brought us to the top of the buttress. We descended the buttress until we came to the red dirt/rock traverse which brought us to the slopes below the ridge and finally home sweet home. It had taken us eleven hours for the round trip. It rained just briefly after we returned to camp, but the sun was out later and we watched another great sunset. The instant chocolate pudding, while being repetitive after every meal was always the highlight. To everyone's surprise we were visited by three guys from Colorado! They had flown to Seatac and taken the bus to Chelan with the intent of climbing Dome and Agnes peaks. One guy was in plastic boots and always seemed to be carrying the biggest pack and the rope, must have been the rookie. They camped nearby for rest of the trip.

Wednesday dawned bright as we targeted the west face of Gunsight peak. We were slow getting out of camp because we forgot one rope and Jim went back for it. The Colorado boys chose Dome that day and passed us while we waited for Jim to return. Somebody's got to kick the steps! We did catch up to them just as they reached the notch. The views of Sinister Peak were spectacularly framed as we approached the notch. The climb to the first notch west of Gunsight peak took a hour from the saddle above Blue lake, this saddle was half a mile south along the ridge from our camp. Mike lead out as we roped for the Chickamin glacier and had no trouble reaching the base of the climb. An initial horizontal ledge brought me to a vertical inside corner, with lots of running water. It was generally nasty, but not difficult except for one move which will forever be remembered as the mud move. It consisted of placing ones boot on mud patch in the middle of a steep smooth slab and standing on it while groping for hand holds. Everyone doubted the strength of mud and one guy wanted to turn back. Nothing like "tension" to help one on a tough move. The move was class 5.5 but without the mud 5.10+. We scrambled to the notch between the summits, during which time a watermelon sized rock bashed me in the shin @#\$#@*&. Two bashes in two days, was this an omen? It started to sprinkle as we reached the notch and I quickly lead out on a

class4 ledge to the base of some beautifully fractured rock. Then I lead up the steep pitch until I got wedged. Several pieces were in so I downclimbed and Jimmy took the lead. He left his pack at the notch and eventually negotiated past the spot I had gotten wedged and reached the summit ridge in one long pitch. Bob was next so he went up and belayed Jimmy across the knife edged summit ridge to the very small summit. The rest of the crew reached the summit without packs, except me, I like the weight. It was quite cozy. No group summit photos were taken. It was ironic that I was the only one not to get any photos from the summit because my camera was in my pack on my back, while everyone else had them around their necks! We scrambled back along the ridge and one rapel led to the easy scrambling below the notch. We rapelled our ascent route over the mud move and back onto the glacier. We did not rope up because we stayed very high below Gunsight as we traversed to the notch never stepping onto the glacier proper. Dinner was followed by another ho hum sunset as we broke out the books. Folks were getting burned out at this point and discussions of what to do next consumed the dinner hour. It was decided that Sinister Peak would be the goal for the morrow. Here's the logic. If we climb Dome and then don't get Sinister, would we make a special trip just for Sinister? No. Therefore we chose Sinister, with the intent of doing Dome either the next day or on the Ptarmigan Traverse we have planned for 1988. Did ya follow that?

Thursday dawned and we went our separate ways as Jim and John relaxed and later climbed Mt. Asa while Bob, Fitz and I headed off for Sinister. Will the real peakbaggers please stand up. The standard route was as described in Beckey except that the gully was the dirtiest we had seen. Or maybe our nerves were wearing thin. We very reluctantly scrambled up it to the shoulder near the summit, with only a steep hard snowfield above us. We had chosen to leave our crampons behind, since we hadn't used them yet. The snowfield kept our interest. The summit was a welcome relief (No register). The sun was out but it wasn't very warm as we lounged about taking photos. It was noted that the summits of Agnes, Gunsight and Sinister are perfectly in line and make it difficult to distinguish Agnes from Gunsight. Their ridges blend smoothly while the summit of Agnes fills in the gap between the summits of Gunsight. I was reluctant to leave this summit as we felt it was our last. We were planning to head home on Saturday at the latest and I needed a rest day. Although Dome was just a step kick away and the steps were in! We descended Sinister toward the Sinister-Dome notch and found a old rapel point. One single rope rapel landed us on the snowfield at the base of the dirty gully. Returning across the Chickamin glacier we stopped to climb on some melting snow blocks, each perched on its own pedestal. Camp was welcome sight after the days climbing.

The last evening in camp provided lots of entertainment. Mike and Bob negotiated for the last volume of Red October. I was busy burning anything to lighten my pack. The garbage and the unread books and unread portions of books were burnt. The highlight of the evening came when I burnt the soles to my sneakers and found to my pleasure that they were now more

comfortable. Jim and John told of their adventures on Asa. And finally we discussed the route and timing of the descent, as usual nothing firm came of it. The final meal was huge, with all sorts previously guarded goodies being donated to the feast. The most cherished items were Mike's potato chips.

Friday morning was beautiful as we packed up the gear. We took a leisurely pace since we were planning on getting to Agnes creek for the evening. It only took 2.5 hours to reach Agnes creek and I was feelin' good. So I took off with John in hot pursuit. We were going to try to catch the shuttle bus and boat that day! It was nine miles and we had almost two hours to do it. Well we just missed it by half an hour. If we had only started out early... Mike, Bob and Jim had a leisurely hike out and met us in town. Have you ever spent 23.5 hours in Stehekin? How bored were we? Oh man I was bored. They didn't even have any Louis Lamour westerns.

It was a great trip. Members were John Shipway, Jim Egelston, Bob Mondryzk, Mike Fitzpatrick and yours truly, Jerry Baillie.

MT WASHINGTON EAST RIDGE, 6225', OCTOBER 11

Even though no one else could get it together to climb on a day's notice Jeanne and I were determined to get the most out of another beautiful Seattle weekend. Ken Henshaw apparently had no good explanation for goofing off on a weekend (something about his hormones?) so we headed out alone for Jeanne's first Olympic summit and my first since the annual Boealps Brother's romp of several years ago. My memories of Washington was the view from Constance: a solitary pyramid replete with rock ridges. With this in mind I was happy to go with Jeanne's suggestion of the east ridge, (grade II, class 4). This ridge rises in not exactly classic but appealing lines from a small pass to the east summit. Thanks to a series of points it resembles a skeleton's spine rising out of the trees.

We left Seattle at 4:30 to see if the Hoodsport cafe was as good as Jerry Baillie remembered. It was and thus satisfied we signed in at the ranger station and were at the trail head 3400 feet below the summit at 8:30. Leaving the axes and gaiters behind (no snow this year!) we hit the trail towards Jefferson pass and climbed it to the east ridge. Taking the ridge we ran into the rock early and scrambled up a minimum of loose stuff top start dodging gendarmes mostly on the left (south) or straight on despite the book's advice to go right around these (too far below the ridge). The climbing was class 2 or 3 here with bush in between (BW2) in short sections. A little bit of exposure prompted careful step selection especially where it was a little loose.

Before long we reached the "huge buttress" and climbed scree in the bowl to its head where it was easy to find the chockstone gully in the east wall under the summits. A short way up we realized that there wasn't much pro in the gully or on the faces and that a lot of the moves would have benefitted from rock shoes. When we reached the chock stone it looked as though we would belay the next lead (maybe low class 5) on the face next to the stone. I traversed left where the moves were shorter and still ran out half the rope. Finally around the chockstone, we took a much needed water break in the eighty degree sunshine then continued up the next gully. After a short step over a chockstone, Jeanne did a another long lead with only one stopper in up a face to the ridge crest.

Here we thought it was in the bag. It seemed we had only to cruise up the ridge, to the one last obstacle: a rappel from the east summit to the true (west) summit. Problems developed locating the rappel which is a few feet lower than the ridge crest on the west end (follow an easy crack down the north face 30 feet to get to it) The rappel was gripping, perhaps due to some exposure on either side as we lowered ourselves 70 feet onto the narrow ridge between the summits. Three more leads over easy ground got us to the summit and finally a chance to drink our fill of water and views. The 360 degree horizon included

all of the Olympics, Mt. Baker, Glacier Peak, and of course Rainier. A little more unusual was the Pacific Ocean, Hood Canal, Puget Sound, and Seattle in the scenery as well.

Our descent was down route one in the book, a trash bag of loose rock, scree, bush, dust and finally trail. Definitely not recommended as a rock climb but a relatively fast way to get down. We emerged from the trees about a half mile from the car, full of satisfaction. I had forgotten how good the Olympics can be. Next year I won't.

Climbers were: Jeanne Gengler and Steve Mason

LAKE STUART/FALL COLORS OCT. 3-4

WE MET AT THE SQUIRREL'S NEST RESTAURANT SATURDAY MORNING FOR A RIB-STICKING MEAL, A DISCUSSION OF THE WEATHER, AND IF EIGHT POUNDS OF CHARCOAL WAS GOING TO BE ENOUGH. WE THEN DROVE STRAIGHT TO THE LK. STUART/COLCHUCK LK. TRAILHEAD (NO PERMITS REQUIRED UNTIL NEXT SUMMER) AND FOUND A PARKING SPOT AMID A MYRIAD OF CARS. AFTER A LEISURELY 4 HOUR HIKE, ENJOYING THE FALL COLORS AND VIEWS OF THE SURROUNDING PEAKS, WE REACHED THE LAKE AND FOUND A SUITABLE CAMP. FOR SOME REASON MOST OF THE CROWDS WERE AT THE ENCHANTMENTS AND COLCHUCK LK. SO LK. STUART WAS RELATIVELY QUIET. WE LAZED AROUND THE LAKE A BIT WHILE JOHN CAUGHT AND RELEASED CUTTHROAT TROUT WITH HIS FLY ROD. WE ALSO WENT FOR SHORT EXCURSIONS ON THE LAKE IN JOHN'S ONE MAN RAFT AND GOT WET BUTTS. THE VIEWS FROM THE LAKE WERE GOOD ESPECIALLY OF DRAGONTAIL, COLCHUCK, AND COLCHUCK BALANCED ROCK. MT. STUART WAS COVERED IN CLOUDS FROM THE STUART GLACIER UP AND WE FELT SORRY FOR ANY POOR FOOLS ON THE NORTH RIDGE. BUT THEN WHO CAN UNDERSTAND THE CLIMBER'S MENTALITY ANYWAY? IF THEY COULD HAVE SEEN US THROUGH THE FIERCE WINDS, SITTING ON THEIR BIVY LEDGE ANTICIPATING THE BITTER COLD NIGHT TO COME, THEY PROBABLY WOULD REMARK, " LOOK AT THOSE POOR SAPS DOWN AT THE LAKE MISSING ALL THIS GOOD CLIMBING". AND THEY WOULD HAVE MEANT IT.

MEANWHILE, CAMP WAS SET UP AND FIREWOOD GATHERED. THEN AS DARKNESS FELL THE CHARCOAL WAS LIT, THE CHICKEN AND STEAKS THROWN ON, AND THE WINE BROKEN OUT. IT TOOK THE BETTER PART OF 2 HOURS TO CONSUME THE FEAST AND THEN, THE PIECE-DE-RESISTANCE, JIFFY-POP! AFTER SOME CAMP STORIES (SORRY, YOU HAVE TO BE THERE TO HEAR THEM) WE RETIRED UNDER A WINDY, FOREBODING SKY AGAIN PITYING ALL CLIMBERS THAT NIGHT.

SUNDAY DAWNED EARLY AND BRIGHT HOWEVER, BRINGING WARMER TEMPERATURES AND EXCELLENT VIEWS OF THE NORTH SIDE OF MT. STUART. THE FIRE AND CHARCOAL WAS RE-STOKED AND SOON THE SMELL OF BACON AND EGGS FRYING AND PASTRIES BROUGHT OUT THE CHIPMUNKS AND CAMP ROBBER BIRDS. WE PREVAILED HOWEVER AND THEN HALF THE GROUP LEFT FOR HORSESHOE AND JACK LAKES WHILE THE OTHER HALF PERFECTED LAZING AROUND THE LAKE. WE BROKE CAMP AROUND 1 PM AND WERE BACK AT THE CAR BY 3:30. A STOP AT GUSTAV'S AND SOME ICECREAM IN LEAVENWORTH ROUNDED OFF THIS TRIP.

Kay and Chuck Broughton, John Petroske, Jerry Baillie, John Doherty, Tim Backman and Al Ryll.

MT. STUART, FULL NORTH RIDGE

AUGUST 28-31

THIS ROUTE WAS PRETTY STRAIGHT FORWARD, ESPECIALLY NOW WITH THE NEW EDITION OF BECKY'S GUIDE BOOK OUT. WE DROVE TO THE TEANAWAY PARKING LOT AND HIKED UP TO INGALL'S PASS ON FRIDAY NIGHT. SATURDAY MORNING WE HIKED AROUND INGALL'S LAKE, OVER STUART PASS AND WERE OVER GOAT PASS BY 10AM. WE SKIRTED BELOW THE STUART GLACIER AND HAD LUNCH AT THE BASE OF THE ROUTE. WE WERE CLIMBING BY 1PM AND FOLLOWING THE GUIDE DESCRIPTION. THE FIRST TWO PITCHES WERE HARDEST, THEN ROUTE FINDING BECAME THE MAJOR PROBLEM. FIVE PITCHES TOOK US TO THE NOTCH WHERE THE WEST SIDE VARIATION JOINS IN. RUNNING BELAYS AND FOUR MORE PITCHES BROUGHT US TO A DECENT LEDGE AND NIGHTFALL (8PM). THE NIGHT WAS CLEAR AND COOL AND EXCEPT FOR A BIG, PESKY RAT, UNEVENTFUL.

THE NEXT MORNING WE WERE CLIMBING BY 8AM AND IN TWO PITCHES WERE AT THE STANDARD NORTH RIDGE NOTCH. IT SEEMS WE HAD STAYED A LITTLE TO THE EAST OF THE RIDGE PROPER. FROM THE NOTCH WE OPTED FOR STAYING TO THE WEST AND BELOW THE RIDGE AND DID RUNNING BELAYS TO THE KNIFE EDGE. TWO PITCHES TOOK US TO THE GREAT GENDARME AND LUNCH. WE RAPPELLED INTO THE GULLY AND GAINED THE NORTHWEST BUTTRESS. HERE WE UNROPED AND GOT LOST IN THE QUOTE- CLASS 4 SCRAMBLING AMID LOOSE BLOCKS TO THE TOP. WE MADE THE SUMMIT AT 3PM AND SPENT A HALF HOUR STOWING GEAR AND TAKING IN THE VIEWS. THE WEATHER COULDN'T HAVE BEEN BETTER THIS WEEKEND, AND THE REST OF THE CROWD ON TOP AGREED. WE DESCENDED VIA CASCADIAN COULOIR AND LONGS PASS ARRIVING BACK AT THE CAR JUST BEFORE DARK (8PM). WE HAD CARRIED BETWEEN 3-4 LITERS OF WATER APIECE BEFORE STARTING THE ROUTE SATURDAY, BUT THAT WAS PRETTY MUCH GONE WHEN WE REACHED THE SUMMIT. THERE WAS NO SNOW ON THE ROUTE BUT LUCKILY WE WERE MOSTLY SHADOWED BY THE RIDGE. INGALL'S CREEK KEPT US GOING UNTIL THE CLE ELUM MINI MART. ALL IN ALL IT WAS A GOOD CLIMB AND RECOMMENDED FOR ANYONE WHO LIKES EXTENDED ROCK ROUTES. CLIMBERS: CHUCK BROUGHTON AND STEVE STECKMYER.



by Jim Blilie

Arctic National Wildlife Refuge -- Alaska

There presently remains one small tract of the Arctic within the United States which is not open for development. This is the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR). It represents less than ten percent of the arctic coast - ninety percent is open for oil exploration. ANWR is home to grizzly, wolves, arctic fox, and is the breeding ground for many species of aquatic birds and the calving ground for the Porcupine Caribou herd.

The future of ANWR is now being decided in Washington, D.C. On the one side are those who wish to drill for oil in the refuge, and on the other are those who wish to preserve its pristine state as designated Wilderness.

Developing oil in ANWR is bad for many reasons. Firstly, there is not very much, if any, oil there. Even the most optimistic estimates show only a 200 day supply for the U.S. This works out to less than 1 percent of U.S. consumption for a 30 year life of the field. We can save more than this amount simply by reinstating the efficiency standards for autos that have been removed by the Reagan Administration.

In the past few years, in addition to the auto standards, all semblance of an energy policy have been scrapped by the Administration, including incentives for alternative energy and conservation, and the 55 mph speed limit. These measures would also offset the potential reserves in ANWR.

Foremost in the arguments against development is simply the rightness of preserving the area for its natural beauty and for the purpose for which it was set aside: to keep a small segment of our arctic ecosystem undisturbed by human development. Oil development would devastate ANWR. The area around Prudhoe Bay gives testimony to this: devoid of predatory species, polluted, and industrialized.

Right now, ANWR is being debated in Congress. The entire Washington delegation is sitting the fence, not committing to either course. Some of them are asking for compromise. Please write to your representative and senators encouraging them to support H.R. 39 - a bill to designate the area Wilderness.

The "compromise" has already been made: ninety percent of the coast is open to development. A wildlife refuge is not something to be traded so people can drive gas hogs at 65 mph for an extra 6 months.

For more information (I've got lots) or help writing a letter, please call Jim Blilie at 237-4045.

Letters Count.

National Forest Planning -- Washington

Last summer we got our first taste of the National Forest planning process with the release of the draft plans for the Wenatchee N.F., Olympic N.F., and the Okanogan N.F. Because of problems with these plans, the Forest Service has delayed the release of the the other Washington plans until this fall. Now we will be deluged with four plans and three supplements (on the plans already released.)

The plans for the Colville and Gifford Pinchot Forests have been released in the last few weeks. The Umatilla is expected shortly, and the biggy: the Mount Baker-Snoqualmie is expected before December. There is no schedule for the supplements except for: "soon."

These plans are critical legal documents which will decide the future fate of our National Forests. And the Forest Service must, under the law, recognize our input on their proposed plans. These plans will affect your access to the forests, the quality of the land and water there, and the view you gaze out upon from those summits. Most of our mountain visits at least pass through the National Forests.

In the next few months I will be ranting and raving to get you to write letters to the Forest Service. They count! I recently recieved an update on the Wenatchee. We kicked their (industry) butts. The conservation community was able to muster far more public comment than industry. Our wishes will be addressed by the F.S.

For more information, particularly how you can look at or recieve a copy of the Forest Plans, please call Jim Blilie at 237-4045.

SEMINAR

BLACK ART

The intrepid climbing duo of Ken Johnson and John Petroske will be conducting an Aid Climbing Seminar on November 22nd, Rain or Shine. They will cover both piton and chock placement in their discussion. The location has yet to be determined, but the fun is guaranteed. The cost is free, so come learn the black art of Aid Climbing.

Contacts: Ken Johnson 342-2891, John Petroske 237-8657

NOTICE TO ALL MEMBERS:

The Board of Directors has authorized the formation of a climbing committee. The purpose of this committee is to meet twice a year to plan and schedule club trips. The committee is organized and led by the activities chair. After each semi-annual meeting, the activities chairperson will publish the schedule of trips in the Echo, where it will be repeated every month until it is replaced six months later. Individual members will read the list of advertised trips and call trip leaders to arrange for the members' participation.

This committee is intended to facilitate the planning of club trips far enough in advance to allow members to participate. It is not intended to be exclusive in any way. Anyone who feels qualified to advertise and lead a club trip may do so whether they participate on the climbing committee or not.

Because of the need to get a first cut at a Winter schedule into the November Echo, I had to conduct the first meeting of the climbing committee before this announcement could be published. I invited everyone I could think of, about 45 people. Please forgive me if you were overlooked. In any event, it is not too late. Simply send your trip description to Ken Henshaw at M/S 25-82 and he will add it to the next edition of the Echo. As it was, a few people showed up and I am grateful to them for their contributions, which are listed below.

The committee will meet again sometime in March 1988 to plan for the Summer schedule. Please search your soul and send me your name and mailstop. In return, I will send you a notice of when and where the March meeting will be. It will probably be in another pizza parlor. Very informal, free beer and pizza followed by some scribbling and friendly conversation. More like a party than a meeting. Anyone brave enough to take a chance on planning a club trip several months in advance is welcome.

There is the risk that you may schedule a trip and, due to a change in plans, are unable to carry it off. From the board's point of view, the we are all better off taking a chance on you being able to follow through with your estimate, than in not scheduling a trip at all.

NOTICE REGARDING NORTH CASCADES BASECAMP

Once again the club has reserved space at this fine hostel (lodge?), for the weekend of January 22, 23 and 24 1988. It is located at Mazamas just off the North Cascades Highway near Washington Pass. The primary activity is crosscountry skiing. 20 miles of groomed trails, unlimited backcountry skiing, ice skating with skates to borrow from the inn, helicopter skiing, a hot tub, plus all the usual amenities of a comfortable inn.

Hearty meals are provided as follows: dinner Friday 1/22; breakfast, makings for pack lunches and dinner Sat 1/23; breakfast and makings for pack lunches Sunday 1/24. Bunkbed style lodging is provided with baths down the hall. This year we have reserved 14 beds as follows: one 6-bunk room, one 4-bunk room, and two bedrooms each with a double bed. According to the innkeepers, Dick and Sue Roberts, they have expanded the facility this year: a new living room, a recreation room and more baths.

Cost is \$75.00 per person for the whole package. It may be possible for individuals to stay over Sunday night at added cost. Let me know if you want me to check on this for you. By all accounts, it is one heck of a good time and well worth the money. Most years, this trip sells out quickly. So if you wish to go, call me and/or send a check payable to BOEALPS, indicate your preference of rooms. When the time comes, I'll organize carpools for those who are inclined. Let me know if you have any questions.

Yours Truly,

Charles Winters, Activities Chairman
656-5354, 392-4414, M/S 6R-18

WINTER SCHEDULE OF CLUB TRIPS:

Saturday, December 5,
Easy crosscountry skiing near Snoqualmie Pass: e.g. Mt. Margaret, Mt. Catherin, Amabilis etc. We'll meet at gateway cafe, North Bend at 9:00 AM. Call Bob Mondrzyk at 773-9783 (work) for information

Sometime in December, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing/ski mountaineering climb of Green and/or Buckindy peaks. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Sometime in December, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing to Rock Mt. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Sometime in December or January, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing trip up Muir snowfield. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Sometime in December or January, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing to Mt. Howard. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Sometime this Winter, exact date TBD
Climb of Mt. Rainier. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Saturday, January 16
Easy crosscountry skiing near Snoqualmie Pass: e.g. Mt. Margaret, Mt. Catherin, Amabilis etc. We'll meet at gateway cafe, North Bend at 8:00 AM. Call Bob Mondrzyk at 773-9783 (work) for information

Friday through Sunday, January 22, 23 and 24
North Cascades Basecamp, reserve a warm bed in a nice lodge with hot meals and go crosscountry skiing all weekend. See separate notice above for details.

Saturday and Sunday, January 30 and 31
Ice climbing again at Snow Creek near Leavenworth, see complete description elsewhere in this section. Call Jim Blilie at 237-4045 (work) or before 9:00 PM at 722-0650 (home) for information. Note: sign up early, this trip always fills up - CW

Saturday, February 6
Easy crosscountry skiing near Snoqualmie Pass: e.g. Mt. Margaret, Mt. Catherin, Amabilis etc. We'll meet at gateway cafe, North Bend at 8:00 AM. Call Bob Mondrzyk at 773-9783 (work) for information

Saturday or Sunday Feb 13, 14 or alternatively Feb 20, 21
One day snowshoe outing with the potential for an overnight trip depending on wishes of the party. Destination is open. Equipment: loaner snowshoes available from BOEALPS equipment chairman, also rentals available from local shops. Call Richard Babunovic at 656-5848 (work) or 235-7085 (home) for information.

Saturday and Sunday, March 26 and 27
Climbing trip, destination open. Call Jim Blilie at 237-4045 (work) or before 9:00 PM at 722-0650 (home) for information.

Sometime in April, exact date TBD
Climb of Mt. Constance. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Sometime in April, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing and climb of Teebone Ridge/Little Devil
Peak. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422
(home) for information

Sometime in April, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing and climb of Dragontail Peak. Call Rob
Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for
information

Sometime in May, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing and climb of Mt. Shuksan via Sulphide
Glacier. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422
(home) for information

Sometime in May, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing and climb of Mt. Ruth/Icy Mountain.
Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for
information

Memorial Day Weekend, end of May
Crosscountry skiing and climb of Eldorado, Klawati, Triconi,
Austin (??? can't read Rob's writing), Primus. Call Rob
Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for
information

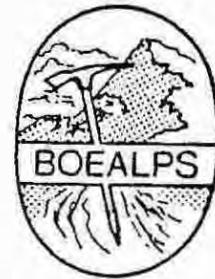
USGS MAP ORDER FORM

<u>CASCADES</u>		
AGNES MTN.	-----	
ASHINOLA MTN.	-----	
ASHINOLA PASS	-----	
AZURITE PEAK	-----	
BALDY MTN.	-----	
BANDERA	-----	
BARING	-----	
BAUERMAN RIDGE	-----	
BEDAL	-----	
BENCH MARK MTN.	-----	
BIG GOAT MTN.	-----	
BIG SNOW MTN.	-----	
BILLY GOAT MTN.	-----	
BLANCA LAKE	-----	
BRIEF	-----	
BUMPING LAKE	-----	
CAPTAIN POINT	-----	
CASCADE PASS	-----	
CASHMERE	-----	
CASTLE PEAK	-----	
CHIKAMIN CREEK	-----	
CHINOOK PASS	-----	
CHIWAIKUM MTS.	-----	
CHUMSTICK MTN.	-----	
COLEMAN PEAK	-----	
COOPER MTN.	-----	
CRATER MTN.	-----	
DARRINGTON	-----	
DIABLO DAM	-----	
DOME PEAK	-----	
DOWNNEY MTN.	-----	
EASTON	-----	
ELDORADO PEAK	-----	
EVERGREEN MTN.	-----	
FINNEY PEAK	-----	
FORBIDDEN PEAK	-----	
FORTSON	-----	
FROSTY CREEK	-----	
GILBERT	-----	
GLACIER BUTTE	-----	
GLACIER PEAK	-----	
GOODE MTN.	-----	
GRANITE FALLS	-----	
GREEN MTN.	-----	
GROTTO	-----	
HAMILTON	-----	
HOLDEN	-----	
HOODOO PEAK	-----	
HOZOMEEN	-----	
HUCKLEBERRY MTN	-----	
HUNGRY MTN.	-----	
ILLABOT PEAKS	-----	
INDEX	-----	
JACK MTN.	-----	
JENNIES BUTTE	-----	
KACHESS LAKE	-----	
LABYRINTH MTN.	-----	
LAKE SHANNON	-----	
LEAVENWORTH	-----	
LESTER	-----	
LIBERTY	-----	
LOST PEAK	-----	
LUCERNE	-----	
MARBLEMOUNT	-----	
MARTIN PEAK	-----	
MAZAMA	-----	
MCALESTER MTN.	-----	
MCGREGOR MTN.	-----	
MIDNIGHT MTN.	-----	
MISSION PEAK	-----	
MONITOR	-----	
MONTE CRISTO	-----	
MOUNT ADAMS EAST	-----	
MOUNT ADAMS WEST	-----	
MOUNT DANIEL	-----	
MOUNT LAGO	-----	
MOUNT SI	-----	
MOUNT STUART	-----	
MOWICH LAKE	-----	
MT ARRIVA	-----	
MT BAKER	-----	
MT BARNEY	-----	
MT CHALLENGER	-----	
MT LOGAN	-----	
MT LYALL	-----	
MT PROPHET	-----	
MT RAINIER EAST	-----	
MT RAINIER WEST	-----	
MT SHUKSAN	-----	
MT SPICKARD	-----	
OSO	-----	
OSS PEAK	-----	
OVAL PEAK	-----	
PACKWOOD	-----	
PASAYTEN PEAK	-----	
PLAIN	-----	
POE MTN.	-----	
PRAIRE MTN.	-----	
PRINCE CREEK	-----	
PUGH MTN.	-----	
PUMPKIN MTN.	-----	
REMMEL MTN.	-----	
ROBINSON MTN.	-----	
ROCKPORT	-----	
ROSS DAM	-----	
SCENIC	-----	
SHULL PEAK	-----	
SILVER FALLS	-----	
SILVER STAR MTN.	-----	
SILVERTON	-----	
SKAGIT PEAK	-----	
SKYKOMISH	-----	
SLATE PEAK	-----	
SLOAN PEAK	-----	
SNOQUALMIE LAKE	-----	
SNOQUALMIE PASS	-----	
SNOWKING MTN.	-----	
SONNY BOY LAKES	-----	
S. NAVARRE PEAK	-----	
STEHEKIN	-----	
STEVENS PASS	-----	
STORMY MTN.	-----	
SUGARLOAF PEAK	-----	
SUN MTN.	-----	
SUNRISE	-----	
TATOOSH BUTTES	-----	
THE CRADLE	-----	
THOMPSON RIDGE	-----	
TROUT LAKE	-----	
TYEE MTN.	-----	
WALUPT LAKE	-----	
WASHINGTON PASS	-----	
WENATCHEE LAKE	-----	
WHITE CHUCK MTN.	-----	
WHITE PASS	-----	
WHITE RIVER PARK	-----	
		<u>OLYMPICS</u>
		BOGACHIEL PEAK
		HURRICANE HILL
		KLOOCHMAN ROCK
		MOUNT OLYMPUS
		MOUNT TOM
		MT. ANGELES
		MT. CARRIE
		MT. CHRISTIE
		MT. STEEL
		SLIDE PEAK
		THE BROTHERS
		TYLER PEAK
		<u>SUBTOTAL</u>

ALPINE ECHO

c/o Ken Henshaw
9725 E. Marginal wy 25-82
Seattle, Wa 98124





BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

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DECEMBER MEETING

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3RD

OXBOW REC CENTER 7:30 PM

Adventures in the Himalaya

Mike Clarke, will be showing slides and telling tales of climbs and escapades from his many trips to the majestic mountains of the Himalayas. Slides will range from climbs in Pakistan to remote and exotic Bhutan, where Mike spent a month climbing this year.

Refreshments and goodies will be served after Mike's presentation. If you have any interest at all in the Himalayas, this show is the ticket! I hope to see you all there for this one.

Belay Stance

Howdy. You have in your hands another healthy edition of the Echo. Unfortunately, there wasn't any responses to the issues talked about in last month's Echo. Some members voiced their opinions to me verbally, but apparently didn't get the time to write them down. They were probably too busy climbing to get the chance.

Next month's Echo will feature an article written about the Matterhorn. Three intrepid ~~local climbers~~ ventured over to Europe for two weeks of fun in the Alps last fall. The three are now collaborating on a tale to tell all. If you have any desires to climb in the Alps, you won't want to miss this issue.

In case you haven't heard the news, one of the first acts that our new president did was to raise our dues. The dues for each membership category were raised by three dollars.

Regular Boeing.....	\$10
Boeing Family.....	\$13
Friend.....	\$17
Friend Family.....	\$20

The category of "Friend" was redefined. A "Friend" can no longer be a dues paying member of the Boealps. Instead, their annual fee is considered a subscription to the Echo. Non-Boeing employee "Friends" are still covered by Boeing Insurance, may attend all club activities, may receive the Echo, and may be instructors for the climbing classes. If I've confused anyone, or you have questions, feel free to call me anytime. I'll do my best to answer your inquiries.

Contributers this month were Bryan Kriewald, Mark Dale, Dave Gloger, Jim Blilie and John Petroske.

The deadline for the January Echo will be Wednesday, December 16th.

Mt. Thompson, East Ridge, Nov. 7-8.

Climbers: Bryan Kriewald and Jeff Stonebraker

After having seen Mt. Thompson from Lundin and Red Mountain, with its black whale's tooth appearance, it seemed it would have to be the next place to climb in the Snoqualmie Pass area. Normally, Thompson is a 12 hour day trip; but with shorter daylight hours and unfamiliar territory, we decided to do a comfortable day-and-a-half trip. This relaxed, late Saturday morning start was refreshing after so many crack-of-dawn departures.

We proceeded up the Pacific Crest Trail from Snoqualmie Pass. The first few miles were gigantic switchbacks. Since this was our first trip up this part of the Crest Trail, and remembering the old "don't cut switchbacks" routine, we stayed on the trail. (One could, however, save miles by going straight up the Kendall Peak ridge and intersect the last switchback.) After lunch, at the gap east of Red Mt. (A.K.A. "The Catwalk"), we hiked passed Ridge and Gravel Lakes to the trail leading up to Bumblebee Pass. We climbed the trail and stopped at the pass to look down into the basin south of Thompson. Seeing no running water in the creek below, we contemplated our prospects of a dry camp. But we did see a large lake about 3/4 of a mile below the basin and a very small snow patch above, so we decided to chance it. As it turned out, there were a few small pools of rainwater in the creekbed; and we drank our fill.

The evening turned out to be windy, but moonlight, stars and "cloud games" kept us interested until very late.

Early morning weather was cloudy and windy, but Thompson was visible intermittently. (We had climbed Chair Peak two weeks earlier without ever seeing the whole mountain.)

Fred Becky's recommended "far left-hand notch" was blocked with a large chockstone, so we pushed the route left and up a mossy class 3 or 4 trench to the ridge top. (With a large pack on and the exposure, it felt more like low class 5. Therefore, we came back down the lower or right-hand notch which is an easy dirt/scree gully.) The easy heather slopes lead up to rock, which would have been easier without the rime icing from heavy winds. We hauled out the rope and protection on the upper rock; and after one misdirection, with rappel, we found the proper route to the summit. The last three pitches were roped and protected, including along the horizontal summit ridge. The ridge was icy and swept by 50+ m.p.h. winds that kept the rope constantly airborne. After the summit register was signed, we cautiously rappelled and downclimbed off the rock. Once on the heather slopes we made a quick descent to camp, packed up (no critters had eaten through my tent this time) and headed out.

The Crest Trail passes under Kendall peak, so we dropped the packs and were signing the summit register within 15-20 minutes. We had better views here than on the cloudy, wind swept Thompson.

The trail down was uneventful; and we were back to the parking lot before dark.

Good trip, good company and fun climbing.

CLARK MOUNTAIN - 8576 FT.
WALRUS GLACIER VIA BOULDER PASS
OCTOBER 17 - 18, 1987

As we tried to determine which peak to climb, the criteria seemed to be : 1) a reasonable length 2 day climb, 2) good views, 3) in an area that we had not visited too frequently. With this in mind, we picked Clark Mountain and as it turned out 2 out of 3 criteria were met. For those of you that are unfamiliar with Clark Mountain as we were before this climb, it is the highest peak in the Dakobed Range which is located south-east of Glacier Peak and north of Lake Wenatchee.

After a brief stop at the Cougar Inn at Lake Wenatchee and slightly longer drive on the wrong road leading to the wrong trailhead, we finally headed up the White River trail (the correct trail) around 10:30 A.M. Since it was the start of hunting season, we attempted to color ourselves in red. As it turned out, we saw lots of deer tracks but we didn't see any hunters and for that matter, we didn't see another person for the entire trip. The route after following the White River for 4 relatively flat miles then heads up into the hanging valley of Boulder Creek. The trail was generally along open slopes which allowed good views with the fall colors adding to the scenery. After a final stretch of unrelenting switchbacks, we settled into a beautiful campsite just below Boulder Pass around 4:00 P.M.

Starting off at first light on Sunday morning (6:30 A.M.), we headed up to Boulder Pass and traversed up to the eastern edge of the Walrus Glacier. It was immediately apparent that we would not stroll up this glacier to the summit as it was very broken up and icy. After being cut off at a couple points by gaping crevasses, we were forced to double back around a ridge that bordered on the south-east side of the glacier. Regaining the glacier around the 7500 ft level we had bypassed most the crevasse problems. Still we had a few problems to deal with including descending into one crevasse and stemming up a crevasse that ran perpendicular to it. Finally we reached the upper edge of the glacier and from there it was an easy but dirty scramble to the top. Arriving at the summit just before 1:00 P.M., we were disappointed to find just a small remnant of the summit register. Suffice it to say, the views were spectacular with Glacier Peak looming above numerous 8000 & 9000 ft high peaks.

With short days and a long descent, the summit stay was all too brief. Unsure if we could safely descend our ascent route, we opted to head down the north-west edge of the glacier and then a steep rock buttress below it. Generally the descent was uneventful until we had to climb back up the glacier to intersect our ascent route. At this point, we ran into a stretch of steep water ice coating the glacier. It is somewhat discomfoting when your crampons barely penetrate the surface of the ice. Fortunately nobody slipped but there were sighs of relief (mixed with various 4 letter words) when we reached level ground again. Finally we reached camp around 5:00 P.M. with only 10 miles of trail separating us from the car. This time it would not be a race against the sun as there was no doubt that we would lose. The final 7 miles of trail were lit up only by our headlamps as we reached the car at 10:30 P.M. It was not quite the reasonable length climb that we had anticipated but still an enjoyable climb in a different but accessible area. In hindsight, this climb would probably have been fairly straightforward about 3 - 5 months earlier when most of the problems on the glacier would be covered with snow.

Climbers: Kaj Bune, Ed Davis, Dave Gloger, Corrie Gowland

IN DEFENSE OF OBSCURITY

Herein lies a tale of an excursion to the hills, reflections on my part of an event of no significance, really, to anyone but myself and companion. Actually it might be called a "non-climb" since most mountaineers, even locals, have not heard of, much less surmounted, this shadowy summit. And there lies the attraction. A chance to travel into one's conception of wilderness and not to have that delicate image shattered by the unexpected sound of distant voices, or sight of moving figures intent on stealing one's goal.

Now don't get me wrong, I'm not being selfish. It's just that to me climbing is a very personal matter, one between myself, my partners, and the mountains with all they have to offer. Any other human presence makes the ascent a public event, and I'm not a public climber. You might think me hypocritical by making such a statement then writing this article for all to read. I'll try to explain.

For me, mountain and wilderness travel enriches life in ways that are sometimes difficult to describe, but very real. Over the years I've come to view climbing as a means rather than an end, which I feel is an important step in justifying the sport (if indeed it can be called a sport) to oneself and to others. By trying to relate my own adventures in the hills to folks, I hope that some may better grasp and understand the mountaineering essence (as I see it, anyway). Well, enough rhetoric for now, let's get on with the story.

The car kicked up clouds of brown talcum dust as we bumped our way up primitive Squire Creek valley, the awakening day revealing cobalt blue skies and promising another weekend of fair weather. To our right loomed Squire Creek Wall, a magnificent monument of sweeping polished granite slabs. Indeed almost all the exposed rock in this valley is exfoliated in nature, with blank faces and overhanging arches being the dominate features. And in between rock outcroppings, in countless hues of green, lies the dense climax vegetation once so characterisitic of the entire Cascade range. My reverie ends as the car rolls to a halt at road's end.

My sturdy companion for this wilderness foray is John Petroske, and our destination...Salish Peak. You mean you've never heard of this legendary summit, this hidden and mysterious monolith of the Cascades? Well, John hadn't heard of it either, nor had anyone else that I knew of. However it was in the guidebook, it had been climbed, and there were hints of a fine technical climbing route on its east side. Years of intrigue and curiosity would hopefully be satisfied this August weekend.

We had glimpsed the furtive summit at times on our journey up the road. Salish Peak...why, its very name evokes images of dark Indians in stealthy travel through the ancient forest that cloaks its sides. In truth it's not a great mountain, not much more than a bump on the ridge connecting Three Fingers and Whitehorse Mountains, shamefully referred to on the USGS map as point 5645. Yet it is a bump with appeal, a bump that beckons, a bump with a 600 foot high granite face.

Filled with the anticipation of discovery, John and I depart the road end, following a trail which leads over Squire Creek Pass. At an opportune moment we dive into the forest, descending through brush to the valley bottom. The creek runs shallow, yet my left foot ends up soaking wet after the easy crossing. Looking down I discover the sole is half separated from the rest of the boot, the leather rotten from years of abuse. This will be the last trip I take with these old comrades - funny how one gets attached to such things.

As we ascend the west slope of the valley we're surprised to find the brush quite reasonable. Our complacency is short-lived, though, when we encounter increasingly luxuriant vegetation. Soon we're doing battle with the green medium that engulfs us, much of it blueberry bushes laden with ripe fruit, resulting in purple-stained hands (and mouths). Occasionally we break free of the claustrophobic surroundings only to be confronted by huge slabs of granite, glistening wet from seepage, and requiring arduous detours. Several hours of this struggle pass and we're finally free of the stifling humid forest. Soon after, in a small meadow, we discover the remains of a camp littered with pieces of styrafoam, cigarette packs, and other refuse typical of an unenlightened hunter's mentality. John and I become angry at seeing such trash in a place we expected few people visit. I have fleeting visions of inserting the garbage forcefully into certain body cavities of the offending party.

Traversing into the beautifully open basin below Salish Peak we have full views of our objective, a fantastically sculptured piece of rock that challenges us to solve the puzzle it presents. Upon reaching a small stream below the peak, we drop our packs and soak up the vista (and the water). It's a perfect spot to bivouac. After a while we traverse over to the saddle above Craig Lakes to study the descent route and the face from a different perspective. Curiously, these substantial lakes do not appear on the USGS map. Quite a breathtaking place, really, with the dark and foreboding north side of Three Fingers providing a backdrop for the turquoise waters. The scene is marred, however, by a bright orange object on the lakeshore, and we descend to investigate.

Again we're confronted with an old camp strewn with debris including a decaying boot, a tattered tube tent (the orange object

feet, following game trails most of the time. Soon, though, we find ourselves on giant slabs that roll off into oblivion, and are forced south into the bushes. In an attempt to pick up our path of ascent from the previous day we traverse too far and are soon thrashing through some of the worst brush in recent memory, at times reaching BW5 in difficulty. After several hours of this we are totally exasperated, cut, bruised, and tired. Forward movement is virtually impossible at times and we are forced laterally, even upward, in our frustrating attempt to escape the jungle. Upon reaching the flat valley floor (at one of its widest points, nonetheless), our weary bodies are deposited in a quagmire overgrown with seven foot high ferns. Laden with spores, these obnoxious plants release clouds of reeking dust as we thrash and gag along. The sound of rushing water, faint and taunting for so long, now intensifies, and soon we break out of the suffocating closeness onto the creekbed oasis.

Now refreshed by the cool drinks and gentle breeze, we hop across the waters on slimy rocks (WA2) and dive headlong into the green wall on the other side. Fighting our way uphill toward the trail we encounter more obstacles in the way of large stands of devil's club and various and sundry other plants whose sole purpose in life seems to be aggravation. A short eternity later we gain the trail and hobble back to the car in failing light.

Despite the difficulties of approach, John and I agree that this has been a worthwhile adventure. The rewards are intangible but genuine. We have been tested physically and mentally, used our limited resources to meet a challenge and succeeded in obtaining a goal, in the process learning more about ourselves and our limits. More important, perhaps, is the appreciation and respect we gain for Nature's rhythms and complexity, for beauty that is far beyond man's abilities to create or even to understand. My spirit is renewed...isn't that what climbing is all about?

Bushwhack rating - Grade II-III, BW4, WA1 (or BW5 and WA2 if you're not careful)

Climb rating - Grade III, 5.8

Submitted by Mark Dale

Like many other Boealpers I know, the Sawtooth Ridge, with its impressive spires of the Needle, the Fin, the Horn, and Mt. Cruiser (plus many unnamed points), had always intrigued me. Especially when it's described as some of the best rock climbing in the Olympics. Rob and I decided that this warm, dry weekend in August would be perfect to see if all those good words were accurate.

After a 5 am meet at Southcenter, we were soon humming along towards the Hamma Hamma River Road (my velocity will not be disclosed.) We wanted to get an early start, because unlike most parties to Sawtooth, we wanted more than just Mount Cruiser. We were heading up to the Hamma Hamma instead of the Staircase area because we wanted to take the "short" trail via Mildred Lakes. Well, we forgot to read the part in the discription about bushwhacking.

As it turned out the trail was steep, unmaintained, and went up *and* down two ridges on the way to Mildred Lakes. Then the fun: 1000 ft. of bushwhacking up out of the lake basin to the upper ridge. The bushwhacking was only gr.I,BW1, but after the long trail (only 2 miles shorter than the Flapjack side!) and in the hot sun, it was very trying. Finally we were out of it and found some snow patches to refill our water bottles.

We found a flat-topped prominence on the side of the ridge to bivvy on which was right under Cruiser and had a convenient snow patch. We dumped our packs and started up for Cruiser. It was an easy scramble up to the chock-stone chimney (exhale deeply to get through the cannon hole) and we were at the start of the standard route. It was one pitch of enjoyable low fifth class, and then a scramble to the summit. The views were great with the sun getting low off over the Pacific. The kind of summit that keeps those adrenal glands healthy! A two-cheeker.

We made one double rappel (we were using two 8.8 mil. ropes for leading and rapping. They worked great.) and scrambled back to our bivvy spot. We had thought about doing the Needle, but the falling sun and the incredibly small summit point (talk about shakey rappels) made us think of dinner instead. As it was we were still melting snow when it became fully dark.

Rising early the next day we cruised over to Sawtooth Pass and around to the South Ridge of the Fin. The gully leading up to the base of the ridge was more scary than the ridge itself. It turned out to be a very enjoyable and exhilarating cl.3 (healthy cl.3) scramble on good solid rock. We were on top by 7:30. Another two-cheeker -- well, maybe four. More wonderful views, with this whole end of Sawtooth Ridge to ourselves. We returned to the notch unroped and then rappelled the approach gully (highly recommended.)

About ten minutes is all that it took us to get to the base of the cl.4 route on the Horn. We each got a lead on this one, both about cl.4/low 5. A very enjoyable route. As I sat on the belay ledge halfway up, Rob led the last pitch and was making a commotion. I was worried, but when I followed the route I found out what he was hollering about.

The horn is the sharpest of the three spires we climbed from most vantages, and after the little cheeker summits we had had, we were expecting a real knife-blade. What made Rob holler was the summit. It was like a big, broad patio! (where's that hibachi?) A nice relaxing lunch spot and, finally, a register.

We signed in and admired the views. Talk about seldom climbed, this register was old and it had no Boealps references. Only one other party this year. A very fine way to end the weekend. One long double rappel and were at our packs. Soon we were back at camp and the packs were packed. We also saw fellow Boealpers Erich Koehler, Wayne Koistinen, and Jim Fortier fighting the Sunday crowds on Cruiser. The way out to the trail was made more interesting by our new route. I'll say no more except that it was gr.I,BW2/3 with lots of foul rappels through brush.

Many quarts of water and 9 miles later we were back at the car. A quick drive to Hoodspport and we were indulging in the captains plate of Hood Canal seafood at the Hoodspport Cafe. A *great* weekend.

Sawtooth ridge lived up to its reputation: it was great climbing. A few suggestions: the Mildred Lakes trail may be 2 miles shorter than the Flapjack Lakes trail, but don't take it. I'm sure we burned twice as much energy getting to the ridge from the Mildred side. Also, it's an easy hike up and over Sawtooth Pass from Flapjack Lakes. From the pass, it's easy to get to the bivvy spot we used and very easy to traverse level along the ridge to whatever spire you want. By doing Cruiser on Saturday, and the other peaks on Sunday we had every peak to ourselves. There was a big crowd on Cruiser on Sunday. It's no sweat to hike in and do Cruiser the same day. Peak-baggers in paradise!

Climbers: Rob Freeman, Jim Blilie

**The news articles and opinions expressed
in this newsletter are not necessarily
those of the Boeing Company**

NOTICE TO ALL MEMBERS:

The Board of Directors has authorized the formation of a climbing committee. The purpose of this committee is to meet twice a year to plan and schedule club trips. The committee is organized and led by the activities chair. After each semi-annual meeting, the activities chairperson will publish the schedule of trips in the Echo, where it will be repeated every month until it is replaced six months later. Individual members will read the list of advertised trips and call trip leaders to arrange for the members' participation.

This committee is intended to facilitate the planning of club trips far enough in advance to allow members to participate. It is not intended to be exclusive in any way. Anyone who feels qualified to advertise and lead a club trip may do so whether they participate on the climbing committee or not.

Because of the need to get a first cut at a Winter schedule into the November Echo, I had to conduct the first meeting of the climbing committee before this announcement could be published. I invited everyone I could think of, about 45 people. Please forgive me if you were overlooked. In any event, it is not too late. Simply send your trip description to Ken Henshaw at M/S 25-82 and he will add it to the next edition of the Echo. As it was, a few people showed up and I am grateful to them for their contributions, which are listed below.

The committee will meet again sometime in March 1988 to plan for the Summer schedule. Please search your soul and send me your name and mailstop. In return, I will send you a notice of when and where the March meeting will be. It will probably be in another pizza parlor. Very informal, free beer and pizza followed by some scribbling and friendly conversation. More like a party than a meeting. Anyone brave enough to take a chance on planning a club trip several months in advance is welcome.

There is the risk that you may schedule a trip and, due to a change in plans, are unable to carry it off. From the board's point of view, the we are all better off taking a chance on you being able to follow through with your estimate, than in not scheduling a trip at all.

NOTICE REGARDING NORTH CASCADES BASECAMP

Once again the club has reserved space at this fine hostel (lodge?), for the weekend of January 22, 23 and 24 1988. It is located at Mazamas just off the North Cascades Highway near Washington Pass. The primary activity is crosscountry skiing. 20 miles of groomed trails, unlimited backcountry skiing, ice skating with skates to borrow from the inn, helicopter skiing, a hot tub, plus all the usual amenities of a comfortable inn.

Hearty meals are provided as follows: dinner Friday 1/22; breakfast, makings for pack lunches and dinner Sat 1/23; breakfast and makings for pack lunches Sunday 1/24. Bunkbed style lodging is provided with baths down the hall. This year we have reserved 14 beds as follows: one 6-bunk room, one 4-bunk room, and two bedrooms each with a double bed. According to the innkeepers, Dick and Sue Roberts, they have expanded the facility this year: a new living room, a recreation room and more baths.

Cost is \$75.00 per person for the whole package. It may be possible for individuals to stay over Sunday night at added cost. Let me know if you want me to check on this for you. By all accounts, it is one heck of a good time and well worth the money. Most years, this trip sells out quickly. So if you wish to go, call me and/or send a check payable to BOEALPS, indicate your preference of rooms. When the time comes, I'll organize carpools for those who are inclined. Let me know if you have any questions.

Yours Truly,

Charles Winters, Activities Chairman
656-5354, 392-4414, M/S 6R-18

WINTER SCHEDULE OF CLUB TRIPS:

Saturday, December 5,
Easy crosscountry skiing near Snoqualmie Pass: e.g. Mt. Margaret, Mt. Catherin, Amabilis etc. We'll meet at gateway cafe, North Bend at 8:00 AM. Call Bob Mondrzyk at 773-9783 (work) for information

Sometime in December, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing/ski mountaineering climb of Green and/or Buckindy peaks. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Sometime in December, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing to Rock Mt. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Sometime in December or January, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing trip up Muir snowfield. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Sometime in December or January, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing to Mt. Howard. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Sometime this Winter, exact date TBD
Climb of Mt. Rainier. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Saturday, January 16
Easy crosscountry skiing near Snoqualmie Pass: e.g. Mt. Margaret, Mt. Catherin, Amabilis etc. We'll meet at gateway cafe, North Bend at 8:00 AM. Call Bob Mondrzyk at 773-9783 (work) for information

Friday through Sunday, January 22, 23 and 24
North Cascades Basecamp, reserve a warm bed in a nice lodge with hot meals and go crosscountry skiing all weekend. See separate notice above for details.

Saturday and Sunday, January 30 and 31
Ice climbing again at Snow Creek near Leavenworth, see complete description elsewhere in this section. Call Jim Blilie at 237-4045 (work) or before 9:00 PM at 722-0650 (home) for information. Note: sign up early, this trip always fills up - CW

Saturday, February 6
Easy crosscountry skiing near Snoqualmie Pass: e.g. Mt. Margaret, Mt. Catherin, Amabilis etc. We'll meet at gateway cafe, North Bend at 8:00 AM. Call Bob Mondrzyk at 773-9783 (work) for information

Saturday or Sunday Feb 13, 14 or alternatively Feb 20, 21
One day snowshoe outing with the potential for an overnight trip depending on wishes of the party. Destination is open. Equipment: loaner snowshoes available from BOEALPS equipment chairman, also rentals available from local shops. Call Richard Babunovic at 656-5848 (work) or 235-7085 (home) for information.

Saturday and Sunday, March 26 and 27
Climbing trip, destination open. Call Jim Blilie at 237-4045 (work) or before 9:00 PM at 722-0650 (home) for information.

Sometime in April, exact date TBD
Climb of Mt. Constance. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Sometime in April, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing and climb of Teebone Ridge/Little Devil Peak. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Sometime in April, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing and climb of Dragontail Peak. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Sometime in May, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing and climb of Mt. Shuksan via Sulphide Glacier. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Sometime in May, exact date TBD
Crosscountry skiing and climb of Mt. Ruth/Icy Mountain. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

Memorial Day Weekend, end of May
Crosscountry skiing and climb of Eldorado, Klawati, Triconi, Austin (??? can't read Rob's writing), Primus. Call Rob Freeman at 237-4157 (work) or 935-1422 (home) for information

ICE CLIMBING

Jan. 30-31, 1987

For all of you who want your knuckles to look like Jim Donini's did on Latok, the S&M Knuckle Bashers seminar is once again being offered. Come on out for a weekend of good ice (c'mon Mountain Gods!), good friends, and maybe even a laundromat bivvy.

There will be lots of ice tools to try out (participants are encouraged to bring any they can lay hands on), ice screws to place, and unwanted advice from your fearful leader (Maybe I'll get to lead a pitch this year.) We will be camping out for the night at the Snow Creek lot. Saturday dinner and Sunday breakfast will probably be in the restaurants of Leavenworth or Wenatchee.

Be there or be warm and dry!

Call Jim Blilie at 237-4045 (or at home before 9 pm at 722-0650)

■ The record at Prudhoe bay has been dismal: The air is polluted, there have been numerous oil spills (17000 since 1973, 521 spills amounting to 82000 gallons in 1985 alone). The toxic by-products of oil drilling, especially drilling muds contaminate the area. (In 1984 the oil companies discharged 58 million gallons of waste containing arsenic, lead and other toxics onto tundra wetlands.)

ADDRESSES:

Senators:

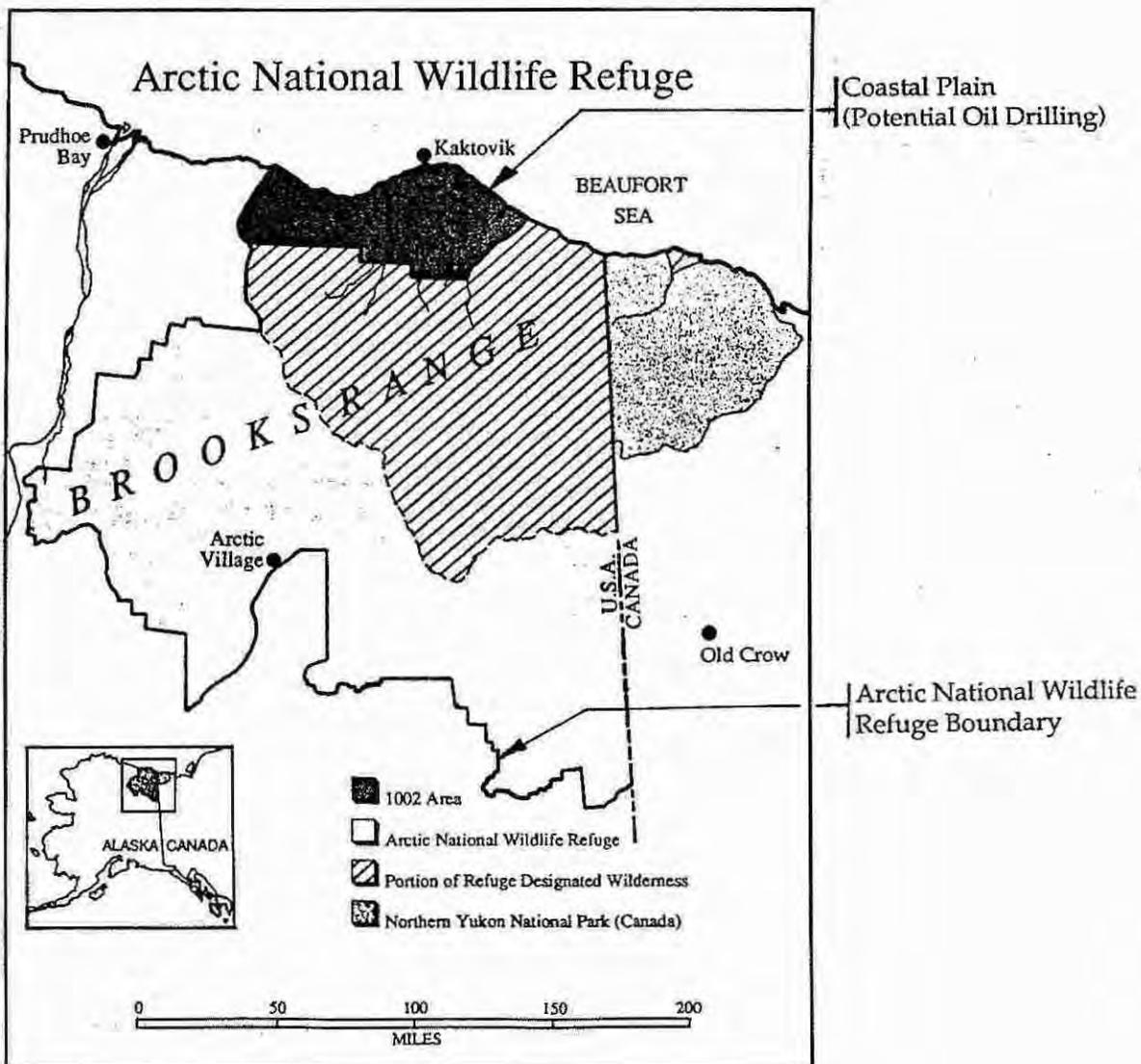
Honorable _____
Senate Office Building
Washington, D.C. 20510

Dan Evans
Brock Adams

Representatives:

Honorable _____
House Office Building
Washington, D.C. 20515

Mike Lowry
John Miller
Rod Chandler
Tom Foley
Norm Dicks
Sid Morrison
Don Bonker
Al Swift



National Forest Planning -- Washington

Most of your climbs take place, at least in part, within a National Forest, particularly the Wenatchee, Gifford Pinchot, and the Mount Baker-Snoqualmie. If we do not respond strongly to the Forest Draft Plans, our views may only be of clearcuts.

Right now we need to respond to the Gifford Pinchot N.F. Plan. Comments on the draft plan are due by Dec. 31, 1987. The Forest Service "preferred alternative" is Alternative K. The Alternative that I urge you to support is Alternative J.

According to the Forest Service, Alternative K provides: "a moderately high level of both dispersed recreation and timber harvest while maintaining or increasing big game and resident anadromous fish populations." This Alternative preserves almost none of the Old Growth outside of wilderness. It adds no new Wilderness Areas. Its primary focus is really timber production. The Forest Service's idea of quality recreation is different from mine. Also, their statement about anadromous fish is patently false. They would road and cut much more of the forest. That always has a detrimental effect on Salmon/Steelhead.

Alternative J, on the otherhand, emphasizes "dispersed recreation, old growth, wildlife, fish, and water quality." From this simple opening statement, it is obvious that this alternative is the one which represents proper stewardship of the forest. All the plans should emphasize these values, because they are the ones that will maintain the forest as a vibrant and complete ecosystem. The kind of ecosystem that will support the most healthy tree growth in addition to the stated values.

The only reservations I have about Alternative J are that it does not recommend enough roadless areas for Wilderness designation. It only recommends the Wobbly Roadless Area for designation. Support Alternative J, but recommend that all roadless areas be maintained as roadless, preferably by Wilderness Designation. Good Wilderness candidates include Dark Divide, Silver Star, Big Lava, and many others (see maps at next meeting.) These areas should be mentioned by name.

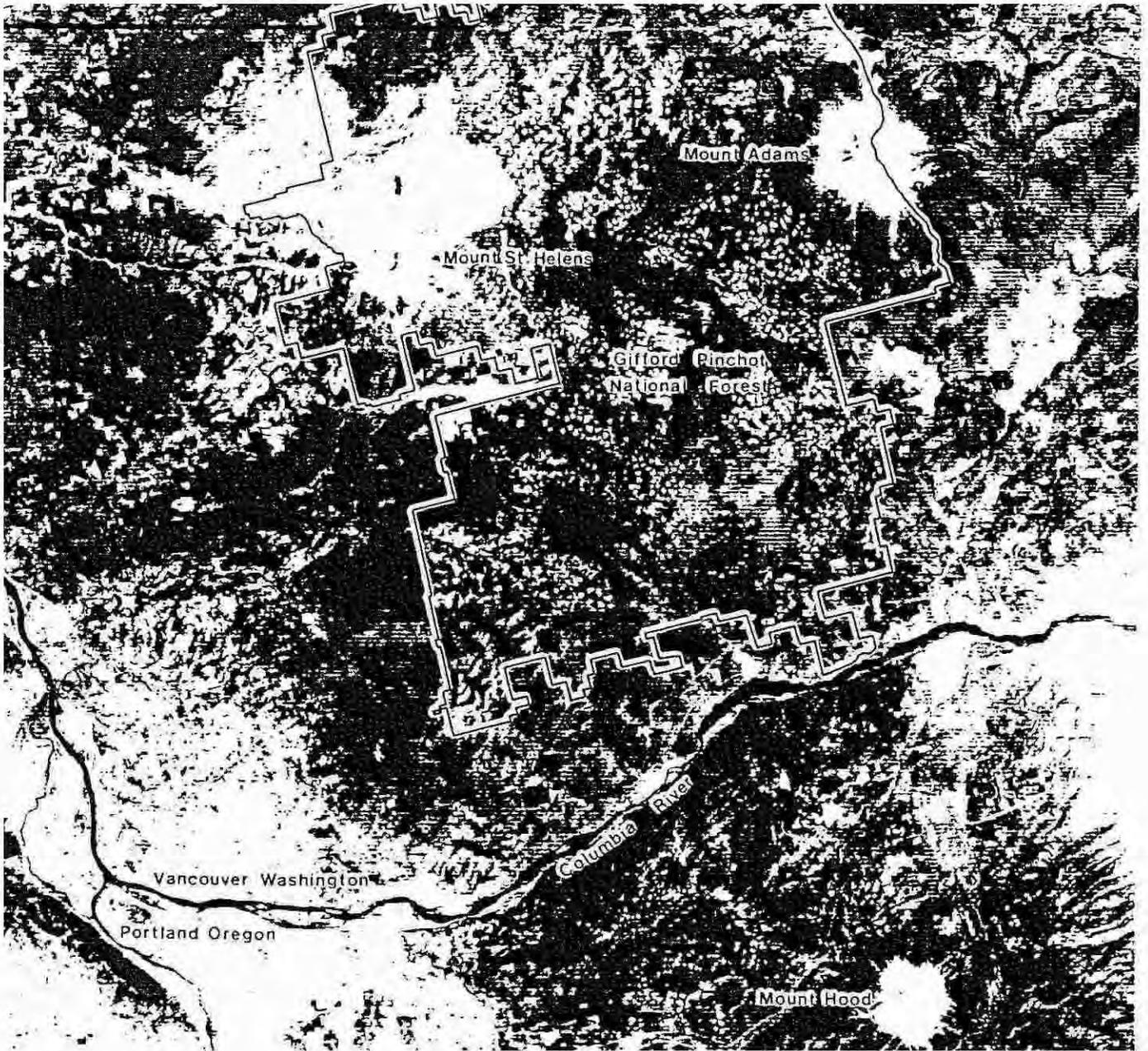
I will have maps and a summary at the next meeting. I wrote for a full plan, and hopefully I will have that also. *Please write* to the Forest Service at the below address and support Alternative J and more Wilderness.

I am including an aerial photo of the Gifford Pinchot N.F. (I hope it reproduces well.) Notice all the light spots? Those are existing clearcuts. Looks like nearly fifty percent of the forest outside of the Wilderness is clearcut to me.

Write to:

Forest Supervisor
Gifford Pinchot National Forest
500 West 12th St.
Vancouver, WA 98660

(206) 696-7674



Satellite Picture of the Forest

Plan Summary

Potential Mining at LaBohn Gap -- Washington
Alpine Lakes Wilderness

Cascade Development Company (guess what they want to do to our mountains!) owns a 37 acre parcel of land at LaBohn Gap inside the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. They have a patented mining claim on this land, and now have decided to mine it. They plan to begin blasting soon, and have proposed an 8 mile access road to service the mines.

Mining, in addition to impairing our access to our Wilderness, would pollute the Middle Fork of the Snoqualmie with leachings from mine tailings, scar the area permanently, pollute the air with noise and motor exhaust, and generally ruin that area of the Wilderness.

The Forest Service has denied Cascade the right of way to build the road and has offered to buy the land for \$22,000. Cascade is demanding \$150 million.

Cascade has been making lots of noise recently about "blowing the top off LaBohn Peak" and using "300 tons of explosives." If they really wanted to mine, they would try and keep a low profile. It is my personal opinion that they are trying to blackmail the Forest Service (that's us taxpayers, folks) into a big settlement. They seem to feel that if they hold a gun to one of our favorite and most fought-for Wilderness Areas, we'll pay the ransom.

The general opinion among experts on Wilderness that I have spoken with is that any attempt to put a road in to the Gap will be met with strong resistance. They feel that the only way that road would get built is with tanks and machine guns. (*Viva la Hayduke!*)

Please write to the Forest Service thanking them for not allowing the road. Encourage them to stick to their guns and protect our Wilderness. Tell them that you categorically do not want mining in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness or any other Washington Wilderness. A carbon copy of your letter should go to our senators and reps to let them know how you feel too.

ADDRESS:

Forest Supervisor
Mount Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest
1022 - First Ave.
Seattle, WA 98104

USGS MAP ORDER FORM

CASCADES
 AGNES MTN. -----
 ASHINOLA MTN. -----
 ASHINOLA PASS -----
 AZURITE PEAK -----
 BALDY MTN. -----
 BANDERA -----
 BARING -----
 BAUERMAN RIDGE -----
 BEDAL -----
 BENCH MARK MTN. -----
 BIG GOAT MTN. -----
 BIG SNOW MTN. -----
 BILLY GOAT MTN. -----
 BLANCA LAKE -----
 BRIEF -----
 BUMPING LAKE -----
 CAPTAIN POINT -----
 CASCADE PASS -----
 CASHMERE -----
 CASTLE PEAK -----
 CHIKAMIN CREEK -----
 CHINOOK PASS -----
 CHIWAIKUM MTS. -----
 CHUMSTICK MTN. -----
 COLEMAN PEAK -----
 COOPER MTN. -----
 CRATER MTN. -----
 DARRINGTON -----
 DIABLO DAM -----
 DOME PEAK -----
 DOWNEY MTN. -----
 EASTON -----
 ELDERADO PEAK -----
 EVERGREEN MTN. -----
 FINNEY PEAK -----
 FORBIDDEN PEAK -----
 FORTSON -----
 FROSTY CREEK -----
 GILBERT -----
 GLACIER BUTTE -----
 GLACIER PEAK -----
 GOODE MTN. -----
 GRANITE FALLS -----
 GREEN MTN. -----
 GROTTO -----
 HAMILTON -----
 HOLDEN -----
 HOODOO PEAK -----
 HOZOMEEN -----
 HUCKLEBERRY MTN -----
 HUNGRY MTN. -----
 ILLABOT PEAKS -----
 INDEX -----

JACK MTN. -----
 JENNIES BUTTE -----
 KACHESS LAKE -----
 LABYRINTH MTN. -----
 LAKE SHANNON -----
 LEAVENWORTH -----
 LESTER -----
 LIBERTY -----
 LOST PEAK -----
 LUCERNE -----
 MARBLEMOUNT -----
 MARTIN PEAK -----
 MAZAMA -----
 MCALESTER MTN. -----
 MCGREGOR MTN. -----
 MIDNIGHT MTN. -----
 MISSION PEAK -----
 MONITOR -----
 MONTE CRISTO -----
 MOUNT ADAMS EAST -----
 MOUNT ADAMS WEST -----
 MOUNT DANIEL -----
 MOUNT LAGO -----
 MOUNT SI -----
 MOUNT STUART -----
 MOWICH LAKE -----
 MT ARRIVA -----
 MT BAKER -----
 MT BARNEY -----
 MT CHALLENGER -----
 MT LOGAN -----
 MT LYALL -----
 MT PROPHET -----
 MT RAINIER EAST -----
 MT RAINIER WEST -----
 MT SHUKSAN -----
 MT SPICKARD -----
 OSO -----
 OSS PEAK -----
 OVAL PEAK -----
 PACKWOOD -----
 PASAYTEN PEAK -----
 PLAIN -----
 POE MTN. -----
 PRAIRE MTN. -----
 PRINCE CREEK -----
 PUGH MTN. -----
 PUMPKIN MTN. -----
 REMMEL MTN. -----
 ROBINSON MTN. -----
 ROCKPORT -----
 ROSS DAM -----
 SCENIC -----
 SHULL PEAK -----

SILVER FALLS -----
 SILVER STAR MTN. -----
 SILVERTON -----
 SKAGIT PEAK -----
 SKYKOMISH -----
 SLATE PEAK -----
 SLOAN PEAK -----
 SNOQUALMIE LAKE -----
 SNOQUALMIE PASS -----
 SNOWKING MTN. -----
 SONNY BOY LAKES -----
 S. NAVARRE PEAK -----
 STEHEKIN -----
 STEVENS PASS -----
 STORMY MTN. -----
 SUGARLOAF PEAK -----
 SUN MTN. -----
 SUNRISE -----
 TATOOSH BUTTES -----
 THE CRADLE -----
 THOMPSON RIDGE -----
 TROUT LAKE -----
 TYEE MTN. -----
 WALUPT LAKE -----
 WASHINGTON PASS -----
 WENATCHEE LAKE -----
 WHITE CHUCK MTN. -----
 WHITE PASS -----
 WHITE RIVER PARK -----

OLYMPICS
 BOGACHIEL PEAK -----
 HURRICANE HILL -----
 KLOOCHMAN ROCK -----
 MOUNT OLYMPUS -----
 MOUNT TOM -----
 MT. ANGELES -----
 MT. CARRIE -----
 MT. CHRISTIE -----
 MT. STEEL -----
 SLIDE PEAK -----
 THE BROTHERS -----
 TYLER PEAK -----

SUBTOTAL -----

A DISSERTATION ON THE LOGISTICS OF DEFECATION

Long climbing adventures call for meticulous planning and organization. One item deserves a little more than the cursory notice the average climber would bestow upon it. I refer to the estimate one goes through in determining the amount of toilet paper needed for any lengthy climbing trip.

The item set me thinking. I secured a unopened roll of Scott Tissue and read the label printed on its wrapper: "1000 one-ply bathroom tissues, 4.5 x 4.5 inches, 140.6 sq ft." I weighed the roll. It came to 11 ounces. Start taking a few rolls of toilet paper and the weight starts to pile up. "Bad news", I thought. There must be some way to figure out how many rolls of 'bathroom tissues' one really needs for a climbing trip?

It was apparent to me that the defecatory habits of mountaineers must be examined. Should I assume a hypothetical or experimental model of a mountaineer to arrive at a sensible answer? "Gee people are going to think I'm really full of ---- when I start asking them questions about toilet paper usage and I doubt that the response would be enthusiastic enough to provide solid facts about the actual self-estimated usage figures for each person." I therefore have reduced the problem to abstract arithmetic, hoping to come up with a solution to a sticky problem.

Under field conditions and under well-planned dietary exposure among healthy mountaineers utilizing acceptable sanitary methods of preparing and handling food, and good personal hygiene, in short, under ideal conditions, each mountaineer could, I think, be assumed to require at least one defecation per day. But lets allow a healthy latitude for any skews in the bell-shaped curve, and figure on three. Let d/D = defecations per day.

Let M = the number of individual climbers on some adventure.

The number of bathroom tissue squares used per defecation, hereinafter referred to as the S/d factor, or simply S/d , must undoubtedly vary according to the defecatory habits of each person, the size and consistency of his/her excretions, the inclinometer reading on the the site chosen for defecation, the time allotted him by his rope companions, the amount of clothing worn, and finally by the ambient temperature. Based on my research in the Andes, I have determined that paper usage plummets at the rate of one tissue square per ten degrees drop in temperature. I should think that 20 squares mean usage per defecation would cover the problem. Ergo: let $S/d = 20$.

Let S/r = the number of squares per roll and let D = the number of days in the field. Let R = the number of rolls and W = the weight of a toilet paper roll.

$$\text{Now then:} \quad R = \frac{S/d \times d/D \times M \times D}{S/r}$$

$$\text{Total Weight} = W \times R$$

But wait! Sometimes all does not go according to plan. There always seem to be a number of factors that are unaccounted

for. Hence let F be known as the "F" factor. For example what happens if everyone comes down with the trots on some expedition. A shortage of essential supplies at a time like that would be catastrophic! My research in the Indian jungles of Kanchrapara, lead me to believe that this exigency can be adequately covered by letting factor F be used. Factor F has been amply confirmed by many investigators all over the world. (Cf. World Mntng. J. Vol XXL, pp. 405-535, Dec. 14, 1899.).

Factor F = 1.274. Finally the a true answer can be derived. The total number of rolls of toilet paper needed for long extended trips will be: Total rolls = F x R.

-Look out below! John Petroske

ALPINE ECHO

c/o Ken Henshaw
9725 E. Marginal wy 25-82
Seattle, Wa 98124

