

JANUARY 1994



BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

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Echo Editor	Andrew Snoey	0T-67	342-5938	BCAG Recreation	Jake Davis	0F-KA	342-5000

Photo: Pigeon Spire by Ken Johnson

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JANUARY MEETING
Thursday, January 6th
Refreshments at 7:00 pm
Show starts at 7:30 pm
Oxbow Recreation Center

INSIDE THE CLIMBING MIND

Ring in the new year as BOEALPS welcomes Nicholas O'Connell, author of the recent book, "Beyond Risk: Conversations with Climbers." Get inside the minds of some of climbing's most adventurous personalities through slides and confessions of those "on the edge."

BELAY STANCE

NEW COVER

As most of you noticed we have a new cover to kick off the new year. Thanks to Ken Johnson for providing some stunning shots of the Bugaboos. This new cover shows Pigeon Spire surrounded by snow.

I have a couple of other slides that belong to other members; unfortunately, I have forgotten who sent me what. If you sent me a slide for the new cover, let me know so I can return your property.

MEMBERSHIP

It is the beginning of the year and that means it is time to re-new your membership. There are some new regulations being imposed on all Boeig clubs, so be sure to read the fine print. Also see the small write-up inside.

Support the only BOEALPS club in the world! The dues have not changed in many, many years --- it is still the best bargain around!!

INSTRUCTIONAL CLASSES

Well it is also the time for the Basic and Intermediate Climbing Classes to begin "spooling up." Basic Class notice inside.

And, please notice that the last page is the flyer for the Basic Class. Please detach the last page and post in your area for advertising. Thanks.

THIS ISSUE

In the spirit of the season, we have provided an extra-large issue for your long Holiday Break. What could be nicer than sitting around the fire, reading about the mountaineering exploits of your friends? Jack Webb. Silas Wild. Pam Kaiser. Shawn Pare'. Tom Groves. Mike McGuffin. Kevin Wooley. Mark Dale. Len Kannapell. Plus information from Dan Goering, Paul Pyscher, Ken Johnson, Janet Oliver, and Elden Altizer.

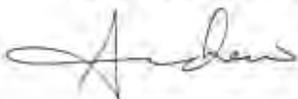
NEXT MONTH

No articles "on the books" because I have included it all this month.

UP ON MY SOAPBOX

Everyone have a very happy holiday season. Keep warm and keep merry. But, for goodness sakes, don't drink and drive.

See you next year,



Andrew Snoey
M/S 0T-67

FEBRUARY ALPINE ECHO DEADLINE: January 20th

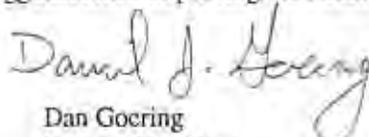
Seasons Greetings!

Another year of climbing is coming to a close. I hope all of you had as good a year as I did. 1994 will bring some changes to our club regarding membership guidelines. You should notice most of the changes when you fill out the 1994 membership renewal form, but I wanted to share with you the reasons for them.

The big change is that new members must now be affiliated with Boeing in order to join Boealps. Non-Boeing people will continue to be welcome at all meetings and events and can take the Basic and Intermediate Mountaineering Classes, but they can not sign up for a subscription to The Echo and equipment checkout privileges. This new rule affects only new club members. Non-employees who were subscribers to Boealps prior to September 1993 may continue their subscription to the club indefinitely. This does mean those of you who are current non-Boeing subscribers should be careful not to let your subscriptions lapse, as you would be considered a new member when rejoining. This new ruling was made by Boeing Recreation and arose because some other clubs complained about having too many non-Boeing people involved. This has never been a problem with Boealps. We must comply with the ruling for 1994 but plan to review how the club is impacted on a yearly basis and will work to restore subscriber privileges for non-Boeing friends if possible.

The other changes are increases in dues. Boeing family memberships will increase from \$13 to \$15, non-Boeing family subscriptions from \$20 to \$22, and Boeing retiree memberships will now cost \$5 instead of being free. These increases were dictated by Boeing Recreation in our current tight financial situation as conditions for the club to receive company financial support. I think membership is still a bargain even at these prices!

Your comments on these changes are welcome and any suggestions on improving the situation will be entertained with eager ears. Climb Safe in 1994!



Dan Goering
Boealps President

Boealps Aid Climbing Seminar

After a year off, this venerable seminar is being resurrected to torment the souls of free climbers everywhere. Come and be seduced by the evil joys of the Black Art of aid climbing. Stand in etriers! Bounce test dubious nut placements! Hang from manky bat hooks! Horrify your friends and family! Take part in an activity that is sure to discourage even the most tenacious insurance salesman!

Instructor Ken Johnson (fresh from failure on El Cap) and his band of merry men (Michael Frank, Ambrose Bittner, and Jim Prostka) will be your "bad influences".

On a more serious note, the workshop will cover clean (hammerless) aid techniques and equipment. Advanced nut placements, testing, hanging belays, hauling, cleaning, and following will be covered. These skills can be added to your 'bag of tricks' and will increase your ability to place clean protection.

There will be an evening seminar on Thursday, January 13th (location TBD) and the workshop will be at Index on Sunday, January 16th. Participants must have had some exposure to setting up anchors and fifth class rock climbing. To register, or ask questions, call Ken Johnson at 342-8581.

January 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						New Year's Day  1
2	BOEING Holiday 3	4	5	General Meeting 6	7	Park Service Forum on "Pay for Rescue" 8
9	10	11	12	AID CLIMBING- SEMINAR 13	14	X-Country Skiing 15
AID CLIMBING- WORKSHOP 16	BOEALP MOFA M.L. King Jr. Day 17	18	BOEALP MOFA 19	ECHO Deadline 20	21	22
23	BOEALP MOFA 24	25	BOEALP MOFA 26	27	28	29
30	BOEALP MOFA 31					

February 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			BOEALP MOFA	General Meeting		
		1	2	3	4	5
6	BOEALP MOFA 7	8	BOEALP MOFA 9	10	Anderson Lodge 11	Anderson Lodge Paradise IV 12
Anderson Lodge Paradise IV 13	Valentine's Day  14	15	16	ECHO Deadline 17	18	19
20	President's Day Avalanche Awareness 21	BOEALP MOFA Avalanche Awareness 22	23	BOEALP MOFA 24	25	26
Avalanche Awareness 27	28					

ACTIVITIES

DECEMBER 29 THRU JANUARY 3 WINTER RIDES AT WHITE RIVER

WINTERIZE THAT BIKE AND FORTIFY THAT HOLIDAY-SOFTENED BODY WITH A FEW VIGOROUS RIDES TO VARIOUS DESTINATIONS ON THE WHITE RIVER RANGER DISTRICT. PARTY INTERESTS WILL DETERMINE EACH DAY'S OBJECTIVE, AND GIVEN EXCEPTIONAL WEATHER, MORE DISTANT TRIPS TO THE CAPITOL FOREST OR OLYMPIC PENINSULA MAY BE POSSIBLE. PLEASE CALL THE NIGHT BEFORE FOR EACH DAY'S ITINERARY.

LIZARD @ 255-4754

JANUARY 15, SATURDAY CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING, AMBILIS MTN.

SKI TO THE SUMMIT OF 4554 FOOT AMBILIS MOUNTAIN ON A WIDE, WELL GRADED LOGGING ROAD. NEAR THE TOP IS A ONE AND A HALF MILES OF RIDGE WITH OPEN VIEWS OF KACHESS AND KEECHELUS LAKES, STAMPEDED PASS, MT. CATHERINE, SILVER PEAK, AND ABOVE ALL MT. RAINIER. THE ELEVATION GAIN IS 2154 FEET, SKILL LEVEL IS INTERMEDIATE, AND THE TOTAL DISTANCE IS 8 MILES. AMBILIUS MOUNTAIN IS LOCATED 10.3 MILES EAST OF SNOQUALMIE PASS AT THE CABIN CREEK EXIT #63.

AL BAAL (W) 342-3047 (H) 781-2382

JANUARY 23, SUNDAY SKI COMMONWEALTH BASIN!

EASY DAY TRIP, SKI INTO THE BASIN, POSSIBLY CLIMB RED MOUNTAIN, PLAY IN THE SNOW AND JUST HAVE SOME FUN!

DAN GOERING (W) 342-3815 (H) 364-6783

JAN/FEB WHEN WEATHER AND CONDITIONS ALLOW MT. RAINIER - WINTER CLIMB; MUIR/GIBBALTAR LEDGE

MUST HAVE PREVIOUS RAINIER ASCENTS AND SEVERAL YEARS OF ALPINE CLIMBING EXPERIENCE. OBVIOUSLY, MUST BE EQUIPED FOR LOW TEMPERATURE CLIMBING. NEED FLEXIBLE SCHEDULE BECAUSE DATES OF CLIMB WILL VARY TO SUIT WEATHER AND SNOW CONDITIONS.

RON WILKINSON (W) 284-1181 (H) 391-1337

FEBRUARY 11-13, FRIDAY-SUNDAY XC SKIING AND CLIMB, MT. ST. HELENS. ANDERSON LODGE

COST: \$55.00 FOR ADULTS, \$45.00 FOR CHILDREN. INCLUDES 2 NIGHTS LODGING AND 5 MEALS.

ELDEN ALTIZER (W) ~~234-1733~~ (H) ~~IN-TRANSIT~~ 643-5175
342-0157

(see other blurb later in this ECHO)

FEBRUARY 12-13
PARADISE IV. WINTER CAMPING IN PARADISE

A SHORT HIKE UPHILL FROM PARADISE TO GET AWAY FROM THE CIVILIANS, THEN DO AS YOU PLEASE! ACTIVITIES CAN INCLUDE SNOWCAVING, IGLOO CONSTRUCTION (BOTH OPTIONAL, BUT A CHANCE TO LEARN BY DOING), SKIING, CLIMBING, SNOWSHOEING, SLEDDING, OR JUST SITTING AROUND ENJOYING THE SUN. BOEALPS MAY BRING NOVICES BUT MUST BE RESPONSIBLE TO EQUIP THEM AND INSURE THEIR SAFETY. GREAT FAMILY EVENT. LIMIT 24. HOW MANY GANGRENE VETERANS WILL RETURN THIS YEAR?

JEFF STONEBRAKER (W) 342-0898 (H) 347-4852

COMING THIS SPRING!
THE ASCENT OF IBAPAH PEAK

SOUTH OF THE DESERT BOMBING RANGE; WEST OF DUGWAY PROVING GROUND; AND ADJACENT TO THE GOSHUTE INDIAN RESERVATION SITS THE HIGHEST, MOST ISOLATED BLM PEAK IN AMERICA.

THE 12,087 FOOT IBAPAH PEAK IS A RUGGED, WELL DEFENDED DESERT MOUNTAIN HIDDEN DEEP IN THE DRY CREEK RANGE OF WESTERN UTAH. SINCE THE TRAILLESS DRY CREEKS ARE MORE THAN 100 MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWNS OF ELY AND WENDOVER, NEVADA; CAPABLE 4X4 SUPPORT, SIEGE CLIMBING AND OTHER EXPEDITION-STYLE TACTICS MAY BE REQUIRED.

IF AN EXPEDITIONARY MOUNTAIN BIKE ADVENTURE TO A VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN PEAK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE DESERT SOUNDS APPEALING, OR IF THE SEARCH FOR THE WELL PRESERVED REMAINS OF A 120 YEAR OLD HELIOGRAPH STATION EXCITES YOUR IMAGINATION; RESERVE A WEEK OR TWO NEXT SPRING AND SIGN ON FOR IBAPAH!

EDUCATIONAL

JANUARY/FEBRUARY
TELEMARK SKIING

(SKI ACRES)
I AM WILLING TO TEACH TELEMARK SKIING AT SNOQUALMIE PASS ~~TUESDAY OR~~ WEDNESDAY EVENINGS IN JANUARY OR FEBRUARY IF THERE IS ENOUGH INTEREST. MEET NORTH OF THE LODGE AT 6:00 PM. DISCOUNT LIFT TIX AVAILABLE AT X-COUNTRY SKI CENTER.
MAX LIMB (W) 451-1145 (H) 827-5934

MID JANUARY - FEBRUARY
BOEALP MOFA

CLASSES: MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS FROM JANUARY 17TH THRU FEBRUARY 9TH 6:30-9:30 PM AT THE CUSTOMER SERVICE CENTER CAFETERIA BUILDING 11-14, AROUND BACK, JUST SOUTH OF THE DEVELOPMENT CENTER. OPTIONAL SOCIAL HOUR AT THE ANNEX TAVERN AFTERWARDS.
FINAL: CAMP LONG FEBRUARY 22, 24 6:00-9:30 PM

MAX CLASS SIZE IS 16 STUDENTS AND THEY MUST ATTEND ALL SESSIONS.

COST: \$43.60

SEND NAME, PHONE NUMBERS, MAIL STOP, AND A CHECK PAYABLE TO THE BOEALPS TO:

CHRIS RUDESILL M/S 33-UE (W) 237-9963 (H) 244-6589

FEBRUARY 21, 22 AND 27, MONDAY, TUESDAY AND SUNDAY
AVALANCHE AWARENESS SEMINAR

10 PEOPLE MINIMUM, \$100.00 PER PERSON (GOES DOWN WITH MORE PEOPLE)
PLUS A BOOK PURCHASE.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY 5:30-10:30 PM, ALL DAY SUNDAY.

RISE RENSI (W) 223-3025 (H) 767-7285

AND OTHER STUFF

MT. HOOD, TIMBERLINE LODGE

THIS WAS A SUGGESTION, BUT I STILL NEED A VOLUNTEER TO LEAD THE TRIP. I WILL HELP ORGANIZE AND MAKE THE RESERVATIONS FOR THE ROOMS AT THE LODGE. CONTACT ME IF YOU ARE INTERESTED. I ALSO NEED IDEAS FOR DATES. PLEASE PLAN AHEAD SO I CAN GET THE LARGE CLIMBERS ROOM TO REDUCE COST.

JUNE CAMPOUT

CAMPSITE RESERVATIONS STARTS FEBRUARY 1ST. I WOULD LIKE SUGGESTIONS ON SITES AND DATES.

ENCHANTMENT OUTING

I AM PLANNING A WEEK TRIP INTO THE ENCHANTMENTS SOMETIME IN AUGUST. MAX PARTY SIZE IS 8. RESERVATIONS FOR PERMITS STARTS FEBRUARY 25 AND \$1.00 PER DAY PER PERSON (SO FOR THE WEEK, \$9.00 PER PERSON) WHICH IS NON REFUNDABLE.

COMPUTER BULLETIN BOARD

THIS WAS A SUGGESTION FROM A MEMBER TO HELP FACILITATE PLANNING OF OUTINGS. THIS IS POSSIBLE, BUT NOT ON THE BOEING NETWORK. THE BOEING COMPUTER CLUB HAS THE HARDWARE AND SOFTWARE AND IS WILLING SET UP ONE FOR US IF THERE IS ENOUGH INTEREST, BUT YOU WOULD HAVE TO LOG ON FROM HOME ON YOUR OWN PC. CONTACT ME IF YOU ARE INTERESTED.

THANX,
ERIC

INDEX TOWN WALL ENTERS THE WASHINGTON STATE PARK SYSTEM

Washington State Parks has officially acquired 1200 acres on the north side of the Skykomish River around the town of Index. This includes the Upper Town Wall, but not the Lower Town Wall. A meeting was held December 6th with State Parks Scenic River Manager Steve Starlund. The Mountaineers, Boealps, American Alpine Club and the Access Fund attended. Steve Starlund was soliciting information from the users as to what they wanted at Index from State Parks. The major points were: A policy statement was presented to State Parks advocating a status quo regarding climbing management, facilities were discussed (trails, parking, sanitation), the acquisition of the private land was encouraged and state parks will investigate (currently all of the lower town wall is on private property), and the incompatibility of the Robbins Company boring tests. The building of facilities is going to depend on the future status of the Lower Town Wall. This area needs to be incorporated into the public access area. Steve Swenson of the AAC will be working on a letter to State Parks detailing why the Robbins Company activity is not compatible with the proposed recreational activities of climbing and hiking. Finally, State Parks was open to the formation of a climbers advisory board to provide guidance on management and facility decisions.

State Parks will be meeting with interested climbers at the Index Town Wall site on Feb. 5, 10 AM, for a walk through of the site. All interested parties are encouraged to attend.

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE FORUM ON PAY FOR RESCUE

January 8, 1994 from 12-4 pm

University Christian Church, 4731 15th Ave NE, Seattle

The Access Fund, with the Mountaineers and other local climbing clubs, is sponsoring a Pacific Northwest Regional Forum on the issue of pay for rescue. The goal of the forum is threefold:

1. The National Park Service will present their proposal to the climbing community directly. Attending will be the Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Policy, Management, and Budget, Bonnie Cohen; Chief Ranger for Ranger Activities, Jim Brady; and the Superintendents from Denali and Mt. Rainier.
2. To allow feedback to the NPS regarding this issue. A policy decision may be reached by the end of January!
3. To form an informational network in the climbing community regarding this subject.

This issue has the potential to impact climbing in the Pacific Northwest and Alaska more than any other region. This is a complex issue with many aspects. The meeting will be a roundtable discussion, with questions and answers following the discussion. Come hear the facts and share your thoughts with the decision makers!

For more information on this issue or other climbing access issues, contact Elden Altizer at 643-5175 or by mail at 5639 126th Ave SE, Bellevue WA 98006

CONSERVATION COMPASS *By :Paul Pyscher Hm. 244-6589*

Hey, hows it goin' hope you are getting ready for a great Christmas, I sure am. Before we go off partying for the holidays there are a few issues to report on. Remember that there is only so much room in the Echo and if you want to know more please contact me, the more you get involved with many of these things, the better.

Climbing insurance, AKA Pay for rescue. First some facts.

Government agencies like the National Parks Service (NPS) are being pressured to reduce their budgets. This action resulted in the current effort to recoup costs within the park for search and rescue. Climbers in particular have been singled out to bear the cost of whatever the NPS decides to implement. No other group of people who use the parks have been mentioned to pay, however people engaged in "high risk" activities would presumably pay. We do not know yet what this implementation will entail, but it was decided that Denali would be the easiest place to start. Remember that Mt. Rainier will likely follow what Denali does. **Some bullet facts.....**

- The average yearly cost of rescue at Denali from the past 10 years was \$75,480.
- In the past 4 years 87% of those rescued at Denali were not American - Non Tax payers!
- Mt. Rainiers' most expensive rescue year was 1992 at \$60,000.
- In 1992 climbers accounted for only 7% of Park service rescues.

Questions.

- How much will the bureaucracy cost to run this rescue service?
- Should the government be in the rescue business? I didn't vote for it.
- Will pay for rescue discourage self reliance?

Now my personal view. I think that climbers are being singled out because we are an easy target, society at large thinks we're crazy and don't belong up there anyway. I don't expect much public outcry. This is discrimination and we're getting railroaded. This action comes from the department of the Interior, the agency that handles the Bureau of Indian affairs. The tactic is make a plan, implement it, then ask for public opinion so they can say they asked.

The next issue is the effort to make the Index town wall a state park. Much of the Index climbing area is on private land, it can be made inaccessible if the owners so choose. There is private use of the area now for testing boring machines. Some of the goals of this effort include.

- Protect the cliffs from destruction or development.
- Improve parking.
- Install pit toilets.
- Redirect activities above upper town wall for safety reasons.
- Manage area with local people per climbing ethics.

It is nice to see that both of these issues are being worked on by people from many organizations within the climbing community. A lot of effort is being put out to protect our interests I'd like to say thanks.

Ho - ho - ho don't crash in the snow !!!!

THE BOEALPS INTERVIEW

featuring

Dan Goering, BoeAlps president

The place: the Orchid (in Everett), home of tantalizing Thai food

The date: Tuesday evening, Dec. 7

The commute: ugly, nasty, despicable, like any trip on I-5 on a rainy evening

The libations/food: Singha, a fine Thai beer/vegetable curry n' ginger beef

The interviewee: a bit pale, suffering from a mild case of Too Much Overtime and Too Little Climbing

The purpose: believe it or not, to continue to fill up desperate voids in the Echo

Dan Goering was elected president in one of the closest BoeAlps elections in modern history just three months ago. His well-financed and organized National Expedition Party was instrumental in helping Dan gain this coveted position, though his campaign was clearly enhanced by continuous media blitzes and significant mud-slinging. The following provides an insight into what makes this unusual aeronautical engineer/climber/BoeAlps president tick.

Q. First of all, happy Pearl Harbor day. Second of all, how is your last name pronounced (for the phonetically-correct BoeAlper)?

A. Americanized, "Gear-ing," like "gear" and "ring," but if you really want to be German, it's like "Gur-ing" ...with the umlaut over the "o"...

Q. I don't really want to be German. How often have you had your name mispronounced?

A. "Gore-ing" is the most common ...some people get it right..

Q. Dan, where are you originally from? It's Illinois, isn't it?

A. Ames, Iowa is where I was born, but I only lived there six months, so I don't remember much (quite understandable) ...I grew up in Missouri, through sixth grade, and Illinois seventh grade on.

Q. When did you move to the Seattle area?

A. 1989.

Q. And where did you do to school?

A. Illinois for a bachelor's (in aeronautical engineering) and my master's from Michigan.

Q. What brought you out to the Seattle area?

A. (Dan searches the heavens with his eyes for the proper words to adequately describe the magic of the Cascades mountains, the lure of the Olympic rain forests, perhaps the thrill that the thriving artistic community in Seattle provides, and responds:)a job at Boeing.....I landed a summer job out here my junior year in college, and worked for Boeing that summer, did a lot of hiking, and I knew I'd like the area then...because in Illinois...have you ever been through there? (I respond that I'm from Kentucky, that I know the pain and woe of flat, endless tobacco fields)...Illinois, east central Illinois particularly...is bulldozed by glaciers...and after hiking around Mt. Rainier, I thought, "hey, that's got to be a nice place to go back to!" But of course I was here in the summer when the weather was good too, it was very appealing (history may have changed if Mr. Goering had visited this state in the summer of 1993)...I kind of decided I didn't want to work in the defense area, fighter planes and bombs and things, spending your whole life designing things you hope never have to be used...so, what does that leave? Boeing, or McDonnell Douglas, which would have been a bad choice, as it turns out.

Q. How many brothers and sisters do you have?

A. Two sisters.

Q. And do they live out here?

A. No, one lives in Boulder, Colorado, working on a Ph.D., literally, a Doctorate in Philosophy (I remark that this particular course of study is pretty unusual in this day and age - I mean, who gets paid to ponder?)...what's even stranger is that she's known around the department as the "hot tub party queen..." (ah, pondering hot tub parties) actually, I should be careful saying these things, but that's alright.

Q. (another round of Singha's and we continue) Where does the other sister live?

A. She lives up south of Chicago, works for the Tribune, she's a reporter...

Q. And what is your dad a professor of?

A. Agricultural engineering...(plenty of that in Illinois)

Q. So from an agricultural engineering professor is born an aeronautical engineer, a journalist, and a philosopher...

A. Who is the rebel in the family, can you guess?

Q. Actually, I think you're all orphans...what first got you interested in climbing (after all, at Dan's estimated height of 6'5", he probably is the tallest natural formation in Illinois)?

A...even as a young kid, I always had this urge to look up and go,"wow, I wonder what's up there!" which occasionally got me into trouble... I used to be in 4H and we went on some river campout and there were some sandstone bloughs up there, and went, "Hey, I wonder what's up there!" and I scrambled up there and was running along the top, checking everything out and had to get down and went "Oh, my God..." trying to figure out where I came up...the typical story is that I went up hiking on Mt. Baker, the same route the Basic Class takes for its graduation climb, and it was summertime... I had a friend along, and so we went hiking up there, and we kept going and going, and I said,"Yeah, let's see what's up there!" And so we hit the glacier and we went, "Well, we probably shouldn't go on this and we could probably get into real trouble...but I really hate to stop here..." And that's what got me into climbing, I guess.

Q. What got you first interested in BoeAlps, a friend or someone you worked with?

A. I don't really remember...I think somebody I knew told me about it.

Q. So you took the Basic Class in...

A. 1991...I was thinking about taking it in '90, but I just missed the announcement and just didn't realize how quick it started.

Q. What team were you on in '91? Were there any famous, or more likely, infamous members of that team?

A. The Red Team...Aggie might be infamous, Rich Christie is kind of infamous in his own way... he's quite a character, a lot of fun.

Q. Did you hold any positions in the board previously? I mean, that's a pretty quick move from taking the class in '91 to being the president in September this year?

A. Yeah, I think that sometimes too...I ran Programs for two years before that...right after I took the class...I had the summer of my life after the Basic Class, and the crew I was in, we were out late every week night...I think I slept halfway through the work week in that summer...but I had a good time and I met so many good people and figured, hey, I want to stay involved, so I figured it would be nice to put a little back in.

Q. Did it surprise you that you were elected president?

A. (after a nice, long cackle) Well, they could have thrown me out, I guess...but then, who would have done the job, right? (even more cackles, followed by the silence of sobering reality)

Q. Do you have any specific goals or plans for your tenure as president? A year goes by pretty quick, as we all know...is there one change or one improvement you'd like to see before you leave your position in September '94?

A. The question comes up when you have 400 members and maybe 50 or 60 who regularly show up for things or less, are the rest of the people not satisfied with what's offered or are they happy just getting the Echo... and doing their own thing, and I think the conclusion we came up with is that, yeah, that's what people are happy with...

overall, I don't think the club needs a whole lot of change. One thing I'd kind of like to see is tying in some of the older generation to the newer generation; it seems like each generation of the Basic Class knows their people and maybe a year on either side, but there is not a lot of overlap...after helping out with the Basic Class the last two years, you kind of keep in touch with the newer classes coming through, so you meet some new people...I'm certainly not in touch with some of the older generation climbers, but some of them I've gotten to know (the waiter asks us if everything is o.k., since Dan and I are having three-star and four-star dishes, respectively) ... as you get older, you probably keep climbing with the people that you've been climbing with.

Q. I think there's something about familiarity breeds contentment...

A. (pause) I thought that it breeds contempt.

Q. O.K., so maybe it does. Uh, how do you feel like things have gone so far in the first two months as president?

A. Well, October went by without me hardly seeing it...we were working 14-hour days and weekends, and it's like, October is just gone...in some ways, I don't really feel like I've been doing anything, just the bare minimum to get by...

Q. For the work-intrigued BoeAlper, you're working on the 767 freighter?

A. ERY. We're not a launch program yet... the 767 flies a majority of trans-Atlantic now, and the history behind that is when they first started trans-Atlantic, it was mostly 747 from like, New York to London, the big cities...and then 767 came along, and when they got ETOPS, it was small and economical enough to fly, you know, Dallas to Amsterdam or wherever else, and so the market started to fracture...(please read the [Boeing News](#) for more in-depth coverage)

Q. You are specifically doing wind tunnel testing on this model?

A. Well, wing design and wind tunnel testing, right.

Q. I take it your work area is not the proverbial Boeing coffee 'n donut office environment; I mean, you guys are actually "working"?

A. We've been way too busy the last month for my liking...but I've been real lucky, I mean, since I've been out here, I really haven't had to work any overtime, per se, until now.

Q. So this makes it about four and a half years you've been at Boeing?

A. Yeah, that's about right.

Q. What did you like best about the Basic Class when you took it?

A. I think winter camping, snow camping, was an eye opener, because I'd been out camping before in the summertime...and I figured, "winter camping," that sounds kind of cold and wet and miserable...what amazed me is that I went through the first overnighter in the Basic Class and had pretty pissy weather, but you know, I stayed warm and dry and I had a good pair of gaiters (the interviewer later found out Dan's original set of gaiters were secured from a BoeAlps auction; later, during an ice axe arrest practice, they packed up and broke and filled his boots with snow. The next day, he went out and bought a real pair of gaiters)...

Q. Is there any kind of new group outing or activity that you'd like to see within the next year?

A. Nothing specifically...it would be nice to see a few more people volunteering to lead some trips...I've heard some complaints in the past that there's not enough activities, but you need people to lead things.

Q. Do you have any memorable climbs?

A. Going up Mt. Thompson, West Ridge, this summer, was just a fantastic time. You may have read the write-up in the same issue...the weather was perfect, you couldn't ask for better weather...I had a good time getting out with Dave Stephens and Dave Creeden, they're a lot of fun, and Steve Edgar, who I just started climbing with last winter...

Q. (o.k., enough avoiding "the question") Why do you climb?

A. I knew you were going to ask that...I'm not sure I know exactly right now ... I think a lot of it basically comes down to just liking to find out what's out there, the exploration factor of it...and in some ways after

the Basic Class you get out, you gotta read the guide book and know just which way to go every turn, and know the route all the way up, and that removed some of that exploration, and I found out in some ways that disturbed me a little bit, that enjoyment side of it was maybe diminished by doing so much research. I guess that's why people like first ascents...first ascents nowadays are usually a different route on a mountain that's already been done. To have been there back in the '40s or '50s when there's all these peaks out there that haven't been climbed, and in some ways, you really had to be a hard-core guy...we go out on a weekend and get up something and come back down and we're home...and they might spend a whole summer getting into someplace...

Q. When you tell people from work or family what you do, are you typically greeted with blank stares as if to question your mental state?

A. My little sister has started doing a little rock climbing up in Boulder...my parents haven't said anything yet...but I don't know they know exactly...I'm going to show them some slides this Christmas (and then Dan can get the blank stares from his parents who will watch the slides silently and wonder just where they went wrong...)

Q. Last question: what do you want for Christmas?

A. My two front teeth...actually, a pair of snowshoes...(Dan's birthday is July 30, for the gift-minded BoeAlper who might want to give the gift the keeps on giving a few months early),...

That concludes the interview; though I didn't include it here, we talked extensively about the Nightmare on Outer Space climb. For significant details, consult Chris Rudesill or your BoeAlps president.

Until next year, party over the holidays so you can come up with some good reasons to make New Year's resolutions. And drive safely.

Respectfully,

Len Kannapell 12/14/93

Big 4 snow-campout. January 15 - 16 1994

Join us on the 2nd annual winter excursion to Big four mountain.

We will ski, snowshoe, airlift, what ever it takes to get back in the woods near Big four (back on the mountain loop hwy past Granite falls). Plans are to bring lots of fire logs , hike around, climb if possible (last year the avalanches kept us clear of Big four) and just have a good time doing whatever you like to do.

Unlimited group size and good trip for those of us that don't feel Bonzai all the time. Be prepared for possible moisture.

Call Paul Pyscher ('93' Green team instructor) Hm 244-6589 wk 234-4715.

Stolen Christmas

Long ago, in early December
It was my job, as I remember
To find the Christmas tree and base
Which later fueled the fireplace

Whether it be cedar, spruce, or pine
I sought majestic trees sublime
And trudged myself through fallen snow
The winter's evening rusty glow

So long I searched, on our six acres
Yet nothing pleased this decorator
This pine too bare, this spruce too small
This cedar engaging - but 20 feet tall

So a creek I crossed and a fence I climbed
A 1/2 mile past our property line
At McCulloch's pond, which began to freeze
I stopped before the masterpiece

A cedar full, so noble in span
How immaculate stood this contraban
I looked to my left and then to my right
And cut the tree quickly with no one in sight

Five years ago Christmas, a similar battle
Paul Conway and I, driving rain in Seattle,
Were searching an unknown farm for a tree
I figured the best things in life were for free

Len Kannapell 11/11/93

ICE CLIMBING SEMINAR, JULY 25-26

INSTRUCTORS: ERIC INGALSBE, PETE ALLEN, DAVE LARSON, SHAWN PARE

STUDENTS: PAM KAISER, JANET OLIVER, VICTOR YAGI, ROLAND MUELLER,
TIM JACKSON, ANDREW SNOEY, JEFF ARNOLD, GLENN ROBERTS

ONE WEEKDAY EVENING PRIOR TO THE OUTING WE MET AT THE OXBOW TO
REVIEW WHAT WE WERE TO BE LEARNING AND PRACTICING OVER THE WEEKEND
AND WHAT WE WERE EXPECTED TO HAVE READ IN FREEDOM OF THE HILLS.
WE ALSO MADE CAR-POOLING, CAMPING, AND GROUP GEAR ARRANGEMENTS.

WE MET AT THE TRAILHEAD AT 8:00 AND LOADED OUR ALREADY FULL
PACKS WITH MULTITUDES OF ICE CLIMBING TOOLS. WE THEN MOVED STEADILY
UP TO CAMP WITH ONLY TWO SWIFTLY FLOWING STREAMS SLOWING OUR
PROGRESS.

AFTER QUICKLY SETTING UP CAMP, WE HEADED OFF FOR OUR
FIRST LESSON IN ICE CLIMBING: APPROACHING THE CLIMB SAFELY. WE
HIKED UPHILL FOR APPROXIMATELY 1/2 MILE AND THEN DESCENDED A
MESS OF LOOSE ROCK AND HARD, SLIPPERY ICE TO REACH THE COLEMAN
GLACIER. WE PUT ON OUR CRAMPONS AND ROPED UP FOR OUR TRAVERSE
ACROSS THE GLACIER. I HAD NEVER BEEN ON A GLACIER THAT WASN'T
STILL AT LEAST PARTIALLY COVERED WITH SNOW. IT WAS A REALLY
UNIQUE EXPERIENCE TO STEP OVER CREVASSES FILLED WITH RUNNING
WATER AND TO WALK ALONG SUCH BROKEN UP TERRAIN. WHICH LEADS TO
THE SECOND ICE CLIMBING LESSON: MAKE SURE THAT YOUR CRAMPONS FIT
YOUR BOOTS BEFORE YOU LEAVE HOME (ALSO KNOWN AS "SO THAT'S WHAT
THOSE LITTLE METAL PIECES THAT CAME WITH MY CRAMPONS ARE FOR").
I HAD PLACED MY PLASTIC RENTAL BOOTS IN MY CRAMPONS AT HOME TO
CHECK THE FIT, BUT HAD FAILED TO REALIZE THAT THE HEEL WIDTH WAS
NARROWER THAN MY LEATHER BOOTS. THIS DISCREPANCY IN FIT CAUSED ME
TO START SLIDING OUT THE BACK OF MY CRAMPONS AS WE WALKED ACROSS
THE HARD GLACIAL ICE. IF I HAD ONLY PUT THE METAL BAILS ON MY
CRAMPONS, WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO KEEP STOPPING FOR ME TO MAKE
ADJUSTMENTS.

WE FINALLY ALL ARRIVED AT OUR PRACTICE AREA. DAVE AND SHAWN WENT
OFF TO SET UP SOME TOP ROPES WHILE ERIC AND PETE TAUGHT US THE
THIRD LESSON IN ICE CLIMBING: FOOT AND ICE AXE PLACEMENT. WE
ICE AXES PRACTICING CLIMBING AND DESCENDING USING THE FRENCH
TECHNIQUE (FLAT-FOOTING). ONCE WE WERE COMFORTABLE, WE PICKED UP
OUR ICE AXES AND BEGAN PRACTICING DIFFERENT WAYS TO HOLD THE AXE
WHILE TRAVERSING ICY SLOPES. WE LEARNED PIOLET CANNE, PIOLET
RAMASSE, PIOLET ANGRE. WE ALSO LEARNED TO DESCEND USING PIOLET
RAMPE (MY PERSONAL FAVORITE). WHILE WE WERE WORKING ON OUR ICE
SKILLS, WE HEARD A VERY LOUD SOUND (SOMEWHAT LIKE A WHOOMP). A
SECTION OF THE GLACIER ABOVE US THAT WAS OVERHANGING HAD BROKEN
OFF AND DROPPED ABOUT 60 FEET. IT WAS A NOT-SO-SUBTLE REMINDER
OF THE INHERENT DANGER OF GLACIER TRAVEL. WE THEN MOVED TO A
SLIGHTLY STEEPER SECTION TO PRACTICE GERMAN TECHNIQUE (FRONT-
POINTING) AND ASSOCIATED ICE AXE POSITIONS (PIOLET PANNE, PIOLET
POIGNARD, PIOLET ANGRE, PIOLET TRACTION).

NOW THAT WE HAD BEEN EXPOSED TO THE BASICS, WE WERE READY TO TRY THE STEEP STUFF (AT LEAST IT SEEMED STEEP TO US). USING THE TOP ROPES PLACED BY DAVE AND SHAWN, WE ALL HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO PUT TOGETHER EVERYTHING THAT WE HAD LEARNED IN ADDITION TO TRYING OUT DIFFERENT ICE TOOLS. AFTER A FEW TRYS, WE ROPED UP AND HEADED BACK ACROSS THE GLACIER TO CAMP.

SUNDAY MORNING WE HEADED BACK UP TO THE SAME PRACTICE AREA. THIS TIME WE ALL HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO CLIMB USING TWO TOOLS. NOW WE TRIED SUCH EXOTIC MANEUVERS AS PIED TROISIEME AND PIOLET TRACTION WITH TWO TOOLS. ERIC GAVE A DEMONSTATION ON ICE SCREW PLACEMENT AND BELAY ANCHORS AND WE LEARNED SOME OF THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN TYPES OF ICE SCREWS AND IN HOW TO PLACE THEM. FINALLY, WE ALL HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO LEAD CLIMB AND UTILIZE RUNNING BELAYS.

WE RETURNED TO CAMP TIRED, BUT GLAD WE HAD TAKEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN MORE ABOUT CLIMBING. AFTER QUICKLY PACKING UP, WE HEADED BACK ACROSS THE STREAMS WHICH WERE NOW SWOLLEN WITH AFTERNOON MELTOFF. ONCE EVERYONE WAS SAFELY ACROSS, INCLUDING AT LEAST ONE INVOLUNTARY SWIMMER, WE MADE OUR WAY QUICKLY BACK TO THE CARS. LUCKILY FOR US, THE YUPPIE RESTAURANT IN GLACIER STAYED OPEN LATE ENOUGH TO FEED US DINNER.

THE IMPOSSIBLE CLIMB

CLIMBERS: SHAWN PARE AND PAM KAISER

ON NOVEMBER 21, PAM AND I SET OUT TO CLIMB THE HIGHEST POINT IN DELAWARE UNDER DETERIORATING CONDITIONS AND WITH MINIMAL GEAR. WE KNEW WE'D HAVE TO MOVE QUICKLY TO MAKE THE SUMMIT IN DAYLIGHT. THE ASCENT PROVIDED MANY DIFFICULTIES AND SINCE WE HAD NOT BROUGHT A ROPE, WE PROCEEDED CAUTIOUSLY UP THE STEEP BROKEN SLOPES. AS WE NEARED THE SUMMIT, THE SUN SANK LOW AND THE WIND PICKED UP. AT APPROXIMATELY 4:15 PM WE WERE ON THE SUMMIT. WE SPENT ONLY ABOUT 5 MINUTES ON TOP, QUICKLY TAKING A FEW SNAPSHOTS TO PROVE OUR SUCCESS. WE DESCENDED THE SAME ROUTE.

STATISTICS:	SUMMIT ALTITUDE: 448 FT	DISTANCE: 1/2 MILE
	TEMPERATURE: -(-45) F	ALT. GAIN: 20-30 FT
	WIND SPEED: 5 MPH	

DRAGNET: JUST THE BEAR FACTS

Climbers: Dave Creeden, Jack Webb (scribe),

Episode I

Duhn-duhn-duh, duhn-duh-dah-dah, daaaaaah. Duhn-duh, dah, dun-duh-dah-dah-dah. Duhn-duh-dah, duhn-duh-dah-dah-dun. My name is Friday... I mean it was Friday August 20th, 1993. This is the climb: Azurite Peak. I carry a backpack. At 18:45 hours we proceeded on foot patrol at 3 mph in a westerly direction on the Methow River Trail #480, elevation 2720 ft. At 19:30 hours came across a large pile of non-human waste. Jack decided to do a field test to determine its source. Looks like bear scat, smells like bear scat, feels like bear scat, tastes like... x^&eff@*!. Hummmm... must be bear scat.

Continued on patrol in a high state of alert. At 19:48 hours entered tall brush. Encountered a large black omnivore on its hind legs foraging on berries, at a distance of 15 feet. The omnivore proceeded in a southerly direction at a speed of 20+ mph demolishing small trees and brush in its path. Omnivore had no scars or distinguishing marks, was unshaven, brown eyes, large nose, long fingernails, height: over 5 ft, weight: over 200 lbs. Deduced it was a bear and conferred to determine the violations, which included: defecating in public, destroying government property, contravening a breach of the peace, resisting arrest and leaving the scene of a crime. We decided to let the bear off with a verbal warning and a years unconditional probation.

Resumed patrol, blowing our patrol whistles at a frequency of one cycle per 10 seconds, at 1250 decibels. At 20:00 hours arrived at our bivy site, a distance of 3.5 miles on the trail. Elevation gain: 1100 ft. Jack took the first two hour shift of century duty, with his ice axe unsheathed.

Episode II

Duhn-duhn-duh, duhn-duh-dah-dah, daaaaaah. Duhn-duh, dah, dun-duh-dah-dah-dah. Duhn-duh-dah, duhn-duh-dah-dah-dun. Saturday August 21st, 1993. Reveille at 5:30 hours. Consumed cold breakfast and broke camp at 6:15 hours. Weather had deteriorated during the night. Cloud ceiling 8,000 ft, barometric pressure of 2950 mb, ambient air temperature 58 degrees Fahrenheit, wind at 15 mph out of the west, with gusts to 25 mph. Continued patrol on Methow River Trail #480, sounding our whistles at a frequency of one cycle per 10 seconds, at 1,250 decibels. Intersected the Pacific Crest Trail at 8:00 hours, at an elevation of 4,280 ft. Checked for traffic in both directions, then signalled and turned left onto the Pacific Crest Trail. In one mile (4550 ft), performed a futile search for the abandoned Azurite Pass Trail. Instead climbed through tall timber and brush on the north side of Mill Creek, intersecting the Azurite Pass Trail at 5200 ft. Continued on the trail, reaching Azurite Pass at 10:30 hours, elevation 6680 ft, 2.5 miles from the Pacific Crest Trail.

From Azurite Pass climbed talus NE of the pass, avoiding thick heath along the ridge crest, regaining the ridge at approximately 7300 ft. Continued till reaching a minor rib extending westward from the south ridge at 7600 ft. Proceeded through a notch on the rib, then scrambled back to the south ridge crest. Climbed on the south ridge till approximately 8000 ft, then moved onto the west side of the ridge. Traversed numerous gullies and ribs (3 or 4) with loose rock, gradually gaining elevation to 8100 ft. The route to the summit was a hideous gully which narrows and bends to the left, reaching a notch west of the summit (notch is not visible from below). Ascended the loose scree/rock till the gully narrowed, then scrambled out of the gully at the first opportunity via class 3 rock to the right. Climbed the remaining short pitch along the south ridge to summit. Time: 2 hours from Azurite Pass.

Visibility was poor on the summit, so began to descend at 13:00 hours. Re-traced our route, which was uneventful, arriving at the trailhead at 19:15 hours. Total distance: 21 miles. Elevation gain: 5680 ft.

The story you have read is true. The names have been changed to protect the innocent.

BASIC CLIMBING CLASS 1994

The Basic Climbing Class will be held from March 2 to June 8. Orientation will be held on February 23 at 7:00 p.m. at the Customer Service Building #11-14 in the cafeteria.

If you would like to instruct for this year's class and did not instruct for the 1993 class, contact Janet Oliver at 271-7911. Everyone who instructed last year will receive a commitment form by the 3rd weekend in January. If you have never instructed for the Basic Climbing Class and would like to, contact Janet to receive information and an application. MOFA and a commitment to 50% of the class's outings is required for all new instructors. Please leave a message if you don't reach Janet directly as to who you are and where to send any information. It is necessary to know how many instructors there will be for this year's class before February 23 so don't delay.

Jack Leicester is the class's coordinator in charge of promotion. If you would like to help put posters up or help on orientation night, etc. contact Jack at 655-1596.

Written by Janet Oliver

A Picket Adventure

At the end of another pleasant summer day, I arrived home from work to learn a stranger had called me for information about the Picket Range. As an inquisitive fellow who enjoys meeting new people, especially ones who share my interests, I felt compelled to return the call. As I began talking with Tom Degenhardt, a fantastic (at least for me) story began to unfold. Tom's brother had just taken a job in Portland and, being a mountain climber, he had happened to buy the three Beckey guides to the Cascades. During a family get-together, Tom was perusing the guidebooks, being a recreational rock climber and backpacker himself, and was excited to find a Mt. Degenhardt in the North Cascades. Further reading informed him that it was first climbed on August 7, 1931, almost sixty years before. What an interesting trip it would make for me, my brother, and my son to climb it on the sixtieth anniversary, he immediately thought.

The approach appeared trailless, so Tom began researching how this peak might be ascended. His first call was to REI, the mecca of outdoor recreationalists, and learning that even though they "walk their talk," their knowledge of the Picket range was thin. He was referred to Marmot, the real mountain climbers' shop, with similar results. They, however, suggested he talk to one of their sometime employees, who also was a North Cascades Guide, Jim Nelson. Upon hearing of the objective, Jim oddly passed up the potential client fees, and told Tom to speak with the "man who knows the Pickets better than anyone," none other than your author. After that ego building introduction, how could I refuse Tom any information he desired.

When he asked whether I did any guiding, though, I considered hanging up, but I maintained my composure and answered in the negative. I told him the approach up the Barrier that Beckey describes from Joan Firey's information is really quite simple when broken into its component pieces rather than considered in total. I described in great detail each section of the Barrier route, and Tom dutifully recorded every word. He asked if I would like to join his historic trip, if not guide it. I declined due to a prior commitment to a climb of Mt. Rainier with my enthusiastic, but inexperienced neighbors soon to turn forty.

When, however, that trip was cancelled, and a brief conversation with another friend who had just returned from a Picket traverse indicated that late winter snows had left the glaciers quite smooth for August, a new plan began to grow in my gray matter. The conditions for the Degenhardt Glacier, a climbing goal of mine for fourteen years, might just be perfect this season! And to do it on the sixtieth anniversary of the first ascent, how fascinating! Now to find a partner for my rope -- it would have to be someone with a high energy level and little knowledge of the Barrier approach -- Sam Grubenhoff, my partner from the Fairweather Range, was the perfect choice. Sam had high energy, youth, strength, no experience in the Pickets, and an uncanny fortune for good weather, too. A call to Sam with the idea brought an assenting grunt, but skepticism about the Cascade capabilities of a 48 year old Californian and his teenage son.

Several phone conversations occurred over the next month as Tom's (and my) excitement rose. We went over his equipment list carefully to keep the old enemy, Mr. Weight, at bay, and I sent him a copy of the 1931 Mountaineer Annual article describing Herb Strandberg and Bill Degenhardt's pioneering week in the Southern Pickets. He proudly reported he had been climbing 5.8 and 5.9 routes in Touloumne in preparation; I responded that the normal route on Degenhardt is third class and suggested he work on backpacking endurance instead. He planned to rent a car at the airport, but I kindly offered the Grubenhoff limousine service.

At 10:30 on August 1, Sam met me at my usual food and fuel stop in Lynnwood with Tom, his Yosemite climbing buddy Bill, and his son Nick; work commitments prevented Tom's brother John from making the trip. It was clear to me that Tom might be able to make this climb on enthusiasm alone, no matter what his physical condition was. As he and I rode up to Marblemount together with Sam, Bill, and Nick following, we made the final evaluation of our gear and plans. I let him know that I was not a guide, but that Sam and I would accompany him up the old road and Barrier into Stump Hollow where the way would become obvious for them. He let me know that he had arranged for a helicopter to fly from Seattle on the

sixtieth anniversary date to photograph him on the summit, and then kindly agreed to call that plan off when I noted it would detract from the wilderness experience of others in the area.

In order to minimize pit stop time, I left Tom to order food at Clark's while I drove up to the ranger station to complete the registration formalities. When I returned, lunch was in session; I showed Tom my photo of the Degenhardt Glacier, and he asked Sam what he thought of the route. Sam's reply was "If Silas thinks he can climb it, I'm sure I can." Tom's inquiry about our years of climbing together received the unexpected response that Sam and I had only done one other trip. Carbo-loaded with burgers, fries, and Pepsi, we continued on to Goodell Creek where we stopped for Tom's first view of the objective. When Mt. Degenhardt was pointed out to him, his response was "You mean that one?! I thought it was only this big," indicating a much smaller size with his fingers. I could tell he was already beginning to "work the problem."

A mile up Goodell Creek at the end of the drivable portion of the road, I did the final evaluation of weight, and the lads eliminated a few more ugly pounds from their packs. Off we went up the old road in high spirits and made the end in slightly under twice the normal time. Stump Hollow that night was beginning to look doubtful to me, especially as we continued on into the forest toward Terror Creek. Unfortunately, we failed to find the clean "game trail" and the Californians began to learn the meaning of "brushwacking". After an hour of thrashing, falling, and accidentally grabbing Devil's club, Bill was compelled to complain "I spent three months on the Stairmaster preparing for this trip. Why am I exhausted?" to which Sam had the perfect answer "But you didn't work out on the Brushmaster." We reached Terror Creek at 5:30, and decided continuing on would only result in a waterless camp. This campsite was great: bugless, with a nicely framed view of the McMillan spires and stopping early allowed time for a few cribbage games with dinner.

The next morning, rested and ready to go, we began the steep Barrier climb. Sam found a very clean route after the usual few hundred brushy yards near the creek, and enthusiasm remained high. At our rest stop halfway up, Bill and the Degenhardts debated whether anyone back in Santa Rosa would believe the verticality of our forest hike, while Sam's only opinion of the route was "Looks good." At noon we arrived atop the Barrier, and as Tom stumbled over to look at the map, he exclaimed "I'm not used to such level ground." Since the way beyond was obvious, Sam and I left the others on their own for the next two days while we went on to attempt the Degenhardt Glacier.

Three more hours found us at the base of the Himmelgeist Horn-Ottohorn couloir, and after gaining a few hundred feet in it, Sam voted to move left to the South face of Ottohorn for easier going. Unfortunately some fifth class climbing there slowed us down and by the time we reached the col, we decided to call it a day. Minor excavation created two individual dry bivy sites and we enjoyed our cold dinner and thoughts of the next day's adventure.

We rose with the sun and found that our camp had provided the local inhabitants much needed nourishment on the leather and salt of my climbing boots. After a little emergency first aid on the boots, and some breakfast, we began the descent of the Mustard Glacier and traverse under the North ridge of Mt. Terror. The setting was magnificent, the weather was perfect, and the route went well to the base of the climb in five hours. Because of the late spring snows, the Degenhardt Glacier was fairly unbroken. We walked up to the 'schrund where Sam led eighty feet of rock through a small stream, and then we did running picket belays for five hundred feet of forty five degree snow. A traverse left took us to third class rock, followed by more snow, more rock, and finally a gentle snow slope to the Pyramid/Degenhardt col where we set up camp for another perfect night.

The next morning we made the ascent of Mt. Degenhardt's two hundred foot summit block, and then headed back toward Stump Hollow to check on our friends. We arrived at Stump Col just in time to lunch on the extra food we had left there, and soon were met by Tom, Nick, and Bill cramponing up from their camp for a day hike. Hearing they had tried the Stump yesterday and failed, and seeing they were not moving especially quickly today, we had doubts about their ability to climb Degenhardt tomorrow. They suggested we join them, but a look to the gray skies in the west convinced us to plan for a night in Seattle. Concerned about their comfort level on sleep snow, we showed them how to use the pickets we decided

they might need. After reviewing the route to the top of Degenhardt, we headed out, leaving them my car, and informing them we would come looking if they did not call us within two days.

The next morning was a wet one in Seattle, so I felt sorry for them missing the sixtieth anniversary ascent and hoped I would not have to soon climb the Barrier in rain. The next morning as I was leaving for work, the Marblemount ranger called with the news that the Degenhardts were overdue. A few hours later at work, however, Tom's cheerful phone call let me know they had made the climb and returned to their tent just before the skies opened up. The following day they reversed the Barrier ascent with only one rappel and found a much cleaner route back to the road from Terror Creek. They reached the Log Cabin Inn exhausted and wet just before dark, and after dinner and a hot bath, fell sound asleep.

They returned to Seattle, took their film to a One Hour Photo shop, ran other errands, and then joined us for a celebratory salmon dinner with a Baskin/Robbins ice cream cake for dessert. Stella Degenhardt, wife of the first ascensionist, declined to join us due to illness, but Ken Hunich, the first climber of the Degenhardt Glacier, did arrive and shared his photos from that 1961 trip with us. After dinner I drove the Degenhardts to the airport, and for weeks afterward thought about how quickly they learned a little Cascade mountaineering and how perfectly everything had worked out.

For me the trip was one of the highlights of twenty years in the Northern and Southern Pickets, reaching a long sought goal, making new friendships, and sharing enthusiasm for the jewel of the Cascades. Although there were no arguments, no injuries, no unplanned bivouacs, and nothing epic about the trip, I hope it still makes interesting reading. I know there are lots of similar stories waiting for other Boealpers to write them, and I look forward to finding them in Echos of the near future.

Silas Wild

WANTED: MCKINLEY CLIMBER

Climb Denali --- late May to mid June. West Buttress Route. Group needs one more person and alternates in case someone cannot make it at last minute. I am the only BOEALPS member on the team.

Call: Glenn Roberts
868-8515
868-5055

**XC SKI/CLIMBING TRIP - MT. ST. HELENS - ANDERSON LODGE
FEBRUARY 11-13**

This was a popular trip last winter, 50 Boealpers and family members attended - there was lots of snow! Changes this year - An early breakfast will be provided on Saturday for those wanting to climb, two new cabins available, exhaust hood over the big stove, and cleanup of the lodge will be paid for. Two nights and 5 meals (Sat. breakfast through Sunday lunch). Cost \$55 Adults, \$45 Children. Contact Elden Altizer to signup or for an information letter.
M/S ~~0A-95~~, 342-0157 (w) or 643-5175 (h).

0A-94

Climb : Mt. Bawakaraeng, Sulawesi Selatan, Indonesia
Date : November 7th, 1993
Height : 9000ft

Climbers, Sutrisno, "AC", Tammy and Kevin Wooley (scribe)

Needless to say the most challenging part of this climb is getting to the start. First, there's the problem of getting to the Island of Sulawesi. One of the more economical ways to do this is by taking a temporary job here with the Boeing Company. Other civilized methods would be to fly to Bali and then buy an airline ticket to Ujung Pandang (UJP) from there. In UJP, for the next year or so, you can arrange free accommodations with the Wooleys at Jl. Batu Putih #55, Ujung Pandang, Sulawesi. Telephone 62-411-856011. Its a nice place with hot and cold running water and real toilets. Just call ahead and make reservations (making note of the time differential).

The mountain itself is near the city of Malino. Malino is 70km S/SW of UJP. You can take a small mini-bus but I'd recommend renting a car/jeep and driver to make the trip. Other possibilities would be convincing Kevin to make the trip again. Its a 2 hour trip from UJP. Head up the day before with Sutrisno (climber and driver) taking the wheel and continuing his efforts to teach you the Indonesian language. Luckily he's a very patient person. You can find places to camp around Malino but the hotels run about \$17. This will give you a chance to try a real Indonesian bathroom so its worth every penny (take your own toilet paper or at least soap).

The climb should be done somewhat early to avoid possible afternoon downpours and heat. First challenge is to find your driver (after late he'd been late night partying) and then leave Malino by 4:15am. Drive the 8kms on the road past Malino, naturally noting the pasar (market) to buy fruits etc. on the way back. Take a right hand turn on the dirt road where there's a group of houses/stores. Don't worry about the log "bridges" you'll be driving over, just trust your drivers instincts. When you get to the "Y", with a small fruit stand in the middle, take the left fork. You can hire a guide here but negotiate the price for "tourists" first. This is best done the day before. Get AC out of bed here and start off by 5:00am, flashlights in hand, AC in his rubber boots, Sutrisno in his "dress shoes" and you in your lightweight hiking boots. Later passing a few Indonesians going up in thongs on your way down.

Follow the road and when it opens into a triangle area take the right path. Then continue along this road for a 50 meters or so. Now take a natural left onto the trails between the cabbage and onion fields. In about 1/2km you get to a pine forest. The trail continues through the pine forest and reaches a clear-cut being planted with Eucalyptus trees. You'll run into a shack here which is supposedly "Pos 1". There are 10 Pos. The clear-cut goes for about a km until you finally see Pos 2. You then get into the lovely forest.

Continue climbing on the trail until Sutrisno finally gives out (mentioning that Indonesians need rice for breakfast to be strong) between Pos 6 and 7. Someone (Tammy) should stay there to "protect" Sutrisno. The pace speeds up here. Every now and then you'll think your gaining some distance on AC but later realize he's just stopping to light cigarettes and drink coffee and then catch right up. You reach a "false summit" at 8500ft to great views and open grass/meadows with scrub trees. The trail then drops down about 1000ft and crosses to the main summit. The trail is steep and rocky here but still a trail. One thing to remember is that the Indonesians are shorter than the average American so keep an eye out for low branches on the trail or wear your helmet.

The summit surprisingly came at Pos 10 (the guide may tell you 12). Its the middle summit you see from Malino not the southern most (which looks the highest). There's no summit register but you can write your name on a rock or the tile summit monument like many of the Indonesians have. The summit has nice views. You and the guide can lazily enjoy sharing past climbing stories (in Indonesian) together and compare the climbing here to Pacific NW. It's a limited conversation but I don't think he'll ever be prepared for snow.

Time from the trail head was 3 and 1/2 hours. No protection needed. Mt Bawakaraeng is the tallest mountain in South Sulawesi. Its a good way to get a mountain fix from UJP when one is desperately needed.

Selamat Naik

Buck Creek - Napeequa Valley High Route Sept. 3-6, 1993

Four days were spent in a beautiful and uncrowded area SE of Glacier peak by our intrepid group of trekkers over an extended Labor day weekend. The cast of characters included Dave Gloger, Carol Worthen and Tom Groves (scribe). The route started at Trinity and went up the Buck Creek Pass trail to the pass, then to our first nights camp at High Pass, which is located at the head of the North Fork of the fabled Napeequa river valley. On day two we headed cross country from High Pass to Louis Creek basin, a high pumice filled parkland just SW of Buck Mt. On the way we bagged Mt. Berge. Day three was spent climbing Buck Mt. in the morning, and lounging in the sun in the afternoon. The final day was consumed by an 11 hour death march down to the fabled Napeequa valley, up over Little Giant Pass and back down the other side to the Chiwawa river road. Dave got to top off the day by pedaling a mountain bike 5 miles up the road to Trinity to get our car.

Day 1

The trail from Buck Creek Pass to High Pass was among the most scenic that any of us had been on. Views of Glacier Peak, the Chiwawa mountains and the Clarke range were terrific, not to mention the surrounding meadows that the trail winds through.

Fifteen miles makes for a long day. The only people we saw today were a group of 4 heading out about 5 miles from the trailhead.

Day 2

Slept in late. Headed down from our High Pass camp to a small lake that feeds the north fork of the Napeequa. From here we scrambled up a 100 ft. gully leading to steep heather and talus slopes. Followed these slopes to a pass on the S ridge of Mt. Berge. Had to rig a handline in the gully. From the pass we traversed to the north to just below the summit of Mt. Berge. The class 3 scramble to the summit took 25 minutes! Not many people visit this place. On the register was Boalper Melissa Storey in 1989, as well as about 3 different Skoog brothers - must be a family tradition. One other guy described a 17 pitch climb he did of the E Arete 2 years ago. The route looked awesome - the mountain is solid granite.

From Berge we dropped down into the Alpine creek drainage which drains into Buck creek and is curiously separated from the Louis creek drainage, which flows into the Napeequa, by only what appears to be an ancient lateral moraine of at most 100 ft. in height. We crossed the moraine and were amazed by the size of the Louis creek basin. Except for the meandering streams cutting through, it is almost perfectly flat and of a size that rivals any parkland I have seen on the slopes of Mt. Rainier. Deer and Coyote track abounded, and numerous fat, fat, fat marmots live here. Life must be good for the critters.

A comfortable camp was made on the South edge of the basin. Didn't see anyone else today.

Day 3

Slept in late (again). We decided not to move camp today and just do a leisurely climb of Buck mountain, so what's the hurry? The climb of Buck was technically easy, although it did take us a while to figure out which high point was the true summit. Awesome views from the summit, particularly down the North face of Buck. Just looking over the edge makes you feel kind of sick, yanowhatimean? Watched a mountain goat scratching in the dirt below the next summit to the north. No summit register was found. Made lots of noise on the way down when we knocked some big boulders off a cliff and watched them carom downhill (it was an accident, really).

Back in camp we had time to relax. Carol and I went exploring further downstream in Louis creek. We saw a dipper, you know those cute little birds that bob up and down and then zoom over the stream at about 1 inch altitude and then when they spot something yummy dive right in? Sure you do. Dave climbed up a ridge to gaze at Clarke mountain, scene of an epic adventure he had a few years back.

We finished the day with another of Carol's custom dehydrated dinner concoctions - Yum! Didn't see anyone else today, either.

Day 4

Got woken up the first time at 4 am by a coyote howling at the moon somewhere nearby. I wonder how it feels about our presence in this basin. Got woken up the second time by an alarm going off at 5:45 am. It was mine. Bushwhacked down to the Napeequa from Louis creek basin. Followed the overgrown Napeequa trail to the Little Giant Pass trail. Slogged up to the pass in the blistering heat. This trail was overgrown as well, particularly down low. We even got slightly lost once. At the pass met two burly firefighters returning from two days work putting out a fire some bozo had started by burning his TP. They claimed that their packs weighed about 90 lbs. each.

The descent down to the Chiwawa was slowed by an abundant supply of blueberries at peak ripeness. Dave got down first so he got to ride the bike up to Trinity to retrieve the car.

All in all a most excellent trip, although the final day was a bitch. Our next trip into the area might have to be on the other side of the Napeequa valley. It looked like a high traverse on Clark, Chalangin and Tenpeak mountains was very do-able, perhaps even as a ski tour. Maybe next year...

The Names Were Changed To Protect The Innocent

Neal awoke without opening his eyes. His feet were cold and he wanted to put on the heavy wool socks he had lain in the sleeping bag the night before to dry. Chuck, who had been sleeping next to him, began fumbling in the darkness looking for his watch.

"Damn" said Chuck, "we slept through the alarm, it's almost five thirty."

"We never hear that stupid alarm" Neal replied as he reluctantly crawled from his sleeping bag.

Chuck began priming the whisperlite stove as Neal filled the small cooking pot with water. Both men had brought the same breakfast; two granola bars and a package of instant oatmeal. While the water heated they silently loaded their packs with the minimal amount of gear required to safely reach and return from the summit. Both would bring a coat, rock shoes, harness and a headlamp, the rope and rock gear had already been divided equally. Chuck gladly carried the rope because he knew that once they reached the glacier he would be relieved of it's ten bulky pounds.

Checking the water, Chuck noticed small bubbles had formed on the bottom marking an adequate temperature, he then filled two insulated mugs with the hot water. This first cup was used to make watery oatmeal, the rising steam warmed their faces as they ate. After finishing they cleaned their cups as best they could and Chuck poured a second cup of now boiling water for coffee. Sitting on their loaded packs both men absorbed the warmth of the coffee and felt anticipation.

Moving quickly under light packs they climbed a wide gully leading to the granite slabs which had been smoothed and scared by the now retreating glacier. It was late in the season and the glacier had melted down to maze of hard ice and crevasses. They kept to the rock as much as possible following a thin finger extending about twenty yards past the glacial terminus. Stopping to put on their harnesses Neal poked the ice with the ferrule of his ice hammer, the spike only made a small indentation in the frozen surface.

"Maybe we should have brought those crampons" said Neal, feeling suddenly nervous.

"Well it's too late now, you gonna lead?" Chuck replied tying into the middle of the rope.

Stepping onto the glacier Neal was glad that he had thought to bring two ice screws. He found the gray ice rock hard, but by following the lighter colored runnels he could at least make small nicks in the surface with his heavy boots. As Chuck belayed him from the safety of the rocks Neal methodically moved up the glacier, crevasses and gray ice forcing many detours. Reaching the end of the rope, the point where both climbers would begin climbing in unison, Neal stopped to place the first ice screw. He was careful to scrape off the rotten melt-freeze surface ice before placing the screw in the hard, plastic ice hidden underneath. They both continued, now climbing together, Chuck stepping in the crescent shaped scars left beneath Neal's boots. When Chuck reached the first screw Neal placed the second.

"We'd run up this sucker with crampons on" Chuck yelled. Neal did not reply.

Soon Neal reached the base of the couloir, extending five hundred feet to the mountains' West ridge. Chuck removed the second screw as Neal rigged a hasty belay, soon both climbers were looking up the gully towards their destination. Early in the season this would be a moderately steep snow climb. Now, well into October, the snow had melted and pulled away from the rock leaving only a thin tongue of rotten ice beneath crusty snow.

"Pretty nery" commented Chuck.

"I think the heinous factor may be too high on this one, let's look for the other route" replied Neal, referring to an alternate rock route briefly mentioned in the guidebook. They had anticipated the need for this route but had failed in their attempts to find information from other climbers.

Neal dropped his pack and pulled out the climbing hardware, a full set of stoppers, a partial set of hex's and three Cams. The gear clanged together in the familiar sound which sparks both excitement and apprehension.

"These Hex's suck" commented Neal, "I'm through dragging them around."

"I think you want to go to the right, and then work your way into that gully", was Chuck's reply.

Neal organized the tangled gear which hung from a loop of nylon webbing. Chuck took two hex's. Neal didn't want them anyway, and set up an anchor which would hold the two climbers in case of a fall.

Chuck and Neal were comfortable partners, a relationship built on numerous days together in the mountains. A simple "I'm off" replaced the traditional regimented conversation which precedes the departure of the lead climber.

Neal worked his way right, traveling over rounded boulders trusting the friction between his mountaineering boots and the smooth granite. Reaching a small ledge, he was able to traverse left and into the shallow gully which extended one hundred feet towards the ridge line.

The climbing was steeper than Neal had anticipated, he searched for a place to set a piece of protection. Most of the handholds were fist sized rocks which moved, like a rotten tooth, each time he tested their security. Occasionally he found a small crack, into which he could wedge a stopper. Once he was able to slip a loop of webbing over a rock horn, he felt fortunate for this was his most secure placement. Chuck yelled out "twenty feet" alerting Neal to start looking for a place to anchor himself. He knew the dangers of rockfall inherent to gullies and did not want to be caught anchored and unable to move below Chuck when he led past. By wedging himself between two boulders he was able to pull himself out of the gully and onto a ledge where he was able to set up a secure anchor.

Chuck quickly followed the route removing the cams and stoppers and placing them on one of several small loops attached to his climbing harness.

"I hope you placed a static belay because of what's below us not what's above us" said Chuck as he muscled himself out of the gully.

The two had planned on using running belays, both moving up the rock simultaneously, one placing protection, the other removing it.

"I didn't want to risk the rockfall" replied Neal. "It looks mostly fourth class from here, I think we can run it to the ridge".

Chuck took the lead, rarely slowing to place protection, and was quickly out of sight. As the rope became taught Neal removed the stoppers and hex's which made up his anchor and followed. Nearing the ridge the climbing grew more difficult, forcing Chuck to slow his pace.

Chuck crested the ridge at the notch described in the guide book, the pinnacles, peaks, and spires of the North Cascades unfolded below him. The immense Northern glaciers, melted and broken by a summer's warmth, extended to the green valley below.

"It's a good thing we don't have any film in the camera," Neal said sarcastically as he crested the ridge and sat beside Chuck.

"This is a great bivy sight, too bad we didn't make it up here last night" replied Chuck.

"I hear it's one of the best in the Cascades."

"I don't doubt it."

The day had dawned clear and the sun was quickly warming the two climbers. An exposed granite ridge stretched a quarter of a mile to the summit. Pulling on their rock shoes they shared a quart of water which Chuck had taken from his pack.

Tired of hiking under heavy packs and scrambling under falling rocks they were eager to start the solid climbing of the ridge. Neal led out from the notch, delicately moving up the ridge. He quickly fell into a rhythm his hands and feet moving together like a practiced routine. His rock shoes, which when purchased were two sizes too small, had stretched, through years of use, to conform to the contours his feet. His fingers and hands were callused and scared like those of a dock worker. He did not feel the anxiety and occasional desperation of technical climbing, the sun warmed his back and he felt happy to be moving quickly in the mountains.

Chuck waited for the rope to run out, unclipped his anchor and followed Neal up the ridge. Climbing together they were quickly approaching the summit. When the friction of the rope against the rope became too great for Neal to safely continue he anchored himself and belayed Chuck in. Chuck continued past stopping only to collect the remaining pieces of rock protection. Soon they were both moving together. Neal came to where a large rock had tilted, forming a ramp leading to a system of ledges. By placing his fingers in a crack and levering with a downward pull he climbed the ramp and followed the ledge around a corner. He could see that Chuck had stopped not more than thirty feet away and was belaying him.

"How far to the summit" Neal yelled pessimistically.

"I'm there" replied Chuck.

DANCING WITH GIANTS

by Mark Dale

It was a classic Indian summer day of late September in the Oregon Cascades. The previous evening's coolness had been chased away by the gentle warmth of a sun filtered through thin high clouds. There was a distinct crispness in the air, spiced with the smell of Ponderosa pine and a hint of sage from the desert far in the distance.

This was the last day of my visit to the Bend area along with Lowell Skoog and his wife Stephanie Subak. With us were five others ascending the trail towards the summit of Mt. Bachelor in hopes of ending our three day paragliding adventure with a true mountain flight. The weekend had found us participating in the Cascade Paragliding Club fly-in at Pine Mountain, where we made many new friends and enjoyed a camaraderie that extended from world-class pilots to beginners. There seemed to be no bloated egos here. And the flying was fun!

Joining us on the trail were Steve Roti, Tina Pavelic, Phil Pohl, Karen Adams, and Frankie Watson. All five were experienced pilots from Oregon. The eight of us wound our way through tall timber on the lower flanks of the mountain, eventually breaking out into the open, barren world of dark volcanic rock which nestled blinding patches of last winter's snow. The ski lifts were silent, but occasional sounds from construction below drifted up to us, a reminder that we were on a "civilized" mountain, but a mountain nonetheless, along with all the surprises and unpredictability that it entails.

After about an hour and a half we gathered at an elevation of 9000 feet near the top, about 2600 feet above the parking lot where we had started. The winds were light and seemed favorable, and Phil led us to a shallow snow slope that he had used on a previous flight here. As we began to lay out our wings in preparation to fly, the once friendly wind now became a little unsettled, at times blowing downslope. However, there were still enough upslope cycles to give us hope. Phil launched first and, other than a small wing tip deflation, had a fine departure. He was soon working thermals away from the mountain over the parking lot. Next Frankie flew and then Karen. We were starting to have problems with launching due to the infrequent and light upslope winds, coupled with the altitude. An occasional swirling gust would wrap a canopy into a ball. Conditions weren't improving. It was time to dance!

Dance, you say? Isn't paragliding really just a dance with giants, a three dimensional ballet with towering columns of rising air? The pilot launches onto the dance floor and tries to find a suitable partner. My first attempt to take the floor this day was stopped short by a line-over on my right wing tip. The second attempt worked although I flew into sinking air, barely clearing the flat bench below the slope in front of me. Now it was time to find my invisible partner, and it wasn't long before I ran into her headlong. I was rudely jolted...my canopy rustled, twisted into unnatural shapes, and popped back out. Hmm, this isn't the one for me, I thought, a bit too rough and too close to the mountain. Let's search some more.

My next encounter was better. I had more clearance from the mountain's slope, and this partner was gentler. Now I began the dance, rising higher and higher, regaining all the elevation I had lost before. Swinging and circling, leaning and turning, lifted upwards till my partner tired, I would then fly away to begin the dance again and again. This was life distilled to its purest form, no distractions from the moment at hand and a spiritual awareness that seems so hard to attain in our mundane day-to-day world. I drank in the spectacular surroundings, the dark evergreen carpet that was broken by the surprising upthrusts of Broken Top, the Three Sisters, and Mt. Bachelor itself. Away to the east spread the hazy yellow desert of central Oregon. And there was Steve, who had launched after me, and he too was dancing the dance of life!

My thoughts were interrupted by a voice on the radio. It was Phil who had landed in the parking lot and was reporting that a dust devil just rushed through and things seemed a little "squirrely". I noticed that Steve was now making his approach to the landing area, and I thought it best that I do the same before the dance below got too exciting. So I left my last partner behind and worked my way downwards, the forest soon appearing as distinct towering trees rather than the smooth carpet as seen from higher up. The sink alarm on my variometer (set at 700 feet per minute descent) sounded several times as I approached the parking lot. Funny how such a large clearing in the woods can appear so much smaller from the air. Collapsing my wing tips for a steeper descent, I made my final turn, dropped below tree level, and reinflated the glider for a gentle landing into the welcoming arms of Mother Earth.

Those who had been lucky enough to fly were now reunited. We soon heard from Lowell over the radio that he, Stephanie, and Tina were walking down due to worsening conditions. The wind was coming steadily over the back at launch and occasional "snow devils" (alpine cousins of the more familiar dust devil) were passing through. Great wisdom was shown by their decision. Awaiting our friends' return, we five excitedly related our flights to one another, and later quietly contemplated our own experiences. And in thinking about it, I realized that the clock time by which we measure these flights (these dances) and write faithfully in our log books was really without meaning, for these parts of our existence are timeless, to be relived over and over and remembered throughout this lifetime in this world.

All around us the giants continued to dance.

PARAGLIDER FOR SALE

Jaguar PD-27 paraglider for sale. Very stable, safe, and easy to fly. Perfect for the beginning pilot and for mountain descents. This wing is in great shape and includes harness and backpack. Good for weight range of 130-185 pounds (this is the total weight of pilot, harness, and other flying gear).

Warning: Paragliding may be addictive!!!

For more information, call Mark Dale at 655-5221 (work) or 932-6357 (home). Asking \$975.

1994 BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

(Read and complete the waiver on the reverse side of this form. This is required for membership.)

Please print: Name (Last, First MI) _____ Mail Stop _____ Social Security Number _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Work Phone _____ Home Phone _____ Age _____

EMPLOYEE MEMBERSHIP (check one) _____ New Member? Yes / No _____

_____ INDIVIDUAL (Boeing Employee or Dependent)

Dues \$10.00

_____ FAMILY (Boeing Employee and Dependents)

Dues \$15.00

_____ RETIRED (Retired Boeing Employees, includes Family)

Dues \$5.00

NON-EMPLOYEE MEMBERSHIP (check one)

(Only non-employees/families who have been members prior to 9/93 may continue their membership)

_____ INDIVIDUAL FRIEND OF BOEALPS (Non Boeing Employee Renewal Only)

Dues \$17.00

_____ FAMILY FRIEND OF BOEALPS (Non Boeing Employee Family Renewal Only)

Dues \$22.00

Note: Club membership is only for those who sign up as an individual member, or are listed on the back of this form as dependents of a member with a family membership.

AMOUNT ENCLOSED FOR DUES: _____

Send application, signed waiver, and dues to:

(Make checks payable to **BOEALPS**)

Jeff Arnold M/S 4M-74
or: 3314 S. 261st Pl.
Kent, WA 98032

Additional information for membership database - optional but appreciated!

Year joined BOEALPS _____

Enter the year for any courses completed:

_____ BOEALPS Basic (team color _____)

_____ BOEALPS Intermediate

_____ Mountaineers Basic

_____ Avalanche Awareness

_____ Aid Climbing Seminar

_____ Standard First Aid/CPR

_____ Other (please describe) _____

_____ Mountaineers Intermediate

_____ Ice Climbing Seminar

_____ Rock Leading Seminar

_____ MOFA

How often do you climb? _____

GET INVOLVED: Are you interested in organizing or leading an activity or outing?

Ice Climbing Snow Climbing Rock Climbing Alpine Climbing

Other: _____

RELEASE FROM LIABILITY AND HOLD HARMLESS AGREEMENT

I, _____ (print name(s)), certify that I am aware of all the inherent dangers of mountaineering, including but not limited to the hazards of traveling in mountainous terrain, accidents, or illness in remote places without medical facilities, the forces of nature, and the actions of participants and other persons.

I understand that it is not the function of the activity leaders to serve as the guardians of my safety. I also understand that I am to furnish my own personal equipment and I am responsible for its safety and good operating condition regardless of where I obtained it. I understand and agree that neither the Boeing Employees Alpine Society (BOEALPS) nor its officers, agents, operators, instructors, leaders of club sponsored activities, other assistants and the Boeing Company may be held liable in any way for any occurrence in connection with club activities which may result in injury, death, or other damages to me. In consideration of being allowed to participate in club activities, I HEREBY PERSONALLY ASSUME ALL RISKS in connection with said activities, and I RELEASE the aforementioned club, officers, agents, operators, instructors, activity leaders and assistants, from any harm which may befall me while I am engaged in club activities, including all connected risks, whether foreseeable or unforeseeable. I FURTHER AGREE TO INDEMNIFY the aforementioned entities and Company and persons from any liability, claims, and causes of action which I may have arising out of my enrollment and participation in this club.

I further state that I am 18 years of age or older and legally competent to sign this release (or in the event that I am a minor, my parent or legal guardian must sign this release), that I understand these terms are contractual and not a mere recital, and that I have signed this document as my own free act. The terms of this agreement shall serve as a release and indemnity agreement for my heirs, assigns, personal representative, and for all members of my family, including any minors.

I HAVE FULLY INFORMED MYSELF OF THE CONTENTS OF THIS RELEASE AND INDEMNITY BY READING IT BEFORE I SIGNED IT.

(Signature)

(Date)

(Signature)

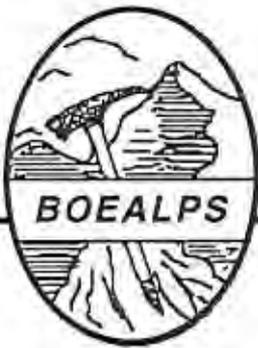
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BOEING EMPLOYEE'S ALPINE SOCIETY

1994 MOUNTAINEERING COURSE

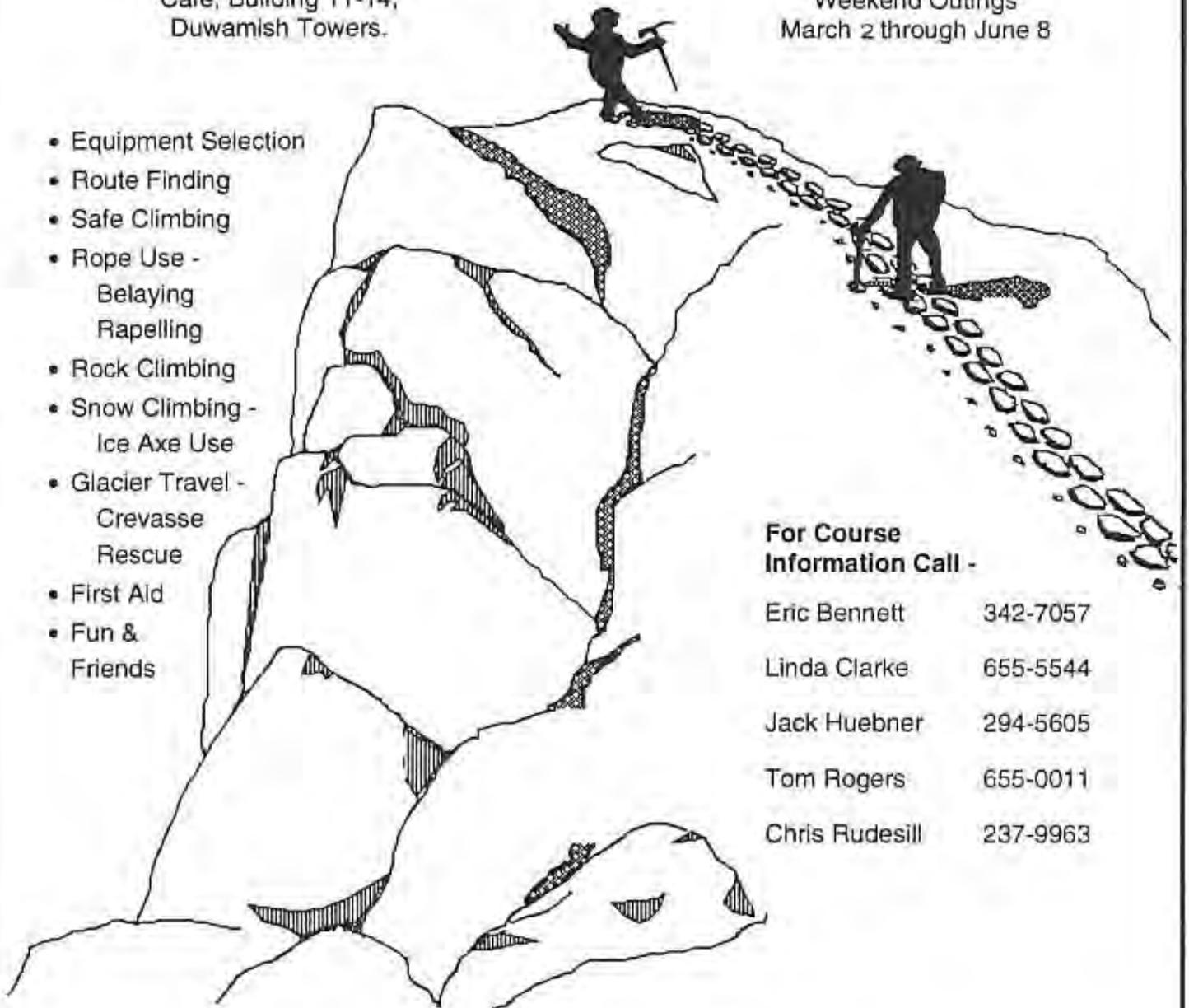
ORIENTATION & REGISTRATION

Wednesday, February 23, 7:00 p.m.
Customer Service Building
Cafe, Building 11-14,
Duwamish Towers.

CLASS MEETINGS

Wednesday Evenings
Plus
Weekend Outings
March 2 through June 8

- Equipment Selection
- Route Finding
- Safe Climbing
- Rope Use -
 Belaying
 Rapelling
- Rock Climbing
- Snow Climbing -
 Ice Axe Use
- Glacier Travel -
 Crevasse
 Rescue
- First Aid
- Fun &
 Friends



For Course Information Call -

Eric Bennett	342-7057
Linda Clarke	655-5544
Jack Huebner	294-5605
Tom Rogers	655-0011
Chris Rudesill	237-9963

ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: _____

NEW WORK PHONE: _____ NEW WORK M/S: _____

NEW HOME PHONE: _____ NEW HOME ADDRESS: _____

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO JEFF ARNOLD, M/S 4M-74

NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENT IN THIS PUBLICATION
DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS OF
THE BOEING COMPANY

ALPINE ECHO



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Silas Wild

Kevin Wooley

Thanks to everyone!!

FEBRUARY 1994



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Photo: Pigeon Spire by Ken Johnson

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JANUARY MEETING
Thursday, January 6th
Refreshments at 7:00 pm
Show starts at 7:30 pm
Oxbow Recreation Center

BOEALPER ON THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAINS EVEREST AND K2

Come hear BOEALPer John Petroske describe expeditionary ascents of Everest and K2. John will describe the challenges facing mere mortals who dare the logistical, environmental, and high altitude climbing of "the big boys."

Also Michael Frank will describe last Summer's BOEALPS coup of Nooksack Tower and the Price Glacier route on Mt. Shuksan.

BELAY STANCE

PROGRAMS

The Nicholas O'Connell show last month was very interesting. I did not know that he was a former BOEALPer (took the Intermediate Class in 1990).

This month also looks interesting with John Petroske describing Himalayan expeditions and Michael Frank relating tales of Nooksack Tower. Remember, social "hour" starts at 7:00, with the meeting starting right at 7:30.

UPCOMING PROGRAMS

To support the Basic Class' need for good, cheap equipment, the Equipment Auction will be the second Thursday in March (10th). The Photo Contest will be the first Thursday in April (7th). Write it down.

MEMBERSHIP

It is the beginning of the year and that means it is time to re-new your membership. There are some new regulations being imposed on all Boeing clubs, so be sure to read the fine print. This is your last issue if you do not pay 1994 dues.

INSTRUCTIONAL CLASSES

Please detach the last page (the flyer for the Basic Class) and post in your area for advertising. Thanks. Further to the Basic Class, Janet Oliver says: "If you want to be a Basic Class Instructor but have not yet received a packet, please contact Janet Oliver."

And then, there are three more write-ups inside about the Intermediate Class, MOFA Refreshers, and Avalanche Awareness. We'll be the best educated climbers on the mountain. Which leads right to my next topic. . . .

PAY FOR RESCUE

There was a forum held on 08 January. See the Conservation Cornice write-up inside.

LOST SLIDES

I have a couple of slides that belong to other members; unfortunately, I have forgotten who sent me what. If you sent me a slide for the new cover, let me know.

THIS ISSUE

Wow, I was afraid that there wouldn't be any material to publish, but it all showed up the last few days before the deadline. Gronau. Lixvar. Rudesill. Koehler. Plus our usual assortment of activities, information, committee reports, and other nonsense.

Off Belay,



Andrew Snoey
M/S 0T-67

FEBRUARY ALPINE ECHO DEADLINE: February 24th

February 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			BOEALP MOFA Ground Hog Day 1	General Meeting 2	3	4 5
6	BOEALP MOFA 7	8	BOEALP MOFA 9	NEW MOON 10	Anderson Lodge 11	Anderson Lodge Paradise IV 12
Anderson Lodge Paradise IV Little Gibraltar 13	Valentine's Day  14	15	16	17	18	The Palisades 19
20	President's Day Avalanche Awareness 21	BOEALP MOFA Avalanche Awareness 22	Basic Class - Orientation 23	BOEALP MOFA ECHO deadline 24	25	FULL MOON 26
Avalanche Awareness 27	28					

March 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			Basic Class 1	2	3	4 5
6	7	8	Basic Class 9	General Meeting 10	11	NEW MOON Mt. Higgins 12
13	14	15	Basic Class 16	St. Patrick's Day  17	18	19
Spring Equinox 20	21	22	Basic Class 23	ECHO Deadline 24	25	26
FULL MOON 27	28	29	Basic Class 30	31		

ACTIVITIES

JAN/FEB WHEN WEATHER AND CONDITIONS ALLOW MT. RAINIER - WINTER CLIMB; MUIR/GIBRALTAR LEDGE

MUST HAVE PREVIOUS RAINIER ASCENTS AND SEVERAL YEARS OF ALPINE CLIMBING EXPERIENCE. OBVIOUSLY, MUST BE EQUIPED FOR LOW TEMPERATURE CLIMBING. NEED FLEXIBLE SCHEDULE BECAUSE DATES OF CLIMB WILL VARY TO SUIT WEATHER AND SNOW CONDITIONS.

RON WILKINSON (W) 284-1181 (H) 391-1337

FEBRUARY 11-13, FRIDAY-SUNDAY XC SKIING AND CLIMB, MT. ST. HELENS, ANDERSON LODGE

THIS WAS A POPULAR TRIP LAST WINTER, 50 BOEALPERS AND FAMILY MEMBERS ATTENDED - THERE WAS LOTS OF SNOW! CHANGES THIS YEAR - AN EARLY BREAKFAST WILL BEE PROVIDED ON SATURDAY FOR THOSE WANTING TO CLIMB; TWO NEW CABINS AVAILABLE; EXHAUST HOOD OVER THE BIG STOVE; AND CLEANUP OF THE LODGE WILL BE PAID FOR. CONTACT ELDEN TO SIGN UP AND/OR FOR AN INFORMATION LETTER.

COST: \$55.00 FOR ADULTS, \$45.00 FOR CHILDREN. INCLUDES 2 NIGHTS LODGING AND 5 MEALS.

ELDEN ALTIZER (W) 342-0157 (H) 643-5175

FEBRUARY 12-13 PARADISE IV. WINTER CAMPING IN PARADISE

A SHORT HIKE UPHILL FROM PARADISE TO GET AWAY FROM THE CIVILIANS, THEN DO AS YOU PLEASE! ACTIVITIES CAN INCLUDE SNOWCAVING, IGLOO CONSTRUCTION (BOTH OPTIONAL, BUT A CHANCE TO LEARN BY DOING), SKIING, CLIMBING, SNOWSHOEING, SLEDDING, OR JUST SITTING AROUND ENJOYING THE SUN. BOEALPS MAY BRING NOVICES BUT MUST BE RESPONSIBLE TO EQUIP THEM AND INSURE THEIR SAFETY. GREAT FAMILY EVENT. LIMIT 24. HOW MANY GANGRENE VETERANS WILL RETURN THIS YEAR?

JEFF STONEBRAKER (W) 342-0898 (H) 347-4852

COMING THIS SPRING! THE ASCENT OF IBAPAH PEAK

SOUTH OF THE DESERET BOMBING RANGE; WEST OF DUGWAY PROVING GROUND; AND ADJACENT TO THE GOSHUTE INDIAN RESERVATION SITS THE HIGHEST, MOST ISOLATED BLM PEAK IN AMERICA.

THE 12,087 FOOT IBAPAH PEAK IS A RUGGED, WELL DEFENDED DESERT MOUNTAIN HIDDEN DEEP IN THE DRY CREEK RANGE OF WESTERN UTAH. SINCE THE TRAILLESS DRY CREEKS ARE MORE THAN 100 MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWNS OF ELY AND WENDOVER, NEVADA; CAPABLE 4X4 SUPPORT, SIEGE CLIMBING AND OTHER EXPEDITION-STYLE TACTICS MAY BE REQUIRED.

IF AN EXPEDITIONARY MOUNTAIN BIKE ADVENTURE TO A VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN PEAK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE DESERT SOUNDS APPEALING, OR IF THE SEARCH FOR THE WELL PRESERVED REMAINS OF A 120 YEAR OLD

HELIOGRAPH STATION EXCITES YOUR IMAGINATION; RESERVE A WEEK OR TWO
NEXT SPRING AND SIGN ON FOR IBAPAH!

LIZARD (W) 865-3783 (H) 255-4754

EDUCATIONAL

JANUARY/FEBRUARY TELEMARK SKIING

I AM WILLING TO TEACH TELEMARK SKIING AT SNOQUALMIE PASS, SKI ACRES,
WEDNESDAY EVENINGS IN JANUARY OR FEBRUARY IF THERE IS ENOUGH
INTEREST. MEET NORTH OF THE LODGE AT 6:00 PM. DISCOUNT LIFT TICKET
AVAILABLE AT CROSS-COUNTRY SKI CENTER.

MAX LIMB (W) 451-1145 (H) 827-5934

FEBRUARY 21, 22 AND 27, MONDAY, TUESDAY AND SUNDAY AVALANCHE AWARENESS SEMINAR

10 PEOPLE MINIMUM, \$100.00 PER PERSON (GOES DOWN WITH MORE PEOPLE)
PLUS A BOOK PURCHASE.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY 5:30-10:30 PM, ALL DAY SUNDAY.

RISE RENSI (W) 223-3025 (H) 767-7285

FEBRUARY 23, WEDNESDAY BASIC MOUNTAINEERING CLASS, ORIENTATION AND REGISTRATION

CUSTOMER SERVICE BUILDING CAFETERIA, BUILDING 11-14, DUWAMISH TOWERS
7:00 PM.

THE CLASSES ARE WEDNESDAY EVENING WITH WEEKEND OUTING MARCH 2
THROUGH JUNE 8. SEE FLYERS IN THE ECHO AND POSTED AROUND FOR FURTHER
INFORMATION AND CONTACTS,

AND OTHER STUFF

MT. HOOD, TIMBERLINE LODGE

THIS WAS A SUGGESTION, BUT I STILL NEED A VOLUNTEER TO LEAD THE TRIP. I
WILL HELP ORGANIZE AND MAKE THE RESERVATIONS FOR THE ROOMS AT THE
LODGE. CONTACT ME IF YOU ARE INTERESTED. I ALSO NEED IDEAS FOR DATES.
PLEASE PLAN AHEAD SO I CAN GET THE LARGE CLIMBERS ROOM TO REDUCE
COST.

ENCHANTMENT OUTING

I AM PLANNING A WEEK TRIP INTO THE ENCHANTMENTS IN AUGUST, MY FIRST CHOICE IS 8/13-21; SECOND 8/20-28. MAX PARTY SIZE IS 8. RESERVATIONS FOR PERMITS STARTS FEBRUARY 25 AND \$1.00 PER DAY PER PERSON (SO FOR THE WEEK, \$9.00 PER PERSON) WHICH IS NON REFUNDABLE ONCE THE PERMIT IS GIVEN.

I HAVE RECENTLY RECEIVED THE LATEST OF THE FOREST SERVICE, MT. BAKER-SNOQUALMIE, SCHEDULE OF PROPOSED ACTIONS.

PLEASE SEND ALL ACTIVITIES SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE THE ECHO DEAD LINE THAT IS ON THE CALENDAR.
AND REMEMBER, I AM OPEN TO ANY QUESTIONS AND COMMENTS.

THANX,
ERIC

Sunday, February 13: Little Gibraltar

Bike and ski (or snowshoe) to the summit of a prominent landmark at the head of Clearwater River -- just north of Clearwater Wilderness. At least 50% of this 32 mile trip should be rideable with stock mountain bikes. 5-7 hours.

Contact Lizard 865-3783(w) 255-4754(h)

Saturday, February 19: The Palisades

Ride a superb snowcat trail deep into the heart of the Palisades. Skis and/or snowshoes are advisable for those riders unequipped for extended over snow cycling. 24 miles, 3600', 6-8 hours.

Contact Lizard 865-3783(w) or 255-4754(h)

MT HIGGINS (EAST PEAK) Saturday, March 12th

Enjoy wonderful views of Whitehorse. Climbers must be comfortable on steep snow.
Limit: 5 + leader.

Contact: Dave Stephens, hm: 774-1396, wk: 965-6076

To: BOEALPS Members

From: Karyl Hansen

Subject: Minutes of January 11, 1994 Board Meeting

Attendees: Arnold, Bennett, Conder, Elzenga, Engle, Goering, Gruich, Hansen, Kaiser, Olds, Pyscher, Rudesill, Slete, Snoey, Wild

First item on the agenda was speaker payment guidelines. The question was why BOEALPS members are rarely compensated for the presentations they make at meetings, whereas outside guest speakers usually are. It was decided that the program chairman should get agreement up front with speakers as to their expectations regarding compensation, and it is hoped that club members will continue to give consideration to making their presentations free of charge if possible. The club should always send a thankyou note to its member speakers.

Pat Engle presented a proposal from the Hay Canyon Ranch in Cashmere to hold the Spring campout on their property, which is also a paragliding facility. The Ranch is 3 miles north of the Peshastin Pinnacles, and experienced paraglider pilots would be on site to provide introductory lessons to interested parties. Cost would be \$5-10 per person for use of the facilities, including a barbecue spit for a pig roast, port-a-potties, but no water, shelter, or improved campsites. Everyone would be able to camp together, however, and we could bring in a band. The Board expressed concern about the unavailability of water, the additional cost, and the diversion of focus from rock climbing. It was decided that the Spring campout should remain in the Icicle Canyon area, with 8-Mile Campground the preferred venue. Pat will investigate whether the paragliding opportunities might still be available at the Ranch during the Spring campout weekend. Thought will also be given to having an additional campout, separate from the traditional Spring and Fall outings, and not club funded, at the Ranch.

Returning to a hard dose of reality, the Board learned that our budget from Boeing has been lowered to about 2/3 of normal. The large tents need major work, or replacement. We anticipate fewer Basic Class students this year.

Board members who attended the January 8 conclave on the issue of rescue insurance reported that the meeting was well attended, and the Parks Department was ably represented by Bonnie Cohen, Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Budget and Finance. For them, the issue is one of budget and recouping costs, and a main impetus for the current proposals (\$500 per climber on Denali, and \$5 per climber on Rainier), was the tragic 1992 season on Denali. Disappointment was expressed by some Board members that BOEALPS did not speak or take a stand at the meeting. Paul will put together a position paper for consideration at the next Board meeting.

Committee Reports:

- Silas has obtained three new avalanche beacons and one new ice tool. He may purchase another ice tool. He saved big bucks by buying the gear in Canada. Membership take note!
- Jeff distributed Basic Class enrollment forms. Remember to post the Basic Class flyer contained in your most recent ECHO in a prominent place.
- Neal and Bob reported that the equipment auction will be held in March, and the photo contest in April. The February program will probably be a mini-show on the Nooksack Tower and Mt. Shuksan by Michael Frank, Ken Johnson, and Ambrose Bittner.
- Stan reported that the Agris Moruss grant announcement will appear in the February ECHO.
- Eric reported that the Spring campout is scheduled for June 11-12, and he will try to reserve 8-Mile, or Chatter Creek. Eric's new work phone number is 266-8314.
- Chris reported that the next MOFA class is full, and will begin on January 17.
- Kirsten attended the Mountaineers book sale, and got some great deals on some great books for our library.
- The next Board Meeting will be February 10 at Andrew Snoey's house in Everett.

Conservation Cornice *By:Paul Pyscher*

Greetings, the majority of the article this month will be to communicate information and issues related to "pay for rescue". On January 8th 1994 a forum was held to discuss this matter. Those on the panel included the assistant secretary of the interior for policy, the park superintendents from Rainier and Denali and representatives from the Sheriff dept., local climbing organizations and Mountain Rescue. BoeAlps was not represented on the panel, but we were attending in the audience.

The 5 hour meeting began with the park service explaining that due to the bad season on Denali in 92' much attention was brought to the cost of rescue in the national parks and that there was a need to recover those costs. The idea of a "special users fee" for people engaging in "high risk" activities was considered better than insurance and bonds etc. by the parks because the money would go directly to the parks. Insurance and such would end up in the treasury and not necessarily benefit the parks service. For now, Denali would be a special case and they are saying an extra \$500 fee would not be out of the question, Rainier would likely follow this example to some degree. No plan would take effect until the 95' season.

The climbing community, Mountain Rescue and the Sheriff dept. all had consistent opinions of fees associated with rescue. The major points were, but not necessarily in this order.....

- Pay for rescue opens up the National parks service (NPS) to litigation for messed up or "untimely" rescue.
- It is believed that this fee will reduce the perceived need for self reliance.
- Society has, in this country, always supported individuals, unless there is harm to society as a whole, i.e. people who get in trouble get the help needed. In this case however climbers are being singled out to cover the cost.
- The impact to volunteer rescuers would be devastating. Money for rescue goes against the basic principles of Search and Rescue (SAR). But if this happens, there will be people who will want their share of what the NPS collects. This will compete with SAR as it now stands and undermine the people who believe and participate in the system.
- There may be a delay to call for rescue if you (for some reason) have not paid this fee, this will cause more problems and reduce the success rate of rescue missions.
- The NPS does not have a mandate to rescue within the parks, however the Denali superintendent stated "every year people call for help". A tough fact to play down.

I would like to say that there were many experts trying to explain a complex situation to our assistant secretary of the interior and she has other problems to deal with, lets hope she walked away with and communicates the information well in Washington D.C.

Previous to this meeting, BoeAlps chose not to take sides or positions on political issues such as this. The result in this case was that we lost our chance to appear on the panel for discussion. Since, the board has decided on a case by case basis to get involved in these things. My question is, which things are important to BoeAlps? I am personally interested in the Clinton forest plan, which decides the fate of old growth. How would you feel about using the BoeAlps name to represent this or other issues. **WE NEED YOUR INPUT!!! call me. M/S 61-28 hm 24465-89 wk 234-4715.**

1994 BOEALPS Intermediate Climbing Class

The Intermediate Climbing Class is currently being organized for the 1994 climbing season. This is the class's eighth year.

This course is being offered for those who have basic climbing skills and the desire to learn what is involved in climbing some of the more technical and remote routes in the Cascades. In addition to having completed the Basic Course (or showing equivalent experience), students must be in good physical shape and be active in climbing outside of an instructional framework. This does not mean that prospective students have to be super climbers - the ability to climb low fifth class rock on top-rope and negotiate a 40 degree snow slope with confidence is adequate.

The course will cover the following areas in a seminar format: leading technical rock climbs, mountain safety and self rescue, and snow and ice climbing techniques. The remainder of the course will be spent climbing some of the Northwest's finest alpine routes, such as the West Ridge of Forbidden Peak and the North Face of Mount Maude. The instructor-to-student ratio is close to one-to-one, which allows personalized instruction.

The course will run from mid-March through the end of August, requiring about two weekends per month. Further class details, specific dates, and a course application can be obtained by asking for an information packet. Requests for information packets must be received by March 4th, and completed applications must be received no later than March 11th.

Send requests for student information packets to Ken Johnson at M/S 0U-09.

Calling Intermediate Climbing Class Instructors

The Intermediate Class Kickoff meeting will be held the week of February 7th. All individuals wishing to help out this year are invited to attend. The agenda will consist of fine-tuning the format of the class, agreeing on class dates, reviewing instructor qualifications and responsibilities, and deciding on the members of the Class Steering Committee.

Previous class instructors and students will automatically be sent a meeting packet no later than January 31st. If you are a past instructor and haven't received a packet by February 2nd, or if you would like to help out for the first time, drop a note to Ken Johnson at M/S 0U-09. The packet will contain the specific meeting place and time, class administrative notes, a preliminary schedule, and a specific meeting agenda (which will include pizza and beer, of course). We are looking forward to another great year with the class - come along and be a part of it!

SUMMIT REGISTERS

In years past, Boealps fabricated and placed summit registers. The design that we used was 2 inch PVC plumbing pipe with a glued on cap at one end and a threaded cap on the other--overall length about 6 inches. Each summit register was numbered and records were kept as to which register was placed where. To the best of my knowledge, I placed the last three Boealps registers in July 1991 on Saska, Pinnacle, and Colchuck. The last one was #29.

In the last few years I have not found registers on the vast majority of peaks, so I thought it was time to take some action. The Boealps Board of Directors has authorized an expenditure to fabricate more registers, so in the last months I have been amusing myself these cold rainy evenings by making summit registers. Ten are complete and by climbing season I plan on having another ten ready also.

Here's the point of all this: as soon as the days start getting a little longer and the high country starts calling, why don't we place a bunch of registers this summer? If you are making plans for a little peak-bagging contact me at home evenings (776-7397) and make arrangements to place a Boealps register. For the next couple years I volunteer to keep track of which register is where, and occasionally put an article in the Echo so that later climbers can report whether the register is still there.

Yes, there are people out there that are removing registers. Some steal them to take home as a memento; some people think that registers are a violation of mountaineering integrity by introducing something man-made on a pristine mountain top; some could be blasted away by winter winds; all I know is that I plan on placing some, and if a bunch of us acted together we could wear the other fools down.

. Thanks,
. BILL GRONAU
. (206) 342-1876
. OH-88

Subject: YELLOW JACKETS
HERE'S A QUICKY FOR THE ECHO...

- FACTS:
1. THERE ARE STILL SOME BEE-LIKE CRITTERS OUT IN THEM WOODS. WE THINK THEY ARE YELLOW JACKETS, BUT NOT BEEING BEEOLOGISTS, WE ARE NOT SURE.
 2. THE EFFECTS OF STINGS MAY BE CUMMULATIVE FROM ONE EVENT TO THE NEXT (WEEKS LATER), AND ONE BUMBLE BEE STING DOES NOT ATTEST TO ONES REACTIBILITY TO A YELLOW JACKET STING OR OTHER TYPE OF WASP.
 3. AN ALLERGIC REACTION ONSET IS VERY RAPID AND CAN BE LIFE-THREATENING.

SOLUTION: CARRY A "BEE KIT" OR AT LEAST SOME BENEDRYL IN YOUR FIRST AID KIT. IF NOT FOR YOURSELF, THEN FOR OTHERS YOU CLIMB WITH. "BEE KITS" CAN BEE EASILY OBTAINED FROM YOUR DOCTOR BY PRESCRIPTION (MAY REQUIRE A SHORT OFFICE CALL TO EXPLAIN USE OF THE KIT). BENEDRYL IS AVAILABLE OFF-THE-SHELF AT YOUR DRUG STORE. DOSAGE OF BENEDRYL IS UP TO YOU (DOCTOR OR PHARMICIST WOULD RECOMMEND PROPER DOSEAGE).

THANKS FROM A BOEALPER WITH
RECENT EXPERIENCE WITH ABOVE.

We loaded up on calories Friday night at the Royal Fork Buffet in Mt. Vernon for the long day ahead. After self-registration at Marblemount, we car-camped at the start of the logging road near Goodell Creek.

Our solitary vehicle was left shortly after daybreak. I was surprised at the low volume of water running in the creek near the end of the overgrown road. Following Beckey's information, we descended a few hours later through slide alder to Terror Creek at 2,100' elevation. Al forded the creek while I straddled across on a log. Above and to the east, the high traverse to Terror Basin looked the driest I'd ever seen it. Lunchtime. A faint path led steeply up from the creek, away then disappeared. We clawed up a narrow gully to bypass a cliff and zig-zagged up the forested slopes of the Barrier, eventually contouring west to a broad crest. My ill-fitting watchband came undone and I found myself without a timepiece. To our delight, the berries were very much in season. The crest finally leveled out and fatigue directed us to camp. Away from a convenient source, the remaining water was rationed for dinner.

Sunday, we continued up the crest of the Barrier, its east edge dropping steeply into Terror Basin. Sunlight brightly illuminated Mt. Triumph's east face while the N.E. ridge cast the north face into its shadow. Mt. Despair was also in view. At about 5000' elevation, a diagonal traverse toward the Chopping Block began. In a clearing a 100 ft. distant, a small black bear scurried away. The forest gave way to open brush then open slabs. A meager stream trickled from above, its source indiscernible as snow was absent. Around noon, I located a reasonably level spot for the tent in a grassy area; this was not more than a 100' feet from a camp from five years previous when I climbed the east ridge of Mt. Terror. The remainder of the day was spent exploring our surroundings; the expansive valley of Goodell Creek stretched out to Newhalem. We hiked across to the east edge of the Barrier; a cairn marked a spot where I presume the lower traverse of the Terror Basin exits. From here there was a spectacular view of Degenhardt, the Pyramid, Inspiration Peak and the McMillan spires. Terror Glacier looked quite small, crevassed but navigable. Al found a lone Ptarmigan to photograph. I walked up to the saddle overlooking Crescent Creek basin to view the other southern Pickets. The Chopping Block cast a late afternoon shadow over our camp.

Early Monday we headed due west toward our objective. A hidden gully came into view which looked like it would lead us directly to the base of the S.E. face. Plenty of loose rock around. Near the gully's top, Al remained in smooth dirt while I veered right to scramble up scrubby vegetation. Al cleared the gully of rocks while I reached an impasse; he threw the rope down for a belay so I could step up to and climb past a bulge. I traversed briefly under the face and doubled back up a steep ramp. Al then made an short traverse around on the east side. Third class rock up to the face led into a short section of fourth with downsloping branches for psychological protection. I located some UV-faded slings at a belay/rappel anchor. Higher up, Al hoisted himself up by some roots to another belay. Near the top of the last belayed pitch, I located the only cracks on the route suitable for (but not necessary) artificial protection. The angle eased off and we scrambled to the top. The whitish summit slabs are(were) easily mistaken for snow in late season from Newhalem. A large summit cairn was present but no register; a zip-lock bag and the back of the route description would suffice. Sunny views included Mts. Baker, Shuksan, Terror and Degenhardt.

I peered down the seemingly improbable exit from the N.E. ridge route, one which would most likely be conducted entirely in the shade. We rappelled and downclimbed our route to the base of the S.E. face. Not wishing to downclimb the initial slick portion of the approach gully, I scouted further south for an alternative. With only a single rope, our options were limited. I elected to downclimb the ridge bounding the gully on its south side to a small tree; a rappel from here got us past the worst part. We got back to camp in time to start dinner before it got dark.

Tuesday, we made a half-hearted attempt on Degenhardt; the snow was completely gone on the approach so we had to contend with every bit of talus and scree there was; additionally, I was concerned about being in good condition for the next day's descent down the Barrier and not after a full day's climbing. Upon returning to camp, a butterfly took up residence in our tent.

After a picturesque sunrise Wednesday, we packed up and headed down. A marmot dove into its burrow upon our approach. The footing was a little tricky on some narrow sections of the Barrier where pine needles covered slabby rock. As the descent began down the Barrier's east side, I slipped and my left hand stopped in a pile of bear dung. Arrgh! Many vegetable belays were utilized but we managed to get down without rappelling and had only one significant detour to avoid a cliff. Inexplicably, we came out at the same spot by Terror Creek as when we came in. My altimeter showed us being 500' lower than before (this additional change in pressure occurred over a period of three hours). We thrashed our way through some slide alder on the other side and contoured around somewhat lower than on our way in; there was a moss-covered boulderfield to cross. With a gradual rising traverse we intercepted the climbers' trail and then descended to the logging road. I made a bee-line to the car, arriving before dark. We had a late dinner at Denny's in Mt. Vernon.

Climbers: Erich Koehler and Al Wainwright

Sherpa Snowshoes

Prices:

Standard Sherpa Model:

Featherweight (8x25) with Alpine binding	\$160
Lightfoot (9x25) with Alpine binding	\$175

New Sherpa Injun Summer Model:

Fullmoon (8x25) with Warrior binding	\$99
Fullmoon (8x25) with Alpine binding	\$114
Chief (9x30) with Warrior binding	\$105
Chief (9x30) with Alpine binding	\$120

Contact:

Clif Ericson
206-639-2051 (H)
206-237-5537 (W)

COMMENTS FROM THE 1994 AID CLIMBING SEMINAR

Scribe: Chris Rudesill

This year's aid climbing seminar (held at Index Town Wall in perfect rainy climbing conditions) was a blast. Everyone walked out with smiles including the three who demonstrated leader fall technique! Here are the comments solicited from Poncho's Mexican restaurant with a note: If you don't understand them you should have been there!

Ken says -- Too much airtime! These guys need to work on their placements.

Janet -- I wasn't in the air that long

Ambrose -- Yes she was!

Eric I -- It didn't rain hard enough.

Michael -- The students were too wimpy, especially Chris!!

Tom -- Damn "off width" crack & who pushed the friend in so far & this piece is too small to stand on!!!

Unknown -- What's the matter, aren't you woman enough to fall!?

Tim -- Insufficient instructor warning--- this stuff takes talent/coordination!

(I can't read the name but I think it is Bill) -- Yosemite, here I come!

Phil -- Ditto Tom's "damn off-width" crack plus--Maybe next time I'll stand up on that wet, sloping little ledge and slide the big friend up a couple of feet, BUT NOT NOW! Cool!

Tom D-- Ken is crazy; so am I. I want to do a big wall with him sometime.

Scott S. -- Tom -- Thanks for the great instruction + tips, looking forward to more Big Walls. P.S. Thanks for introducing us to (this?).

Chris -- Well Michael, I know the rock was vertical, wet, blank, slimy and that the free move looks like it might work but if I fail it is my life but the move does look good and if you were up here you would try it and that I should try it but it is my life... Did you have suction cups hidden in your pack? Well it is my life!!

J. -- Gee, Eric, you really have a tiny head!

To conclude I want to thank the instructors for their time and effort in putting this together (especially Ken Johnson). It was a great class and I think everyone learned something from it>

How do you feel about encouraging grizzlies in the North Cascades? The Greater Ecosystem Alliance is pro-bear. You can reach them to tell your opinion at 1-800-878-9950.

High on the east face of Cornucopia, four thousand feet above Pine Creek, an apprehensive Lizard steadies the bike while he carefully considers his next move across the sandy slab. Sticky Umma Gumma tires and stiff-soled Nike Lava Domes have delivered him to the "crunch point" on his final 8000' summit in Oregon's Wallowa Mountains. The next four hundred vertical feet will be pivotal!

After an uneasy delay, the bike is carefully lifted from its tenuous perch and pushed along a fearsome traverse toward a small copse two hundred feet off to the left. As feared, the Lava Domes break traction moments after pushoff, leaving a desperate Shock Wave Glider almost entirely dependent on the rolling contact patch of his gummy tires. Moreover, it soon becomes obvious that my crabbing trajectory will fall well short of the intended target -- I cannot hold my elevation across the friction pitch; my ascending traverse has turned parabolic; and a fall into a deep depression beneath the slab seems inevitable.

Damn these cycling shoes! Damn these wilderness proscriptions! Damn, Damn, Damn ... Where's my helmet? My belay?

8643' Cornucopia Peak anchors the southeast corner of Eagle Cap Wilderness, and as fate would have it, all of the mountain's easy routes are on the far side of legality. This peak and nearby Mount Howard were placed on this year's hit list after being overlooked in my previous compilation of Oregon's bike-legal eight thousanders. Mount Howard was spared inclusion into the wilderness by virtue of its aerial tram. The scenic, well-positioned peak carries a moderate 4.5 rating, and is an enjoyable 3000' climb over crude double track. With a Shock Wave Rating of 8.7, the east side route on the "bountiful horn" ranks second only to Pueblo Mountain as my most severe climb in Oregon.

Yes, the climb of Cornucopia was successful -- thanks to a heart-pounding adrenalin rush that literally propelled a turbocharged Lizard to safety. But the misadventure was dangerous and ill-conceived, and reflects rather poor climbing judgment -- a lapse that must not be permitted on any of the 40+ ascents planned over the next four weeks.

Salmon River Mountains -- West Central Idaho

The great geologic warp between Idaho's "River of No Return" and the Snake River Plain is perhaps the most impressive concentration of primitive mountains in America. The Idaho batholith is a virtual sea of peaks -- most of which see very, very few visitors. These mountains are also suspended in a time warp.

The old lookout atop 8737' Swanholm Peak has been shuttered and unvisited since 1979. Yet the door to this forgotten structure is unlocked; and inside -- maps, instruments, kitchen utensils, and even money patiently await Nancy's return (the last occupant mentioned in the logbook). The ride down from this Boise Mountain time capsule is also remarkable; and inspires the kind of mechanical poetry that makes mountain cycling so deeply satisfying.

The three day trip to Hershey Point along the stunningly spectacular Lava Ridge National Recreation Trail is another three-sigma ride. This difficult route into the Patrick Butte Backcountry north of Brundage has apparently never before been traversed by bike, and USFS employee Derrick Mc(?) is openly skeptical of Lizard's claimed ascents of Granite Mountain, Lava Butte, and especially the aptly named Hard Butte. Hard Butte was indeed a problem. The descent caused the demise of my second \$120 Campagnolo derailleur within a month!

Other must-do climbs in the region include the Hangman's Tree route on Tripod Mountain -- the most dominant peak in the West Mountains; the magnificent meadow run to Council Mountain; and the scenic, but seldom visited summits of the Cuddy and Hitt Mountains.

Sawtooth National Recreation Area -- East Central Idaho

Entering Stanley Basin from the west is guaranteed to entice even the most jaded mountain magus; as Thompson Peak, the Grand Mogul, and especially Mount Heyburn present the most impressive mountain facade in all Idaho. The White Cloud Peaks east of Sawtooth Valley, though not as rugged, are higher, less traveled, and fortunately still open to backcountry cyclists.

Lizard's trip up Germania Creek to Washington Basin is pure theater. The Germania road deteriorates badly beyond Pole Creek Pass, and after two deep water crossings, the truck is parked five miles short of Washington Peak. Fascinating relics of the White Cloud mining era litter the basin, but these are ignored as the drama begins to unfold.

Graupel, those granular snow pellets that often presage an incoming storm, begins spitting from an ominous sky as Lizard doggedly pushes his bike up to a 10,040' saddle above Champion Lakes. With some trepidation, the bike is then carried along an exposed 0.6 mile traverse to the 10,519' summit. The first thunderbolt booms just as Liz breaks open a Snickers. Succeeding thunderbolts electrify the air as they begin to focus in on my ridge -- the highest point within miles. This could be IT!

IT, of course, being another judgment lapse -- coming just 24 ascents after the Cornucopia caper. I'm afraid it's just impossible to disentwine the pain from the pleasure; the risk from the reward; the desire is just too great to counsel temperance. In any event, the lightning soon passes and Lizard is free to climb another day.

The riding in the White Clouds is truly outstanding and seven more 10,000' peaks are ascended over the next four days. Ants Basin, the Gunsight, and the Chinese Wall are especially noteworthy; but the real story behind this trip to SNRA concerns Shirley Swanson, the indomitable caretaker of the Livingston Mine on Big Boulder Creek.

Gold and silver claims dating back to the 1880s have prevented wilderness designations in the White Cloud and Boulder Mountains -- a situation which has unfortunately led to tension between mining interests and the U.S. Forest Service. Consequently, these private inholdings are often viewed as no-man's land by outdoor recreationists unwilling to risk possible confrontations.

Lizard took that risk, and in so doing got a glimpse into the life of one of the toughest, most unyielding individuals he has ever met. The mill is currently inactive due to depressed silver prices, and the mining camp is vacant save Mrs. Swanson. Her husband Elmer died a few years ago, and her two sons have moved to Pocatello. Shirley's right wrist is deformed due to a choker chain accident, and she suffers from an abdominal hernia brought on by lifting too many ore buckets. Her food stocks are marginal, and the water supply is fouled by cattle owned by a ornery rancher who continually pulls down her fence cables. The rutabaga garden is doing well, but she is running low on flour from which she makes bread and pancakes for the dogs. I help roll a 250 pound barrel of heating oil into Shirley's cabin and notice that she has already begun to paper the windows for winter. The lady even runs a road grader to clear snow on the property, although she is not permitted to plow the nine mile access road up Big Boulder Creek. This person is no tenderling; Shirley Swanson has been a yeararound resident of the Livingston Mine for 38 years !!!

I am filled with admiration for this woman, and a way of life I scarcely knew existed in Twentieth Century

America. Self-reliant people like this deserve every consideration; and they certainly deserve to remain on their land, free of harassment. I hope we have not turned into such an effete and overregulated society that there is no room in this country for fierce individualists like Shirley Swanson.

Meade Peak -- Southeast Idaho

Readers may recall last year's dismal failure on Meade Peak, highest point in Southeast Idaho; second highest summit south of the Snake. The Georgetown Phosphate Mine had obliterated access to the Snowdrift Mountain Trail -- a high-level route best known for its yearlong snowcover.

This year a bypass is discovered near the trappers cabin two miles north of the old Georgetown Saddle location. The 500' of lost elevation is quickly regained and within an hour the Lizard is cruising along the open ridgetop of Snowdrift Mountain; marveling at the spectacular views that extend all the way into the Salt River Range of Wyoming. The seven mile summit does indeed retain its snow through the summer; for even in late September, sizable remnants are encountered above 9000'. Interestingly, the north-south ridge also forms the divide between the Columbia River watershed and the Great Basin.

Exhilaration eventually gives way to fatigue as thousands of feet of elevation are gained and lost over numerous subsummits. Meade Peak still looks very distant as the unsettled weather of the morning degenerates into a mid-day gloom. Rain showers begin to dampen the ground as Liz drops into Meade Basin and wearily pushes up the final 400' to . . . an "Ed Abbey Lives" banner!

Summary: First mountain bike ascent of Meade Peak, Pruess Range, Idaho. 23 September 1993, Shock Wave Rating: 9.12

The High Uintas -- Northeast Utah

The High Uintas never lost their snowcover this year, and by the end of September a fair amount of new snow was beginning to accumulate over the old. These austere, nondescript mountains of Precambrian quartzite are not especially impressive; but their difficulty belies their appearance. Vertical faults surround many of the unpronounced summits; and long, tedious approaches over unridable shingle are commonplace. The trail system outside the designated wilderness is primitive and has received very little maintenance over the past 30 years. However once these conditions are accepted; the subtle, unspoiled beauty of this geologically unique range insinuates a lasting impression of subdued grandeur.

Lizard's first objectives were the twin summits of Chepeta and Eccentric -- 3200' climbs that looked fairly straightforward on the map. 8.5 hours later, that optimistic appraisal was substantially upgraded to an SWR of 8.06! The rocky track leading down to Daggett Lake was quite technical; and a surface blizzard of ice crystals at 11,800' reduced forward progress to a crawl. Lizard's glasses frosted opaque within minutes after entering the maelstrom; and soon thereafter, both bike and body were encased in ice. Similar conditions were encountered once before near the summit of Mt Egmont in New Zealand -- the situation is frightening, and the dramatic photos taken on this steep Unita hillside are the best of this year's vacation.

September 26 is declared a day of rest. The Liz visits the Ute Mountain fire lookout, which surprisingly is the only such dedicated facility in the state; and spots two browsing moose in nearby Courduroy Park -- an equally unexpected event for desert-dry Utah. Later that night, camp is setup near 10,600' Hacking Lake in preparation for ascents of Leidy and Marsh Peaks.

Leidy Peak is literally (and figuratively) a pushover; and Marsh appears to be equally uninteresting. The real prize in the region is the distant 12,074' pyramid of Mt Untermann. The route appears inviting, and includes a visit to picturesque Lake Wilde, a high elevation crossing of 11,680' Gabbro Pass, and an interesting scramble up Untermann's southeast ridge. In reality the route is "boulder hell" and the ridability quotient is near zero. Furthermore, the cornice at Gabbro Pass requires crampons; and up close, the southeast ridge looks quite unsafe. Nine fruitless hours are spent on the ten mile trip.

Cleve and Clover summits are next (and last) on the hit list; but the failure on Untermann is hard to accept. The satisfaction of avenging a failed climb is so sweet, that a decision to forego the two highest bike-legal points in the Uintas is not difficult. This time the cairned route delineating the South Leidy Trail is picked up and followed down to Lakeshore Basin south of Lake Wilde. The Gabbro cornice is finessed with a bit of third class jiggery-pokery; and after only three hours and fifteen minutes, the bike is placed atop Mt Untermann's beetling brow.

A Rating System for Mountain Bike Ascents

The traditional five point scale used in grading North American free climbs is too imprecise in classes 1 thru 4 and does little to account for distinctions important to the numerant bike mountaineer. Factors such as altitude, elevation gain, technical content, weather, and degree of commitment are either ignored or very weakly quantified. Even the decimal precision offered in fifth class climbs is subjective and largely irrelevant to a sport that is generally practiced without ropes or climbing protection.

The open-ended Shock Wave Rating (SWR) system emphasizes the difficulty of free climbing (irrespective of equipment needs) and combines both objective and subjective elements in a coherent, easy-to-use format. More importantly, the method has been applied to more than 500 personal climbs, with good agreement between perceived difficulty and the calculated rating value.

The overall length of a climb, expressed in thousands of feet of elevation gain, is the primary objective basis of the system. This figure is then normalized for altitude by factoring in the partial pressure of oxygen as defined in U.S. Standard Atmosphere, 1962.

For example, the 4400' Cornucopia climb scores 4.40 points (unnormalized). However, since the partial pressure of oxygen (pO₂) at 8600' is 72.5896% of the STP value, Cornucopia's elevation gain factor is increased to 6.06 (i.e., 4.40/.725896). In other words, the physical strain incurred while climbing at 8600' is 1.378 times greater than an equivalent activity performed at sea level. [see tech note]

Under nominal conditions, the normalized elevation gain factor represents a climb's Shock Wave Rating. However, this figure can be further modified by the combined effects of exceptional conditions imposed by extremes in weather, technical content, and commitment. Since fine distinctions in these subjective factors are notoriously unreliable and inconsistent, only three values are permitted: 1.0 - nominal; 1.1 - exceptional; and 1.2 - extreme.

Continuing with the Cornucopia example . . . the climb was performed in nominal weather conditions with extreme technical difficulties (sustained carrying over steep, exposed terrain), and extreme commitment requirements (route-finding problems, remoteness, solo, no legal escape route). Cornucopia's final SWR figure is therefore: (6.06)(1.0)(1.2)(1.2) = 8.73.

As mentioned previously, over 500 mountain bike ascents have been evaluated in this manner; with SWR values ranging from 0.2 to over 19 for multi-day, 13,000' epics. The resulting distribution percentiles suggest the following classification:

Extreme Climbs	(Rating > 8.0)	Top 10%
Difficult Climbs	(Rating: 6.0 - 8.0)	Next 15%
Moderate Climbs	(Rating: 2.0 - 6.0)	Middle 50%
Easy Climbs	(Rating < 2.0)	Bottom 25%

The analytical power of this system is quite revealing, and unfortunately confirms one of my worst suspicions -- the quality of Lizard's bicycle ascents is in decline! 1993 saw only eight extreme climbs (out of 157 ascents), with the hardest effort rated 10.77. Comparable statistics for 1990-92 show: 21/98 - 16.78; 17/126 - 13.24; 9/142 - 14.96. The trend is unmistakable; the conclusion disturbing. The Liz has crested and has begun trading quantity for quality.

The situation may not be reversible, since many of the best climbs left in Washington are currently not open to bicycles. However, as inspiration (or wishful thinking!) I have computed the fair weather SWR values for a few well known climbs, including the inevitable ascent of the Gordii Ridge route on 86,620' Olympus Mons -- largest known volcano in the solar system.

Mt Rainier from Paradise Ranger Station: 22.45

Mt McKinley from the Kahiltna Air Strip: 44.18

Mt Everest from Everest Base Camp: 53.89 (w/o supplemental oxygen)

Olympus Mons from Amazonis Planitia: 155.92 (surface gravity 0.38, 2 liters/min supplemental oxygen)

Tech Note:

Since the decline in maximal aerobic capacity (VO_2 max) is linear with decreasing barometric pressure, the normalization procedure used in determining the elevation gain factor is only valid for exercise performed at or near one's aerobic limit. The intensity of uphill mountain cycling meets this requirement; whereas the energy expenditure for climbing on foot (25-30 milliliters of oxygen per kg-min) generally does not.

VO_2 max values range from 30-40 ml/kg-min for active women; to 50 ml/kg-min for fit healthy men; while oxygen uptake values of 60-70 ml/kg-min have been measured in highly trained enduro-athletes. 85 ml/kg-min is the record. By comparison, Reinhold Messner's metabolic output at the summit of Everest was reduced to a feeble 15 ml/kg-min!

777 Rollout!

A special "777" edition of Lizard's Mountain Bike Registry is now in preparation for limited distribution to interested club members. The original 500 ascent version, which contained map and route information on some of the best bike mountaineering trips in the West, has been expanded to include SWR ratings, the Rules & Principles of Shock Wave Riding, and a complete state-by-state list of Western America's highest Bike Boys. Call now to reserve a copy; the next update, a Tenth Anniversary millennial edition, may not be available until July 7, 1995.

John Lixvar -- a.k.a. Lizard, the Shock Wave Rider

1/18/94

1994 BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

(Read and complete the waiver on the reverse side of this form. This is required for membership.)

Please print: Name (Last, First MI) _____ Mail Stop _____ Social Security Number _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Work Phone _____ Home Phone _____ Age _____

EMPLOYEE MEMBERSHIP (check one) _____ New Member? Yes / No _____

_____ INDIVIDUAL (Boeing Employee or Dependent)
Dues \$10.00

_____ FAMILY (Boeing Employee and Dependents)
Dues \$15.00

_____ RETIRED (Retired Boeing Employees, includes Family)
Dues \$5.00

NON-EMPLOYEE MEMBERSHIP (check one)

(Only non-employees/families who have been members prior to 9/93 may continue their membership)

_____ INDIVIDUAL FRIEND OF BOEALPS (Non Boeing Employee Renewal Only)
Dues \$17.00

_____ FAMILY FRIEND OF BOEALPS (Non Boeing Employee Family Renewal Only)
Dues \$22.00

Note: Club membership is only for those who sign up as an individual member, or are listed on the back of this form as dependents of a member with a family membership.

AMOUNT ENCLOSED FOR DUES: _____

Send application, signed waiver, and dues to:
(Make checks payable to BOEALPS)

Jeff Arnold M/S 4M-74
or 3314 S. 261st Pl
Kent, WA 98032

Additional information for membership database - optional but appreciated!

Year joined BOEALPS _____

Enter the year for any courses completed:

_____ BOEALPS Basic (team color _____)

_____ BOEALPS Intermediate

_____ Mountaineers Basic

_____ Mountaineers Intermediate

_____ Avalanche Awareness

_____ Ice Climbing Seminar

_____ Aid Climbing Seminar

_____ Rock Leading Seminar

_____ Standard First Aid/CPR

_____ MOFA

_____ Other (please describe) _____

How often do you climb? _____

GET INVOLVED: Are you interested in organizing or leading an activity or outing?

Ice Climbing Snow Climbing Rock Climbing Alpine Climbing

Other: _____

RELEASE FROM LIABILITY AND HOLD HARMLESS AGREEMENT

I, _____ (print name(s)), certify that I am aware of all the inherent dangers of mountaineering, including but not limited to the hazards of traveling in mountainous terrain, accidents, or illness in remote places without medical facilities, the forces of nature, and the actions of participants and other persons.

I understand that it is not the function of the activity leaders to serve as the guardians of my safety. I also understand that I am to furnish my own personal equipment and I am responsible for its safety and good operating condition regardless of where I obtained it. I understand and agree that neither the Boeing Employees Alpine Society (BOEALPS) nor its officers, agents, operators, instructors, leaders of club sponsored activities, other assistants and the Boeing Company may be held liable in any way for any occurrence in connection with club activities which may result in injury, death, or other damages to me. In consideration of being allowed to participate in club activities, I HEREBY PERSONALLY ASSUME ALL RISKS in connection with said activities, and I RELEASE the aforementioned club, officers, agents, operators, instructors, activity leaders and assistants, from any harm which may befall me while I am engaged in club activities, including all connected risks, whether foreseeable or unforeseeable. I FURTHER AGREE TO INDEMNIFY the forementioned entities and Company and persons from any liability, claims, and causes of action which I may have arising out of my enrollment and participation in this club.

I further state that I am 18 years of age or older and legally competent to sign this release (or in the event that I am a minor, my parent or legal guardian must sign this release), that I understand these terms are contractual and not a mere recital, and that I have signed this document as my own free act. The terms of this agreement shall serve as a release and indemnity agreement for my heirs, assigns, personal representative, and for all members of my family, including any minors.

I HAVE FULLY INFORMED MYSELF OF THE CONTENTS OF THIS RELEASE AND INDEMNITY BY READING IT BEFORE I SIGNED IT.

(Signature)

(Date)

(Signature)

(Date)

(Signature)

(Date)

(Signature)

(Date)



BOEING EMPLOYEE'S ALPINE SOCIETY

1994 MOUNTAINEERING COURSE

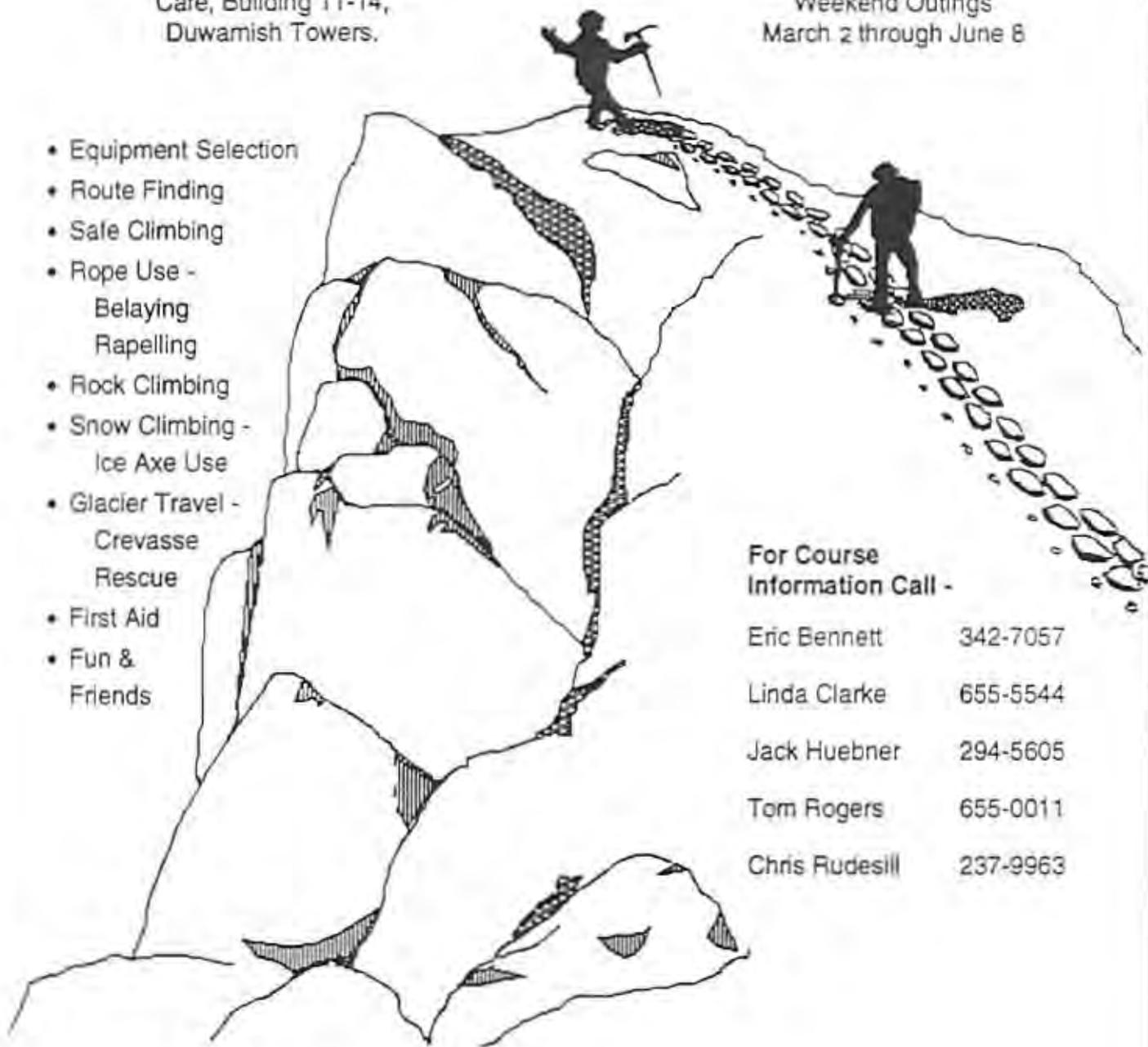
ORIENTATION & REGISTRATION

Wednesday, February 23, 7:00 p.m.
Customer Service Building
Cafe, Building 11-14,
Duwamish Towers.

CLASS MEETINGS

Wednesday Evenings
Plus
Weekend Outings
March 2 through June 8

- Equipment Selection
- Route Finding
- Safe Climbing
- Rope Use -
 Belaying
 Rapelling
- Rock Climbing
- Snow Climbing -
 Ice Axe Use
- Glacier Travel -
 Crevasse
 Rescue
- First Aid
- Fun &
 Friends



For Course Information Call -

Eric Bennett	342-7057
Linda Clarke	655-5544
Jack Huebner	294-5605
Tom Rogers	655-0011
Chris Rudesill	237-9963

ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: _____

NEW WORK PHONE: _____ NEW WORK M/S: _____

NEW HOME PHONE: _____ NEW HOME ADDRESS: _____

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO JEFF ARNOLD, M/S 4M-74

NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENT IN THIS PUBLICATION
DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS OF
THE BOEING COMPANY

ALPINE ECHO



FEBRUARY ALPINE ECHO STAFF

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Stan Slete

Thanks to everyone!!

MARCH 1994



BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

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Photo: Pigeon Spire by Ken Johnson

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MARCH MEETING
Thursday, March 10th
Refreshments and Review at 7:00 pm
Auction starts at 7:30 pm
Oxbow Recreation Center

EQUIPMENT AUCTION

Come to the Annual BOEALPS Equipment Auction. Good gear will be on sale for low, low prices. This is your chance to off-load the stuff that is taking up space in your closet or to pick up an extra piece that never goes on sale at the sporting goods stores. This is especially good for the new Basic Class students who need gear for their new hobby.

Please note the special day!!!!

BELAY STANCE

PROGRAMS

This month is the Equipment Auction. If you would like to share your good, used equipment with new members and Basic Class students, then come join the fun. Or maybe you are looking for a second set of polypro long underwear. Either way, it is always a good time!! Neal Elzenga and Al Baal will be our boisterous auctioneers.

Securely fasten an index card to each piece of merchandise with your name, what it is, and your minimum asking price. Remember, choose a price that is reasonable --- climbers tend to be poor.

Two items: Items costing less than \$5.00 will not be auctioned off due to time constraints --- they will be handled on the side. And, please note that no ropes, webbing, etc. will be auctioned because their usage history is very important in determining their safety.

Just remember that the meeting/auction is on MARCH 10th.

UPCOMING PROGRAMS

The Photo Contest will be the first Thursday in April (7th). A write-up with the rules is included inside.

PAY FOR RESCUE

In response to the recent wave of activity concerning a federal government proposal to add a \$500 "climbing fee" for everyone on Denali, the BOEALPS Board has decided to write a letter stating our objections. Dan Goering, our esteemed president, will have more about this next issue.

However, individual members are encouraged to write letters too. When conservation societies ask members to write letters, they recommend that the letters are short, specific and respectful. These guidelines are probably good ones to follow for your letter too. Paul Pyscher has been really on top of this issue (as you can tell from his columns in the past couple of ECHOs) so contacting him would be a good idea.

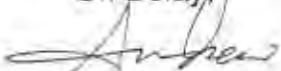
SEATTLE MOUNTAINEERS' LIST

The Seattle Mountaineers have been nice enough to publicize the "when's and where's" of their climbing class field trips. I suggest you avoid these areas during their outings to minimize environmental impact and preserve your own "peace in the woods."

THIS ISSUE

A little thin this month. O'Callahan. Submittal from Eglowstein. Plus our usual assortment of "on-the-wall" stuff.

Off Belay,



Andrew Snoey



Pam Kaiser

APRIL ALPINE ECHO DEADLINE: March 24th

March 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			Basic Class			
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	Basic Class	General Meeting		Basic Class NEWMOON
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Basic Class			Basic Class	St. Patrick's Day 		Basic Class
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Basic Class			Basic Class	ECHO Deadline		Basic Class
Spring Equinox						Teanaway Butte
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
Basic Class FULL MOON Red Top Mtn.			Basic Class			
30	31					

April 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					Good Friday	Beach Campout
					April's Fool Day	1
2			Basic Class	General Meeting		Basic Class
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Basic Class	NEWMOON		Basic Class			Basic Class
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Basic Class			Basic Class	ECHO Deadline	EARTH DAY	Basic Class
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
Basic Class	FULL MOON		Basic Class			Basic Class
24	25	26	Secretaries' Day	27	28	29
						30

March BoeAlps Trips

Saturday, March 26: Teanaway Butte

Master the moguls with a bike! The well compacted track to Teanaway Butte should provide an ideal introduction to this improbable winter sport. For equipment recommendations, call Lizard at 865-3783. 5 hours, Shock Wave Rating: 2.3 (low end of moderate).

Sunday, March 27: Red Top Mountain

Ride a firm and possibly icy snowmobile track to within 400' of the Red Top Lookout. Snow conditions permitting, the cycling maniacs in the party will punch steps up Red Top's steep summit pitch. An early start is required for this 16 mile trip, and participants are encouraged to spend Saturday night at nearby Indian Creek campground. SWR: 5.5 (upper end of moderate). Contact Lizard @ 865-3783 (w) or 255-4754 (h).

May 21 - June 5: Ibapah Peak, Dry Creek Range, Utah

Spend two weeks among some of the most remote peaks in desert America. The prime objective of this expeditionary-style outing will be a bicycle ascent of 12,017' Ibapah Peak, highest BLM peak in the nation, and the site of Utah's best preserved heliograph station.

The Ibapah climb should be completed within a week, leaving time for other exploratory ventures in the region. Secondary goals include Beaty Butte (SE Oregon), Starbidge Mountain (NE Nevada), and Bull Creek Mountain (NW Utah). Call Lizard now, and let's begin planning for this next Great Adventure.

April 9 - 10 or as snow conditions allow Mt Hood by Cooper Spur

This is an excellent uncrowded route up the highest point in Oregon. It include climbing a 45 to 50 degree snow slope. We will leave Seattle on Saturday morning in car pools. After parking as high as we can, there will be a modest hike to our snow camp at 8600' on Cooper Spur. The rest of the afternoon will be spent practicing belaying from your ice ax and placing snow protection.

Sunday we will be arriving on the summit about 3 hours after leaving camp. Half the trip up to the summit and back to camp will include roped travel and belaying. The trip back to camp will include an awesome 1500' glissade (that ends in a safe runout). Then we will hike out, eat, drive back, and arrive in Seattle before dark.

Ice ax and crampons are required. Plastic boots or leather boots with a shank are also required. No previous experience in placing snow protection is necessary (we will practice that). Due to snow conditions, this trip may be postponed, so if you can't make the above date, contact me and maybe you can make an alternate (if there is one). Limited to 6 - 12 people (depending on experience and bribes). Basic Class graduate or equivalent experience required.

Todd Bauck (W) 662-4427 (H) 931-0362

MORE ACTIVITIES

* Mt. Hood, Standard Route, Friday-Sunday, May 20-22
Climb Mt. Hood via the Standard Route (South Route) on Saturday. Price of the trip is \$35.00, which includes two nights accomodation at the Timberline Lodge.

Kelly McGuckin (w) 662-3528 (h) 788-6054

* Mt. Olympus, Memorial Day or Fourth of July weekend
Anyone interested in climbing the monarch of the Olympic Mountains on either of the aforementioned weekends? Allow for a fourth day in case of inclement weather on the summit day.

Len Kannapell (w) 393-5638 (h) 285-8252

* Mt. Constance, May/June when conditions allow
This towering 7700+ foot peak features an ugly 3300 foot elevation gain in the 2 mile approach to Lake Constance - but outstanding views beyond.

Len Kannapell (w) 393-5638 (h) 285-8252

AND OTHER STUFF

* Beach Camp out, Easter Weekend, April 2-3
Come camp on the ocean near Lake Ozette. Features 3 mile hike in on boardwalk thru the Temperate Rain Forest to the camp site. Then Sunday hike up the beach and out thru the forest back to the cars.

* Enchantment Outing, around August 20-21
Due to change of plans, I am looking at a long weekend, two to three extra days. Max Party size still is 8. Come for the hike and views or for some peak baggin'. Call quickly, because I will sending in an application for permits soon.

FYI - my phone number (342-7057) and mail stop (09-99) are still the same, but due to my current work assignment until July I have two additional phone numbers - 266-8314 and pager 986-8530. Reach me at any of the above numbers.

I also receive monthly Forest Information Reports from the National Forest Service. Call me if you want to know the conditions and other info about locations within Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest.

This change in format is due to the fact that I lost the computer that I was doing the write-ups on. Working on a solution.

Thanx,
Eric

To: BOEALPS Members

From: Pam Kaiser

Subject: Minutes of February 10, 1994 Board Meeting

Attendees: Arnold, Bennett, Eggold, Goering, Gruich, Kaiser,
Pyscher, Rudesill, Searce, Slete, Snoey

Some time was spent discussing how the Annual Photo Contest (April 7, 1994) should be run. Last year's club photographer Dave Eggold offered Dan Gruich some "lessons learned" along with some leftover score sheets. For additional information about the Photo Contest, look for the write-up in this month's Echo.

A large portion of time was also spent discussing how Boealps should address the "climbing fee" that is being proposed for Denali in 1995. Paul Pyscher and Dan Goering volunteered to put together an initial cut at a letter for review at the next meeting.

Comittee Reports:

- * Jeff Arnold encouraged everyone to get in their membership forms and yearly dues.
- * Eric Bennett reported that the reservation system for obtaining campsites along Icicle Creek has changed. The system will now be automated and won't be operational until later in the month.
- * The next Board Meeting will be March 21 at Jeff Arnold's house.

AGRISS MORUSS MEMORIAL GRANT

Applications are currently being accepted for this years Agriss Moruss Memorial Grant. The grant is offered each year to help aid in the expenses of a worthwhile climbing endeavor by BOEALPS members. Grants in the past have been awarded for trips ranging from the Cascades to Nepal and Alaska, and are generally trips that include a sense of exploration. The number and size of the grant(s) is at the sole discretion of the Board of Trustees.

The grant is offered in memory of Agriss Moruss, a long time member and active climber who lost his life while leading a group of basic class students up Lundin Peak on May 9, 1982. The only requirements for the grant are that you are a BOEALPS member, attempt the trip, and if awarded the grant that you write a letter of thanks to Agris's father.

Requests can be in letter form and must be submitted by March 18, 1994 to Stan Slete at M/S: 5T-04 or mailed to my home at 2713 S 353rd Place, Federal Way, WA 98003.

BOEALPS Annual Photo Contest

Once again it is time to dig through those photo albums or shoeboxes and pull out your favorite slides or prints. The annual Boealps Photo Contest will be held at the April meeting this year. For all of you who are budding photographers or old pros, bring out your best, who knows you just might win a prize. Prizes will be awarded to the top three vote getters in each category and there will also be door prizes so everyone who enters a photo will have a chance to win. Heres how to enter:

- All entries should have the general flavor of the club's interests.
- Each person may enter up to 2 slides per category except the "People" category where up to 3 slides are allowed.
- Each person may enter up to 3 photos in each print category.
- Do not enter photos that have won in previous years.
- Prizes will be limited so that each person can win one prize per category and two prizes overall.
- Your name and the title of the photo should be on each entry. For slides write on the frame, for prints write or attach a note on the back.
- Fill out an entry form for each category you enter. Use the form here in the ECHO. make additional copies as necessary. Forms will also be at the meeting
- Show up early to the April meeting (~6:30 PM) with your photos and entry forms to get your photos entered.

Slide Categories

Mountain Scenes
Climbing
People
Flora, Fauna, Nature patterns
Water and Waterfalls
Sunrise and Sunset
Inclement weather

Print Categories

Mountain Scenes
Climbing
People
General (all other color prints)
Black and White

High Altitude Headache: Treatment with Ibuprofen

J. R. BROOME, MRCP, M. D. STONEHAM, M.A., J. M. BEELEY, FRCP, J. S. MILLEDGE, FRCP, A. S. HUGHES, M.B.

BROOME JR, STONEHAM MD, BEELEY JM, MILLEDGE JS, HUGHES AS. High altitude headache: treatment with ibuprofen. *Aviat. Space Environ. Med.* 1994; 65:19-20.

Up to half of those who ascend rapidly to altitudes of over 3,000 m may experience symptoms of acute mountain sickness (AMS) and of these some 95% may suffer from high altitude headache. We report the first controlled trial specifically to assess an oral drug therapy for this common symptom. Subjects were 21 members of mountaineering expeditions to similar altitudes in the Bolivian Andes and the Himalayas in Nepal. The study was of a randomized, placebo-controlled, double-blind, within-patient crossover design. Ibuprofen was significantly superior to placebo both in reducing headache severity and in speed of relief (a mean difference of 94 min in time to no/minimal headache). Only 14% of subjects who initially took ibuprofen felt the need for further medication compared to 83% of those who took placebo first ($p = 0.02$). Of the 11 subjects completing both phases of the crossover, 8 (73%) favored ibuprofen while the remainder had no preference ($p = 0.004$). No attributable adverse effects occurred. The results suggest that ibuprofen is a safe and effective treatment for high altitude headache.

MANY THOUSANDS of tourists, trekkers, climbers, and skiers regularly ascend to heights of over 3,000 m in the world's mountainous regions. Some 50% may experience at least the milder symptoms of acute mountain sickness (AMS) with headache, sleep disturbance, anorexia, nausea, dizziness, and lassitude as the common manifestations in order of decreasing frequency (3,9). The prophylaxis and general treatment of AMS remains unsatisfactory, and definitive medical advice to those with serious symptoms is to descend. Those mildly affected should avoid further ascent until symptoms have resolved (9).

Over 95% of AMS sufferers will have high altitude

headache, usually frontal, developing within 6-8 h of arrival at altitude and lasting for up to 5 d (3). No published controlled trials have specifically considered a symptomatic oral therapy for this common ailment and current recommendations are based on essentially anecdotal evidence (2). One report suggests that ibuprofen proved an effective treatment when aspirin failed (10).

Services Mountaineering Expeditions to the Bolivian Andes and to the Himalayas in Nepal during 1989 and 1990 provided the opportunity to investigate, by controlled trial, the efficacy and safety of the non-steroidal anti-inflammatory analgesic drug ibuprofen in relieving high altitude headache.

METHODS

Subjects were 20 male and 1 female members of military expeditions to similar altitudes (base camp 4-5000 m) in the Cordillera Real, Bolivia and Gyachung Kang, Nepal. Subjects were normally resident at sea level and had variable previous altitude experience. Ethical approval for the study was obtained from the Royal Naval Clinical Research Subcommittee.

The study assessed the efficacy of a single 400-mg tablet of ibuprofen against placebo tablet using a randomized, double-blind, within-patient crossover design. Thus, subjects received treatment with either ibuprofen followed by placebo, or with placebo followed by ibuprofen.

Expedition members with at least moderate high altitude headache presented to the investigators at base camp. Following assessment of their suitability to remain at altitude, subjects gave their written informed consent to participate in the study. Each subject was then given a numbered study assessment card with two plain white sachets, each containing identical white, unmarked, film-coated tablets of ibuprofen or placebo. The numbered cards specified the order in which the tablets should be taken and had been randomized to blind both investigators and subjects to the order of treatment.

Subjects recorded headache severity prior to taking

From the Royal Naval Medical Service (J. R. Broome, M. D. Stoneham, J. M. Beeley, A. S. Hughes) and Department of Medicine, Northwick Park Hospital, Harrow, Middlesex, England (J. S. Milledge).

This manuscript was received for review in February 1993. It was revised and accepted for publication in March 1993.

Address correspondence to Surgeon Commander J. R. Broome, RN, who is currently an exchange medical officer with the U.S. Navy, Dysbaric Diseases Program Area, Building 53, Naval Medical Research Institute, Bethesda, MD 20889-5055.

the medication and then at 15 min, 30 min, 1, 2, 3, and 4 h afterwards. Pain severity assessment was by a 9-point rating scale (0 = no pain, 8 = most severe headache ever experienced). At 1, 2, 3, or 4 h, subjects whose headache had subsided to a pain rating of 0 or 1, or had become so mild that they had fallen asleep, were requested to specify the time to relief of symptoms.

Four hours after taking the first tablet, subjects were asked to indicate their need for further medication by their response to the question, "Would you normally take further medication for the pain you are experiencing now?" Adverse events were assessed at this point by the question, "Has the treatment upset you in any way?"

The crossover phase of the study began at least 6 h after initial presentation when subjects who still required relief for headache, or whose headache had returned, were instructed to take the second tablet and to repeat the recording of headache severity or adverse events exactly as for the first tablet. Four hours after taking the second medication, the subjects' medication preferences were assessed by the question "Which tablet did you prefer, 1st, 2nd or no preference?"

Statistical comparison of treatment efficacy was by 2-period crossover analysis with 2-sample *t*-tests for significance (4). McNemar's test was used to analyze the need for further medication and Wilcoxon's rank sum test to assess treatment preference (1).

RESULTS

There were 21 subjects who entered the study and 12 completed both phases of the crossover. Of the 9 subjects who did not continue to the second phase, 8 had experienced complete relief from headache. One subject ceased recording during the second phase due to lack of recovery (after taking placebo).

Overall, ibuprofen relieved headache significantly faster than placebo with a mean difference of 94 min in time to no/minimal headache, (95% confidence intervals 22–166 min). Ibuprofen was significantly superior to placebo in reducing headache severity at all time points except 3 h (*p* values: 0.03 [15 min], 0.004 [30 min], 0.02 [1 hour], 0.01 [2 hours], 0.07 [3 hours], 0.01 [4 hours]).

Analysis of subjects' treatment preferences revealed that 8 of 11 subjects (73%) favored ibuprofen while the remainder had no preference (*p* = 0.004). Only 14% of subjects who initially took ibuprofen felt the need for further medication compared to 83% of those who took placebo first (*p* = 0.02).

Four adverse events were recorded. One subject reported worsening of headache and insomnia, but he had continued to ascend. Two subjects vomited (one after placebo and one after ibuprofen). None of the adverse events are considered to be related to the study medication.

DISCUSSION

The pathophysiology of AMS is incompletely understood, but there may be an exaggerated vascular response to mild hypoxia in unacclimatized, susceptible individuals (6). The mechanism of high altitude headache is also unclear. Changes in intra-cranial fluid vol-

umes have been implicated but, although cerebral blood flow increases at altitude, this has not been shown to be the direct cause of the headache in AMS (7). Other pathophysiological mechanisms such as increased cerebral microvascular permeability (5), perhaps mediated by the enhanced effects of leucotrienes in the presence of prostaglandins (11), may be important.

Previous studies of AMS have looked at scoring systems such as the Environmental Symptoms Questionnaire (8) in which the various features of AMS are scored individually and then a total score derived. Effects of different treatments are then assessed by noting changes in the overall score. Thus, for example, acetazolamide prophylaxis has been shown to reduce the overall symptom score of AMS (9). However, no previous study has examined the efficacy of oral drug treatment on a specific isolated symptom such as high altitude headache.

Our study suggests that ibuprofen 400 mg is a safe and effective treatment for high altitude headache. The efficacy of ibuprofen could be explained if a prostaglandin-mediated increase in cerebral microvascular permeability is part of the pathophysiology of AMS and treatment with a prostaglandin synthetase inhibitor reduces that response.

Our study was small but produced a significant result. We propose that our results may be used as a yardstick against which other drug therapies may be compared in larger clinical trials.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The authors would like to thank Ms. Lesley Lancaster of Boots Pharmaceuticals, Nottingham, England, for her help and advice with all aspects of the study, and Boots Pharmaceuticals for provision of study medication and assistance with funding. Mr. M. K. Williams performed the statistical analysis. The cooperation of expedition members is also gratefully acknowledged.

The views expressed in this paper are those of the individual authors and do not necessarily reflect the views or policy of the Royal Naval Medical Service.

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West Face of Guye Peak

January 29, 1994

John O'Callahan (scribe) & Chris Rudesill

One pitch in particular during our 13 hour climb and descent, one that put our emotions somewhere between fear and exhilaration, can sum up the kind of day we had on the west face of Guye Peak. It's safe to say that we both had our share of adrenaline rushes up to that point in the day. This particular pitch was about a hundred feet or so below the summit ridge. I was belaying Chris as he traversed under a vertical wall (with no holds) on a really narrow snow-piled ledge with nothing but air (and a great view) to the base of the mountain below. Listening to Chris say "Wow, this is really spooky" didn't make me feel great about having to follow, especially when I've rarely heard Chris say that on any climb. After he rounded the edge of the wall and out of view, I waited for some time before I heard a loud "Damn it!" in the distance and then waited for what seemed like ages until I heard the banging of pitons into rock. Sometime after that and after eventually communicating that Chris was anchored in and had me on belay and after sorting out the rope friction annoyance, I followed up the route taking out pro in some very precarious positions. After crossing the ledge with only a quick glance into the what seemed to me to be an abyss below (about a 1,000 ft or so) from which I got a real nice rush of adrenaline, I rounded the wall's edge and was surprised with a great view above through two parallel walls, a nice chimney, of Chris anchored into one wall and perched at the bottom of another very steep snow chute that at last appeared to go to the summit. The view was just way cool! Another of many that day.

The route from there dipped down into the chimney before going back up. That's what Chris had previously damned as he had wedged his way down between the walls (feet on one and back & hands on the other). He has admitted to being partly crazy at times. I elected to rap down that section. Thereafter, the going was easier. Between the two of us, that one pitch took close to two hours!

The rest of the climb was mostly a bit less of a nerve-requiring challenge. The route that we had started on was the northwest ramp that cuts diagonally up the west face. I'm not sure what route we ended up on toward the end (I learned a lesson to study the route more carefully from the bottom before the climb). We had started the day with a running belay on the steep ramp and soon went to belaying each other through some steep and exposed ledges and chutes. The weather and snow conditions were great. We kept saying "This is cool," with an occasional "This is scary" in some tight spots.

We reached the summit ridge at around 5:50 p.m., just before complete darkness. The long climb was probably due to several factors: having to change route once, our conservativeness in placing pro, and my not being real efficient yet in placing pro.

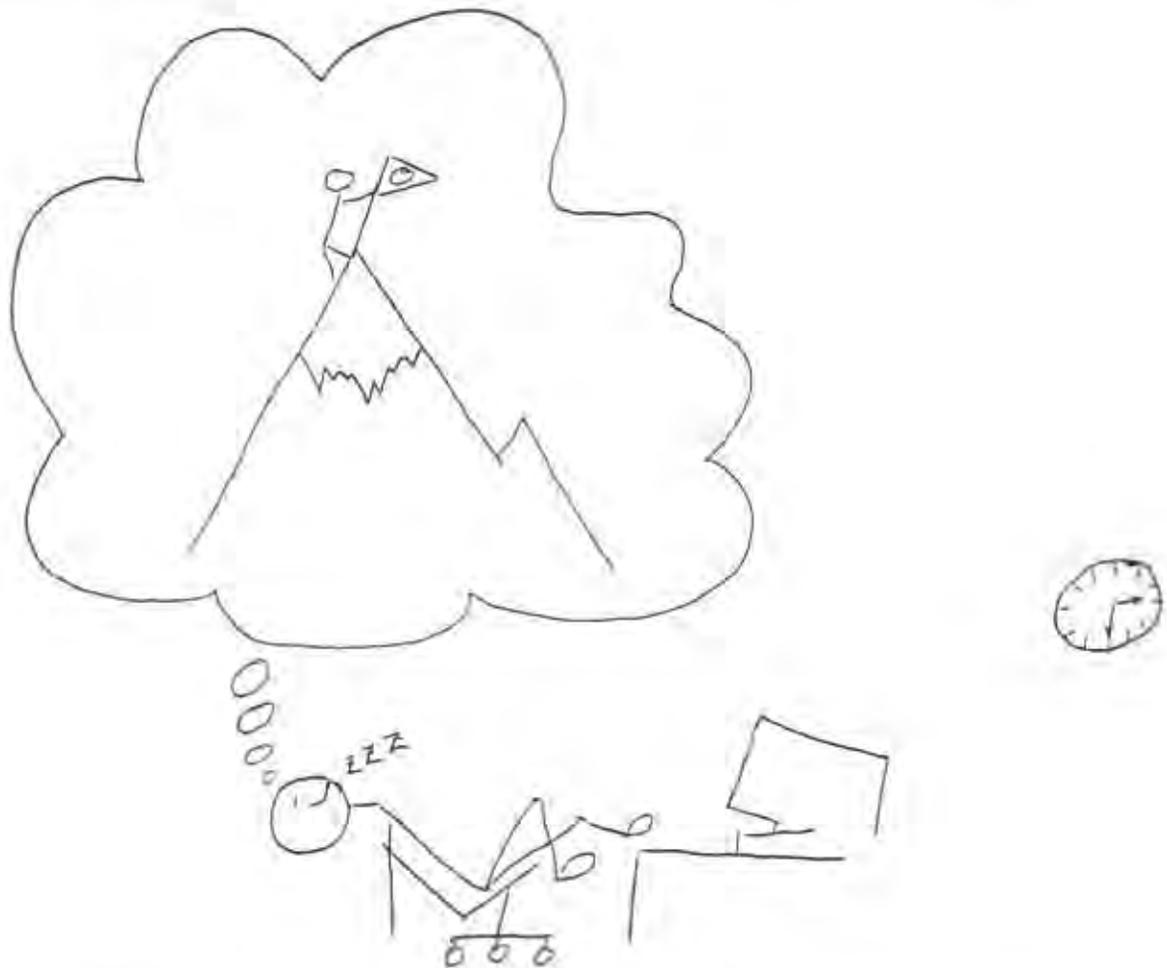
The rappels and cramponing down a steep chute on the east side of the mountain in the dark was not exactly an easy end to a long day. Chris probably summed up our energy level best when about two-thirds way down the steep chute, he said "The adrenaline just doesn't come anymore." By the time we reached the car at about 10:30 p.m., we were completely spent. It was well worth the effort - a great climbing experience (plenty challenging for my climbing ability) and one to which I will compare the challenge of future climbs.

Seattle Mountaineers Climbing Committee 1994 Activities

February 12 -13	Camp Long, West Seattle	Dale Flynn	634-2389
February 19 - 20	Camp Long, West Seattle	Dale Flynn	634-2389
February 26 - 27	Skyline Ridge, Stevens Pass	Lou Feller	842-8497
March 12 -13	Mt. Erie, Anacortes	Mike Maude	483-2514
March 19 - 20	Camp Long, West Seattle	Dave Collins Ron Eng	822-0962 547-1643
March 26 - 27	Camp Long, West Seattle	Dave Collins Ron Eng	822-0962 547-1643
April 2 - 3	Icicle Canyon, Leavenworth	Steve Andreason Steve Knowles	783-4122 283-6312
April 9 - 10	Icicle Canyon, Leavenworth	Steve Andreason Steve Knowles	783-4122 283-6312
April 16 - 17	Mt. Erie, Anacortes	Ken Bryan Joe Chaffee	854-7155 772-5249
April 23 -24	Icicle Canyon, Castle Rock, Snowcreek Wall	Tom Hodgeman Paul Russell	842-1462 325-6175
May 7 - 8	Snoqualmie Pass, Stevens Pass	Jim Green	285-1829
May 14 - 15	Snoqualmie Pass, Stevens Pass	Jim Green	285-1829
June 11 -12	Nisqually Glacier, MRNP Unicorn Basin, Tatoosh Range	Becky Segal Hadi Al'Sadoon	784-0169 721-3031
June 18 - 19	Nisqually Glacier, MRNP Unicorn Basin, Tatoosh Range	Becky Segal Hadi Al'Sadoon	784-0169 721-3031
August 20 -21	Nisqually Glacier, MRNP	Kurt Hanson Barb McCann	935-6283 324-8083
September 10 -11	Nisqually Glacier, MRNP	Gary McCunn	888-0994

HELP STOP TRAILHEAD THEFTS!

Tired of returning from your hike or climb to find your car vandalized and your blue jeans stolen? The epidemic of trail head break-ins the past several years has prompted action! The Forest Service in conjunction with local climbing and hiking clubs will be building Trailhead Host campsites this spring for trailheads at Barlow Pass, White Chuck (Glacier Peak), Suttle River, and Bald Eagle (near Sloan Peak). More sites are planned in years to come. Volunteers are needed to spend a weekend this summer camping at one of these new sites. It is hoped the presence of volunteer Trailhead Hosts will discourage vandals and thieves. This is our chance to take positive action on this problem! If you would like to volunteer or just get more information, please contact Pam Kaiser at 342-3468.



Love Your Mother, Earth.

ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: _____

NEW WORK PHONE: _____ NEW WORK M/S: _____

NEW HOME PHONE: _____ NEW HOME ADDRESS: _____

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO JEFF ARNOLD, M/S 4M-74

NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENT IN THIS PUBLICATION
DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS OF
THE BOEING COMPANY

ALPINE ECHO



MARCH ALPINE ECHO STAFF

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Pam Kaiser

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Board Meeting Minutes: Pam Kaiser

Reporters: John O'Callahan

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Pam Kaiser
Stan Slete

Thanks to everyone!!

APRIL 1994



BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

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Echo Editor	Andrew Snoey	0T-67	342-5938	BCAG Recreation	Jake Davis	0F-KA	342-5000

Photo: Pigeon Spire by Ken Johnson

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APRIL MEETING

Thursday, April 7th

Picture Registration starts at 6:30

Refreshments and Review at 7:00 pm

Voting starts at 7:30 pm

Oxbow Recreation Center

ANNUAL PHOTO CONTEST

Come to the Annual BOEALPS Photo Contest. Get out those stunning shots of animals, vegetables, and minerals out in the mountains, and enter to win fabulous prizes!!!

Contest rules and entry forms inside.

BELAY STANCE

PROGRAMS

This month is the Annual Photo Contest. I think most people know how it works. But, in case you don't, our illustrious Club Photographer has enclosed a rules write-up.

Dan Gruich is looking for some responsible volunteers to help up with registration and vote counting. If you would like to help, please contact him.

PAY FOR RESCUE

In response to the recent wave of activity concerning a federal government proposal to add a \$500 "climbing fee" for everyone on Denali, the BOEALPS Board has decided to write a letter stating our objections. Dan Goering, our esteemed president, has enclosed a copy of the official position letter.

However, individual members are encouraged to write letters too. When conservation societies ask members to write letters, they recommend that the letters are short, specific and respectful. These guidelines are probably good ones to follow for your letter too. The general addresses for Representatives, Senators, and the Dept of Interior are inside.

THIS ISSUE

A few trip reports for your enjoyment. Many committee reports. And our semi-annual Membership Roster.

Off Belay,



Andrew Snoey

MAY ALPINE ECHO DEADLINE: April 21st



April 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					Good Friday April's Fool Day 1	Beach Campout 2
Easter Beach Campout Daylight Savings 3	4	5	Basic Class 6	General Meeting 7	8	Basic Class Cooper Spur 9
Basic Class Cooper Spur 10	NEW MOON 11	12	Basic Class 13	14	15	Basic Class Mt. Bike 16
Basic Class Mt. Bike 17	18	19	Basic Class 20	ECHO Deadline 21	EARTH DAY 22	Basic Class Mt. Bike 23
Basic Class Mt. Bike 24	FULL MOON 25	26	Basic Class Secretaries' Day 27	Mt. Bike 28	29	Basic Class 30

May 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Basic Class 1	2	3	Basic Class 4	General Meeting 5	6	Basic Class Mt. Bike 7
Basic Class Mt. Bike  Mother's Day 8	9	NEW MOON 10	Basic Class 11	12	13	Basic Class 14
Basic Class 15	16	17	Basic Class 18	ECHO Deadline 19	Mt. Hood 20	Basic Class Mt. Hood Mt. Bike 21
Basic Class Mt. Hood Mt. Bike 22	Mt. Bike 23	Mt. Bike 24	Basic Class Mt. Bike FULL MOON 25	Mt. Bike 26	Mt. Bike 27	Mt. Bike Mt. Olympus 28
Mt. Bike Mt. Olympus 29	Mt. Olympus Memorial Day  30	Mt. Bike 31				

April - May BoeAlps Trips

I. The Yakima Valley Series

1. *Saturday, April 16: Roza-Wenas Traverse (L.T. Murray WRA)*

Strenuous cycling along Umtanum Ridge. The trip will feature the now-infamous kamikaze descent from Roza VABM (thus far, two BoeAlpers have crashed & burned at this site!). Bighorn sheep, elk, and wild turkey have been spotted along the route. 6 hours, 22 miles, SWR: 5.0

2. *Sunday, April 17: Cleman Mountain (Oak Creek WRA)*

A difficult 5040' climb to a spectacular viewpoint overlooking the Naches River Valley. Be prepared for deep snow in Hardy Canyon. 6-7 hours, 21 miles, SWR: 6.7

3. *Saturday & Sunday, April 23-24: Bald Mountain*

We will attempt this mountain by two different routes from the head of Wenas Valley. Ratings: SE Summit (4.9 via S Fork Wenas, 6.7 via N Fork Wenas); NW Summit, 7.3

II. The Sand Series

1. *Thursday, April 28: Admiralty Head to Whidbey Island NAS -- The Ultimate Beach Ride*

Does 30 miles of sand gliding and surf skimming sound like fun? Take advantage of the most favorable tide of the season and join us for an unforgettable adventure. A fresh-water hose down will be available. Paddle tires advised, no heavyweights! 7 hours.

2. *Saturday, May 7: Columbia River Trench (Quilomene WRA)*

Run the length of the Quilomene to its mouth on the Columbia River. This epic ride will feature many miles of trailless scrub, and an ascent of one of Washington's most magnificent sand dunes. Return via the old Army Road. 8 hours, 26 miles. Snake bite kits advised.

3. *Sunday, May 8: Bohinkleman-Jackknife (Whiskey Dick WRA)*

An unproven route to the Columbia, possibly more difficult than the Quilomene. A good conditioner for Ibapah!

III. May 21 - June 5: Ibapah Peak, Dry Creek Range, Utah

Spend two weeks among some of the most remote peaks in desert America. The prime objective of this expeditionary-style outing will be a bicycle ascent of 12,087' Ibapah Peak, highest BLM peak in the nation, and the site of Utah's best preserved heliograph station.

The Ibapah climb should be completed within a week, leaving time for other exploratory ventures in the region. Secondary goals include Beatys Butte (SE Oregon), Jarbidge Peak (NE Nevada), and the Raft River Mountains of NW Utah.

Contact: Lizard @ 865-3783(w) or 255-4754(h)

April 9 - 10 or as snow conditions allow Mt Hood by Cooper Spur

This is an excellent uncrowded route up the highest point in Oregon. It include climbing a 45 to 50 degree snow slope. We will leave Seattle on Saturday morning in car pools. After parking as high as we can, there will be a modest hike to our snow camp at 8600' on Cooper Spur. The rest of the afternoon will be spent practicing belaying from your ice ax and placing snow protection.

Sunday we will be arriving on the summit about 3 hours after leaving camp. Half the trip up to the summit and back to camp will include roped travel and belaying. The trip back to camp will include an awesome 1500' glissade (that ends in a safe runout). Then we will hike out, eat, drive back, and arrive in Seattle before dark.

Ice ax and crampons are required. Plastic boots or leather boots with a shank are also required. No previous experience in placing snow protection is necessary (we will practice that). Due to snow conditions, this trip may be postponed, so if you can't make the above date, contact me and maybe you can make an alternate (if there is one). Limited to 6 - 12 people (depending on experience and bribes). Basic Class graduate or equivalent experience required.

Todd Bauck (W) 662-4427 (H) 931-0362

MORE ACTIVITIES

- * Mt. Hood, Standard Route, Friday-Sunday, May 20-22

Climb Mt. Hood via the Standard Route (South Route) on Saturday. Price of the trip is \$35.00, which includes two nights accomodation at the Timberline Lodge.

Kelly McGuckin (w) 662-3528 (h) 788-6054

- * Mt. Olympus, Memorial Day or Fourth of July weekend

Anyone interested in climbing the monarch of the Olympic Mountains on either of the aforementioned weekends? Allow for a fourth day in case of inclement weather on the summit day.

Len Kannapell (w) 393-5638 (h) 285-8252

- * Mt. Constance, May/June when conditions allow

This towering 7700+ foot peak features an ugly 3300 foot elevation gain in the 2 mile approach to Lake Constance - but outstanding views beyond.

Len Kannapell (w) 393-5638 (h) 285-8252

AND OTHER STUFF

- * Club Campout, Spring

The date and location have been set; June 10th - 12th, Eight-mile Campground, Leavenworth. Mark your calendars.

I also receive monthly Forest Information Reports from the National Forest Service. Call me if you want to know the conditions and other info about locations within Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest.

Thanx,
Eric

BOEALPS Annual Photo Contest

Once again it is time to dig through those photo albums or shoeboxes and pull out your favorite slides or prints. The annual Bocalps Photo Contest will be held at the April meeting this year. For all of you who are budding photographers or old pros, bring out your best, who knows you just might win a prize. First prizes will be awarded to the top vote getter in each category and two names will be drawn from each category to receive nominal prizes. There will also be door prizes so everyone who enters a photo will have a chance to win. Heres how to enter:

- All entries should have the general flavor of the club's interests.
- Each person may enter up to 2 slides per category except the "People" category where up to 3 slides are allowed.
- Each person may enter up to 3 photos in each print category.
- Do not enter photos that have won in previous years.
- First place prizes will be limited to two per person.
- Your name and the title of the photo should be on each entry. For slides write on the frame, for prints write or attach a note on the back.
- Fill out an entry form for each category you enter. Use the form here in the ECHO. make additional copies as necessary. Forms will also be at the meeting
- Show up early to the April meeting (~6:30 PM) with your photos and entry forms to get your photos entered.

Slide Categories

Mountain Scenes
Climbing
People
Flora, Fauna, Nature patterns
Water and Waterfalls
Sunrise and Sunset
Inclement weather

Print Categories

Mountain Scenes
Climbing
People
General (all other color prints)
Black and White

Note: the rules have been changed from last months ECHO. First place prizes for each category will be awarded and two nominal prizes will also be drawn from each category, and first place prizes will be limited to no more than two per person. The intent of this change is to allow higher quality prizes for first place and still recognize other participants while staying within a reasonable budget

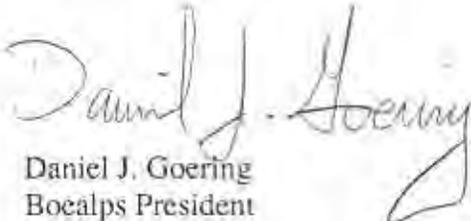
Denali National Park Pay-for Rescue Fee Update

I hope you are all aware now of the National Park Service (NPS) proposal to begin charging a special fee for climbers making attempts on Mt. McKinley and Mt. Foraker in Denali National Park. The fee is intended to offset the costs of conducting rescues and to start new safety and educational programs for climbers. Look for a reprint of their proposal in this issue of the Echo for details. This proposal represents a shift in NPS policy with many implications.

This is an important issue for all climbers, not just those interested in Denali. If the Denali fee is implemented, other parks will likely follow their lead, including Mt. Ranier which is already considering their own fee. A pay-for-rescue fee will undermine the mountaineering ethics of self reliance and being responsible for one's own safety. A fee may open the NPS to lawsuits resulting from slow or bungled rescues which could cost far more than the income generated. Pay-for-rescue may also undermine the volunteer rescue organizations whose dedicated members perform rescues at no cost. Spending more funds on expanding climbing educational programs signals the NPS moving further into an area they should stay out of. Pre-climb research, planning and training is as much a part of mountaineering as the actual climbing. As climbers, we don't want the NPS to belay us up the mountain, we don't want them to do our pre-climb research and planning, and we sure don't want to pay for services we don't need!

The most relevant of these points have been summarized in a letter which the Boealps board will send to the Superintendent of Denali National Park and Preserve and the appropriate government officials as the Boealp's position on this issue. A copy of the letter appears in the following pages of this Echo. We will present it for comments and vote of approval from the membership-at-large at the start of the April general meeting.

You are encouraged to write your own letter to the Superintendent of Denali, your Congressional representatives, and the Secretary of the Interior. Keep it short and respectful, tell them specifically what you are writing about, and in personal terms state why you do or do not like what they are proposing. Also please consider attending the public commentary meeting to be held Friday April 1 at 7:00 pm in Seattle at the Mountaineers Clubhouse, Tahoma Room located at 300 3rd Ave W. As climbers, we a minority of the U.S. general population. A strong show of opposition is needed to stop the pay-for-rescue fee and no one else is going to stand up for us. Please get involved!



Daniel J. Goering
Boealps President



c/o RECREATION
P. O. BOX 3707 MS 4H-58
SEATTLE, WA 98124

March 23, 1994

To: Superintendent Denali National Park
PO Box 9M
Denali National Park and Preserve
Alaska, 99755

As representatives of the Boeing Employees Alpine Society, we are writing to state our opposition to the proposed \$200 fee for climbers visiting Mount McKinley and Mount Foraker. Climbers should not be singled out to help relieve the budget shortfalls of the Denali National Park.

The Boeing Employees Alpine Society is a dedicated climbing club of over 400 members from the Seattle area. We are active in teaching safe and responsible mountaineering at both the beginning and the more advanced levels. In most years, we have members of our club climbing on Mt. McKinley.

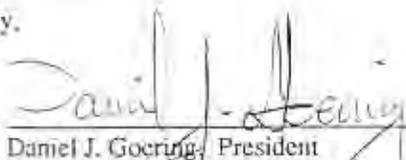
A fee applied to every climber to help offset rescue costs will only encourage the irresponsible and underprepared individuals. Mountaineers must each assume the ultimate responsibility for their own individual safety. This includes accepting the risks (including the possibility of death) associated with any given climb, preparing properly so as to minimize these risks, climbing in a safe manner, and being prepared to pay the cost of a rescue should one become necessary. Unfortunately, some individuals choose not to follow these principles and it is these people who are most likely to be involved in an accident. Under the proposed pay-for-rescue fee system, you should expect that an increasing number of such underprepared individuals will plan for and then attempt climbs of Mt. McKinley and Mt. Foraker with the assumption that a pre-paid helicopter rescue can be fully expected should things not go precisely as desired. Do not penalize the responsible and well-prepared climbers who visit each year in order to accommodate those who are underprepared and/or irresponsible.

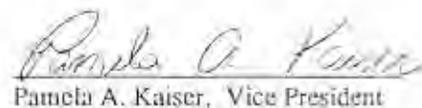
Consider also that most climbers are not wealthy and must plan their Denali expeditions on a tight budget. Their safety demands that they equip themselves with the best gear possible within this budget. The proposed \$200 per climber fee would most likely come out of an expedition's equipment funds. Do not force the less affluent climbers to compromise the quality of their gear and their safety.

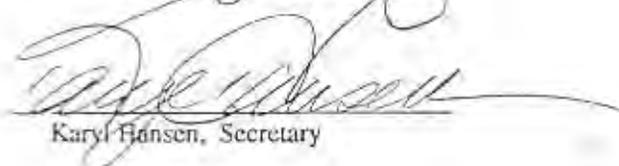
Preferred alternatives to your proposed fee would be to recoup the cost of any rescue operation from the group or individual rescued and/or to cut back expenditures on your mountaineering program by reducing the level of service provided to the climbing community. A responsible climbing party does not expect or want the National Park Service to do the pre-climb research for them or teach them how to climb safely.

Thank you for considering our input on this matter. Please note that these opinions are those of the Boeing Employees Alpine Society and not those of The Boeing Company.

Sincerely,


Daniel J. Goering, President


Pamela A. Kaiser, Vice President


Karyl Hansen, Secretary


Richard Scarce, Treasurer

national park service

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
February 28, 1994

CONTACT: Kris Fister
Public Affairs (907) 257-2696

COST RECOVERY FOR MOUNTAINEERING MANAGEMENT PROPOSED FOR DENALI NATIONAL PARK (REVISED)

The National Park Service is seeking comments on a new policy designed to increase safety and defray the cost of mountaineering operation on Mount McKinley and Mount Foraker in Denali National Park and Preserve, Alaska. The proposed policy, which was developed with input from mountaineers and other park visitors, would be implemented for the 1995 climbing season.

"The mountaineering program is expensive and it's dangerous to carry out rescue operations on these mountains," said Bonnie Cohen, Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

"There is a great climbing ethic in America and thousands of experienced mountaineers. However, there are many climbers who lack expertise and knowledge about these mountains. Our proposal is designed to provide educational programs that will reduce the need for high-altitude mountain rescues and help defray the operating and rescue costs."

During 1993, Denali National Park and Preserve received more than 500,000 recreational visits. Of these, 1,126 were climbers attempting to scale Mount McKinley and Mount Foraker. Mountaineers represent only .2% of the total visitation, but a much higher percentage of the park budget. About \$500,000 is spent each year on the mountaineering program, with \$160,000 coming from Denali National Park's \$6.6 million operating budget and \$340,000 from other National Park Service funds. The mountaineering season at Denali runs from mid-April to early July, with almost all rescues occurring above 14,000 feet. The costs to the park for this program include a special high-altitude helicopter for rescues totalling nearly \$200,000 a year, and pre-positioning of personnel and equipment amounting to an additional \$160,000 per year.

Mount McKinley, at 20,320 feet, is the tallest mountain in North America. Mount Foraker is 17,400 feet high.

-- MORE --

With tight budgets and increasing numbers of both parks and visitation, the National Park Service is proposing a program designed to share a portion of these costs with those who benefit directly from the service provided. The development of the proposed program has already benefitted greatly from the input of the climbing community, which included a National Park Service forum held on the subject on January 8, 1994, in Seattle.

"The objective of this policy is to prevent accidents and reduce the need for expensive rescues," Cohen said. "These are not weekend destinations -- mountaineers attempting to climb these peaks recognize the risk as well as the need for a significant investment of money, extensive planning and sensible climbing rules. This policy meets those objectives."

The program is designed to be first and foremost preventive. The Park Service expects this will ultimately lead to safer expeditions, and result in fewer rescues. The main components are as follows:

1. Pre-registration will be required 60 days in advance of the beginning of the climb.
2. Education programs will be expanded. These will include the translation of the mountaineering booklet into six languages, starting a voice mail telephone system capable of providing information in several languages, and more pro-active participation in domestic and foreign mountaineering and climbing conferences. One-third of Denali's climbers are from outside the United States.
3. A \$200 per person fee will be collected to offset the cost of managing mountaineering activities on Mount McKinley and Mount Foraker. The fee will apply only to those two popular and challenging peaks. The fee will help offset the cost of pre-positioning acclimatized rescue personnel and staffing the 14,000-foot camp, operating the high-altitude helicopter, and the cost of conducting rescues.

Written comments on this proposal will be accepted by the National Park Service from March 1 through April 15, 1994. Address comments to: Superintendent, P.O. Box 9M, Denali National Park and Preserve, Alaska, 99755. Public testimony on the proposal will be taken at meetings planned the week of March 27 in Fairbanks, Talkeetna, and Anchorage, Alaska, and in Seattle.

The meetings will take place on Monday, March 28 at 7:00 p.m. at the Fairbanks branch of the Alaska Public Lands Information Center (APLIC); Tuesday, March 29 at 7:00 p.m. at the Talkeetna Elementary School; Wednesday, March 30 at 7:00 p.m. at the Loussac Library - Theater in Anchorage; and Friday, April 1 at 7:00 p.m. at the Mountaineer's Clubhouse, Tahoma Room, located at 300 3rd West in Seattle, Washington.

March 15, 1994

To: BOEALPS Members

From: Karyl Hansen

Subject: Minutes of March 14, 1994 Board Meeting

Attendees: Arnold, Bennett, Conder, Elzenga, Goering, Gruich, Hansen, Kaiser, Olds, Pyscher, Rudesill, Scearce, Slete

Dan passed out copies of a news release from the National Park Service on the proposed \$200 climbing fee scheduled to take effect on Denali in 1995. Members who would like a copy of the release can contact me at 237-2947. Written comments on the proposal will be accepted by the National Park Service through April 15. Address comments to Superintendent, P.O. Box 9M, Denali National Park and Preserve, Alaska, 99755. Public testimony on the proposal will be taken on Friday, April 1, at 7:00 PM at the Mountaineers clubhouse. Dan Goering has drafted a letter to the Park Service, to be signed by the BOEALPS elected officers, stating our position on the proposal.

Sixteen students have started the Intermediate Class, and 57 students the Basic Class. Discussion was held regarding the low attendance at the recent equipment auction, and the need to publicize the auction better in future years to new Basic Class students. Suggestions were to include information about the auction on the standard Basic Class equipment list, and to provide a copy of the ECHO (containing auction information) to each student who signs up for the Basic Class on orientation night. As this year will mark the 25th anniversary of the Basic Class, Pam will be ordering commemorative t-shirts (to be available for sale to all club members on a first-come-first-served basis). The shirts will sport some variation on the theme, "Will Belay for Food". Details to follow.

Eric indicates the June campout will be June 10-12 at 8-Mile Campground.

Dan Gruich discussed the upcoming photo contest in April. Interested in entering? Refer to contest rules published elsewhere in this ECHO.

Bob Conder indicates that the club elections are scheduled for Sept.1 at the Rainier Brewery. Neal is trying to get Stacy Ellison (first American woman to climb Everest) as the speaker for the annual banquet.

Stan Slete gets a merit badge for giving a speech on climbing to an Auburn Boy Scout Troop, and as a special additional award, he gets to host the next Board Meeting on April 12.

Conservation Corner

Paul Pyscher

Greetings everyone, finally get to talk a little about the environment some. Lately seems I've been too busy reporting on government politics, not that that's bad, just different than this article will be.

I wanted to use this letter to reflect a little personal philosophy. Seems that humans can go through decades of life to learn a single lesson, some times we don't learn at all because we were not aware of what was going on. It doesn't seem that we are learning our lesson on the environment. We can see all the crap that goes on in our society that causes the environmental problems we face. Deep problems that cause us to say "I don't have time to worry about our ecology I'm barely surviving".

We need to look to ourselves and fix ourselves then move on to our family, friends, community then the world. When we are personally strong, the problems of the world can be challenged. Seems too many people in high positions can't even handle their own personal life, let alone ours. Here is a statement spoken by the "Peacemaker", founder of the Iroquois Confederacy, circa 1000 AD.

"Think forever not of yourselves, O Chiefs, nor of your own generation. Think of continuing generations of our families, think of our grandchildren and of those yet unborn, whose faces are coming up through the ground."

Our leaders need to be aware that there are more than 10 years left in the world. Modern policies and thinking seem geared toward maximizing quarterly profits rather than quality of life. In my personal belief we will continue to see life degrade for our upcoming generations and become existence, unless we work out some big problems and quit worrying so much about money.

So, what do we do? To begin with, find true root causes to problems, understand them, and apply our energy to them, instead of treating symptoms. If we do this, we will see the truth and know what are lies and will not be deceived. We then can change the world.

Wow pretty heavy huh? I needed to get that off my chest, been too busy reporting the things the government has been doing. Anyway, keep climbing, I think we're one of the last groups of individuals with the awareness to see the things that need to be done. See ya in the mountains!

* conservation hint #402 Buy a pack (12 or so) of cotton dish towels to replace many of the times we use paper towels, you can wash em' all together and you've saved a roll of paper.

Who To Write About Climbing Fees:

The Honorable Slade Gorton
and
The Honorable Patty Murray
US Senate
Washington D.C. 20510

The Honorable <Your Rep>
US House of Representatives
Washington D.C. 20515

The Honorable Bruce Babbitt
Department of the Interior
1849 C Street NW
Washington D.C. 20240

IVORY MOUNTAIN EDUCATION BABBLE

Education Committee information from Chris Rudesill

Just an update on what has been happening in the world of climbing education. Thank-you go out to Jeff Stonebraker for the snow camping and party on Mt. Rainier. Hope to see a trip report in the Echo soon.

Another thank-you goes out to Rise Rensi for seeing the avalanche awareness class through. She only had four people sign up and still managed to have the seminar by combining with the ~~seattle~~ mountaineers. Keeping the seminar alive for those who signed up was most certainly beyond what you were asked in putting this together -- THANKS!!

Congratulations to the following BOEALPS MOFA graduates: Eric Bennett (jr), Neal Elzenga, Bob Condor, Dean Barron, Michael Glain, Elaine Worden, Phillip Severs, Curtis Beck, Brett Burris, John Sule, Karyl Hansen, Steven Richmond, Mary Anne Arens, Bill Arens, Ed Galiger, and Shawn Pare. They not only survived Dan Goering, Jack Huebner (CPR night -- Thanks), and I, but also received high marks for their performance at Camp Long. Good Job!!

Note: we are holding your final tests (and grades!) hostage in exchange for feed back questionnaire handed out at camp long. Feed-back helps us improve for future classes.

And finally, the Basic and Intermediate Classes are in full tilt. I hope all the old-timers don't make themselves too scarce -- your experience, knowledge and wisdom is an important asset. Besides, what new student, without the benefit of experiencing your presence first-hand, would believe the preposterous legendary seemingly unrealistic tall tails others tell!

Support your local climber.

Mt. Rainier May 21,22,23

Spend three days climbing the Kautz glacier route. Saturday we cross the Nisqually glacier and then make camp at 8000 ft. Sunday we have an easy day acclimating and climbing to camp Hazzard at 11000 ft. And Monday we rise early and go for the summit and then return home.
Limit on party size: 8.

Contact: Kathy or Jerry Baillie at home 361-2712 (evenings)

The *it* that's there

My heart's not the same as yours.

If your heart was like mine

You'd get *it* and be right here.

Han-shan.

7th Century Chinese mountain ascetic and poet

Atop this dusky prominence,
all the rest in silhouette,
A crispness between the goal and purpose;
Distinct plates of slate and rose.

No shade from blessing shall I thatch,
no higher perch from which to know,
the intimation of the gift;
effusive mist and alpenglow.

The landscape gapes its healthy void,
silent least I take a step,
to smear with cackle this clean granite,
in transcendental pirouette,
whirling to gain a mortal summit,
amidst the cliffs and pebbles and emptiness.

Neal Elzena, March 1994

Climb: Mt. Kosciusko, New South Wales, Australia
Date: February 5th, 1994
Height: 7310 ft

Climbers: Tammy and Kevin Wooley (scribe)

Tammy and I decided to climb a stable mountain after our last failed attempt. We'd planned to spend New Year's Eve ascending Mt. Gunung Merapi on Central Java. Unfortunately due to high levels of volcanic activity the area was not recommended for climbing we were forced to celebrate New Year's Eve in a more conventional style. We made sure this peak was one of non-volcanic origins.

We chose to climb the Mountain from the ski village of Thredbo. After my morning run I dragged a sleepy-eyed Tammy from the bed in the lodge. We consumed a leisurely breakfast of coffee, fresh fruit and vegemite toast and hit the trail at 8:45. A leisurely 200 yard walk brought us to the location where you purchase the single ride lift ticket. It was 12 Australian dollars up and 14 for round trip. After a brief discussion we opted for the round trip and pulled out the wallets. The helpful ticket lady asked if we were well equipped and had our "jumpers". We naturally replied "of course". As we continued along the way I asked Tammy what a jumper was and she had no idea either (we later learned that jumpers are sweaters). After another 2 minutes of strenuous walking we approached a chair lift. We presented our newly acquired lift tickets and climbed aboard (I feeling very strange without my Snowboard). We worked our way up through the Snow Gum Trees until the top of the ridge was gained and we were forced off the chair lift at its terminus.

From Fodor's detailed 93 route description we assessed our altitude to be 6650 feet at this point. I set my altimeter and we assessed the conditions and route for continuing the climb. The route looked straight forward. There were signs marked "to the summit" that pointed to a metal raised pathway leading in the general direction I felt the summit should be. Weather was good. The sky was clear and blue with a slight breeze from the SW. We both still felt fairly strong at this point and had about 10 hours of daylight left and opted to push for the summit.

We continued along the gradually ascending metal pathway for an hour and were then forced off the path and onto an abandoned dirt road which wound around the mountain in the distance. Two small snow patches were seen on one of the surrounding slopes. We were without ice axes but luckily the road seemed to avoid the patches. We also noticed other parties of climbers who appeared to have successfully summited without axes so we pushed on.

Another 30 minutes passed and we approached what appeared to be the summit. No summit register was found but the Mountain seemed to tower over the rest of the continent. A cement post was also there along with approximately 50 other climbers. We snapped some quick summit shots, refueled our depleted bodies, and made a hasty exit as the flies were becoming quite bothersome.

The normal decent is the same as the ascent but we noticed many parties working their way up the metal pathway and opted for a longer yet more scenic decent. This consisted of continuing down the dirt road past the intersection with the metal pathway, past an emergency hut (built in honor of a x-c skier from NY killed there in a blizzard in 1928), and over a small creek. At this point the road was left and we traversed overland following old x-c ski markers and avoiding the small alpine bogs. We finally came upon the metal walkway again. Tammy immediately fell while unroped (luckily not far and without serious injury). We felt thankful for taking our alternate descent avoiding much of hazardous metal walkway. We then gained the top of the chair lift again. At this point Tammy pulled out the lift ticket and descended the chair lift. I opted for the more conventional approach of continuing my decent on foot. About 2 hours later I was relieved to find her safely at the lodge with cheese and wine to refurbish my depleted resources knowing the dangers of splitting up parties.

Mt. Kosciusko is the highest on the continent of Australia. I wouldn't recommend it for those who have too much of a sense of adventure.

G'Day Mate

The morning air at the Alpental parking lot was cool and crisp. As we prepared our gear, Janet Oliver and Chris Rudesill arrived for a climb of Mt. Snoqualmie. An intermittently icy ski trail led out toward Source Basin. Along the way, we caught up to a party of three planning to climb Chair Peak via the normal rappel gully; I got the impression they were unfamiliar with the terrain. The bowl below the Tooth's east face was cut up with ski tracks; it appears largely sheltered from the winter sun and should retain good snow longer (save the normally avalanche-prone approach). The ascent of the last hundred feet below Pineapple Pass required crampons. The south face basked in the sun; conditions were more consistent with early spring than mid-winter. A party of four collected behind us as I set off on the first pitch. The rock was warm and while the plastic boots were overkill, they made the climbing more interesting. Near the end of the second pitch, a low-angle snow slope contained frozen bucket steps. The "catwalk" still proved to be a stimulating, exposed traverse. At 3 p.m. we were on the summit under sunny skies and calm winds. Someone was on the top of Chair Peak. It could have been a good weekend to climb Rainier. Our companions chose the "flakes" finish to the top. After a tedious series of rappels the we reached the base of the climb at 5 p.m., briefly delayed by retrieval of a stuck chock. We raced the ebbing daylight down from Pineapple Pass. I did not envy the other party's double-rope rappel down into the bowl in the dark. The crampons stayed on for the remainder of the descent. Across Source Basin we could see headlamps moving down from Snow Lakes. Alpental's night-skiing lights cast a glow upon Guye Peak.

Climbers: Erich Koehler and Al Wainwright

PLEASE RECYCLE
THIS NEWSLETTER

BOEALPS MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

APRIL 1994

Name	Work	Home	M/S	Address	City	St.	Zip
AARDY JOHN W	234-2699	630-7381	67 HE	12105 SE 216TH ST	KENT	WA	98031
ABBOTT JOSEPH B	717-0214	242-3811	07 AA	3715 S 182ND ST #C124	SEATTLE	WA	98188
ALEJANDRO EDWARD A	865-2217	271-4931	7A 26	6402 108TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98056
ALEJANDRO SANDRA		271-4931	-	6402 108TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98056
ALLEN PETER	294-0702	328-1437	07 AA	3306 16TH AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98144
ALLEN RYAN	746-4524	633-3387	-	26 CASCADE KEY	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
ALTIZER ELDEN	342-0157	643-5175	0A 94	5639 126TH AVE SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
AMICK ROBERT		505-856-	-	11600 SIGNAL AVE NE	ALBUQUERQUE	NM	87122
		6013					
AMICK TAMRA		505-856-	-	11600 SIGNAL AVE NE	ALBUQUERQUE	NM	87122
		6013					
ANDERSON ERIK B	234-1770	232-8908	68 19	5655 EAST MERCER WAY	MERCER ISLAND	WA	98040
ANDERSON RICHARD J	234-0419	862-1948	6M HA	20106 107TH ST CT E	SUMNER	WA	98390
ARENS MARY ANN	535-9884	952-3518	-	32219 16TH PL SW	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98023
ARENS WILLIAM J	234-9305	952-3518	6M HC	32219 16TH PL SW	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98023
ARNOLD JEFFREY	544-1335	859-8768	4M 74	3314 S 261ST PL	KENT	WA	98032
AULT LESLIE	237-3145	391-2958	9W 03	3114 213TH PL SE	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
AUTH DEBORAH		612-645-	-	1720A PLEASANT ST	LAUDERDALE	FL	33113
		1218					
BAAL ALLEN	342-3047	781-2382	0U 89	756 N 74TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
BABUNOVIC RICHARD	234-5809	747-8690	6M HA	6721 121ST AVE SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
BACKMAN TIM		391-2958	-	3114 213TH PL SE	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
BAHR ALEX J		248-2432	-	11660 ROSEBURG AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98168
BAILLIE JERALD	965-3490	361-2712	6H FK	13717 LINDEN AVE N #127	SEATTLE	WA	98133
BAILLIE KATHERINE		361-2712	-	13717 LINDEN AVE N #127	SEATTLE	WA	98133
BANKS WILLIAM J	657-0306	242-7657	3C LF	10826 25TH SW	SEATTLE	WA	98146
BARGER SUSAN L	294-6783	282-7967	03 MR	603 3RD AVE W #302	SEATTLE	WA	98119
BARRON DEAN	342-2562	868-8001	05 07	2932 229TH PL NE	REDMOND	WA	98053
BAUCK TODD	662-4427	931-0362	19 MK	3702 H ST NE #6	AUBURN	WA	98002
SAUERMEISTER WALTER		232-5697	-	8320 AVALON DR	MERCER IS	WA	98040
BAZE LINDA	241-8953	228-0966	-	1064 KIRKLAND AVE NE #303	RENTON	WA	98056
BEALE GARETH	865-5375	823-0957	7A 35	10033 NE 127TH PL	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
BECK CURTIS L	266-5311	290-9449	09 18	2705 FOREST VIEW DR	EVERETT	WA	98203
BECKEY FRED			-	12526 FREMONT N	SEATTLE	WA	98133
BEEEMSTER TRACY L		486-2000	-	10223 NE 198TH	BOTHELL	WA	98011
BELL JOHN	266-4912	365-4318	04 CX	19921 19TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98155
BENNETT ERIC R	342-7057	348-6218	09 99	9009 W MALL DR #1408	EVERETT	WA	98208
BINGHAM JIM	224-1012	720-1007	-	2215 FEDERAL AVE E	SEATTLE	WA	98102
BINGLE MIKE	662-4977	935-3992	19 MH	5444 37 AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
BITTNER AMBROSE	662-4247	935-2756	19 HF	6052 37TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
BLILIE JAMES W	342-7078	348-8202	09 67	1926 W CASINO RD #C102	EVERETT	WA	98204
BONNOFSKY ANDREW	234-0071	329-5190	6M HA	2510 E MCGRAW	SEATTLE	WA	98112
BONNOFSKY JURG	224-2074	282-3239	-	1629 QUEEN ANNE AVE N #203	SEATTLE	WA	98109
BORDEAU DALE A	965-2138	946-8363	6M KA	3001 S 288TH ST #38	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98003
BRANDIS HENRY	662-2453	367-0847	43 41	14285 SHERWOOD RD NW	SEATTLE	WA	98177
BRANE KEN E	266-1491	255-8851	38 KU	15412 SE 177TH PL	RENTON	WA	98058
BRASE TARA	266-1782	525-1244	39 TT	9048 BURKE AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
BRENDEMIHL FRITZ	965-9940	348-5604	7X KC	9009 W MALL DR #2415	EVERETT	WA	98208
BRIGGS ROBERT	237-6865	839-2679	73 44	5524 S 299TH CT	AUBURN	WA	98001
Brinton Russell S	657-5364	829-9085	8X 72	8315 272ND AVE CT E	BUCKLEY	WA	98321
BROCKHAUSEN ROBERT	662-4958	762-2618	19 MH	10401 19TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98146

BOEALPS MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

APRIL 1994

Name	Work	Home	M/S	Address	City	St	Zip
BROWER PAUL A	435-8831	355-1708	-	6014 BROOKRIDGE BLVD	EVERETT	WA	98203
BROWN EMILY C	543-5153	547-4689	-	2126 N 50TH	SEATTLE	WA	98103
CARLSON CARL R	773-0559	825-0452	81 16	PO BOX 267	KENT	WA	98035
CARTER JULIE M	266-8509	337-2452	05 41	12916 54TH AVE SE	EVERETT	WA	98208
CHARLIN CAREY	717-0145	365-8858	0P LA	349 NW 113TH PL	SEATTLE	WA	98177
CHIOFAR CHARLES	234-7093	829-2048	6M HA	516 SPIKETON ROAD	SEATTLE	WA	98032
CHRISTIAN JUDY	628-6106	526-0757	-	8003 STROUD AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
CHRISTIE RICHARD	543-9689	524-5868	-	5753 30TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98105
CIRLINCIONE GLENN	957-5282	271-2931	7M HA	17210 TALBOT RD S	RENTON	WA	98055
CLARE JOSEPH		632-5371	-	1200 NE PACIFIC ST #K103-A	SEATTLE	WA	98105
CLOW SCOTT	657-2146	946-1380	3E LU	5313 SOUTH 301ST CT	AUBURN	WA	98001
COLELLO ANGIE	439-5789	813-0237	16 04	26233 114TH LANE SE	KENT	WA	98031
CONCHI WILLIAM R	237-4726	859-2707	70 63	20434 104TH AVE SE	KENT	WA	98031
CONDER ROBERT	865-4437	775-5521	7K 16	4310 236TH ST SW #X301	MOUNTLAKE	WA	98043
COSTELLO DANIEL	342-6388	355-8206	09 45	9117 11TH PL W	EVERETT	WA	98204
COX JUDY L	957-5519	391-1806	7K 22	660 WILDWOOD BLVD #B9	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
CRANFIELD ROBERT		364-5791	-	2109 N 166TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98133
CREEDEN DAVE	342-2975	334-2266	0A AF	12316 WILLIAMS RD.	EVERETT	WA	98205
CREIGHTON ANNETTE		854-9623	-	10944 SE 235TH ST	KENT	WA	98031
CREIGHTON TOM	234-9980	854-9623	67 KC	10944 SE 235TH ST	KENT	WA	98031
DAHL AMY	237-1046	813-9832	99 47	22107 SE 251ST COURT	MAPLE VALLEY	WA	98038
DALE MARK S	655-5221	932-6357	11 UP	8251 NORTHROP PLACE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98136
DANIELS BERT E	773-6755	841-3156	88 27	2204 37TH ST SE	PUYALLUP	WA	98372
DAVIES LAURIS		784-5203	-	319 N 74TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
DAVIS DAN		284-1588	-	3222 30TH AVE W	SEATTLE	WA	98199
DAVIS JAKE (RECREATION)	342-5000		0F KA				
DELLARCO DAVID J	553-4978	784-5203	-	319 N 74TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
DINNING ROBERT	657-2801	747-5185	3C JL	2115 123RD SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98005
DOUTHETT MICHAEL R	931-2367	939-0253	5C AL	1235 25TH ST SE	AUBURN	WA	98002
DRYDEN ROBERT	937-9488	938-4526	92 17	9038 30TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
EASTWOOD STEPHEN	464-5673	783-5458	-	7735 13TH NW	SEATTLE	WA	98117
EDGAR STEVEN R	294-6377	285-6864	03 MK	1946 6TH AVE W	SEATTLE	WA	98119
EGGOLD DAVID P	294-4493	347-9174	02 24	328 TAMARACK DR	EVERETT	WA	98203
ELLIOT HANK L	342-5993	523-2319	0U 48	837 NE 56TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98105
ENGLE PATRICK	237-2083	235-1617	64 03	P.O. BOX 6520	KENT	WA	98064
ERICKSON BRIAN J	234-9317	746-3917	6M HC	5435 VILLAGE PARK DR #2441	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
ERIE ALLEN	342-3930	772-7131	04 04	401 TAYLOR AVE NW #13	RENTON	WA	98055
ERWOOD RICHARD G		243-3867	-	380 SW 176TH PL	SEATTLE	WA	98166
ETAPA TERRY	717-0119	632-3057	0P LA	4418 WOODLAWN AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
EWING KAREN S		483-5633	-	19612 109TH PL NE	BOTHELL	WA	98011
EWING PATRICK D	266-4370	483-5633	0F ML	19612 109TH PL NE	BOTHELL	WA	98011
FAHLSTROM DAVID	783-2766	361-0290	-	16860 HANLIN RD NE	SEATTLE	WA	98155
FAY CHRISTOPHER W	657-0269	522-8339	3E LU	7037 18TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98115
FAY DENNIS	234-5904	271-1145	6M KE	3501 NE 8TH ST	RENTON	WA	98056
FELDERMAN KEITH W	662-2157	432-6668	4M 71	25118 SE 262ND ST	RAVENSDALE	WA	98051
FENSTRA JOHN	655-5267	668-5380	17 MA	22911 101ST AVE SE	WOODINVILLE	WA	98072
FERGUSON JOHN M	773-0726	784-9294	61 16	552 N 68TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
FISH DAVID	433-0199	868-2915	-	22405 NE 20TH ST	REDMOND	WA	98053
FISH SUSAN		868-2915	-	22405 NE 20TH ST	REDMOND	WA	98053
FLECK RONALD K	773-5090	255-7403	3C 21	1700 FIELD AVE NE	RENTON	WA	98059
FONKEN ANN S		226-8173	-	14204 180TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98056

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Name	Work	Home	M/S	Address	City	St	Zip
FONKEN LANCE D JR		226-8173	19 AK	14204 180TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98056
FONKEN LANCE III		226-8173	-	14204 180TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98059
FOSBERG JOHN T	342-5759	546-9142	0H 00	24216 FIRDALE AVE	EDMONDS	WA	98020
FOUNTAIN DALE E	662-2333	228-6531	4L 15	617 CEDAR AVE S	RENTON	WA	98055
FRANK MICHAEL	342-7236	781-0280	0U 01	348 NW 83RD ST	SEATTLE	WA	98117
FRANKS TRACY	294-1941	745-6165	02 AT	15816 34TH AVE W	LYNNWOOD	WA	98037
FRANZEN SIGNE M	292-1800	526-9364	-	6535 4TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98115
FRICKE STEVEN	544-5101	463-6189	2T 01	21421 MONUMENT RD SW	VASHON	WA	98070
FROM SANDY	395-4198	822-3582	-	10429 128TH AVE NE	KIRKLAND	WA	98033
FROSTAD SCOTT	544-2477	525-6876	14 KF	8114 LATONA AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98115
GALIGER HAROLD E (EO)	342-7357	771-4707	0H 24	807 ALOHA ST	EDMONDS	WA	98020
GARDNER JAN A.	294-5180	725-3864	03 XF	9619 56TH AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98118
GASTELUM DAVID	657-9889	432-3607	9E B5	21237 SE 280TH ST	KENT	WA	98042
GAULIN STEPHEN	266-1794		39 TT	17632 26TH DR SE	BOTHELL	WA	98012
GILBERTSON TODD	828-2400	271-8827	-	2436 MONTEREY AVE NE	RENTON	WA	98056
GLOGER DAVID M	865-4124	633-1686	7H 93	5404 KEYSTONE PLACE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
GOERING DANIEL	342-3815	364-6783	05 30	15002 9TH PL NE	SEATTLE	WA	98155
GOODMAN DONALD J			2H 96	PO BOX 3707, MS 2H-96	SEATTLE	WA	98124
GOODNOUGH STEVE	227-5064	391-7186	-	25512 SE 41ST CT	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
GORREMAN GARY	957-5576	485-6134	7M EJ	16619 NE 180TH PL	WOODINVILLE	WA	98072
GREEN RICHARD	824-8331	244-2204	-	3210 S 176TH ST #328	SEA TAC	WA	98168
GRIESE RICK L	237-7289	277-4041	91 95	20931 SE 138TH PL	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
GRINDSTAFF DUANE	965-3303	630-7346	6H FK	17628 SE 288TH PL	KENT	WA	98042
GRONAU CHRIS	342-7863		05 AC	23404 EDMONDS WAY #E304	EDMONDS	WA	98026
GRONAU WILLIAM F	342-3098	776-7397	0Y 26	18119 80TH AVE W	EDMONDS	WA	98026
GROVES THOMAS	294-4476	524-1651	02 24	1712 NE B9TH	SEATTLE	WA	98115
GRUBENHOFF MARK (SAM)	931-3592	735-2739	5K 47	402 F ST SE	AUBURN	WA	98002
GRUICH DANIEL J	655-2199	938-2831	4E 05	9412 35TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
GUERRERO JOE	662-3972	235-0964	19 HA	15010 134TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98058
GUERRERO MATT		235-0964	-	15010 134TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98058
GUERRERO RYAN		235-0964	-	15010 134TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98058
GUERRERO WENDY E		235-0964	-	15010 134TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98058
HABING THOMAS G	237-1492	562-3149	6C LE	15333 SE 42ND ST	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
HANSEN KARYL	237-2947	392-8695	64 10	23717 SE 24TH	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
HARDING MARK D	544-0084	939-6188	46 86	5502 WARD AVE SE	AUBURN	WA	98002
HARDWICK ROBERT	234-4034	285-2721	6M HA	2415 2ND AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98109
HARP SUSAN P		362-3696	-	11029 FREMONT AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98133
HARPER KENNETH	261-2144	659-1456	-	4723 80TH ST NE	MARYSVILLE	WA	98270
HARRISON WILLIAM L	662-3925	633-1220	4L 09	3721 MERIDIAN AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
HARTLIEB BILL C	342-0168	337-0857	0L CT	14512 62ND DR SE	EVERETT	WA	98208
HAUCK DAVID P.	773-4011	226-0151	8J 65	16416 SE 143RD PL	RENTON	WA	98059
HAUCK SHEILA J	657-5503	226-0151	9L 26	16416 SE 143RD PL	RENTON	WA	98059
HAWKINSON RICHARD H	342-0713	742-8752	09 62	1224 118TH PL SE	EVERETT	WA	98208
HEDBERG STEVE E	234-5795	630-3645	6M HC	12618 SE 215TH ST	KENT	WA	98031
HEIDEL MARK C	393-8007	631-6786	3K 36	24904 183RD PL SE	KENT	WA	98042
HELLENSTELL MARK	294-3731	221-8633	03 43	3996 E BAILEY RD	CLINTON	WA	98236
HILL JAY	544-5053	772-5651	2J 65	8418 S 112TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98178
HINKHOUSE JIMMY	641-7983	641-7983	-	3819 130TH LANE SE #E-5	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
HINMAN LOUIS J	266-6141	526-1121	0A 90	3054 NE BLAKELY	SEATTLE	WA	98105
HOLDER ALEXANDER	655-7272	938-6747	4M 84	3911 CALIFORNIA AVE SW #303	SEATTLE	WA	98116
HOLESKI LEONARD	342-9026	828-6374	0X TM	9730 112TH AVE NE	KIRKLAND	WA	98033

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HOLLINGSWORTH JEFF	657-9703	631-8979	3U 84	18723 SE 268TH ST	KENT	WA	98042
HOPPING KENNETH A	657-6581	562-1817	9F 61	612 140TH CT SE #A207	BELLEVUE	WA	98007
HOWARD DANIEL	294-4318	823-0767	02 29	10928 NE 117TH PL	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
HUBER JAY		524-2988	-	4910 NE 665TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98115
HUDSON TIM	657-6390	935-4378	9F 58	6736 38TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
HUEBNER JACK	294-5605	228-1837	03 XM	432 SMITHERS AVE S	RENTON	WA	98055
INGALSBE ERIC		632-1474	-	4900 FREMONT AVE N #101	SEATTLE	WA	98103
JACKSON TIM	773-0013	529-0423	8W 01	26905 9TH AVE S	KENT	WA	98032
JAHNS THOMAS R	544-5573	243-8770	2T 26	12706 MILITARY RD	SEATTLE	WA	98168
JAMES ROBERT	662-4240	861-0455	19 HF	14716 NE 40TH #1004	BELLEVUE	WA	98007
JOHNSON CHRIS		337-6282	-	11613 38TH DR SE	EVERETT	WA	98208
JOHNSON KEN	342-8581	337-6282	0U 09	11613 38TH DR SE	EVERETT	WA	98208
JOHNSON L PHILIP	965-7673	362-6095	6L 03	4230 NE 113TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98125
JOHNSON LARRY P		406-585-	-	2016 S ROUSE AVE	BOZEMAN	MO	59715
		0514					
JOHNSON ROGER	342-0262	347-1688	0U 48	100 119TH SE #B	EVERETT	WA	98028
JONES ROBERT C	965-0707	226-7358	6M HA	13920 147TH PL SE	RENTON	WA	98059
KARL MAGGIE S	237-9152	621-1757	9W 03	601 S WASHINGTON ST #408	SEATTLE	WA	98104
KAISER PAMELA	342-3468	483-0543	08 55	18533 22ND DR SE	BOTHELL	WA	98012
KANE DANIEL J	237-3865	782-1330	9W 05	8500 FREMONT AVE N #203	SEATTLE	WA	98103
KANE PHILIP C	237-0237	565-4642	61 41	1003 LINWOOD LANE	FIRCREST	WA	98466
KANNAPELL LEN	393-5638	285-8252	4H 96	716 3RD AVE W #20	SEATTLE	WA	98119
KANNAPELL TUNEY	272-2216	383-5261	-	827 N TACOMA AVE	TACOMA	WA	98403
KASIULIS ERICK	965-3843	641-9653	6X MK	12239 SE 61ST ST	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
KELLEGREW KEVIN W	641-6631	747-0838	-	4529 W LAKE SAMMAMISH PKWY SE #H303	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
KIENBERGER TIM L	662-1462	535-2452	4C 09	9047 PARK AVE S	TACOMA	WA	98444
KING RANDY	657-2652	850-1548	3E PK	22022 6TH AVE S #202	DES MOINES	WA	98198
KIRBY WILLIAM J		270-9406	-	510 4TH AVE W #203	SEATTLE	WA	98119
KISSELL JAMES W		813-9608	-	P.O. BOX 882	RENTON	WA	98057
KNESS STEVE	657-3422	838-3860	3C ER	32320 2ND AVE SW	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98023
KOEHLER ERICH	657-7020	588-9803	9F 97	9010 25TH AVE CT S	TACOMA	WA	98409
KONGORSKI KENNETH D	483-7798	821-0788	-	12411 NE 127TH CT #A12	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
KOURY AL		365-8516	-	14036 17TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98125
KRENZER RANDY	773-3141	235-8812	8F 81	17844 156TH PLACE SE	RENTON	WA	98058
KRIEWALD BRYAN	662-2304	631-2937	4M 74	12612 SE 270TH	KENT	WA	98031
KRINSKY JEFFREY A	773-3869	228-6003	8H 18	PO BOX 58367	RENTON	WA	98058
KRUEGER LEE R	234-3047	868-3924	67 HC	21312 NE 10TH PL	REDMOND	WA	98053
KUBIE KEITH O	266-9873	290-9449	09 40	2705 FOREST VIEW DR	EVERETT	WA	98203
KUEHNER MICHAEL		612-645-	-	1720A PLEASANT ST	LAUDERDALE	MN	55113
		1218					
KUNZ ROBERT	644-3767	933-8778	4L 17	4540 45TH AVE SW #406	SEATTLE	WA	98116
LAM MAY	965-1515	524-2988	6X ME	4910 NE 65TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98115
LAMAY KEITH	655-3364	781-1515	14 KF	731 N 75TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
LAROCCA GLEN	773-6129	255-8815	8R 10	8052 S 134TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98178
LARSON DAVID E	655-6165	850-2705	19 38	25430 47TH PL S #E303	KENT	WA	98032
LARSON DENNIS	655-0520	935-8593	42 70	3829 36TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
LAW GUY	644-8522	392-3504	2J 58	16514 TIGER MTN RD SE	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
LEEMAN DEBRA	294-8679	523-7858	0W XR	822 NE 66TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98115
LEIBFRIED LISA	662-1307	365-0906	43 44	P.O. BOX 25662	SEATTLE	WA	98125
LEICESTER JACK	655-1596	546-1765	17 MA	1837 N 200TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98133

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Name	Work	Home	M/S	Address	City	St	Zip
LIDICKER RICK	342-6658	347-0917	OL 43	2105 JEFFERSON PL	EVERETT	WA	98203
LIDICKER STEVEN S	775-7434	820-4532	-	13215 97TH AVE NE #E307	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
LILLEY ERIC A	544-0978	641-6158	2H 83	5315 SOMERSET DR SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
LIMB MAX	451-1145	827-5934	OF 42	214 19 PL	KIRKLAND	WA	98033
LIXVAR JOHN	865-3783	255-4754	7L 20	15638 SE 175TH ST	RENTON	WA	98058
LOFTUS MARK	657-8401	248-0457	9F 97	16207 8TH AVE S	SEA TAC	WA	98148
LONG DAVID W	342-2635	706-0610	OU 09	8538 19TH AVE NW	SEATTLE	WA	98117
LYTLE DAVID W	657-6849	243-1684	3U EC	16603 21ST AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98166
MASCHOFF KRISTI		781-0280	-	348 NW 83RD ST	SEATTLE	WA	98117
MASON JEANNE	965-5898	235-2130	6X WE	1117 N 33RD PL	RENTON	WA	98056
MASON STEVEN		235-2130	-	1117 N 33RD PL	RENTON	WA	98056
MAUK TIMOTHY	773-3017	522-5081	8R 10	8012 36TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98115
MCBRIDE MEGAN	644-3686	255-7403	-	1700 FIELD AVE NE	RENTON	WA	98059
MCGUCKIN JOHN K	662-3528	788-6054	19 HX	18041 NE 155TH PL	WOODINVILLE	WA	98072
MCGUFFIN MELONY		524-1155	-	4710 35TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98105
MCGUFFIN MICHAEL	294-3443	524-1155	Q2 05	4710 35TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98105
MEJIA KEVIN M	965-5516	822-3582	6H FK	10429 128TH AVE NE	KIRKLAND	WA	98033
MELANDER MURRAY	342-1732	243-3495	0E 18	1938 SW 166TH	SEATTLE	WA	98166
MENZER ART	358-6960	860-8803	-	1940 YALE AVE E #9	SEATTLE	WA	98102
MEYER CATHERINE	774-3518	861-0455	-	14716 NE 40TH ST #1004	BELLEVUE	WA	98007
MICHELSON PAUL	662-3293	432-3566	43 43	27737 215TH AVE SE	KENT	WA	98042
MIKOS JASON P		630-5020	-	13625 SE 299TH ST	AUBURN	WA	98002
MIKOS JOHN V		630-5020	-	13625 SE 299TH ST	AUBURN	WA	98002
MILLEN ROBERT E	773-0642	838-6741	86 12	33740 27TH PL SW	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98023
MILLER JAMES H	234-0993	854-0867	6H WT	11207 SE 235TH PL	KENT	WA	98031
MONDRZYK ROBERT J	773-9794	432-9578	86 11	23805 SE 208TH	MAPLE VALLEY	WA	98038
MOORMAN STEVEN B	544-5147	870-7702	2T 79	24324 MILITARY RD S	KENT	WA	98032
MORRIS MICHAEL R		503-488- 3276	-	570 S MOUNTAIN AVE	ASHLAND	OR	97520
MOSMAN MICHAEL P		258-2461	-	1530 51ST PL SW	EVERETT	WA	98203
MOSMAN PAUL S	339-0131	258-2461	-	1530 51ST PL SW	EVERETT	WA	98203
MOYER CHARLES	633-4629	643-1056	8Y 17	12207 SE 47TH ST	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
MUELLER ROLAND	655-5483	723-9664	LJ 80	2335 S GRAHAM ST	SEATTLE	WA	98108
MURPHY BRIAN J	685-3745	632-9602	-	3721 SUNNYSIDE AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
MURRAY CARLA D	965-7480	322-6908	6L 51	2301 FAIRVIEW E #208	SEATTLE	WA	98102
NAGOOE STEVEN	891-2577	941-5629	-	28720 18TH AVE S #Z103	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98003
NAKAGAWA BERT H	662-2157	644-8903	4M 71	15032 SE 45TH ST	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
NEAL KEITH	294-4377	259-4399	02 35	4726 ELM ST	EVERETT	WA	98203
NELSON STUART Q	294-7525	822-7985	02 JU	11058 NE 33RD PL #D1	BELLEVUE	WA	98004
NEUBERGER MICHAEL W	237-9095	854-9724	64 26	22818 114TH WAY SE	KENT	WA	98031
O'CALLAHAN JOHN A	294-4459	782-5450	02 24	4416 GREENWOOD AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
O'DONNELL JAMES J	237-1649	772-5343	9W 07	620 STEVENS AVE NW	RENTON	WA	98055
OLDMAN LESLIE A	657-9996	226-5005	9L 22	10411 SE 174TH #3239	RENTON	WA	98055
OLDS JOHN		243-2171	-	1611 SW 170TH	SEATTLE	WA	98166
OLDS JONATHAN G	664-0137	438-6894	-	6309 ALDER GLEN DR SE	LACEY	WA	98513
OLDS KIRSTEN		243-2171	-	1611 SW 170	SEATTLE	WA	98166
OLIVER JANET	271-7911	271-7911	-	17631 156TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98058
OLNEY GUY B	857-5555	868-4514	7M AL	21715 NE 22ND ST	REDMOND	WA	98053
OLSON DON		932-4526	-	4510 SW DIRECTOR ST	SEATTLE	WA	98136
OREHEK HOLLY W		547-4689	-	2126 N 50TH	SEATTLE	WA	98103
ORTIZ-APONTE JAVIER R	544-7756	270-8964	2H 30	1404 10TH AVE W #7	SEATTLE	WA	98119

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Name	Work	Home	M/S	Address	City	St.	Zip
OTT DALE	931-4345	838-8314	SK 25	32521 41 AVE SW	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98023
QUELLETTE ANDREW	294-4080	486-2376	02 33	19312 29TH AVE SE	BOTHEL	WA	98012
OWENS DAVID C	266-7699	775-6633	0X 02	5900 200TH SW #43	LYNNWOOD	WA	98036
PACKER ROBERT	266-3127	353-2644	0F M7	5111 86TH PL SW	MUKILTEO	WA	98275
PAPE MICHELE		208-476- 3726	-	P.O. BOX 1656	OROFINO	ID	83544
PAPE SHAWN	342-4817	483-0548	09 93	18533 22ND DR SE	BOTHELL	WA	98012
PARKS EDWARD	294-0238	632-2390	0R AK	4719 THACKERAY PL NE	SEATTLE	WA	98105
PATNOE MICHAEL	773-9950	783-0841	87 08	2857 NW 70TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98117
PATTON DANIEL	294-0375	820-6851	0R CJ	12733 NE 132ND ST	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
PEPITONE DAVID	237-7042	641-2901	6H TX	666 156TH AVE NE	BELLEVUE	WA	98007
PERITORE JOE F	931-9800	246-9866	5T 11	1625 SW MILLER CREEK	SEATTLE	WA	98166
PERRIN MARVIN D.	773-2433	932-5381	8J 97	6742 37TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98128
PERRIN MARVIN N.		937-7827	-	5236 37TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
PETROSKE JOHN	655-1940	935-1422	4E 07	8444 41ST AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98136
PISARUCK MICHAEL A			02 MM	3446 39TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98116
PLIMPTON JOHN	924-3057	525-3786	-	6760 SAND POINT WAY NE	SEATTLE	WA	98115
POLLOCK JAMES	294-8215	347-0346	02 FE	12303 HARBOR PT BLVD #R304	MUKILTEO	WA	98275
POLLOCK JOHN	365-9192		-	P.O. BOX 25589	SEATTLE	WA	98125
PRATER KAREN	553-1388	852-0286	-	21510 102ND AVE SE	KENT	WA	98031
PRATER REX		852-0286	-	21510 102ND AVE SE	KENT	WA	98031
PRICE EARL	477-2051	848-7544	3A 86	12344 TATOOSH RD E	PUYALLUP	WA	98374
PRIVETT RICHARD	544-6309	863-0286	4C 01	6213 152ND AVE CT. E.	SUMNER	WA	98390
PROSTKA JAMES	294-4022	362-3696	02 33	11029 FREMONT AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98133
PUGH PAUL	544-9915	823-9197	2L 03	11921 80TH PL NE	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
PULLAR CARI		226-8173	-	14204 180TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98059
PYSCHER PAUL	234-4715	244-6589	61 28	5761 S. 152ND #624	TUKWILA	WA	98188
QUADE JEFFREY S.	544-8329	244-9283	2H 60	3240 S 180TH ST #54	SEATTLE	WA	98188
QUIJANO CHRISTOPHER	237-6282	235-4662	67 MM	1300 EAGLE RIDGE DR S #5-3133	RENTON	WA	98055
RAFERT THOMAS P.	771-0287	244-7516	0P FA	12269 3RD AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98146
RAMMER ROGER	237-5072	631-7406	6C MT	24907 168TH PL SE	KENT	WA	98042
RASMUSSEN KATHY	237-4711	883-9263	6C HX	3037 164TH PL NE	BELLEVUE	WA	98008
RATLIFF ROY	767-7995	439-8067	-	15443 38TH LN S #79	SEATTLE	WA	98168
REED DALE	662-4900	243-9129	19 AH	12027 10TH AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98168
RENSI RISE	223-3025	767-7285	-	5324 16TH AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98108
RETKA PAUL J.	294-1239	661-1594	02 MH	36521 25TH AVE S	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98003
RICHARDS DOUGLAS R.	294-6466	742-2875	03 MR	16817 LARCH WAY #A-203	LYNNWOOD	WA	98037
RICHMOND STEVEN	544-7709	631-3591	2L 03	12908 SE 278TH ST	KENT	WA	98031
ROB STEWART		762-8909	-	10145 15TH S	SEATTLE	WA	98168
ROBERTS GLENN	868-5055	868-8515	-	659 E LAKE SAMMAMISH RD NE	REDMOND	WA	98053
ROBINETT MARTIN J.	266-5706	348-3062	0L 43	12907 E GIBSON RD #A306	EVERETT	WA	98204
ROGERS THOMAS A. JR	655-4218	820-1522	1W 82	8014 NE 112TH ST	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
ROPER JOHN		746-8462	-	14332 SOMERSET BLVD SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
ROSKE JOE A.	931-9752	825-3575	5T 06	2243 SCANDIA AVE	ENUMCLAW	WA	98022
ROSS HEATHER P.		782-4685	-	8746 19TH AVE NW	SEATTLE	WA	98117
RUDESILL CHRISTOPHER	237-9963	244-6589	74 61	5761 S 152ND ST #624	TUKWILA	WA	98188
RUSHO CATHERINE G.	454-5589	463-2857	-	25626 BATES WALK SW	VASHON	WA	98070
RUTHERFORD PAUL	773-9564	271-6119	82 97	2924 KENNEWICK PL. NE	RENTON	WA	98056
RYDBERG DONN	965-6437	863-8225	7P EF	5416 124TH AVE E	SUMNER	WA	98390
SANDERS DOUG	622-2140	252-5331	-	1605 OAKES AVE	EVERETT	WA	98201
SANDEPS DOUGLAS C.	237-5101	523-2588	9W 04	1124 N 81ST ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103

BOEALPS MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

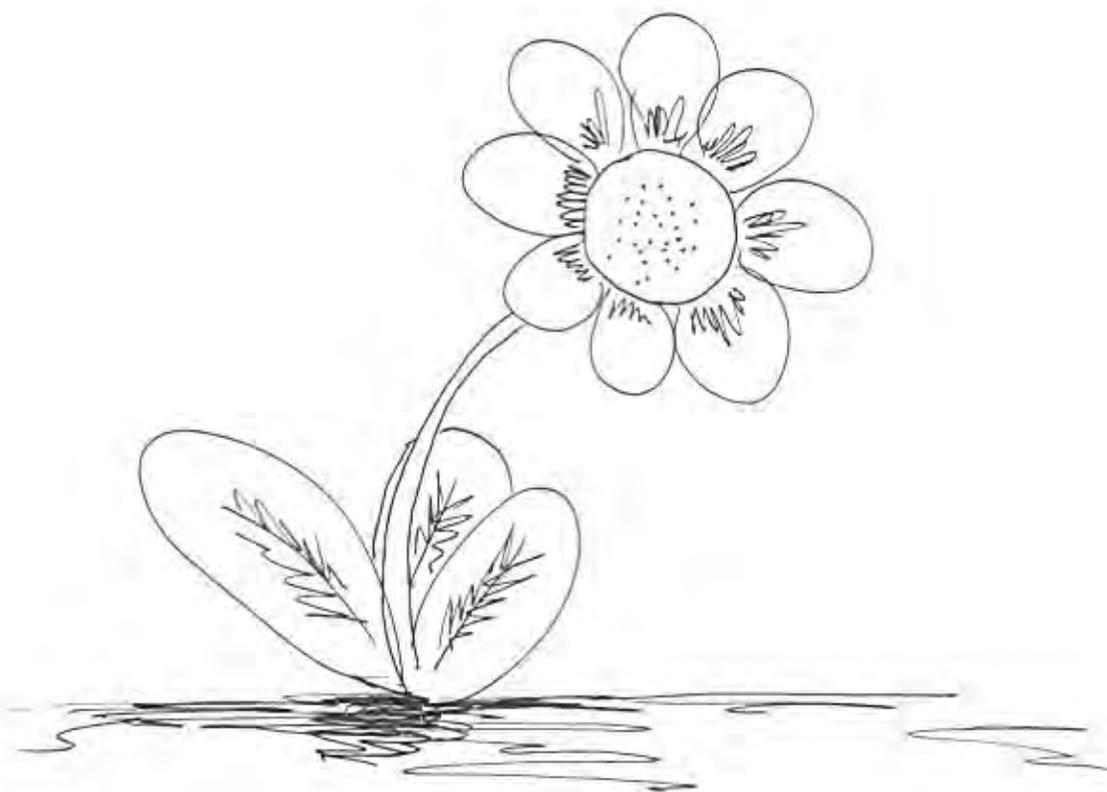
APRIL 1994

Name	Work	Home	M/S	Address	City	St	Zip
SATO BRIAN	649-7265	562-0306	-	4187 W LK SAMMAMISH PKWY SE #8207	BELLEVUE	WA	98008
SCEARCE RICHARD	237-6373	883-9263	9U KP	3037 164TH PL NE	BELLEVUE	WA	98008
SCHEUMANN TROY D	237-6570	277-4185	67 HF	1735 WHITMAN AVE NE	RENTON	WA	98059
SCHILLE SAMUEL J	294-6782	524-7947	03 MR	3529 NE 87TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98115
SCHLIZLATY ROBERT K	234-9939	391-5485	67 RT	2345 SQUAK MT LP	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
SCHULTZ JEFF L		255-3136	3U 52	17511 121 LANE SE #B303	RENTON	WA	98058
SCHUMACHER LAUREL B		838-3566	1W 82	32806 7TH AVE SW	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98023
SEVERS PHIL		523-3672	-	5502 16TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98105
SHETTER MARTIN	556-1069	641-8436	-	4617 149TH AV SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
SHIPWAY JOHN	294-4445	347-6146	02 24	1119-B 132ND ST SW	EVERETT	WA	98204
SHIVITZ WILLIAM F	662-4112	228-0120	19 HA	17620 E LAKE DESIRE DR SE	RENTON	WA	98058
SIMONSON RUSS	453-8383	726-8893	-	516 SUMMIT AVE E #104	SEATTLE	WA	98102
SKAFF WILLIAM J	234-3436	630-6576	67 HE	22633 119TH AVE SE	KENT	WA	98031
SLETE STANLEY O	931-9671	874-5384	5T 04	2713 S 353RD PL	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98003
SMITH ELLEN		789-0889	-	7812 6TH AVE NW	SEATTLE	WA	98117
SMITH LESLIE	391-9097	486-2000	-	10223 NE 198	BOTHELL	WA	98011
SNOEY ANDREW	342-5938	337-4275	0T 67	1300 156TH ST SE #D201	MILL CREEK	WA	98012
STEFANINI LINDA	865-6733	784-6874	7M MF	849 NW 62ND ST	SEATTLE	WA	98107
STEPHENS DAVID	774-1396	965-6076	7P CP	20107 76TH AVE W	LYNNWOOD	WA	98036
STEWART CHRISTINA M	526-6765	632-3802	-	3620 DENSMORE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
STEWART TOM	662-1324	762-8909	43 44	10145 15TH AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98168
STIMPSON W. SCOTT	655-4538	775-2441	1F 10	19918 89TH PL W	EDMONDS	WA	98026
STONE JAMES C	657-0162	874-0998	3E LU	2616 S 376TH	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98003
STONEBRAKER JEFF	342-0896	347-4852	0A L7	10824 MERIDIAN DR SE	EVERETT	WA	98208
STONEBRAKER LINDA		347-4852	-	10824 MERIDIAN DR SE	EVERETT	WA	98208
STRAUSS NICK A	654-9950	852-0714	-	22022 93RD AVE S	KENT	WA	98031
SULE JOHN	544-8323	932-9521	2H 60	6312 CALIFORNIA AVE SW #102	SEATTLE	WA	98136
SUMNER JOHN A	655-1903	938-4058	15 26	1356 ALKI AVE SW #1	SEATTLE	WA	98116
THACKRAY MONIQUE		226-3559	-	6673 119TH PL SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
THACKRAY TODD	655-9153	226-3559	1W 78	6673 119TH PL SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
THOMAS GORDON		824-3348	-	20217 6TH AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98198
THROGLIN HAL	965-7352	364-6332	7P 29	19032 3RD AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98155
TELL BRADLEY D	342-2810	348-4220	05 30	9009 W MALL DR #1405	EVERETT	WA	98208
TIMMERMAN MICHAEL	657-2790	854-7528	3C JL	6315 S 239TH ST #K202	KENT	WA	98032
TOWNSEND HARRY E	294-3755	547-4327	0W PC	2210 N 43RD ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
TRAINER VERA	543-8502	522-7022	-	342 NE 58TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98105
TRETT GREGORY	655-5965	226-8172	4A 14	9119 122ND PL SE	RENTON	WA	98056
URBICK DEE		935-2756	-	6052 37TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
VARGA DOUGLAS A	393-9073	813-0501	9C 36	11518 SE 219TH PL	KENT	WA	98031
VETTER ARTHUR M	773-5801	226-9492	8Y 39	15633 SE 178TH PL	RENTON	WA	98058
VETTER ELSA		226-9492	-	15633 9B 178TH PL	RENTON	WA	98058
VORDERSTRASSE DARREL D	544-8821	525-2803	2M 02	3829 NE 97TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98116
WAINWRIGHT ALAN		767-0403	-	6422 CARLETON AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98108
WALKER BRAD	717-0459	789-0869	0R PX	7812 6TH AVE NW	SEATTLE	WA	98117
WARZCHA MICHAL P	657-4611	946-6830	8X 72	28113 18TH AVE S #50	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98003
WATERMAN DAVID	717-0394	435-5348	0R PF	5229 ARENA DR	ARLINGTON	WA	98223
WATSON GARY	544-6570	439-1954	2J 55	16458 14TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98166
WAYMAN KENNETH	662-1322	784-2238	43 44	6719 14TH AVE NW	SEATTLE	WA	98117
WEAVER WENDY	342-4843	481-3147	0E 43	17910 142 AVE NE #A-5	WOODINVILLE	WA	98072
WHITE CATHY		867-1791	-	13327 187TH CT NE	WOODINVILLE	WA	98072

BOEALPS MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

APRIL 1994

Name	Work	Home	M/S	Address	City	St	Zip
WHITE DEREK	965-8804	228-4281	7X HT	11707 SE 64TH ST	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
WHITE RICHARD	855-8130	867-1791	4F 34	13327 187TH CT NE	WOODINVILLE	WA	98072
WHITMER MATTHEW	342-6342	285-3821	09 94	2931 10TH PL W	SEATTLE	WA	98119
WIDDISON COLIN	657-2602	641-5294	3E JA	15804 SE 43RD ST	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
WILD SILAS	685-0785	527-9453	-	4521 48TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98105
WILKINSON RON	284-1181	391-8954	-	3408 221ST AVE SE	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
WILLARD LORNA S.	543-4011	778-0947	-	6507 MADRONA LN	EDMONDS	WA	98026
WINTERS CHARLES S.	544-8602	392-4414	2J 50	770 HIGHWOOD DR	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
WIRE RICHARD	921-9820	863-5333	5T 09	18508 65TH ST E	BONNEY LAKE	WA	98390
WOOLEY KEVIN		62-0411- 856011	3F 53	BOEING D&S, P.O. BOX 3999, M/S 3F-53	SEATTLE	WA	98124
WORDEN ELAINE	237-6538	860-1106	67 HF	525 32ND AVE E	SEATTLE	WA	98112
WORNATH JAY	294-6426	523-6821	03 JU	7321 21ST AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98115
YABUKI JOE	356-3720	821-8417	-	12822 NW 141ST CT	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
YAGI VICTOR	477-4812	528-2819	4H 74	6325 22ND AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98115
YOUNG KEN J	882-2654		-	4103 169TH CT NE	REDMOND	WA	98052
YOUNG STEPHANIE L	294-7583	828-9823	03 JT	6752 LAKE WASH. BLVD NE #824	KIRKLAND	WA	98033
ZWAHLEN MARK T	234-0360	523-2586	97 41	1124 N 81ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103



BOEALPS PHOTO CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Name: _____

Category: Slide / Print _____

Photo #1 title: _____

Photo #2 title: _____

Photo #3 title: _____

(Prints and slide "People" category only)

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BOEALPS PHOTO CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Name: _____

Category: Slide / Print _____

Photo #1 title: _____

Photo #2 title: _____

Photo #3 title: _____

(Prints and slide "People" category only)

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BOEALPS PHOTO CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Name: _____

Category: Slide / Print _____

Photo #1 title: _____

Photo #2 title: _____

Photo #3 title: _____

(Prints and slide "People" category only)

Make additional copies as necessary.

ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: _____

NEW WORK PHONE: _____ NEW WORK M/S: _____

NEW HOME PHONE: _____ NEW HOME ADDRESS: _____

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO JEFF ARNOLD, M/S 4M-74

NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENT IN THIS PUBLICATION
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THE BOEING COMPANY

ALPINE ECHO



APRIL ALPINE ECHO STAFF

Executive Editor: Andrew Snoey

Activities Report: Eric Bennett

Membership Roster: Jeff Arnold

Conservation Corner: Paul Pyscher

Board Meeting Minutes: Karyl Hansen

Education Babble: Chris Rudesill

Reporters: Neal Elzenga

Erich Koehler

Kevin Wooley

Information Source: Dan Goering

Thanks to everyone!!

MAY 1994



BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

President	Dan Goering	05-30	342-3815	Education	Chris Rudesill	74-61	237-8963
Vice President	Pam Kaiser	08-55	342-3468	Equipment	Silas Wild		527-9453
Treasurer	Richard Searce	9U-KP	237-8872		Steve Moorman	2T-79	544-5147
Secretary	Karyl Hansen	64-10	237-2947	Librarian	Kirsten Olds		243-2171
Past President	Stan Slete	5T-04	931-9671	Membership	Jeff Arnold	4M-74	544-1335
Activities	Eric Bennett	09-99	342-7057	Photographer	Dan Gruich	4E-05	655-3173
Conservation	Paul Pyscher	61-28	244-6589	Programs	Neal Elzenga	19-MJ	662-4755
Echo Editor	Andrew Snoey	0T-67	342-5938	BCAG Recreation	Jake Davis	0F-KA	342-5000

Photo: Pigeon Spire by Ken Johnson

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MAY MEETING
 Thursday, May 5, 7:30 pm
 Oxbow Recreation Center

Around Here It's 12 Routes on Rainier

This month BOEALPer Tom Stewart will present his experiences on no less than 12 routes on Mt. Rainier. 'Tis the season for tackling the big Kahuna, so if you're planning an assault, this show is a "must see." Tom will also relate how he has transferred his Rainier experience to Mt. Logan and a dramatic winter ascent of Mt. Robson.

BELAY STANCE

PROGRAMS

The May meeting will include a short presentation updating progress on the Marymoor Park climbing rock project. Other than that, May is one of the few months during the year when there are no photo contests, auctions, elections, or other programs to speak of. However, it is not too early to remind you of the upcoming BoeAlps Annual June campout at Leavenworth with info on the trip inside.

THIS ISSUE

Board Meeting minutes. Photo contest results. And sadly enough, not a single trip report for your enjoyment/amusement. Clearly, spring fever and good weather motivates the common BOEALPer to loftier pursuits than writing. So, come down from the clouds and submit something for next month's issue.

Andrew is off taking a number of company trips over the next two months or so, and I am taking a stab at putting the next few issues together. Please continue to send articles for the **ECHO** to Andrew at OT-67.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Beauty is paid for in the currency of suffering" - Fred Beckey

From the desk of the ad hoc editor,

Len Kannapell
M/S 4H-96

JUNE ALPINE ECHO DEADLINE: May 19th

SAFETY. . . .

Make it a habit for life.

May 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Basic Class ICC 1	2	3	Basic Class 4	General Meeting 5	VERTICAL CLUB 6	Basic Class Mt. Bike 7
Basic Class Mt. Bike Mother's Day 8	9	NEW MOON 10	Basic Class 11	12	13	Basic Class 14
Basic Class 15	ICC 16	17	Basic Class 18	ECHO Deadline 19	Mt. Hood 20	Basic Class Mt. Hood Mt. Bike Mt. Rainier 21
Basic Class Mt. Hood Mt. Bike Mt. Rainier 22	Mt. Bike ICC Mt. Rainier 23	Mt. Bike 24	Mt. Bike 25	Mt. Bike 26	Mt. Bike 27	Mt. Bike Mt. Olympus 28
Mt. Bike Mt. Olympus 29	Mt. Olympus Memorial Day 30	Mt. Bike 31				

June 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			Mt. Bike 1	Mt. Bike General Meeting 2	Mt. Bike 3	Mt. Bike ICC Cooper Spur 4
Mt. Bike ICC Cooper Spur 5	6	7	8	NEW MOON 9	Boealp Picnic 10	Boealp Picnic 11
Boealp Picnic 12	ICC 13	Flag Day 14	15	16	17	ICC 18
ICC Father's Day 19	20	Summer Solstice 21	22	ECHO Deadline FULL MOON 23	24	25
26	ICC 27	28	29	30		

NOTE: ICC = Intermediate Climbing Class

BOEALPS ACTIVITIES

Friday, May 6 Vertical Club (Redmond)

Come for some indoor rock climbing. Show up between 6 and 9 pm, identify yourself as a BoeAlps member, and pay \$8 instead of the normal \$11. You need your shoes, harness, locking 'biner, and chalk. You are required to go through a belay check.

For more info, call Eric Bennett at 342-7057 or the Vertical Club at 881-8826.

Saturday, May 7 Columbia River Trench (Quilomene WRA)

Run the length of the Quilomene to its mouth on the Columbia River. This epic ride will feature many miles of trailless scrub and an ascent of one of Washington's most magnificent sand dunes. Return via the old Army Road, 8 hours, 26 miles. Snake kits advised.

Lizard (w) 865-3783 or (h) 255-4754

Sunday, May 8 Bohinkleman-Jackknife (Whiskey Dick WRA)

An unproven route to the Columbia, possibly more difficult than the Quilomene. A good conditioner for Ibapah.

Lizard (w) 865-3783 or (h) 255-4754

May 7/8 or 14/15 Mt. Constance

Climb one of the highest Olympic mountains but suffer first. The leisurely drive Saturday to the Dosewallips Campground is followed by a two-mile approach that grimly gains 3350 ft. to the campsite at serene Lake Constance. Arise too early Sunday, hike one mile up the Avalanche Canyon, and climb either the South or North Chute route. Climbing depends on snow conditions and Olympic weather (ha), so be flexible

Len Kannapell (w) 393-5638 or (h) 361-7523

May 20-22 Mt. Hood, standard route

Climb Mt. Hood via the standard (south) route on Saturday. Price of the trip \$35.0, which includes two nights' accommodations at the Timberline Lodge.

Kelly McGuckin (w) 662-3528 or (h) 788-6054

May 21-23 Mt. Rainier, Kautz Glacier route

Spend three days climbing the Kautz Glacier route. Saturday we cross the Nisqually Glacier and then make camp 8000 ft. Sunday we have an easy day acclimating and climbing to Camp Hazzard at 11,000 ft. And Monday we rise early and go for the summit and then return home. Limit on party size of 8.

Kathy or Jerry Baillie at home 361 -2712 (evenings)

May 21-June 5 Ibapah Peak, Dry Creek Range, Utah

Spend two weeks among some of the most remote peaks in desert America. The prime objective of this expeditionary -style outing will be a bicycle ascent of 12,087 ' Ibapah Peak, highest BLM peak in the nation, and the site of Utah's best preserved heliograph station.

The Ibapah climb should be completed within a week, leaving time for other exploratory ventures in the region. Secondary goals include Beatys Butte (SE Oregon), Jarbidge Peak (NE Nevada), and the Raft River Mountains of NW Utah.

Lizard (w) 865-3783 or (h) 255-4754

Memorial Day/4th of July weekends Mt. Olympus

The monarch of the Olympic range awaits your arrival. If snow conditions are good for Memorial Day weekend, take off after work Thursday (May 26), drive to the Hoh Campground, hike 18 miles Friday along the Hoh River to the Glacier Meadows, climb Saturday or Sunday as weather allows, and hike back Sunday or Monday. Rest at work on Tuesday. Possible trip extension to include other peaks in the area. Limit: 9-10.

Len Kannapell (w) 393-5638 or (h) 361-7523

Wanted: Climbing partners for one day climbs on Thursdays starting mid-May. Second to mid-5th class routes, depending on conditions and partners.

Steve Edgar (w) 294-6377 or (h) 285-6864.

June 4th and 5th (or as snow conditions allow) Mt Hood by Cooper Spur

This is an excellent uncrowded route up the highest point in Oregon. It includes climbing a 45 to 50 degree snow slope. We will leave Seattle on Saturday morning in car pools. After parking as high as we can, there will be a modest hike to our snow camp at 8600' on Cooper Spur. The rest of the afternoon will be spent practicing belaying from your ice ax and placing snow protection.

Sunday we will be arriving on the summit about 3 hours after leaving camp. Half the trip up to the summit and back to camp will include roped travel and belaying. The trip back to camp will include an awesome 1500' glissade (that ends in a safe runout). Then we will hike out, eat, drive back, and arrive in Seattle before dark.

Ice ax and crampons are required. Plastic boots or leather boots with a shank are also required. No previous experience in placing snow protection is necessary (we will practice that). Due to snow conditions, this trip may be postponed, so if you can't make the above date, contact me and maybe you can make an alternate (if there is one). Limited to 6-12 people (depending on experience and bribes). Basic Class graduated or equivalent experience required.

Todd Bauck (w) 662-4427 or (h) 931-0362

June 10-12 BoeAlps Picnic at Eight-mile Campground near Leavenworth

Bring your family and friends to the annual June Campout. It's almost impossible to choose between all the possible activities, such as rock climbing, hiking, cycling, or just lounging. The club will provide the chicken, hamburgers, grill and soft drinks for the Saturday night potluck. All you need to do is return the sign-up form so we know how much food to provide. Eight-mile Campground has well water from hand pumps, garbage service and pit toilets. So don't miss all the fun and interesting stories/jokes around the campfire!

To sign up, send the enclosed form to Eric Bennett, M/S 09-99. For further information, call Eric at (w) 342-7057. Warning: after three (3) rings it automatically goes to a pager. If so, type your number, hit the "#" key, and hang up - or call me at home at 348-6218.

Support your local climber.

To: BOEALPS Members

From: Karyl Hansen

Subject: Minutes of April 1994 Board Meeting

Attendees: Arnold, Bennett, Conder, Goering, Gruich, Hansen, Kaiser, Kannapell, Rudesill, Searce, Slete, Snoey

Len Kannapell will be taking over **ECHO** editorial duties for the next few months. Materials for the **ECHO** should still be sent to Andrew Snoey at MS 0T-67

With the rollout of the 777, Richard White has developed a proposal for Boeing to sponsor an expedition to the 7 highest mountains on the 7 continents of the world, during the first 7 months of 1995, including representatives of airlines from each continent. Karyl Hansen will explore possible interest in the project within BCAG Group Offices and the 777 Division. While Boeing rarely sponsors events of this type, the tie-in with customer airlines might have appeal.

Now for the latest on the proposed Denali climbing fee. Dan presented the BOEALPS position on this issue at the most recent public forum held at the Mountaineers Club House. It appears that the National Park Service is standing pretty firm on their proposal to impose the fees. They are apparently convinced that climbers want all sorts of educational and informational services, and should be willing to pay for them. At this point, you are encouraged to write **not** to the Park Service, but to your congressperson and/or senators to bring attention to this issue. It is not too late, but it is getting mighty close. Every letter helps.

Dan attended a Risk Management Workshop put on by Boeing Recreation. He reported that club instructors, classes, and trip/activity leaders are covered by Boeing liability insurance. Boeing will provide legal services in case of a lawsuit, and will pay settlements which result. However, frequent claims resulting from activities of recreation groups such as BOEALPS could result in companies dropping coverage or raising fees, neither of which would be good news.

Eric Bennett reports that he is trying to arrange a BOEALPS night at the Redmond Vertical Club for May 6. Look for details elsewhere in this issue.

Bob Conder reported that the annual picnic is scheduled for July 14 at Camp Long from 4:30 to 9:00.

Rich Searce has a new phone number (237-8872) and Mail Stop (9U-KP).

Dan Gruich thanks everyone for their help with the photo contest, and would appreciate input on how to promote and increase participation in this event in the future.

Jeff Arnold reports that membership is down this year, although renewals keep dribbling in. This could be due in part to the fact that this year's Basic Class is considerably smaller than in some years, and contains a higher proportion of non-Boeing employees.

Anyone who has any great ideas for designs for the proposed "Will Belay for Food" T-shirt, please send them to Pam Kaiser or Dan Goering.

Pam will host the next Board Meeting on May 10.

BOEALPS PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

The 1994 Boealps photo contest was a success, thank you to all who entered photos, attended and most of all supported me in allowing the contest to run fairly smoothly. I had fun and hope you all did too. There were many excellent entries in all of the categories except one, curiously there were no entries in the "climbing" category. Considering that we are a climbing club I found this interesting. It was suggested that for next year the categories be updated, I would welcome any other suggestions to improve next years contest. Here are the winners and thanks again.

Winners for Print categories are:

Mountain Scenes	1,2,3) Sam Grubenhoff
Climbing	1) No Entries??
People	1) Jack Huebner 2,3) Charley Moyer
Black & white	1,2,3) Charley Moyer
General	1,2,3) Sam Grubenhoff

Winners for Slide categories are

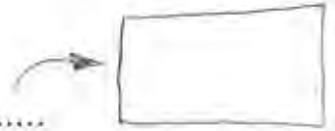
Mountain Scenes	1),2) Rick Griese 3) John Sule
Climbing	1) Rick Griese 2) Ken Johnson 3) John Sule
People	1) Ken Johnson 2) Chris Rudesill 3) Ken Johnson
Flora,Fauna,Nature	1) John Sule 2) Ken Johnson 3) Erich Koehler
Water & Waterfalls	1) Chris Rudesill 2) Ken Johnson 3) Erich Koehler
Sunrise and Sunset	1) Ken Hopping 2) Rick Griese 3) Mike Werzecha
Inclement Weather	1) Ken Hopping 2) Mike Werzecha 3) Ken Johnson

IVORY TOWER EDUCATION BABBLE

Advice from Mr. Chris Rudesill

A lesson learned: The metals things sometimes found on the bottoms of snowshoes are not crampons....

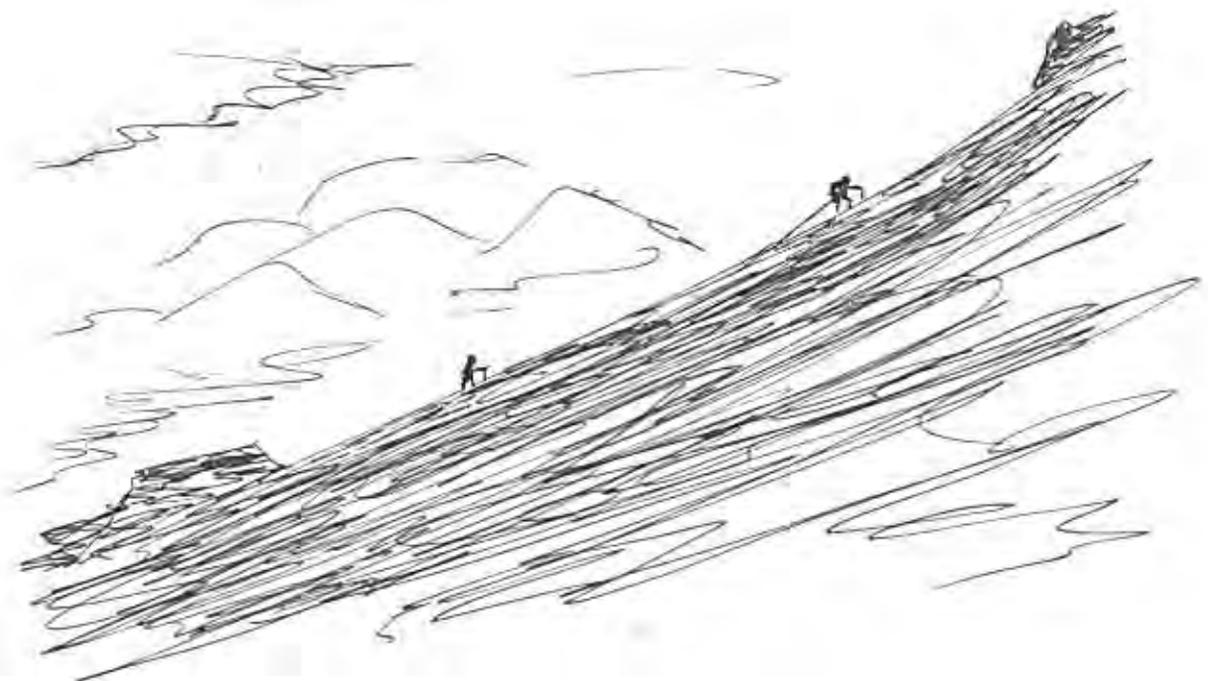
This is a picture of a cow eating grass in a snowstorm.....



Why do we have this picture in the ECHO? Because not one person submitted an article for this month's issue.

(Now watch, someone will say that they did send one and that I lost it in the pigsty I call a work area.)

IMAGINE YOUR ECHO ARTICLE HERE



BoeAlps Annual June Campout

Where: Eightmile Campground near Leavenworth.

When: Friday and Saturday nights, June 10 thru 12

Who: All BoeAlps members, family and friends

What: Rock Climbing, hiking, cycling, and lounging

How: Return the attached form by June 3rd and bring a food item for the Saturday night potluck dinner:

last name: A-C chips and dip
D-N side dish (veggie or fruit)
O-Z dessert

BoeAlps provides chicken, hamburger, grill and soft drinks.

RULES:

A quiet sleeping area will be reserved for members who want an early bedtime. Please ask where it is before setting up your tent!

Loud and wild behavior will be limited to just wild after 10 PM. Please note that some people will stay up very late around the Ol' campfire.

detach here

Name: _____ Number of people: _____

Type of dish for potluck: _____

PLEASE indicate if you can help: YES NO

Mail: Eric Bennett, m/s 09-99 or 9009 W. Mall Dr. #1408
Everett, WA 98208

by June 3rd.

ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: _____

NEW WORK PHONE: _____ NEW WORK M/S: _____

NEW HOME PHONE: _____ NEW HOME ADDRESS: _____

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO JEFF ARNOLD, M/S 4M-74

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ALPINE ECHO



MAY ALPINE ECHO STAFF

Ad Hoc Editor:	Len Kannepell
Managing Editor:	Pam Kaiser
Activities Report:	Eric Bennett
Programs Write-up:	Neal Elzenga
Board Meeting Minutes:	Karyl Hansen
Photo Contest Results:	Dan Gruich

Thanks to everyone!



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Vice President	Pam Kaiser	08-55	342-3468	Equipment	Silas Wild		527-9453
Treasurer	Richard Searce	7A-WA	865-4335	Librarian	Steve Moorman	2T-79	544-5147
Secretary	Karyl Hansen	64-10	237-2947	Membership	Kirsten Olds		243-2171
Past President	Stan Slets	5T-04	931-9671	Photographer	Jeff Arnold	4M-74	544-1335
Activities	Eric Bennett	09-99	342-7057	Programs	Don Gruich	4E-05	655-3173
Conservation	Paul Pyscher	61-28	244-6569	BCAG Recreation	Neal Elzenga	19-MJ	662-4755
Echo Editor	Andrew Snoey	0T-67	342-5938		Jake Davis	0F-KA	342-5000

Photo: Pigeon Spire by Ken Johnson

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JUNE MEETING

Thursday, June 2, 7:30 pm
Oxbow Recreation Center

Guidebook??? Who Needs One!

Come discover some new climbs from local route pioneer Bryan Burdo, author of the Little Si guidebook, "Exit 32". Bryan has taken a fresh look at some familiar climbing areas and discovered a host of new lines. This is your chance to learn about these 'secret' routes before Bryan's next guidebook comes out!

BELAY STANCE

PROGRAMS

Bryan Burdo speaks at the general meeting June 2 and there's the June campout at Eightmile Campground near Leavenworth. Be sure to reserve your spot at the campout by returning the form located inside this issue of The Echo. Just keep turning the pages and you'll find it.

THIS ISSUE

Board Meeting minutes. Bill Gronau's updated Washington's 100 Highest Peaks list. And amazingly enough, **two** trip reports, one from Sloan Peak and another from Comet Spire. This is a significant boost from last month, which netted a total of zero reports. So keep the presses happy and keep your keyboard clicking.

Andrew is once again traveling on business, so bear with me. Also, he has moved and has a **new mailstop: 03-87**. Please continue to send articles for the Echo to Andrew at his new belay station, or if you have any last minute questions/additions for the July issue, contact me @ 393-5638 or mail it to me at 4H-96.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"When I'm good, I'm very good, but when I'm bad, I'm better" - Mae West

From the desk of the ad hoc editor,

Len Kannapell
M/S 4H-96

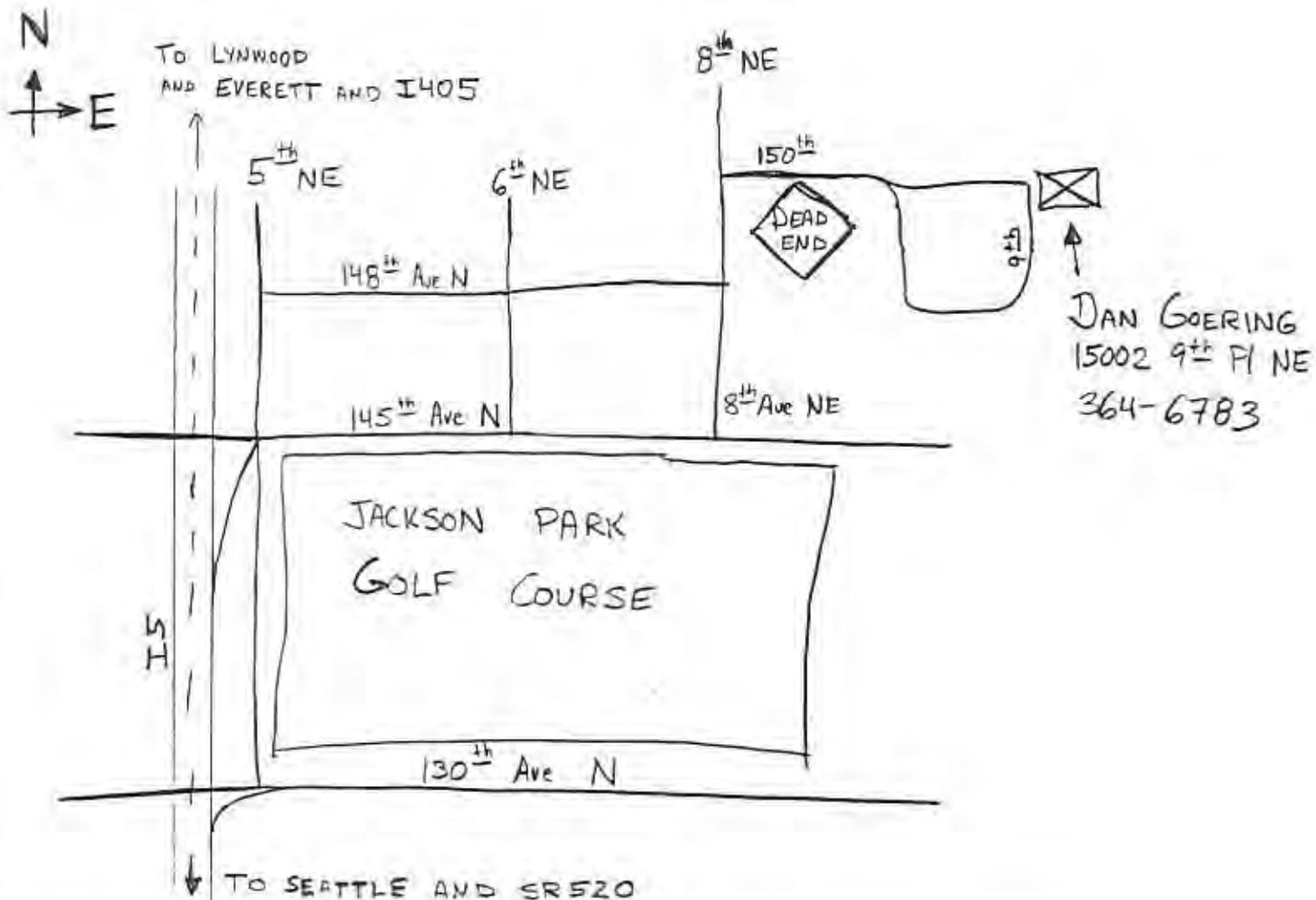


JULY ALPINE ECHO DEADLINE: June 23

Boealps Basic Mountaineering Class 25th Anniversary Show - Volunteers Needed!

The 25th group of Boealps Basic Mountaineering Class students are about to graduate! To celebrate 25 successful years of a club tradition, this year's October banquet program will feature slides, stories and characters from the very first class of 42 in 1970 on thru this year's 1994 class. **Volunteers are needed to help bring this event together!** If you can contribute slides, video, movie film, stories and memories or your time and organizational skills to this project, please plan to attend the kick-off meeting (refreshments provided!). If you can't make the meeting but still want to be a part of this exciting project, contact Neal Elzenga at 662-4755.

25th Basic Class Show Organizational Meeting
Tuesday June 7, 1994
7:00 pm to 9:00 pm
Dan Goering's house (see map below)



To: BOEALPS Members

From: Karyl Hansen

Subject: Minutes of May 1994 Board Meeting

Attendees: Arnold, Bennett, Elzenga, Goering, Hansen, Kaiser, Pare, Pyscher, Rudesill, Searce, Slete, Snoey

Dan received a call from one of the Mount Baker climbing rangers looking for climbing partners. If interested, look for details elsewhere in this **ECHO**.

The comment period for the Denali pay-for-rescue proposal has been extended six weeks from April 15. Still time to send out those cards and letters.

Pam reports that the trail host program is ongoing, but somewhat disorganized. Several BOEALPers have volunteered so far. See details elsewhere in this issue.

Neal reports that the Annual Banquet is planned for October 7. Possible theme is 25 years of BOEALPS history, accomplishments, and fun.

Eric reports that he can use some help with June campout logistics, including transporting group gear. Call Eric if you can help.

Chris has been working on a possible rock seminar with Rob James. Look for details in the Education column this issue. He also reports that another MOFA class is planned for this Fall.

Neal reports that the July picnic is scheduled at Camp Long on July 14 at the East Shelter near the climbing rock. Put it on your calendar. He also reports that Brian Burdo, author of the Little Si climbing guide, is on line to speak at the August meeting.

The next Board Meeting will be June 14 at Rich Searce's house.

BOEALPS ACTIVITIES

1990 Red Team Reunion

Plans still tentative , looking at mid-July, Snoqualmie Pass.

For more info, call Eric Bennett at 342-7057 (w) or 348-6218 (h)

Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie Forest Service publications

I have received several publications from the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie Forest Service concerning the following:

- schedule of proposed actions
- recreation report (additional copy if somebody wants it - contains info on campgrounds and trails)
- flyer celebrating wildflowers, including info on the Wildflower Festival, guided and self-guided tours and events - they gave me a dozen copies to pass out and I can get more

For more info or copies, call Eric Bennett at 342-7057 (w) or 348-6218 (h)

Memorial Day or 4th of July weekend Mt. Olympus

The monarch of the Olympic range awaits your arrival. If snow conditions are good for Memorial Day weekend, take off after 1/2 day of work Friday (May 27), drive to the Hoh Campground, and hike to Happy Four. Saturday we hike the rest of way along the Hoh River to the Glacier Meadows, climb Sunday or Monday as weather allows, and hike back to civilization Tuesday. Rest at work on Wednesday. Limit: 9-10.

Len Kannapell (w) 393-5638 or (h) 361-7523

Wanted: Climbing partners for one day climbs on Thursdays starting mid-May. Second to mid-5th class routes, depending on conditions and partners.

Steve Edgar (w) 294-6377 or (h) 285-6864.

June 4th and 5th (or as snow conditions allow) Mt Hood by Cooper Spur

This is an excellent uncrowded route up the highest point in Oregon. It includes climbing a 45 to 50 degree snow slope. We will leave Seattle on Saturday morning in car pools. After parking as high as we can, there will be a modest hike to our snow camp at 8600' on Cooper Spur. The rest of the afternoon will be spend practicing belaying from your ice ax and placing snow protection.

Sunday we will be arriving on the summit about 3 hours after leaving camp. Half the trip up to the summit and back to camp will include roped travel and belaying . The trip back to camp will include an awesome 1500' glissade (that ends in a safe runout). Then we will hike out, eat, drive back, and arrive in Seattle before dark.

Ice ax and crampons are required. Plastic boots or leather boots with a shank are also required. No previous experience in placing snow protection is necessary (we will practice that). Due to snow conditions, this trip may be postponed, so if you can't make the above date, contact me and maybe you can make an alternate (if there is one). Limited to 6-12 people (depending on experience and bribes). Basic Class graduated or equivalent experience required.

Todd Bauck (w) 662-4427 or (h) 931-0362

June 10-12 BoeAlps Picnic at Eight-mile Campground near Leavenworth

Bring your family and friends to the annual June Campout. It's almost impossible to choose between all the possible activities, such as rock climbing, hiking, cycling, or just lounging. The club will provide the chicken, hamburgers, grill and soft drinks for the Saturday night potluck. All you need to do is return the sign-up form so we know how much food to provide. Eight-mile Campground has well water from hand pumps, garbage service and pit toilets. So don't miss all the fun and interesting stories/jokes around the campfire!

To sign up, send the enclosed form to Eric Bennett , M/S 09-99. For further information, call Eric at (w) 342-7057. Warning: after three (3) rings it automatically goes to a pager. If so, type your number , hit the "*" key, and hang up - or call me at home at 348-6218.

June 11th and 12th Mt. Adams 12,276'

Join us on a climb up one of the more remote volcanoes. It will be lots of fun. Probable route is the south slope with its tremendous glissade down from the false summit. We will drive down on Friday night, sleep near the trailhead, and camp on the "Lunch Counter" Saturday night. This should give everyone the best chance at getting to the summit on Sunday. Basic class graduate required. Party limit 12.

Contact Kathy and Jerry Baillie evenings 361-2712 or work 965-3490 (Jerry)

Need a climbing partner for Mt. Baker?? So does a climbing Ranger for weekends in June and July.

Due to budget cuts there is only one climbing Ranger this year and he needs partners for patrols. He will be doing the standard routes:

Coleman Glacier (north side)

Eastman Glacier - Railroad Grade (south side)

Come for the summit and discussions on the usage and management of the Mt. Baker Wilderness and National Recreation Area. This is an excellent opportunity to pass information and share concerns on impact issues, such as group size and waste products.

Contact Randy Godfrey, Sedro Woolley Ranger Station, (206)856-5700 or at home (206)595-2633

IVORY MOUNTAIN EDUCATION BABBLE

Just an update on what has been happening and what to look forward to:

As of this writing the Basic class just completed crevasse rescue, Big Foot - sighting, close encounters with pregnant women flashers on Mt. Rainier in preparation of their graduation climb on Mt. Baker.

The Intermediate class is on their way up to Canada to learn lead climbing. Casualties so far are 2-- both myself and another seem to be in a high risk group: If you are a MOFA and Basic class instructor, don't take the Intermediate class, you might get hurt!!

Finally, up coming seminars are being scheduled for the following time frames:

MOFA Fall (no pun intended)

Ice climbing August-September

(Formal) Rock July (there will still probably be an impromptu seminar at the upcoming club camp-out)

Congratulations to the Basic graduates, Hope to see you at the camp out and climbing.

CHRIS WOODSILL

Boealps To Appear In Mt. Rainier Video

Club member Jack Leicester is coordinating the involvement of Boealps in the making of a video about climbing Mt. Rainier. The letter he received asking for assistance with the filming climb appears below. If you would like to be involved with this project, contact Jack at 655-1596 (w) or 546-1765 (h).

Purple Dragon Ventures
P.O. Box 164, Virginia City, Nevada 89440
(702) 847-9088

April 22, 1994

Dear Jack,

I enjoyed talking to you the other day. I am really looking forward to our climb up Mt. Rainier and hiking the Wonderland Trail in late July or early August. I hope you are feeling tolerable after your surgery. We wish you a speedy recovery, and hope you start feeling better soon.

Enclosed are our documentary videos of our hikes along the Pacific Crest Trail and the Continental Divide Trail. They are a gift to the Boeing Alpine Club's library. I hope your members enjoy them, and I hope you enjoy them while you're home recuperating. I have also enclosed some flyers with reviews of these videos, and a new review we just received on our John Muir Trail video trail guide.

We hope some of the club members will want to be part of our Mt. Rainier video project. To date, we have donated nearly \$1000 to the PCTA, CDTS, and AHS from our video sale proceeds. As thanks for your club's help with our climb we would like to donate \$1.00 from the retail sale of the Mt. Rainier video either to the club or to a beneficial hiking or climbing organization in the club's name.

We hope you or somebody from the club can speak on the history of climbing Mt. Rainier, the dangers involved, and the environmental and ecological risks to the ecosystem due to overuse and poor wilderness ethics.

Thanks again for your help. We look forward to meeting you and will contact you with suggested dates for the climb soon. We will be in Hawaii for the month of May, so we'll telephone as soon as we return in early June.

Sincerely,
Carl McKeage

We arrived in Leavenworth Saturday in time for the 7:45 a.m. overnight permit drawing at the ranger station and then had breakfast at Kystall's. Al got a head start on me from the Snow Lakes parking lot at 9:30 a.m. Higher up, I paused to glance toward Snow Creek Wall for the usual early-bird climbers. It seemed strange to encounter parties descending the trail at the start of the weekend. Around 12:40 p.m. it was time for a break at Nada Lake. Above, the climbers' trail emerged from the trees. Sometime in early 1992 a powerful slide obliterated the trail below the rock slabs. A Volkswagen-sized boulder rested on the uphill side of a three foot wide tree sheared off twenty feet above its base. Intermittent cairns dotted the scramble up the slabs before leading to a faint path in the trees. On a previous trip I stumbled upon some wasps and vaulted away with a mere two stings. Soon after the slope leveled off we made a log crossing of Nada Creek only to cross back again a few minutes later. A campsite was found mid-afternoon in Temple Canyon at an open area with an existing (illegal?) firepit and running water nearby. The Black Pyramid was due south, hidden by trees. After setting up the tent, I wandered up a gully to the north to get a clearer view of our objective. Following dinner, we watched the evening light fade on the Meteor.

An early start was made shortly after 6 a.m. Sunday. We crossed the creek once again in the direction of Comet Spire and then picked our way up the slabs below Lighthouse Tower. Intermittent patches of firm snow were skirted into the basin below Mt. Temple. This was definitely a low snow year; the snow pack below the west ridge looked very shallow. Talus slopes led up to the windy Comet-Razorback col. Time to rope up; the end of the short ridge looked to be the top- I was mistaken! A notch separated us from the summit. The route directly up the S.W. ridge looked runout. I backed down a ways and belayed Al down the sunny south side a half-rope length. A short rappel gained a big shelf. The S.W. face was made up of a series of parallel chimneys. I elected to mantle up to a mini-notch facing the Professor. After an awkward move left I was in a protectable chimney, i.e., if you discount the black lichen-encrusted rock. I trusted a thin, protruding flake with both a sling and my weight. Moving into another chimney, I squirmed up to some rappel slings. Al led up a short pitch to the summit at 12:20 p.m. Alas, no register; however, I always enjoy the view looking down onto the upper Enchantment Lakes on a nice day. We traversed the S.W. ridge to another set of (faded) rappel slings and backed them up. I wondered if I'd pendulum out toward the Meteor but the rope reached the notch. Al came down and called my attention to two rusty ring pitons on the ridge I hadn't seen before our detour; I don't they would have changed my mind. While scrambling down from the col there was that curious phenomenon of snowflakes sparkling against a nearly cloudless sky. Camp was reached at 5:30 p.m. and another night of splendid isolation was ours to enjoy.

We started out early Monday morning with a vision of a cross-country jaunt to Cannon Mtn. The winds picked up, the clouds darkened and... it was snowing! We passed through Tamarack Meadows and went far enough to get a view of Shield Lake. Cannon was obscured by blanket of billowy clouds. Turn-around time. After leisurely packing up we were able to make a dry, non-technical descent down the slabs to Nada Lake and encountered a few parties making a weekday start on the remainder of our walk out. It was Krystall's again for the late-afternoon meal.

Climbers: Erich Koehler and Al Wainwright

SLOAN PEAK - CORKSCREW ROUTE

Feb 5-6, 1994

Climbers: Dan Goering, Chris P, Micky Ostroff, Doug Richards, Steve Edgar

The period in late January and early February provided some unique opportunities for winter climbing. On the return trip from a successful climb of the Tooth in late January, Micky and myself were comparing our lists of objectives and found Sloan Peak to be a common objective. Yea, yea, sure, sure, maybe this spring.

On a whim the following Tuesday, I called the Verlot ranger station and learned that the road was drivable to the Sloan Peak trailhead. A forecast for very stable snow conditions and continued good weather solidified the idea. Now a few quick calls: to Micky to apply some subtle pressure, to Doug to convince him and Earl that the conditions were too good to waste on an overnight ski tour, and to Dan, who needed no cajoling at all. In the end, Earl opted out and Chris came in his stead.

The drive up Saturday was uneventful. A frost covered log offered an alternate to wading the river. About 3-1/2 hours of hiking on trail and then snow brought us to camp in one of the last groves of trees before the sub-ridge and entry onto the glacier. The afternoon was spent practicing ice axe arrests, placing and falling on snow pro, boot axe belays, and crevasse rescue techniques. Micky even mysteriously found a tent pole that had been lost the season before on Mt. Shuksan - but that is another story. A good dinner and boiling water for hot water bottles rounded out the evening.

Sun up found us traversing the Sloan Glacier in marginal visibility. This was very straight forward due to the abundance of snow. Unfortunately, that same snow made the "broad S ledge" a steep snow traverse that we got out onto before we realized that we should either be placing some protection or be unroped. However, Ken Johnson and company had been kind enough to put a good set of steps in the day before, so it wasn't too bad.

After the traverse came the much loved thin snow over rock, slight route finding problems as we rounded to the W side, discussions of turnaround time vs. when do we REALLY have to turn around, and finally good sense triumphing over summit fever for one climber as the rest of us did what we came to do (5-1/2 hours from camp). A few quick photos with a grey backdrop and we started the careful climb back down.

The trip back was fast because we were racing the limited daylight and uneventful except for losing the trail just before the river crossing. Thanks to Dan's keen route finding ability, it didn't take too long to find our way across and back to the cars (5 hours from summit).

			JP	DG	MB	JH	GM	MS	JB	BG	PM	AW	DC	DS	TH	CG	EA	TJ	AS	KB	MH
47	OSCEOLA	8587	X	X		X	X			X		X	X								
48	LIBBY	8580	X	X	X	X	X	X		X	X		X								
49	CLARK	8576	X	X	X		X	X			X	X	X	X							
50	BUCK	8573	X	X	X		X	X		X			X			X					
51	STORM KING	8520	X		X	X	X	X					X	X	X						
52	ENCHANTMENT	8520	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X			X						X	
53	REYNOLDS	8512	X	X	X	X	X	X		X	X							X			
54	MARTIN	8511	X	X	X								X	X							
55	PRIMUS	8508	X	X	X	X		X	X	X			X	X		X	X				
56	DARK PEAK	8504	X	X	X																
57	CASHMERE	8501	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X				
58	KLAWATTI	8485	X		X	X	X	X	X	X	X					X	X				
59	HORSESHOE	8480	X	X	X	X					X										
60	MOX PEAK, SE	8480	X	X	X	X	X		X						X						
61	RAHM	8480	X	X	X	X			X	X		X			X	X	X	X			
62	BIG CRAGGY	8470	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X		X				X	X
63	HOODOO	8464	X	X	X	X	X	X		X	X		X								
64	LOST	8464	X	X		X	X														
65	CHIWAHA	8459	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X				X			
66	ARGONAUT	8453	X	X	X	X	X	X	X		X	X									
67	TOWER	8444	X	X	X	X	X	X													
68	BIGELOW	8444	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X										
69	DORADO NEEDLE	8440			X			X										X			
70	L ANNA PURNA	8440	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X		X				
71	SINISTER	8440	X		X			X	X												
72	EMERALD	8422	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X			X							X
73	DUMBELL SW	8421	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X				X	X		X		X	
74	DUMBELL NE	8415	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X					X		X		X	
75	SASKA	8404	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X				X		X				
76	PINNACLE	8402	X	X	X	X	X		X	X					X		X				X
77	AZURITE	8400	X	X	X	X	X						X								
78	LUAHNA	8400	X	X	X								X	X							
79	BLACKCAP	8397	X	X		X				X		X	X								
80	BUTTERMILK	8392	X	X		X	X	X		X							X				
81	S SPEC BUTTE	8392	X		X	X	X	X	X	X	X		X					X			
82	MARTIN	8375	X	X		X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X							X
83	LAKE	8371	X	X	X	X			X		X										
84	GOLDEN HORN	8366	X	X	X	X	X	X							X						
85	WEST CRAGGY	8366	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X						X	X
86	MT ST HELENS	8365	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X			X	X	X	X	X	X	
87	McCLELLAN	8360	X	X	X	X	X		X	X											
88	DEVORE	8360	X	X	X				X			X									
89	AMPHITHEATRE	8358	X	X	X	X	X	X		X		X	X	X							
90	SNOWFIELD	8347		X	X	X	X		X		X		X	X							
91	AUSTERA	8334	X		X	X		X	X	X	X						X	X			
92	WINDY	8334	X	X	X	X		X	X	X						X				X	X
93	COSHO	8332	X		X				X			X									
94	BIG SNAGTOOTH	8330	X				X	X		X	X		X	X	X	X	X	X			
95	FORMIDABLE	8325		X	X	X															
96	ABERNATHY	8321	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X				X			X	X	
97	COONEY	8321	X	X		X	X	X	X	X	X		X	X							
98	MOX PEAK, NW	8320	X	X	X	X	X		X						X						
99	TUPSHIN	8320	X	X	X																
100	FLORA	8320	X	X	X																
	1992	TOTALS	94	76	90	80	71	70	58	48	48	37	30	25	23	17	21	12	13	7	10
	1993	CLIMBS	2	15		1			8	10	7	6	9	4	5	9	1	8	2	5	
	1993	TOTALS	96	91	90	81	71	70	66	58	55	43	39	29	28	26	22	20	15	12	10
	1994	CLIMBS							1		1		3	3				1			
	1994	TOTALS	96	91	90	81	71	70	67	58	56	43	42	32	28	26	22	21	15	12	10

BoeAlps Annual June Campout

Where: Eightmile Campground near Leavenworth.

When: Friday and Saturday nights, June 10 thru 12

Who: All BoeAlps members, family and friends

What: Rock Climbing, hiking, cycling, and lounging

How: Return the attached form by June 3rd and bring a food item for the Saturday night potluck dinner:

last name: A-C chips and dip
D-N side dish (veggie or fruit)
O-Z dessert

BoeAlps provides chicken, hamburger, grill and soft drinks.

RULES:

A quiet sleeping area will be reserved for members who want an early bedtime. Please ask where it is before setting up your tent!

Loud and wild behavior will be limited to just wild after 10 PM. Please note that some people will stay up very late around the Ol' campfire.

detach here

Name: _____ Number of people: _____

Type of dish for potluck: _____

PLEASE indicate if you can help: YES NO

Mail: Eric Bennett, m/s 09-99 or 9009 W. Mall Dr. #1408
Everett, WA 98208

by June 3rd.

ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: _____

NEW WORK PHONE: _____ NEW WORK M/S: _____

NEW HOME PHONE: _____ NEW HOME ADDRESS: _____

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO JEFF ARNOLD, M/S 4M-74

NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENT IN THIS PUBLICATION
DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS OF
THE BOEING COMPANY

ALPINE ECHO



JUNE ALPINE ECHO STAFF

Ad Hoc Editor: Len Kannapell
Managing Editor: Pam Kaiser

Activities Report: Eric Bennett
Programs Write-up: Neal Elzenga
Board Meeting Minutes: Karyl Hansen
Scribes: Bill Gronau
Steve Edgar
Al Wainwright
Erich Koehler

Thanks to everyone!!

JULY 1994



BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

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Vice President	Pam Kaiser	06-55	342-3468	Equipment	Silas Wild		527-8453
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Secretary	Karyl Hansen	64-10	237-2947	Librarian	Kirsten Olds		243-2171
Past President	Stan Sleta	5T-04	931-9671	Membership	Jeff Arnold	4M-74	544-1335
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Echo Editor	Andrew Snoey	03-87	342-5938	BCAG Recreation	Jake Davis	0F-KA	342-5000

Photo: Pigeon Spire by Ken Johnson

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JULY PICNIC
Thursday, July 14th
Picnic from 5:00 to 10:00 pm
Camp Long, Seattle

ANNUAL JULY PICNIC

Come to the Annual BOEALPS July Picnic!!! Play on the climbing rock, play softball, and hobnob with your climbing friends. If you can hold a drink in one hand, play some (Frisbee) disc with the other.

Notice the second Thursday date (to avoid the holiday conflict).

BELAY STANCE

PROGRAMS

This month is the Annual July Picnic at Camp Long. This is always a grand time and we always have good weather. So mark your calendars for the 14th (to avoid conflict with the holiday), and prepare to feast on Thursday night.

The food assignments have been adjusted to round out those diets to include all four food groups. Help us stick to those guidelines.

BOEALPS T-SHIRTS

Pam Kaiser has graciously volunteered to coordinate the efforts for a BOEALPS t-shirt. See the information and order form inside.

THIS ISSUE

Time to go out with a bang.... That is, this will be my last issue to publish as ECHO Editor. I have had the job for almost four years --- that long? --- ever since I walked up to just-been-replaced-as-President Elden Altizer and volunteered for the job. (He said it was the next President's responsibility to make that decision.) But all things must come to an end.

There have been a lot of people who have come and gone while I have had this position. Presidents: Pat Engle, Shawn Pare', Stan Slete, and Dan Goering. Membership Chairs: Peter Allen, Ken Johnson, and Jeff Arnold. Activities Chairs: Al Baal, Pam Kaiser, Dan Goering, Neal Elzenga, and Bob Conder. There were also a variety of covers: Kahiltna Glacier, Mt. Hunter, and Pigeon Spire.

People tell me that the ECHO looks really good. I agree --- I like the cover layout, the general order of contents (Belay Stance, calendar, Activities, announcements, articles), and the addition of pithy sayings in the white space. But there were some flops also. I tried running "The Climbing/Environment in the News" for a long time, but it got too time-consuming for inclusion in every month. I wanted to have a table of contents, but things are too "last-minute." We even had a recent issue with no articles --- gasp!!

And so, Len Kannapell has graciously volunteered to fill out this term of Editorship. Len can be reached at the following parameters:

LEN KANNAPELL

Work: 393-3866 or 393-5638

M/S ~~44-98~~ 48-52

In this issue we have tons of stuff. Articles from Len, Kelly McGuckin, Erich Koehler, Rob Kunz, Dan Goering, and John Lixvar. An important announcement from Jack Leicester. Plus our usual bang-up job from Eric Bennett with Activities (and the Mt Loop Highway info), Pam fills in with Meeting Minutes, and Bob Conder with the picnic info.

Off Belay,



Andrew Snoey

AUGUST ALPINE ECHO DEADLINE: July 21st

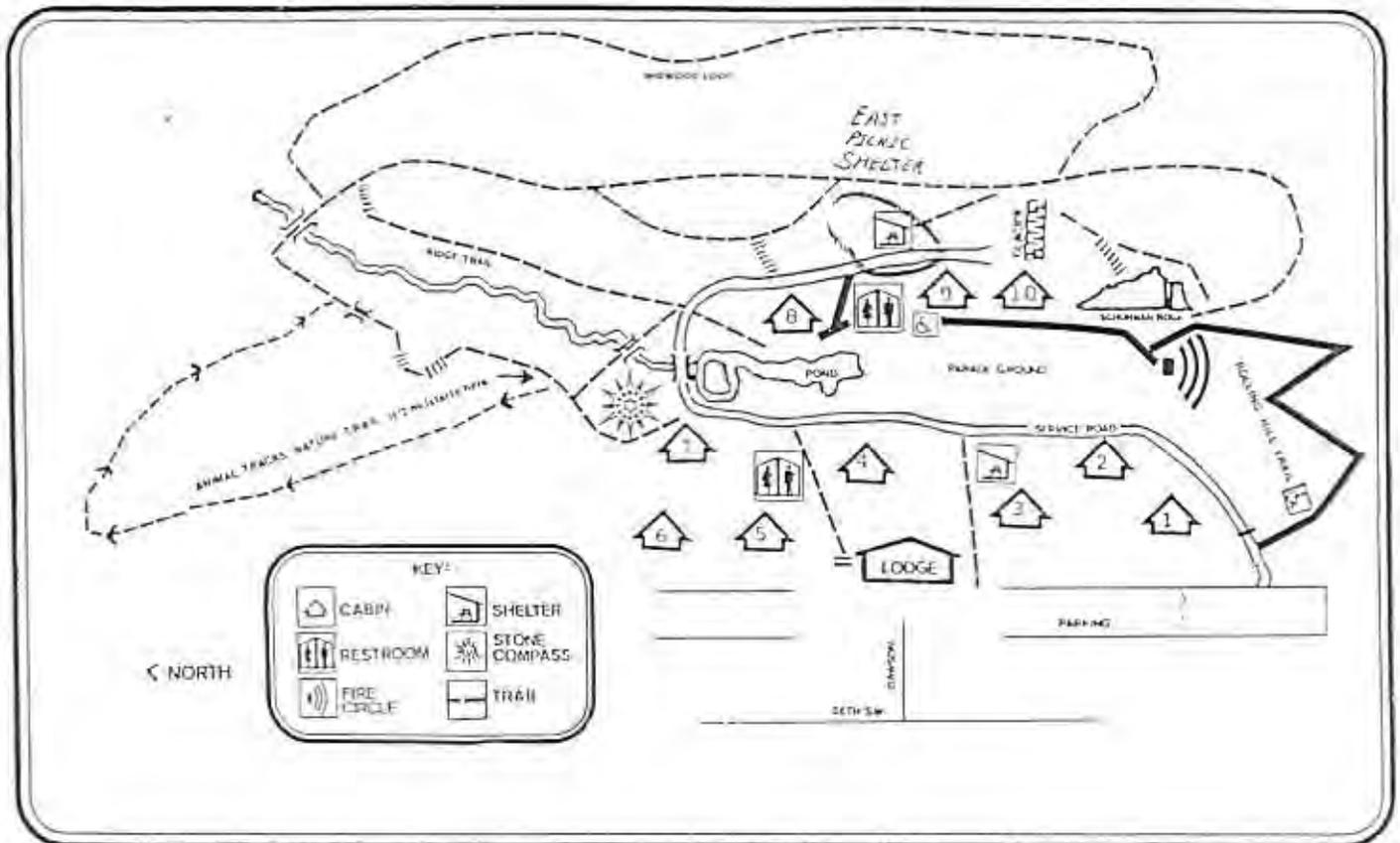
Annual July Picnic!

When? July 14, 1994 from 5 – 9:10 pm
 Where? Camp Long's East Picnic Shelter (see map)

Come join in the fun at the annual club picnic! The club will provide the main dish and drinks (no alcohol, park rules) and each person attending is asked to bring a side dish, using the table below as a guideline on what side dish to bring.

<u>Last Name</u>	<u>Side Dish</u>
A thru C	Chips & Dip / Appetizers
D thru M	Desserts
N thru Z	Salads / Fruit / Casserole

Past activities have included climbing on Shurman Rock (bring your rock shoes), pickup softball games (bring along a glove), frisbee (for that Ultimate evening – if you can run with a full stomach!) and whatever else people show up with. Mark your calendars so you don't miss this summer Boealps tradition! (Note: gates close at 10 pm sharp so we must be out by then if we don't want our cars locked in.)



CAMP LONG
 5200 35th Ave. S.W.
 Seattle, Wa. 98126

684-7434

July 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1	2
3		4	5	6	7	8
9					NEW MOON	Red Team ICC
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

August 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	ICC			General Meeting		ICC
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

BOREALPS ACTIVITIES

Note: on the calendar ICC = Intermediate Climbing Class

Mountain Bike

July 23-24; Saturday and Sunday
Siouxon Fatture Festival

Bring your; your friends and family; your picnic basket; and get set for two delightful days of backcountry cycling. The Siouxon (soos-on) Recreation Area, south of Mt. St. Helens, offers an outstanding selection of cycling opportunities - ranging from rugged third class ascents of Huffman Peak and Horseshoe Ridge, to easy cruises along Siouxon Creek. The 50+ miles of available single track will offer enjoyable riding for everyone.

Lizard (aka John Lixvar) work 865-3783

Alpine

July 9; Saturday
1990 Red Team Reunion Climb; Snoqualmie Pass, Red Mountain

Lets get together again, do a mountain and finish the climb in North Bend with beer and pizza. Family and friends welcome.

Eric Bennett (w) 342-7057 (h) 348-6218

July 30-31; Saturday and Sunday
Mt. Rainier, Emmons Glacier via Camp Sherman

This is the first target date and route for the filming. See the June Echo or call Jack Leicester (w) 655-1596 or (h) 546-1765 for confirmation and further details.

Some trips I am starting to organize, but further research and level of participants will decide routes, etc.:

July 16-17; Mt. Shuksan, Fisher Chimney

August 13-14; undecided at this time

27-28; Sahale Peak/Boston Peak

September 17; Dragontail Peak/Colchuck Peak

18; Rock Climbing, Leavenworth

Eric Bennett (w) 342-7057 (h) 348-6218

I have received several publications from the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie Forest Service:

- Schedule of Proposed Actions
- Recreation Report (additional copy if someone wants it - contains info on campgrounds and trails)
- flyer: Celebrating Wildflowers (info on the Wildflower Festival, guided and self-guided tours and events - they gave me a dozen copies to pass out and I can get more)

Contact Eric at home 348-6218 or at work 342-7057 for info or copies. Note: I will be bringing the material to Club Meetings to pass out or for viewing.

Need a climbing partner for Mt. Baker?? So does a climbing Ranger for weekends in June and July.

Due to budget cuts there is only one climbing Ranger this year and he needs partners for patrols. He will be doing the standard routes:

Coleman Glacier (north side)

Eastman Glacier - Railroad Grade (south side)

Come for the summit and discussions on the usage and management of the Mt. Baker Wilderness and National Recreation Area. This is an excellent opportunity to pass information and share concerns on impact issues, such as group size and waste products.

Contact Randy Godfrey, Sedro Woolley Ranger Station, (206)856-5700 or at home (206)595-2633

Grand Tetons - Wyoming

Matt Whitmer (285-3821) is looking for climbing partners the first or second week of August.

ICE CLIMBING SEMINAR

I've agreed to head an ice climbing seminar for anyone that would be interested. The main topics covered would include French, German, and American techniques on slopes ranging from 20 to 90 degrees, tool and screw placements, and setting up belays. The class would be held in August and size may be limited depending on where we go and instructor participation. All participants must be BOEALPS basic class graduates or have similar experience and must be current BOEALPS members. For more information contact me, Shawn Pare' at 342-4817 (W) or 483-0548 (H).

Everett site Boealps, ever wanted to go for a hike mid week (Wednesday)? My local work group gets together and go on what we have come to call 'Wednesday Walks'! We typically do hikes likes like Lk 22 and Mt. Pilchuck. So, if this sounds fun and you want to be contacted about upcoming 'Walks' send me your E-mail address.

See ya!

Keith Neal (kxn9885@traffic.ca.boeing.com)

Saturday & Sunday, July 23-24: Siouxon Fattyre Festival

Bring your bike, your friends & family, and your picnic basket; and get set for two delightful days of backcountry cycling. The Siouxon (soos-on) Recreation Area, south of Mt St Helens, offers an outstanding selection of cycling opportunities -- ranging from rugged third class ascents of Huffman Peak and Horseshoe Ridge, to easy cruises along Siouxon Creek. The 50+ miles of available single track will offer enjoyable riding for everyone.

Contact: Lizard @ 865-3783

October Banquet, Friday the 7th 25th Anniversary BoeAlps Basic Mountaineering Course

The 25th group of the Basic Mountaineering Course has graduated! To celebrate 25 successful years of a club tradition this year's October Banquet program will feature slides, stories and characters from the very first class of 42 in 1970 on thru this year's 1994 class.

AND WE NEED YOUR HELP.

There is only three months left and we still need:

slides/photos

stories/trivia

insight/impressions/memories

If you have any of these materials please contact:

north - Eric Bennett, 342-7057 m/s 09-99

central - Neal Elzenga, 662-4755 m/s 19-MJ

south - Chris Rudesill, 237-9963, m/s 74-61

and if need be, we can stop by and pick up the material

Also, if you would like to get more involved contact any of us and/or come to the next planning meeting; July 12th, 7:00 PM at Dan Goering's

WANTED: Climbing partners

Unemployed? Adventurous? Tired of noting the good climbing weather during the week and cursing the lousy weather on weekends? Then, this might be for you. I am taking off from work mid-July to September 1 to pursue various tasks (building a cabin, taking a class) but would definitely like to take time to climb during the week. Interests include the Kautz Glacier route on Rainier, Liberty Bell, and Mt. Baker to name a few, and I am currently taking the Intermediate class.

Len Kannapell 393-3514(w) or 361-7523(h)

To: BOEALPS Members

From: Pam Kaiser

Subject: Minutes of June 14, 1994 Board Meeting

Attendees: Bennett, Conder, Goering, Kaiser, Leicester, Pyscher, Rensi, Rudesill, Searce, Slete, Snoey

Pam reported that a wedding band and a baseball hat were found at Eightmile Campground on Sunday, June 12 as the Campout was winding to a close. If either of the items are yours, give her a call at 483-0548 (h) or 342-3468 (w).

Jack Leicester spoke about the opportunity for Boealps to participate in the making of a video about climbing Mt. Rainier. (See your June ECHO for more details). If you are interested in contributing expertise about the mountain and/or in climbing with the film crew, contact Jack at 655-1596 (w) or 546-1765 (h). The Board unanimously agreed that any royalties from the video (\$1.00 per video) will be donated to the Agris Moruss Fund.

Jack also reported that the Agriss Morus Fund Committee elected to not award the Fund this year. The Committee is drafting a letter to explain the original intent of the Fund. Look for the letter in a future issue of the ECHO.

Dan reported that volunteers are still needed to help plan and organize the 25th Basic Class Anniversary Show for the October Banquet. If you are interested, contact Neal Elzenga at 662-4755.

The Board selected a T-shirt design to go along with the "Will Belay for Food" theme. Look for details and order forms in this month's ECHO.

Committee Reports:

- * Bob Conder said that the July meeting will be at Camp Long on July 14. Remember to bring your rock shoes!
- * Chris Rudesill talked about some upcoming seminars. Look for rock climbing/leading in July, ice climbing in August or September, and MOFA in the fall.
- * Kirsten Olds informed us that the library now has two newly purchased John Long videos.
- * Paul Pyscher will be attending a meeting on a proposal to widen, reconstruct, and pave the highway from the White Chuck River to Barlow Pass. Other options also being considered include permanently closing the road.
- * The next Board Meeting will be August 16 at Eric Bennett's apartment.

SAFETY.....

Make it a habit for life.

SEE THE BOEALPS T-SHIRT ORDER FORM AT THE END OF THIS ISSUE.

NOTICE

Joe and Carol McVeigh, professional video-photographers, intend to climb Mt. Rainier sometime between July 30 and August 15, 1994. They will video-tape the climb and the climbing team. The route of choice is the Emmonds Glacier via Steamboat Prow. 3-days will be allowed for the climb. Weather must be good or no-go. They have requested the Boealps provide the people necessary to make up the climbing team. They need no special training, except perhaps a review of rope management and ice axe techniques for glacier travel. They have taken a climbing short course and have climbed Mount Baker. They have more hiking experience in back country than most of us will get in a lifetime. But, they do need some guide service i.e. people with big mountain experience to accompany them. They intend to interview the participants regarding climbing in the cascades, on Rainier, and climbing history of Rainier. The video will be refined and sold at their various retail outlets throughout the US. They will donate 1\$ of each video sold to the club for this service.

If interested, contact Jack Leicester. Work phone: 655-1596, Home Phone: 546-1765.

IVORY MOUNTAIN EDUCATION BABBLE

1. Rock Seminar: Mr. Rob James is heading up this year's rock seminar. The class room date is Thursday July 21 in room 202 Oxbow Recreation Center from 6:00 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. and field trip to Levensworth (sic) Saturday July 23. If you are interested please call me at (h) 244-6589 or (w) 237-9963. So, come on out, and maybe Gustav's will be serving beer by then!
2. Congratulations to the Basic Class graduates and good job to the instructors.
3. To the people who just graduated, I hope to see you out in the mountains and I hope to see you get more involved in the club. With that I not only welcome you to seminars such as the above but encourage you!

See Y'all soon!

CHRIS RUDESILC

We met after work Friday and had dinner at the White Spot restaurant in Bellingham. Leaving Trans-Canada Hwy. 1 at Chilliwack, a bivy site was found off of a forest service road past Sardis. Our sleep under the starry night was interrupted by approaching headlights at 4 a.m. The driver said, "Sorry, just driving around!" Yeah, sure, like looking to break into John's car.

We grabbed breakfast Saturday at a truck stop outside Hope and continued through Manning Provincial Park. They don't have clearcuts in B.C.- they're called "Insect Control Area". Another stop was made at a fast-food place in Princeton. I took a stint at the wheel and around 11 a.m. we parked on Ashnola River road where it meets the Centennial Trail. We left the trail after contouring above Wall Creek, descended to a log crossing of the creek and then continued along the north side of Cathedral Fork. Faint paths were encountered here and there and one area where some trail-building had once taken place but soon petered out. We went on and on through the trees, stepping over trees like hurdlers in slow motion. Around 6 p.m., we caught a brief glimpse of what we guessed to be Ampitheatre Mtn. Time to setup camp. I guessed that based on our altitude and direction of travel that we were still north of the border. John and Al slept in the tent and while I had my bivy sack.

On Sunday we were underway at 7:20 a.m. Twenty minutes later, the border dramatically presented itself- a forty-foot wide clearcut extending for several miles before disappearing into barren hillside east and continuing up and over a forested ridge west. We elected to travel east along the clearcut for about two miles then headed due south toward our objective, crossing a lush, soggy meadow to the base of the north side. A gully brought us above tree line and we crossed over the west ridge. At 11:20 a.m., we took a break on a false summit. The completion of the route involved some contortions up a short chimney. On the summit ridge there was an exposed friction move up and over a small gap followed by a short traverse across downsloping rock to the summit cairn. A young couple were climbing down with their small dog who appeared very frightened. We descended into the basin below Ampitheatre Mtn. with a brief stop at Cathedral Pass. The basin reminded me of the upper Enchantments in its stark beauty. Our return route descended along the Cathedral Lakes and their outflow, bringing us about a quarter-mile east of our initial border crossing. A noisy squirrel welcomed us back to camp.

Monday's retracing of our approach was an uneventful four hours. A black bear scurried away from our approaching vehicle on Ashnola River road. We stopped for a leisurely lunch in downtown Princeton, then for dinner in Marysville.

Climbers: Erich Koehler, John Toraason and Al Wainwright

PLEASE RECYCLE
THIS NEWSLETTER

How the Olympic Rain Forest Got Its Name

(A climbing-turned-monsoon adventure to Mt. Olympus)

Climbers: Eric Bennett, Tim Jackson, Len Kannapell Date: May 27-29, 1994

The bend in the road. There was something about the subtle bend in the paved road that took me back 16 years to a trip my parents and my sister Toney and I made to Olympic National Park on our first big road trip out west in 1978. I hadn't been back this road since moving out here, but there was that slight bend and a broken down barbed wire fence that felt exactly the same as it had then. Now there is a burger barn on the north side of the road close to the bend, denoting the clock of time marching on, but I savored the memory of the excitement of seeing huge herds of Roosevelt elk clustered in the grassy meadows close to the Hoh River.

As Tim Jackson, Eric Bennett, and I drove on to the Hoh Ranger Station, my thoughts drifted to my father, who passed away almost exactly a year ago from pancreatic and liver cancer. Memorial Day weekend, which for me had traditionally assumed the pretense of being the first holiday of the year and little more, had taken on an entirely new face. I remembered how Dad looked at home, after plucking fresh mussels from the beaches at Rialto along the Pacific, his cotton pants rolled to the knees, and how he lay down to take a siesta in the sand. As we swung into the Hoh parking lot, I began to realize how much I really missed him.

Strangely enough, if my father had been around, he would probably have applauded a trip to the Olympics, knowing his wanderlust spirit and unquenchable thirst for experience. However, any rational human being might have ventured a guess that questionable weather forecasts in the Cascades normally means monsoons in the Olympics. Further, Memorial Day weekends are normally as warm and sunny as Leona Helmsley, so there was at least a couple of factors weighing in heavily against us. In poker terms, odds were that this trip, in no uncertain terms, could turn out to be a royal flush.

As we left the parking lot at 7 pm Friday evening, our spirits high and our destination the Happy Four shelter, which was a flat, flat 5.6 miles away, the weather didn't look too bad. I thought of Silas Wild's mantra in his recent lecture at the Intermediate Climbing Class: "Weight is the enemy; speed is your friend," as I struggled slightly with my three-man \$80 Eureka! tent and a 55-pound (or thereabouts) pack thrust upon my shoulders. Dusk was approaching but not too rapidly, enough light to be awed by the eight and ten-foot diameters of the Sitka spruce, Douglas fir, and the ancient hanging mosses well-fed by the daily showers. What an amazing place this is, I thought, as Eric, Tim, and I hustled along the Trail of Flat Earth beside the flowing water of the Hoh.

Happy Four came quickly enough, about 8:45 pm, an old rotted out shelter that seemed to grow right back into the Douglas Fir and spruce it once came from. We pitched the tent in the small meadow below, eager to have the weight off our backs, and I strode out to the Hoh to catch the last glimpses of light and smoke a cigar, which I find to be a very relaxing experience at eventide.

As I skipped a few rocks across the frigid water, I thought of Heraclitus, the Greek philosopher of the sixth century B.C. who intoned that no stream is ever the same once you have crossed it. No need to worry here - I would have gone sterile if I had crossed that bracing water.

We spent a pleasant night in the tent, with only a slight breeze to accompany us beyond the three or four climbers in camp. Sometime in the middle of the night, two guys came thrashing down the trail, around two or three am. I figured there must have been some good Friday night party these guys were at to come here so late.

The next morning, after a rib-sticking breakfast of cheese grits (at least for me), we headed out around 8 am to continue east, on what continued to be the flattest trail this side of Burke-Gilman in Seattle. We huffed it to the Olympus Ranger Station, where we met an exceedingly tall red-headed female who, it turns out, was the local ranger (being somewhere shy of 5'11" myself, I feel somehow inadequate, perhaps like David standing next to Goliath, when I encounter a woman taller than me). She politely answered our questions, telling us about the 1978 forest fire that swept through the hills just north of the trail. As we left, I couldn't help but think with rain surely on the way soon, that she was just the type to settle down with a hot cup of herbal tea and a fiddle. Then again, perhaps she was lay back down on her army bunk, cursing another endless day of rain.

We spotted some deer feeding by the Lewis Meadows and marveled at the odd distortions of nature in the form of monstrously gnarled old growth forest produced by such massive rainfall. Sure enough, the rain came gently falling on our heads as we made our way to Elk Lake. A huge steel and wood bridge crossed hundreds of feet above the mighty Hoh, where it intersected with the Glacier river. It is at this point that the innocuous Hoh trail gains some elevation and delves deep into the heart of the forest before emerging into the gracious and thankful meadow at Elk Lake. The family of four we had passed on the last section of trail trudged in shortly after us, which included two teenage girls, one of whom appeared to pique the male interest in our party (now, I won't say who), as we dried off our moderately soaked clothes in the barren shelter. One guy we saw coming down from the trail had tried to climb Olympus in the worst possible conditions only hours before, encountering white out, snow storms, and now a steady and sure rain. He was headed back to civilization, Tim and I got up to knock off the last 2.3 miles to the Glacier Meadows, with Eric not far behind, and the trail began to resemble a typical Cascade approach trail, gaining about 1700 feet in the short but increasingly heavy hike to the meadows. Since my brand new Rainier Fabiano boots had only seen action on Black Peak two weeks before, I was hiking the entire approach in my quite-abused Nike Air Jordans, whereas Eric had opted for the sandal attire and Tim thundered on in his 3/4 shank boots.

Finally, after increasing bouts of fog, rain, and very little sign of mountains anywhere, we hit a big snow patch with barren trees and spotted three shelters (all of which turned out to have occupants); Glacier Meadows, elevation 4200'. With my pack thankfully off my pack, I realize how much my

load had increased with the massive amounts of water it and my Goretex coat had accumulated. Now, I felt like I could fly. But back down to earth, it was really raining hard, so we quickly set up the tent under the flattest spot under the most dense trees we could find, only to discover things inside my pack had gotten a bit more wet than I thought, including my down sleeping bag. Hmmm.

We crashed out for a while, the rain pelting the nylon of my Eureka tent, our clothes strung in every possible position across the top of the tent, beginning a rather futile attempt to dry things out. I was somewhat comfortably reading Michael Shaara's Civil War historical, The Killer Angels, when Tim suggested we try to cook dinner while it was still light and we had a slight break in the weather. Yeah, break in the weather, right. So we ambled outside, stared into the ominous sky above, and did our best to enjoy dinner in a brief respite from the downpour to a mere steady drizzle. I gobbled a hot and hearty meal of Spanish rice pilaf, Swiss cheese, onions, and Extra Spicy Mrs. Dash with a couple of cups of hot chocolate before we quickly retired to the tent, so we could stare up at the ceiling with greenish light filtered through the nylon fabric of the tent and I pondered a rather basic question: what were we doing here?

The question was left unanswered, but I do know one thing: it got worse. In the tent, it wasn't my imagination that the floor wasn't drying out but actually getting wetter. I searched around for any obvious signs of leak, but again, with an \$80 tent, I can't assume leak-proofing was a serious test performed on this shelter. Worse, as darkness swept in on the Glacier Meadows, I noticed a small pool of water, roughly 1/4" deep, forming at my foot end at the port side of the tent. Eric, who was settled in the middle in a Goretex sleeping bag, seemed relatively dry, while Tim, on the starboard side, was occasionally mentioning that a small puddle of water was apparently forming by his right shoulder and his soon, his head. As nestled deeper into my novel, the light beginning to fade almost imperceptibly on my head lamp, I realize that my Thermarest could possibly double as a floatation device and perhaps, down bag and all, that I might be able to float on top of the water if things got really bad. Tim had a light ethafoam pad and wondered if it was possible to drown in a tent. I pondered these and other ghastly possibilities before turning back to the engrossing pages of The Killer Angels and the sweat dripping from the brow of General Robert E. Lee just outside Gettysburg.

The night took a long time to get through, with my being careful not to roll to either side for fear of being submerged. Somewhere around 5 am, I peered outside the door of the tent to see, much to my surprise, we had gotten at least 6" of new snow overnight and no telling how much more a few thousand feet up. I got dressed in semi-dry clothes to get water and walked in the solitude of the freshly blanketed earth, my mood lightened by the pristine surroundings but cursing the abysmal climbing conditions. It was still snowing, occasionally heavily, and I could barely make out what appeared to be Mt. Tom looming somewhere to the southwest. Now that we had survived the night in our floatation devices, the decision needed to be made whether to wait it out a day and try to climb Monday. As most of the other climbers in the shelter slowly arose from their cocoons but quickly broke camp to begin the 18 mile journey

home, we took over the closest shelter to get a respite from the Wading Pool Tent. With no sign of the snowfall letting up, very little dry gear, and questionable climbing conditions, it became startlingly clear that we needed to head back; and at 11:00 am, after much futile deliberation and blaspheming the gods of Olympus who were laughing at us, we headed back down, my pack having gained an additional 10-12 pounds with the very moist tent atop my pack. On the way back, I caught up to a girl who was hiking without even a day pack as I struggled with my pack. She turned out to be an engaging conversationalist, stopping to identify the varieties of asters that dotted the ferns close to the trail. I think her boyfriend actually was carrying her load, and as we crossed the mighty bridge over the river Hoh, she waited patiently for him. Tim, whose strides took him at least 10 minutes ahead of me, was back at the Olympus Ranger Station when I caught up to him, both of us thoroughly soaked by this time and with Eric about 10 minutes behind me. Though the yoke wasn't easy and burden not too light, it was actually pleasant hiking conditions - as long as one kept moving, one got neither too hot nor too cold. We met a group of eight to ten students from a college in North Carolina who looked a bit bewildered by all this rain, and upon quick inspection, appeared to be dressed mostly in cotton. Not the best rain proof material, I thought, but even Gore-tex was useless in rain like this. A warm fire in front of the shelter certainly felt good, but there was almost nine miles of trail left and no end in sight to the rain. Just before the cutoff to the High Divide trail, I had seen, much to my surprise, two climbers heading toward the Glacier Meadows, and I asked, incredulously, if they were planning on climbing (or, perhaps swimming) Mt. Olympus. In the light fog, they responded the weather was supposed to break tomorrow. I bade them farewell and had a good hearty laugh, thinking that the sun would probably not appear again this century.

And the trail got more muddy and more slippery, causing me to hop from side to side along the trail to avoid the murky depths down the middle. With my back beginning to ache from the load, I began to wonder about many strange things, e.g., why God hated me so much, was there a God, and could I lasso a Roosevelt Elk and make him my official pack mule. We had been forewarned by the college students that someone had taken the liberty of defecating right on the trail a mile back toward the west without even bothering to cover it up, and sure enough, right smack in the middle of the trail, was someone's bowel movement. Was this indeed civilized society anymore?

A quick cigar break at Happy Four and we were kept on trudging, getting heavier and heavier, with the trail almost completely underwater. At this point, though I was wearing my new Fabianos and there was no pain on this flat trail, I would have gladly exchanged them for flippers. And finally, after seven and a half hours of the relentless rain, we were back at the parking lot. Dry clothes, warm food, and automobile heat never felt quite so good.

I learned a lot from this trip. Pack light. Bring a wet suit. Be patient and wait for good weather. Check your tent for leaks. And realize there is a history behind names, such as the Olympic Rain Forest.

Amazing Weather on Eldorado!

submitted by Dan Goering

Steve Edgar finally found the trip to entice me into taking a precious vacation day - a Friday to Sunday (May 6 -8) trip into the Eldorado area near Cascade Pass! Working the 4/10 shift gave him every Friday off and he had honed his persuasion skills in finding people willing to take vacation for Friday climbs. The rest of the crew he convinced included Mickey Ostroff, Doug Richards, John Sule and Jay Wornath. The plan was to summit Eldorado, Klawatti, and Austeria peaks and Dorado Needle if time allowed.

We met 5 am Friday morning at Doug's near Everett and laughed with delight as we blasted north on I5 past the Boeing exit. Clear skies in May put us in high spirits and we arrived at the trailhead around 8 am after a donut feast at the Darrington mini mart. The parking area is a gravel pullout with a large stockpile of gravel 20 miles down the Cascade River Road. A short trail directly across the road leads to a narrow slippery log which we shinned across to gain the north side of the Cascade River. (We discovered a better log on our return about 200 yards west.) Angling up and left on the good advice of Paul Pyscher led us quickly to the climbers path (between Eldorado creek and the ridge west of it) which took us relentlessly upward to the base of the boulder field. On the way, the summit gopher-dance man, feeling weak, gave up his rope and some other group gear to stronger members. This sped our upward progress plus provided endless opportunity for merciless ribbing throughout the rest of the trip! Easy boulder hopping turned to trickier thin snow over boulders and finally to stable snow. At about 6100 ft, the ridge we were rising to meet flattened and provided an easy (although a moat was developing) crossover into the Roush Creek basin. We roped up shortly after the crossover to climb the Eldorado Glacier (no visible crevasses) and then onto the Inspiration Glacier. Pooped from the 5500 foot elevation gain but glad to be out on such a sunny clear day, we setup camp next to a rock patch on the west arm of Eldorado, just 1000 ft below the summit!

We woke at 5 am to clear blue Saturday morning skies. Klawatti and Austeria were our targets for the day and having elected not to bring snowshoes, we were eager to do the long glacier traverse on frozen snow before the sun reintroduced us to the joys of post-holing. The south slope of Klawatti looked very steep from our camp and evidence of snow sluffs on it started talk of trying the ascent from the north instead. The traverse of the Inspiration Glacier was straight forward and we arrived at the base of Klawatti's south slope which was still frozen stable and which didn't look nearly so steep from up close. We dropped our packs, unroped, and up we went, hanging left and crossing to the west face for the last 100 feet to the summit, arriving about 10 am. One down, one more to go!

We descended, traversed the west side of Klawatti, threaded our way through an interesting notch on its north ridge and then sweated and trudged out the long, hot traverse to the base of Austeria. The sun was really cooking us now and the snow was rapidly softening, though post-holing was still infrequent. We again dropped our packs and unroped, but this time brought one rope and some protection with us on the snowy rock scramble up to and then along Austeria's short summit ridge. The ridge soon met the summit block and only 40 ft separated us from the top.

The best way up appeared to be a short, snow filled hourglass gully which necked down to shoulder width half way up. I started up and discovered the snow had turned to ice in the constriction. Steve suggest we belay this move and I agreed, so I cut several steps in the ice within my reach while Steve set up a belay and flaked out the rope. Roped, I started up again and made it through the constriction to softer snow above without too much difficulty, which was fortunate because I had only managed to get one marginal piece of protection into the rotten rock. I fixed the top of the rope and soon we were all lurching on the summit, smiling, enjoying the sun and the views, and joking (?) about bagging Primus Peak next, which looked to be just a short distance away across the basin to the north. But the long return to camp was waiting and so we rappelled off the summit and returned to our packs.

The snow on our return was soft but good step kicking technique kept our post-holing to a tolerable level and I did not regret our decision to leave the snowshoes at home. The top 8 inches of snow was prime for sluffing and we kept as much as possible to the flatter bench areas on the Inspiration Glacier after setting off a nice sluff while testing the snow just below Klawatti. Camp finally appeared over the rise, and triumphant but tired, we cooked dinner and went to bed.

We rose early again Sunday morning and the incredibly good weather was still with us! We ate quickly and roped for the ascent of Eldorado and it's renowned knife edged snow ridge! Two other Boealpers who had followed us in on Friday and climbed Eldorado on Saturday had left us a set of solid steps and we were on the summit by 7 am for photos. The soft forgiving snow conditions and the existing steps made the famed summit ridge a bit of a let-down, but who can complain about taking in the view from Eldorado's summit on a cloudless May morning? Mt Forbidden's west ridge beckoned for future climbs, as did Mt. Goode to the east and hundreds of other snow crusted summits.

Some wet boots, concern over avalanche hazard, and a desire to get back home at a reasonable hour convinced the group to come back for Dorado Needle another day. The descent went much faster than anticipated and we were back at the cars by 2 pm. A river bath and fresh cotton sent us on our leisurely drive home, punctuated by stops for view points, ice cream bars, and of course GOOD FOOD!

IT'S THE ECOSYSTEM, STUPID!!

Mt Hood - 11,240 - May 21, 1994

Climbers: Dean Barron, Tim Jackson, Eric Lilley and Kelly McGuckin (scribe)

We drove to Timberline Lodge at Mt. Hood on Friday only to find the mountain in the same condition it was in for the 1993 Boealps Mt. Hood bad weather climbing class. For those that missed it the weather on Mt. Hood in 1993 got progressively worse as the day went on and most of our group was turned around at the hogsback in a white-out. This years weather, combined with a low turn-out and a gloomy forecast for the weekend cast a cloud of pessimism over the next days climb. As we reviewed our glacier travel and roped travel techniques in the room Friday evening, most of us were complaining out loud "Here we go again". However, before going to sleep we spotted (imagined) one star and a small part of the moon and plans were made to wake at 2 am to start the climb and "taste the weather".

After we awoke and ventured outside, the clouds started breaking up and the wind started dying down. Although there was a cloud cap on the very top of the mountain, the entire sky was filled with bright stars and most clouds were far below us. Because of this change for the better, our spirits soared and we were soon at the top of the Palmer chair lift (No we didn't ride it). Here we took our first break and had our first major disagreement. Tim Jackson, our chosen leader proclaimed that it was 45 deg F. (Even though our fingers and toes were numb). After some time arguing and even though two other thermometers claimed a temperature of less than 20 deg F, we took Tim's thermometer reading as gospel. After this matter was finally out of the way we all put on our crampons and parkas and continued towards the Hogsback.

During this period our foursome started to separate, due mainly to differing levels of physical conditioning and stamina. The weather had completely cleared by now with the summit area in clear view. Dean arrived first at the Hogsback, a narrow snow ridge leading to a moderately steep snow gully which topped out about 100 yards from the summit. The Hogsback had a open crevasse about midway up that would have to be traversed around to gain our goal. Dean, knowing and accepting the risk of traveling unroped here continued up the hogsback before the rest of us were there. Tim arrived next and waited, with our sole rope, for Eric and myself to join him.

After we had arrived and rested awhile we had a short discussion as to whether to rope up or not. We decided to rope up and were asked by another climber if he could join our rope because his partner was not feeling well. After a quick interogation about his experience, permission was granted. Before we roped up we removed our crampons due to the softening snow conditions at the bottom of the Hogsback.

Tim Jackson took the lead up the Hogsback and traversed east around the crevasse and started up the snow gully. Here the slope steepened and the snow was too hard to kick steps. It became instantly obvious that the crampons would have to be put back on. Tim announced this to the group and we proceeded to chop out a platform and position ourselves on the slope in such a way as to be able to strap on the crampons. This accomplished Tim lead up this moderately steep section thru a opening between two rock outcrops and on to the summit. At the summit we met Dean, who had been patiently waiting for us.

After much food and water and numerous pictures we all roped up and descended. On the way down we bypassed both the steep icy section and the crevasse by traversing west around these obstacles. After reaching the Hogback again we untied from the rope and took off our harnesses. The rest of the descent was uneventful with only an occasional appearance by "Glissade Man"

*"The Catwalk"
near Snoqualmie Pass*



SEE THE BOEALPS T-SHIRT ORDER FORM AT THE END OF THIS ISSUE.

MT. HOOD CLIMB

The ten of us were awakened by alarm watches after only two hours of restless sleep. We quickly dressed, ate something, and assembled our packs so that we were out the door by 2 a.m. Since the temperature outside had warmed considerably in the last few days, there was some avalanche danger. The ranger projected that there would be 400 climbers attempting an ascent of the mountain this weekend. For these reasons, we mutually decided on an early start.

We signed in at the ranger station below Timberline Lodge and encountered other climbers assembling their gear and putting on their boots. From the parking lot, we stepped onto the snow which would surround us for the next 10 hours. The first awkward steps slowly turned into a deliberate pace under starlit skies on a trail lit by headlamps. The wind blew strongly into our faces; the pace was fast for me.

We took a short break for water, turned our headlamps off for a moment, and were surrounded by stars. Other climbers' lights trailed back down the mountain as they slowly ascended from the lodge. Only a few were ahead of us. We continued until we reached the top of the ski slope. Following the cue of the 9 others, it was time to put crampons on. The snow was getting firmer, and this was a good level plateau. I drank more water, put a bandaid on my right heel, and stepped into my crampons. I ate some chocolate to quiet my stomach then slung my pack back onto my shoulder. I stepped, then tripped on a crampon strap and fell, then cursed myself. This was not a good sign. But it was better to fall on a nice flat plateau and learn the lesson, rather than to fall later on a steep slope.

We continued at a slower pace. A slender crescent of moon was setting behind the mountains. We could see the eerie outline of the summit. The smell of sulfur was getting stronger and it was time to turn off the headlamps. The group ahead had kicked nice steps in the snow for us. I followed the steps and met with the other half of the group waiting at the Hogsback. At this point we drank fluids and put on our harnesses and helmets and tied into the ropes. We were 2 teams of 3 and 1 of 4. Rob, Jeff, and I were on one rope.

We waited for a team ahead to slowly make their way up the Hogsback. We followed, waited, followed again but not too closely. Behind us was the smell of sulfur and steam rising from the volcanic core. I hoped that today was not the day Hood would decide to blow. We navigated the thin rib of the Hogsback, up towards the high towers of rime ice. From there we plateaued for a few feet, then climbed up the right chute, one of the "pearly gates". The air was thin. Each step required a breath. Each step was strong and deliberate. Around the last bend and the summit was in sight. The final steps and a view of people sitting. The summit! What a feeling of accomplishment!

We rested for about an hour, then started our descent at 9 a.m. The chute was crowded by now and we had to wait for the people ascending to clear in order for us to make a safe descent. With each step, I planted my ice axe securely, doing a self belay. Finally, we reached the top of the Hogsback. The

snow was soft and balling onto the crampons. At the bottom of the Hogsback we rested, took in the gorgeous scenery and removed our crampons.

The descent was strong. The snow was soft, but each step felt good. We finally reached a spot where we could think about glissading. We glissaded for most of the descent and reached the lodge by noon. After soaking in the jacuzzi, there was time to reflect on the climb.

While unpacking my backpack and seeing the plastic water bottle which had collapsed from the change in altitude, it struck me that the top of that mountain is indeed a special place. Only certain people will see the summit and those that do will be changed in some way. In my case, the summit itself was not the most important accomplishment, but rather, the path that led me there.

Mt. Hood

May 7, 1994

280 registered climbers

Brian Murphy, Judy Christian, Dan ^{BEAN}Beam, Rob Kunz, Derrick ^{Pell}Maynard, Jeff, Mindy, Art/^{Menzel}Vera Trainer (scribe).

Postscript: Wear glissaderhosen while glissading long distances. Butt burn is a serious casualty that no one told us about in basic class!

Support your local climber.

SEE THE BOEALPS T-SHIRT ORDER FORM AT THE END OF THIS ISSUE.

In Search of Higher Ground -- Part VII: The Empty Quarter

Ar Rub' al Khali, the uninhabited core of the Arabian Peninsula, is one of few remaining blank spaces left on the map. This rainless, unrelieved wilderness of alkali flats and shifting sand is one of the world's most desolate landscapes, and even Bedouin find the windswept region too inhospitable for occupation. The permanent population of this Texas-sized sea of sand is zero!

America's counterpart to the Empty Quarter lies in the Great Basin of Southeast Oregon, Nevada, and Western Utah. While not completely devoid of humanity, this arid region offers more isolation and untamed country than most people are comfortable with. The Great Basin Ranges are sadly neglected in mountaineering literature; and with few exceptions, visitors to these unfashionable desert peaks seldom seek the summits.

This year's BoeAlps spring outing to the Deep Creek Mountains west of Dugway was targeted at those Shock Wave Riding devotees of the unfashionable, with high pain thresholds, and two weeks free time -- a population apparently limited to 1. I guess the absurdity of bicycling across the Great Salt Lake Desert in quixotic pursuit of the highest, most remote BLM peak in America was manifest to everyone but the Lizard.

Visits to the Wenaha-Tucannon in Umatilla National Forest, the Ironside Mountain complex east of John Day, the barren Owyhee River uplands west of Jordan Valley, and the Raft River Mountains in the northwest corner of Utah were also on the itinerary.

The Wenaha Backcountry -- Southeast Washington

The Wenaha-Tucannon Wilderness bridges the stateline between Oregon and Washington. The highest summits of this northernmost extension of the Blue Mountains barely exceed 6400', and the primary recreation activity in the region is elk hunting -- the Wenaha Backcountry holds the nation's highest concentration of Rocky Mountain elk.

Ridge running is the preferred form of mountaineering in this confused land of canyons and mesas. Backcountry cycling is also rewarding, and fine single track can be found in the Walla Walla and Touchet River drainages just west of the designated wilderness. Lizard's two day ride along William Kendall Skyline was rather more challenging than expected. Deep snow, steady rain, and a rugged crosscountry traverse between Deadman Peak, Sharp VABM, and Table Rock were all combined to produce a first class adventure.

The Forest Service is currently developing a network of bike trails around Griffin Peak, Chase Mountain, and the Bluewood Ski Area. Typically these kinds of developments are aimed at beginner-to-intermediate level riders; but for those cyclists seeking moderate, family-oriented recreation, these trails may be worth looking into.

The Owyhee River Uplands: Lake Owyhee, Leslie Gulch and Succor Creek Canyon -- Southeast Oregon

The 52 mile Backcountry Byway that wends its way through the Owyhee River uplands of Southeastern Oregon offers access to an overlooked region of unbelievable grandeur. Wild

whitewater rushing between basaltic lava flows and erosional formations as impressive as any in Zion or Canyonlands reward the visitor willing to turn off the beaten path. Lizard's dream of putting in tracks along some of the inaccessible reaches of Lake Owyhee (a reservoir up river of the Owyhee Dam) was finally realized. The water level has been drawn down a few feet this year, exposing a ridable lakeside ledge system that seemingly goes on forever.

Its awesome flying buttresses complement its delicate rhyolite minarets; while the haunting birdsong of the canyon wren plays counterpoint to the strange echoes of malformed gargoyles. This wildest, most savage landscape in all Oregon is also the most sublime -- a perfect harmony of extremes. The place is called Leslie Gulch; and the experience transcends mere adventure. Bicycling the sandy washes of Dago Gulch, past the soulful remains of the old Barnes cabin, to the foot of Mahogany Mountain was incredibly satisfying; while wheeling along the tight corridors and weirdly eroded cliffs of the Yellow Jacket was absolutely sensational. The raw reach of this primitive country is immensely alluring -- the absolute beauty and tranquil stillness of the Owyhee are national treasures, unloved and unappreciated by most citizens of the land.

The spectacular landscapes found in Succor Creek Canyon also demand attention. This canyon was homesteaded between 1917 and 1927 and numerous tracks lead off to secret corners still unexplored. Unfortunately, Lizard's venture into the unknown was cut short by the horrendous tick population. Two successive years of good moisture has resulted in a resurgence of these blood-sucking parasites, and dozens were picked up after only a few hours of cycling thru the sagebrush. Brushing the ticks off my legs and most other parts of the body was no big deal -- the real problem was getting them out of my hair. A fine toothed comb would usually catch them, but I could never be sure. The difficulty of performing thorough tick inspections is one overriding reason for not traveling alone in this country!

Ibapah Peak, Deep Creek Range -- Western Utah

South of the Deseret Bombing Range, West of Dugway Proving Ground, and adjacent to the Goshute Indian Reservation sits the highest, most remote BLM peak in America. 12,087' Ibapah Peak is nearly 100 miles from the nearest towns of Wendover and Ely, Nevada; and a successful bicycle ascent requires the logistics of an expedition. Venturing into the Deep Creeks without support was questionable; a one-week desert climb was beyond my reach and any mishap could have dire consequences. However, since this trip had been eagerly anticipated for months, a personally acceptable risk-abatement strategy was adopted. In order to maximize the probability of seeing other folks, the ascent would occur over Memorial Day weekend. The truck would also have to be taken into the Great Salt Lake Desert at least as far as the Callao oasis. The access road through Overland Canyon is impassable in wet weather, and the disused mining track up Granite Creek requires a capable 4x4 even in ideal conditions; but if things went well, the 7000' ascent might be possible in two days.

Nothing in the desert comes easy! My drive across Nevada was dogged by thunderstorms, the snowlevel in the Ruby Mountains (a range nearly as high as the Deep Creeks) was down to 9000', and the folks I talked to in Wendover never heard of Ibapah. The drive to Callao was 88 miles of anxiety -- the frequent stretches of thick sand and slippery salt demanded constant attention. It rained most of the way in, but the road surface remained reasonably firm. No other vehicles were encountered on the three hour approach, and the old Callao CCC campground was deserted. Judging by the number of spider webs in the outhouse, the facility sees very little use.

Callao sits at the fringe of an enormous salt flat that extends out to the northeast horizon. At 4800',

this low elevation desert site in Snake Valley is outside the range of a 2-day climb of Ibapah; but given the unsettled weather conditions, the Liz is very reluctant to push the truck any further. Tomorrow's climb will have to be a reconnaissance.

Snake Valley pretty much lives up to its name. This forsaken place is home to enormous beetles, fearsome scorpions, jumbo ants (or ant-imitating spiders) with orange tufts along their back, lizards galore, and fast moving snakes of every stripe -- including a heart-stopping red and green one that turned out to be a bungee cord laying in the weeds! The nearby Dugway Proving Ground was another cause of some concern. America's secret nerve gas program was revealed back in the late 1960s when thousands of grazing sheep were mysteriously killed by some unknown agent. Those carcasses are buried in an unsecured repository just outside Callao. Apparently STLCs (super toxic lethal chemicals such as sarin, soman, agent VX, and blister gas) are still heavily stockpiled at Dugway.

Saturday's recce up Middle Canyon brings reality to Lizard's Ibapah aspirations. 4000' of difficult climbing in temperatures well over 100F pretty much cook my bacon. The march up to treeline in the unfiltered glare of the blazing sun is simply too demanding -- this route demands more patience, more preparation, and more stamina than I can muster.

Sunday morning's approach up Granite Creek looks much more promising. The truck is brought up to 6100', and the bike is semi-ridden to the 8000' level. A trail of sorts takes off from the end of the old mining track, and decent progress is made up to 9200'. Things are going so well that thoughts of a one day ascent begin to percolate in my sun-baked cranium. Unfortunately, another dose of desert reality quickly dispels those fanciful illusions. The snow pack in the woods above 9600' is deep and soft, with every step plunging straight through to the ground. Furthermore, the last two days of extreme heat have spoiled my food. My energy bars are green with mold and my chocolate has melted and leaked over everything in my pack. The situation is terminal -- even though I am only 800' from a saddle that might offer an escape from these terrible snow conditions. A bivouac in the snow 3000' below the summit, without food or dry clothes, does not exactly conform to my risk-abatement strategy! In retrospect, a 9200' bivy might have allowed me to pass the night in relative comfort, but without my Snickers, I would not have had the energy reserves to safely negotiate the technical part of the route above 11,000'.

Failure is always disappointing, but there is perverse satisfaction in exposing one's weakness to the severity of a land where only the few survive. One must earn a climb like Ibapah by enduring the rigors of a desert wilderness more stingy, more demanding, and in many ways more fulfilling than a wilderness of extravagance.

Lizard's final climb in the Deep Creek Range was a futile, one day assault on a 11,987' summit labeled Ibepah (sic) Azimuth on the topo. This, quite possibly, is the site of the 112 year old heliograph station mentioned in the old US Coast and Geodetic Survey documents. The New England Datum of 1879 was extended to Utah via a network of 21 heliographs (surveying instruments that flash the sun's rays from a mirror) set atop high and prominent peaks. One fairly well preserved site in the Henry Mountains was visited in 1992; but the inaccessible station in the Deep Creeks is reputed to be the best in existence.

The Dell Canyon approach to the Azimuth is perhaps the finest cycling route in the range. Unmapped trails and old 1915 US Land Office survey markers ease access to two features of breathtaking beauty simply called "The Meadow" and "The Basin". The Deep Creek high country is magnificent, but the effort needed to reach it puts it beyond the reach of most backcountry pilgrims.

The easy travel ended at 10,040', where the bike was dropped and damaged on an awkward

ledge. Fortunately the mishap wasn't disabling, but the incident signalled the end of Lizard's search for the heliograph. After 13,120' of climbing, the Ibapah saga was finished... for now.

Raft River Mountains -- Northwest Utah

In spite of some familiarity with the route, my exit from the Deep Creek Mountains was even more intense than the entry. A threatening storm was brewing off to the west, and I was quite eager to get through Overland Canyon and beyond the Gold Hill arsenic mines before the road became impassible. The ill-fated Donner Party wagon train came to grief here, back in 1846. The 80 California-bound emigrants gambled on the infamous Hastings Cutoff across the Great Salt Lake Desert... and lost. The party became bogged down in rain-softened salt -- a delay that six weeks later would cost them their lives in the eastern Sierra Nevada.

Lizard's crossing wasn't nearly as dramatic, but spending an anxious night kneeling in the tent to stay above the water was excitement enough. The rain came down in torrents, flooding the tent but leaving the road intact. Apparently the salt needs quite a soaking before it turns soft. However, the same cannot be said for Raft River clay. The Toyota got crossways in the stuff requiring a snatch strap extraction. Fortunately my benefactor, a ranger from the Burley District of Sawtooth National Forest, knew a better approach to these mountains. [Note: Onemile Creek, west of Strevell, is the preferred early season access route]

The Raft River Mountains are unknown to most Utahans. Access is poor; and the peaks rather uninspiring -- a jeep trail traverses many of the summits. But the riding is fun! Eight peaks, including 9931' Bull Mountain and all the summits of Bally Mountain, were ascended in three carefree days. The weather remained poor, but the cool and rainy conditions were welcome relief from the desert heat.

The City of Rocks, a remarkable 40-square-mile intrusion of clean granitic towers; and Cache Peak, highest point in Idaho south of the Snake River, were plainly visible in the distance. Look for these attractive destinations in the Albion Range to be included on next September's agenda.

Ironside Mountain -- East Central Oregon

Intriguing objectives like the City of Rocks seem to be discovered on every trip. Unknown mountains looming high on the distant horizon are irresistible attractions, and many enjoyable climbs have resulted from their identification. Big Lookout Mountain, Blue Mountain, and Ironside Mountain were all identified in 1993 and climbed in '94. Ironside and its distinctive satellites -- Rastus, Sheephead, and Bullrun Mountain, were especially noteworthy discoveries. This range is located on the Vale District of Oregon's Bureau of Land Management; and as typical of BLM lands, very little information was available.

Ironside looks impressive from a distance; up close it looks well-nigh impossible. Imposing buttresses, deep gullies, and loose high-angle rock seem to defend every flank; furthermore, access is complicated by private land ownership on South Willow Creek -- the obvious approach route. Problems like this can turn even a routine climb into an adventure. Overcoming these difficulties on Ironside, turned a respectable climb into one of the most enjoyable mountaineering ventures of the trip.

The historic Eldorado Ditch, a 100 mile long sluiceway built by Chinese coolies between 1863 and 1874, offers public access to the area. The approach is long, rough, and confused by unmarked mining roads -- one of which leads to a saddle 900' below the summit. Above the saddle, 200' of steep, forested terrain brings one to the base of an intimidating 35-45 degree rock pyramid. Head on, the foreshortened slope looks impossibly steep and nasty; but closer examination will reveal a faint trail that crisscrosses the face. Taken one step at a time, the route is really no harder than class two! The summit register records only four previous ascents in 1984, 1985, 1989, and 1993. And off in the distance, perhaps 20 miles to the south, another fantastic spire tentatively identified as Castle Rock, beckons.

Harder, Faster, Higher

The Olympic motto is a prescription for success in many climbing situations; however the austere, dun-colored ranges of the Great Basin often demand more. The desert imperative is survival, and the creatures best adapted for success are rarely the fastest, biggest, or strongest. As usual, Lizard's reach exceeded his grasp. The failure on Ibapah was predictable; and the experience humbling. But failure is also a powerful incentive -- and perhaps one day a battle-scarred red bicycle will be placed alongside the weathered remains of one of the most venerable surveying sites in Utah.

Shock Wave Ratings

The three unnamed summits that were climbed in the Deep Creek Range all carry extreme ratings greater than 9.4. Deep Creek 2's 12.07 score was the highest; making it my second hardest climb ever in Utah. Only Mount Tomasaki (12.32), a 12,239' summit in the LaSal Mountains was more severe. A successful ascent of Ibapah Peak would have merited a 18.66 SWR under the conditions encountered. Lizard's career total now stands at 830 ascents on 673 summits.

The ratings for the 26 peaks climbed on this trip are as follows:

5 Extreme Climbs (Rating > 8.0)	Deep Creek 2 (12.07), Deep Creek 3 (10.30), Table Rock (9.52), Deep Creek 1 (9.41), Bull Mountain (8.13)
4 Difficult Climbs (Rating: 6.0 - 8.0)	Dunn VABM (7.57), Raft River 1 (6.70), Deadman Peak (6.57), Raft River 3 (6.40)
11 Moderate Climbs (Rating: 2.0 - 6.0)	Raft River 2 (5.80), Ironside Mtn (5.56), Big Lookout Mtn (4.96), Middle Ironside (4.08), Sharp VABM (4.00), Griffin Peak (3.14), Blue Mountain (3.07), Bally High (2.84), Rastus Mountain (2.68), Luther Butte (2.05), Sheephead Mtn (2.05)
6 Easy Climbs (Rating < 2.0)	Middle Bally Mtn (2.00), Squaw Butte (1.19), Bally Mtn South (1.00), Bear Butte (0.81), Dago Gulch Overlook (0.70), Chase Mountain (0.70)

John Lixvar -- a.k.a. Lizard, the Shock Wave Rider
6/21/94



Mountain Loop Highway

June 1994

FHWA to prepare new EIS for Mountain Loop Highway

The Federal Highway Administration (FHWA) is preparing a new Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) for improvements to the Mountain Loop Highway, which is located in the Cascade Mountain Range in northwestern Washington.

Originally, the FHWA issued a final EIS for improvements to the Mountain Loop Highway in 1975. Several sections were improved under that EIS, but one old gravel section remains, and this section is now being

proposed for improvements.

This gravel section cannot be improved under the original EIS because if a project has not been built within three years following the completion of an EIS, the National Environmental Policy Act requires the project be reevaluated.

This requirement stems from the fact that conditions, laws, and uses change. For instance, species such as the northern spotted owl and the marbled murrelet have been added to

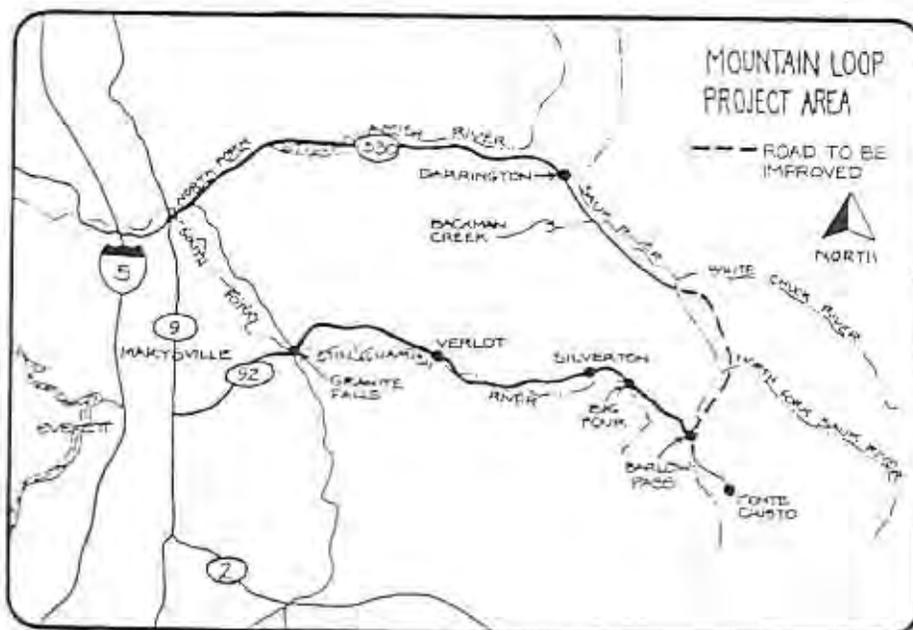
the endangered species list, and we need to evaluate how this project might affect them.

Likewise, the status of threatened and endangered species such as grizzly bears and wolves may have changed, and this information needs to be updated in the new EIS. In addition, recent developments regarding the salmon must be studied and addressed in the new document.

Other environmental concerns such as impacts to wetlands were not examined as thoroughly in 1975 as is required today, and a complete analysis needs to be done.

In addition, new user groups such as mountain bike riders did not exist

continued on page 3....



Public Meetings

June 14

June 15

June 16

See page 3
for details

Public meetings to be held

In June the FHWA will host three public meetings to discuss the Mountain Loop Highway Improvement Project. At these meetings, the FHWA and the other agencies involved (the Forest Service and Snohomish County) will update the public on the proposal and will gather ideas and concerns. The information gathered at these meetings will be used to help develop the new Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) that is being prepared for this project.

The new EIS will be prepared using the original EIS issued in 1975 as background information. In addition, input from the public meetings held in 1989 and 1990 will be incorporated into the new document. The draft EIS will be prepared in 1995 and the final EIS will be issued in 1996.

The public meetings will be held in the following locations:

Tuesday, June 14	Wednesday, June 15	Thursday, June 16
7:00 p.m.	7:00 p.m.	7:00 p.m.
Stage Coach Inn Conference Room	Headquarters for Mt Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest	Granite Falls High School Multipurpose Room
1100 Seaman St. Darrington	21905 64th Ave W Mountlake Terrace	405 North Alder Granite Falls

If you are unable to attend a meeting, your comments may be submitted by mail. See the questionnaire that was included with this newsletter.

.....continued from page 1

20 years ago and therefore, were not considered when the alternatives were developed. New user groups that have emerged over the last 20 years need to be considered in the development of the alternatives.

Other changes to the Mountain Loop Highway itself make a new EIS necessary. The area has had several new designations since the first EIS was issued.

In 1990, the Mountain Loop Highway was designated as a National Scenic Byway. In addition, the Sauk River was designated as a Wild and Scenic River north of Elliot Creek. Under this designation, the view from the river must be considered and activities that encroach into the river are not permitted. These designations must be considered and will be addressed in the new EIS.

The amended Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest Plan and evaluation process for projects within the range of the northern spotted owl also must be incorporated into the new analyses.

What alternatives will be considered in the new Environmental Impact Statement?

Several alternatives are being considered that would satisfy the proposal to widen, reconstruct and pave the road from White Chuck River to Barlow Pass.

These alternatives take into account that in some places the road would need to vary from the existing alignment to avoid potential slide areas and to avoid impacts to wetlands, streams and other environmental resources.

The alternatives also take into account the opportunities we have to enhance environmental conditions,

and recreational and interpretive facilities. The alternatives under consideration right now include both no-build and build alternatives.

The no-build alternatives include a No Action alternative and a Road Closure alternative. Under the No Action alternative, the road would remain open in its present location and condition. Only maintenance work would be performed. Under the Road Closure alternative, the road would be closed to traffic.

The build alternatives include several proposals under which the

road would be reconstructed and paved. The road would be improved to two lanes and could be either 24 or 28 feet wide. A 28-foot wide road would accommodate bicyclists, which are becoming more common on this route.

The possibility of building one-way couplets is being considered also.

Several alignment changes are being explored in order to shift the road away from the Sauk River and to avoid an existing slide area in the

continued on page 4.....

FHWA to remove people from Mountain Loop mailing list

The Federal Highway Administration (FHWA) will remove people from its Mountain Loop Highway mailing list unless they request to be kept on.

The FHWA's mailing list for the Mountain Loop Project, which has been combined with mailing lists from the Forest Service and Snohomish County, has become extremely large and needs to be updated. The FHWA wants to keep people who are interested in the project on its mailing list. At the same time, the FHWA is concerned about saving money and does not want to continue sending information to those who are no longer interested.

A smaller, more manageable mailing list would save costs in several areas. Less time would be

spent maintaining the mailing list, freeing people to work on other things. Fewer copies of documents would be needed, which would save printing costs.

The FHWA has attached a pre-addressed card to this newsletter. Those who wish to remain on the mailing list should return it. No postage is necessary. Those who are no longer interested in remaining on the list should do nothing. If you do not return the card, you will be taken off the list.

.....continued from page 3

Monte Cristo Lake area. At the public meetings in June, the public will have an opportunity to view maps that show these alternatives.

After more detailed environmental studies are performed and after the public has had a chance to comment, other alternatives may be identified. The Environmental Impact Statement will cover impacts from the most reasonable alternatives, and will contain recommendations to reduce or avoid those impacts.

A Joint Project:



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Federal Highway Administration
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Questionnaire

Mountain Loop Highway Improvement Project

Your comments will be used in the development of the new Environmental Impact Statement (EIS). If you are unable to attend one of the public meetings concerning the new EIS, please fill out this questionnaire and return it to the Federal Highway Administration. This questionnaire is pre-addressed. Simply fold it in half (make sure address is on the outside) staple or tape the edge, and drop it in the mail. Please return the questionnaire by July 1.

1. Do you travel over the Mountain Loop Highway between Darrington and Granite Falls? _____

2. If you answered yes to question 1, do you use:

- The paved portion only
- Both the unpaved and paved portions

3. How do you use the Mountain Loop Highway? (check all that apply)

- Driving for pleasure
- Scenic viewing
- Bicycle touring
- Mountain biking
- Picnicking
- Day hiking
- Car camping
- Climbing
- Backpacking
- Fishing
- Hunting
- Photography
- Bird watching
- Skiing
- Snowmobiling
- Access to summer homes

Other _____

4. How long do you usually stay?

- A few hours
- Overnight
- 1-2 days
- 1 week
- 2-3 weeks

5. I live in:

- Darrington or Granite Falls
- Everett or Lynnwood area
- Seattle or Bellevue area

Other _____

6. What types (and possible locations) of recreational activities would you like to see increase or improved on the Mountain Loop Highway?

Developed campgrounds _____

Dispersed camp sites _____

Mountain Bike Trails _____

Hiking Trails _____

Other _____

7. What do you think are the most important values or qualities of the present Mountain Loop Highway?

8. What are the most important problems on the unpaved portion of the road that you think this proposed project could be designed to fix?

9. What issues do you feel should be addressed in the EIS?

10. Would you or someone you know like to be on our mailing list?

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State Zip: _____

Phone: _____

If you have other questions or concerns, please contact:

Mike Edgerly (FHWA) (206) 696-7750

Edrie Vinson (FHWA) (206) 696-7952

Hans Kurz (Snohomish County) (206) 388-3488

Walt Weaver (Forest Service) (206) 744-3540



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DOT 512

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PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE, \$300

U.S. Department of Transportation
Federal Highway Administration
Attn. Edrie Vinson
610 East Fifth Street
Vancouver, WA 98661-3893

Staple or Tape Here

**** ATTENTION ALL CLIMBERS ****

Tired of trying to stretch your paycheck to pay for all of life's essentials (ie. Gortex rain gear, Friends, chocks, hexes, 11 mm rope, 10.5 mm rope, 2 nine mm ropes, plastic boots, leather boots, rock shoes, day hikers, Texas, expedition pack, overnight pack, day pack, fanny pack, tent, bivy sack, sleeping bag, etc...)? Now you can stretch those dollars even further by wearing the new Boealps "Will Belay for Food" t-shirt. The front of the shirt has the Boealps emblem on the left chest. The back of the shirt has "Will Belay for Food" in large format (approx 8" by 12"). T-shirts are 100% cotton, short sleeved Haines Beefy-T brand. Send the attached order form and \$10.00 per shirt (checks made out to BOEALPS) to Pam Kaiser at MS 08-55 or 18533 22nd Dr SE, Bothell, WA 98012.



"Will Belay for Food" T-Shirt Order Form

Please indicate below the quantity you want in each size and color. Shirts are \$10.00 each (XXL is \$11.00 each)

	Sizes	S(34-36)	M(38-40)	L(42-44)	XL(46-48)	XXL(50-52)
Colors						
Ash (Lt gray)		_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Red		_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Light Blue		_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Jade (Green)		_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Fucshia		_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
Total		_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Amount enclosed: _____ (Make checks payable to BOEALPS)

Return to : Pam Kaiser at MS 08-55 or 18533 22nd Dr SE, Bothell WA 98012
ORDERS DUE BY: JULY 21, 1994

ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: _____

NEW WORK PHONE: _____ NEW WORK M/S: _____

NEW HOME PHONE: _____ NEW HOME ADDRESS: _____

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO JEFF ARNOLD, M/S 4M-74

NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENT IN THIS PUBLICATION
DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS OF
THE BOEING COMPANY

ALPINE ECHO



JULY ALPINE ECHO STAFF

Executive Editor: Andrew Snoey

Activities Report: Eric Bennett

Programs Write-up: Bob Conder

Board Meeting Minutes: Pam Kaiser

Education Babble: Chris Rudesill

Reporters: Dan Goering

Len Kannapell

Erich Koehler

Rob Kunz

John Lixvar

Kelly McGuckin

Information Source: Eric Bennett

Pam Kaiser

Jack Leicester

Thanks to everyone!!

AUGUST 1994



BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

President	Dan Goering	05-30	342-8815	Education	Chris Rudesill	74-61	237-9963
Vice President	Pam Kaiser	08-55	342-3466	Equipment	Silas Wild		527-9453
Treasurer	Richard Searco	8U-KP	237-8872		Steve Moorman	2T-79	544-5147
Secretary	Karyl Hansen	64-10	237-2947	Librarian	Kirsten Olds		243-2171
Past President	Stan Sletø	5T-04	931-9671	Membership	Jeff Arnold	4M-74	544-1335
Activities	Eric Bennett	09-99	342-7057	Photographer	Dan Grulich	4E-05	655-3173
Conservation	Paul Pyscher	61-28	244-6589	Programs	Neal Elzenga	19-MJ	662-4755
Ad hoc Echo Editor	Len Kannibell	48-52	361-7523	BCAG Recreation	Jake Davis	0F-KA	342-5000

Photo: Pigeon Spire by Ken Johnson

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AUGUST MEETING
Thursday, August 4, 7:30 pm
Oxbow Recreation Center

VOLCANOES OF ECUADOR

Mike Moore will recount his tales of molten rock and ash in a trip to South America this past January

BELAY STANCE

PROGRAMS

Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on your point of view), there are no programs to speak of in the month of August. However, it is never too early to speak of the upcoming **September elections**, which will be held (where else?) at the Rainier Brewery during the September general meeting. More details on the elections coming in the next issue.

THIS ISSUE

A desperate prayer for trip reports has blessed us with an abundance. Bob Conder's conquest of Forbidden, Sharkfin Tower, and Torment in a weekend. Eric Bennett's brazen climb of the Three Sisters in a weekend. Chris Rudesill's ribald tale of Mt. Adams. Steve Richmond's rattling grizzly story. And, last but not least, Part 1 of a three part installment from Lizard's Australian bushwhacking.

GENERAL NOTES

Pam Kaiser, she of the "Will Belay for Food" T-shirt fame, has informed me that the order deadline for the shirts has been extended to **August 17** and that they will hopefully be ready by the September meeting.

Pam also reports that the wedding ring found at the June Leavenworth campout still has not been claimed. So, married folks, please check your 11th essential and if you notice anything important missing, contact Pam.

EDITOR'S NOTES

I promised Silas Wild I would print the Equipment Inventory and the contacts for equipment, but that will have to wait until next month.

A note on deadlines. The deadline for the September issue is August 18. That is the date which all materials for the upcoming issue should be in the hands of the ad hoc editor. If you have a climb to you would like to list, get it to the Activities Chairman (Eric Bennett) no later than August 15 (Monday) so he has at least a couple of days to edit before sending it off to me. Just a few notes to clarify things.

I'm on a leave of absence until early September, but I am still tossing the ECHO together until at least the September elections. I can be reached at the following numbers:

361-7523 (h)
M/S 48-52

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom" - William Blake

From the desk of the ad hoc editor,

Len Kannapell 

SEPTEMBER ALPINE ECHO DEADLINE: AUGUST 18

August 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	ICC 1	2	3	General Meeting 4	5	ICC 6
ICC NEW MOON 7	8	9	Ice Seminar 10	11	12	Alpine 13
Alpine 14	ICC 15	16	17	ECHO Deadline 18	19	Ice Seminar ICC 20
Ice Seminar ICC FULL MOON 21	22	23	24	25	26	Sahale/Boston 27
Sahale/Boston 28	29	30	31			

September 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1	2	3
4	NEW MOON Labor Day 	6	7	8	9	10
Grandparent's Day 	ICC 11	12	13	14	15	Dragontail/ Colchuck 17
Rock Climbing 18	FULL MOON 19	20	21	22	FALL EQUINOX 23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

BOEALPS ACTIVITIES

Note: on the calendar ICC = Intermediate Climbing Class

(no trips to report at this time. everyone is being a couch-potato or a hermit.)

1) Some trips I am starting to organize, but further research and level of participants will decide routes, etc.:

August 13-14; undecided at this time

27-28; Sahale Peak/Boston Peak

September 17; Dragontail Peak/Colchuck Peak

18; Rock Climbing, Leavenworth

October ; one or two trips

2) I have received several publications from the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie Forest Service:

- flyers on new regulations for the Alpine Lakes Wilderness instated this year

- Schedule of Proposed Actions

- Recreation Report (additional copy if someone wants it - contains info on campgrounds and trails)

- flyer: Celebrating Wildflowers (info on the Wildflower Festival, guided and self-guided tours and events - they gave me a dozen copies to pass out and I can get more)

Note: I will be bringing the material to Club Meetings to pass out or for viewing.

3) This years fall campout is at Tumwater Campground; Friday, September 30 thru Sunday, October 2nd. Sorry everybody is on their own, no club-provided dinner. (I could be a focal if there is an interest for a potlock dinner.)

4) Contact me at work 342-7057 (m/s 09-99) or home 348-6218 (Note: I live and work in Snohomish County, so the phone numbers will probably be long distance for those in King County.)

Thank, Eric

When life gets you down; Get high, go climbing. But stay off Cocaine Crack.

October Banquet, Friday the 7th 25th Anniversary BoeAlps Basic Mountaineering Course

The 25th group of the Basic Mountaineering Course has graduated! To celebrate 25 successful years of a club tradition this year's October Banquet program will feature slides, stories and characters from the very first class of 42 in 1970 on thru this year's 1994 class.

AND WE NEED YOUR HELP.

There is only two(2) months left and we still need:

slides/photos

stories/trivia

insight/impressions/memories

If you have any of these materials please contact:

north - Eric Bennett, 342-7057 m/s 09-99

central - Neal Elzenga, 662-4755 m/s 19-MJ

south - Chris Rudesill, 237-9963, m/s 74-61

and if need be, we can stop by and pick up the material

Also, if you would like to get more involved (and we could really use the help) contact any of us.

September 3-30: Idaho-Utah Bike Mountaineering Outing

Join Lizard in his month-long annual pursuit of Western America's most significant bike-legal summits. The Idaho portion of the trip will include Borah and Cache Peaks -- the state's highest points north and south of the Snake River; an extended stay in Caribou National Forest near Pocatello; and a few days of technical climbing at the City of Rocks.

Our Utah itinerary will include a traverse of the Wah Wah Mountains, and ascents of all the 12,000' summits in the Tushar Range -- including Mt Belknap, one of the state's few remaining heliograph stations.

Contact: Lizard @ 865-3783

1994 President's Climb

The Brothers - September 24 & 25

Join Dan Goering for fun and good views from the 6866 ft summit of The Brothers south peak on the Olympic Peninsula. Weekend plans include Saturday morning breakfast at The Hungry Bear in Eldon followed by a 6 mile hike past Lena Lake to campsites on the East Fork of Lena Creek. Sunday morning will start with an early Pancake Breakfast (Dan promises to pack in the cast iron skillet!) followed by an easy scramble to the summit for great views of Seattle in the crisp, clear (and dry) fall air.

Call Dan at 342-3815 (W) or 364-6783 (H) to get in on the fun!

Ice Climbing Seminar, August 10, 20-21

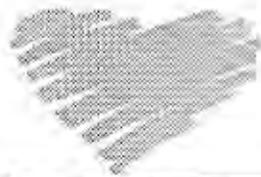
The main topics to be covered will include French, German and American techniques on slopes ranging from 20 to 90 degrees; tool and screw placements; and setting up belays. The class will be held on the weekend of August 20-21, including an evening session on Wednesday, August 10th.

Class size is limited to 9 and is currently full, but call to be added to alternate list. All participants must be BoeAlps basic class graduates or have similar experience and must be current BoeAlps member. For more information contact, Shawn Pare' at work 342-4817 or home 483-0548.

WANTED: Climbing partners

Unemployed? Adventurous? Feeling the need to play hooky during the week? Then give me a call. I am taking off from work mid-July to September and would like to climb during the week. Interests include Jack Mountain, Kautz Glacier route on Rainier, and Liberty Bell to name a few. Currently taking the Intermediate Class (otherwise, I'd have more weekends free to climb).

Len Kannapell 361-7523(h) M/S 48-52



*Promoting volunteer stewardship of Washington's
outdoor recreation and natural resources*

For Immediate Release 7/94

Contact: Pam Love, 206/285-1409
Volunteers For Outdoor Washington
Iron Goat Trail Project
4516 University Way NE
Seattle, WA 98105-4511

Strong Backs, Lyrical Hearts Needed to Build The Iron Goat Trail

One of the most scenic, historical hiking trails in the state of Washington needs your back, your brains, or both.

The Iron Goat Trail, currently four miles of historic railroad grade converted to a beautiful hiking trail, will be extended this summer with the help of volunteer work parties. In addition to trail construction and maintenance work crews, volunteers are also needed to help with revegetation, interpretive hikes and be trained as trailhead hosts.

In the heart of the Stevens Pass Historical District, the Iron Goat Trail is being constructed over an abandoned route of the Great Northern Railroad. Work parties are scheduled on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays throughout July, August and September.

To volunteer or for additional information, call the Iron Goat Information Line at 283-1440.

Scheduled Work Parties

July

Coordinator, Bud Liebes
(206)282-4402
July 16, Saturday
July 23, Saturday
July 24, Sunday
July 27, Wednesday
July 30, Saturday

August

Coordinator, Dennis Evans
(206)243-5314
August 5, Friday
August 6, Saturday
August 7, Sunday
August 10, Wednesday
August 20, Saturday
August 27, Saturday
August 31, Wednesday

September

Coordinator, Herb Schneider
(206)322-322-1191
September 10, Saturday
September 14, Wednesday
September 17, Saturday
September 24, Saturday
September 25, Sunday

Conservation Crevasse... By: Paul Pyscher

Well, its been a while hasn't it. Been busy with the class this year. I have a couple things to show you this month. One is about a project to either reconstruct the Mountain Loop highway (the dirt section past Barlow pass) or close it. The other is a request for volunteers to do some trail work.

First the Mt. Loop Hwy. The plan is that our government has decided that the road is no longer safe the way it is so they want to improve the dirt stretch. With my experience so far with the government, something will happen. Maybe not to your liking. So enclosed is a questionnaire on the project. Let them know what you think of either improvements or closure. **LET ME KNOW!!** They are considering many factors including the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act which could either close the area or really change the route. I went to a meeting with the Dept. Of Transportation and have more info if you are interested.

Another subject, this one should be especially interesting to basic class students who have to make up trail maintenance. It is called the Iron Goat Trail project, in conjunction with the U.S. Forest Service. It involves converting old railways into hiking trails. The work will be going on all summer, into October so there's no excuse to delay that diploma requirement. For more information you can call me or; 283-1440. Sounds like many different activities to help with and looks like fun.

While I'm at it, I wanted to do three short trip reports.

Liberty Bell - Becky Route- Cool hike, 2hrs up. Then 3 pitches 5th class rock, 1hr per pitch. 1 pitch 4th class rock. 10 mins. Great weather, beautiful scenery. Downclimb to two bolts do a two rope rappel. Your outta there.

Phelps Peak (Mc Leans Peak) - Grunt route. Late start, Bridge out, Tyrolean Traverse? no. Find log. Crap. add 1500 ft gain and 2mi. Good trail? no. Been clear cut. Hike, climb, grunt, piss and moan through 1500 ft of this. Finally find a way. Good. Wet 4th class rock, yuck again. Get through. Good. Cool summit. Good weather. Rappel 4 time cause we're scared to downclimb this crap. Find trail. Good. 25 miles of bouncing down a road, bladder won't take it. Don't hit that stump! O.K.

McLellans Butte - McGuckin route. Fourth times a charm. Looong hike, short rock pitch. cool route. Stan walks past us on the rock. Fun. Socked in climbing rock.

Alpine Lakes Wilderness



New Policies for Visitors in 1994

- Wilderness Permits Are Required
- Campfires prohibited above 4,000 feet west side; 5,000 feet east side and at other lower destinations
- Dogs must be leashed on many popular trails

Other Regulations Also Apply

Contact Ranger District Offices for more information:

Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie
National Forest

Wenatchee
National Forest

Outdoor Recreation
Information Center
(206) 220-7450

Cle Elum Ranger District
(509) 674-4411

North Bend Ranger District
(206) 888-1421

Leavenworth Ranger District
(509) 548-4067

Skykomish Ranger District
(206) 677-2414

Lake Wenatchee Ranger District
(509) 763-3103

Snoqualmie Pass Visitor Center
(206) 434-6111



USDA Forest Service Pacific Northwest Region



**MT. BAKER-SNOQUALMIE
NATIONAL FOREST**
21905 64th Avenue West
Mountlake Terrace, WA 98043
(206) 744-3401

Skykomish Ranger District
74920 NE Stevens Pass Hwy
PO Box 305
Skykomish, WA 98288
(206) 677-2414

North Bend Ranger District
42404 SE North Bend Way
North Bend, WA 98045
(206) 888-1421

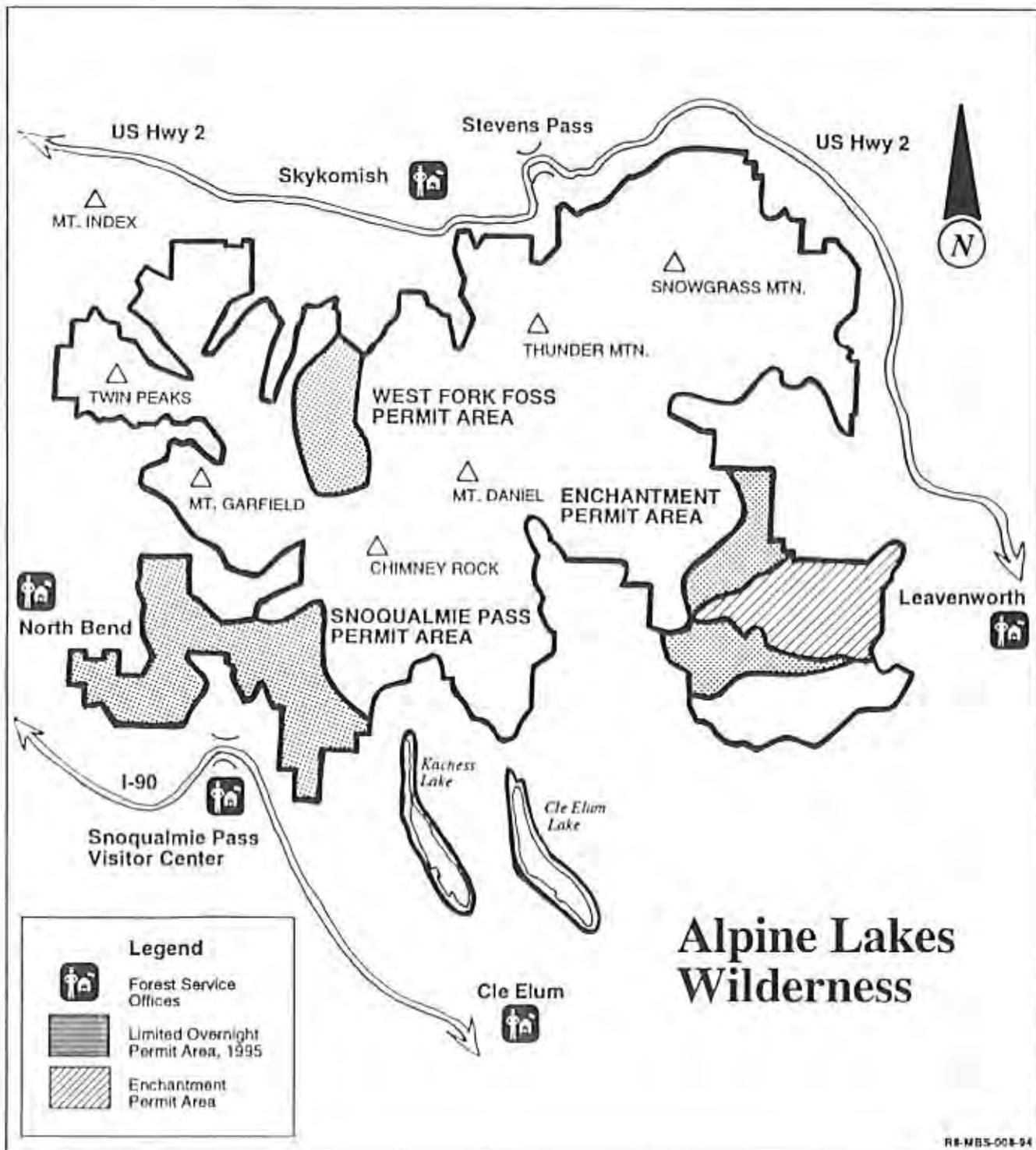
**SNOQUALMIE PASS
VISITOR CENTER**
PO Box 17
Snoqualmie Pass, WA 98068
(206) 434-6111

**WENATCHEE
NATIONAL FOREST**
PO Box 811
Wenatchee, WA 98801
(509) 662-4335

Cle Elum Ranger District
803 West 2nd Street
Cle Elum, WA 98922
(509) 674-4411

Lake Wenatchee Ranger District
Star Route Box 109
Leavenworth, WA 98826
(509) 763-3103

Leavenworth Ranger District
600 Sherbourne Street
Leavenworth, WA 98826
(509) 782-1413



INTERMEDIATE CLASS ALPINE CLIMB

setting: Boston Basin, 7/8-7/10
objectives: Forbidden Peak (west ridge), Sharkfin Tower (southeast ridge),
Mt. Torment (south ridge)
students: Dan Patton, Bob Conder (scribe)
instructors: Todd Bauck, John Fosberg

PRELUDE

After the previous successful weekend climb of Prusik Peak and Enchantment Peak, Dan and Bob were chastised for running ahead of their party. This lapse of good judgement had occurred on the last five miles of the descent; it was all trail, but it still broke the rule of keeping the party together. The punishment: They want to go fast? So set them up with two strong instructors and run them into the ground.

FRIDAY

Depart Everett 4:30pm Friday. Sign in at Marblemount ranger station (conditions: 6-8 inches of new snow last weekend but the warm weather has melted and firmed up the routes). Quick dinner and on the trail around 7:30 (3200'). Climb to upper Boston Basin camp spot uneventful. Some interesting stream crossings (wish I had put on gaiters). Made it to camp at dusk, around 9:30 (6400'). Bivi on snow (shovel is worth the extra weight). Great views, perfect weather, good night for star gazing.

SATURDAY

Up at 5:15. The snow had frozen overnight; but the clear sky and lack of wind foretold a warm, sunny day. Depart around 6:15. Damn, there were two parties in front of us. One of them was already to the top of the snow couloir. After scrambling over rock, we put on crampons and ran up the unnamed glacier to the base of the snow couloir. Looks steep, but there is a nice crevasse at the base to stop you if you fall (guide claims "35- to 45-degree snow, ...self-arrest is not an option"). We had pickets but opted not to rope up. We traversed around the crevasse and ran by the first party. Good firm snow conditions made the climb very manageable. Crossed onto the rock, up the gully, and along the ridge (mixed snow and rock). Stopped before it got too exposed. Stashed the ice axes, crampons, and pickets. Put on rock shoes (except John, who climb in boots) and roped up. There were marmots about, so we packed our boots. The rope teams were Dan and Todd on one, Bob and John on the other. It would stay this way for the rest of the weekend. Half-rope length running belays (aka: simul-climbing), switching leads, all the way to the top, staying slightly north of the ridge, then directly along the ridge. We passed the other party at the start of the steep climbing. The climbing is low fifth class. Some of the steep parts are rated 5.6, but they are not that difficult. There is one very short, overhanging down section right before the summit that is sometimes rapelled. The holds and protection are good on this crux, so we climbed it and made the summit by 10:30 (8815') After the normal summit rituals (eat and take pictures) we started down with running belays. Bob

and John rappelled one steep section since neither wanted to down-climb and clean there. They didn't fall too far behind; Dan and Todd ended up doing a short, steep snow traverse (with rock shoes and no ice axe!) to avoid some ascending climbers and one ascending marmot. Picked up our gear and rappelled down a rock gully slightly west of the snow couloir, making it back to the glacier by 2:30. This rock gully descent is doable but takes a long time – four double rope rappels on semi-steep terrain. A more direct descent would be nice.

Since it was early, we decided to climb something else. It was too late to try Mt. Torment, so we headed east towards Sharkfin Tower and Boston Peak. Unfortunately, a direct traverse of Boston Basin is not possible. We ended up angling down to our base camp elevation before ascending the eastern side of Boston Basin. Slogging up the western edge of the Quien Sabe Glacier we weighed the options: Sharkfin is a classic rock climb, Boston is a crappy rubble pile; Sharkfin is closer and 800ft lower than Boston; we were running out of daylight; and the students were showing a little bit of fatigue. So we decided on Sharkfin Tower. John lived up to his reputation as an unstoppable workhorse and kicked the majority of the steps. The route leads up a steep snow gully through a rock band below the tower. Unfortunately the gully was partially melted out, so we had mixed rock and snow going up. Part way up we realized we were unroped on loose fifth class rock (Todd lived up to his reputation...). Exciting! Back on snow, the route leads east, then north up another gully to a notch. This is the start of the Southeast Ridge, but the route makes it feel as if you are wrapping around and hitting it from the northeast. The wind picked up at the notch, requiring more clothes while we put on rock shoes and roped up. Running belays brought us to the top by 6:30 (8120'). The rock is all low fifth class; but the relatively good quality rock and the exposure over Boston Glacier to the northeast make it well worth the effort. Running belays down, two double rope rappels on the west side of the bad gully, and some standing glissade practice got us back to camp at 8:30.

SUNDAY

Another perfect day weather wise. We slept in and had a leisurely breakfast, not leaving camp until 7:00. We went west around the southern end of the rock ridge separating the unnamed glacier from the Taboo Glacier. Before the glacier there is some third class rock with snow bands. John found a path around the snow; Todd stopped and put on crampons; Dan and Bob plunged straight across, discovering how tiring hard, steep snow can be without crampons. At the Taboo Glacier we all put on crampons and traversed over and up the southwest edge to a snow couloir. Half way up the couloir splits: left side very steep snow, right side steep rock. We decided on rock and took off our crampons. Dan, realizing that our descent route would take us right to the base of the couloir, tossed his crampons out and down 100 feet onto the glacier. The rest of us, realizing that our descent plans were now solidified, did the same. Todd and John started up with Bob and Dan following shortly. Part way up we heard Todd exclaim "uh, if you haven't started up yet, you might want to put on your rock shoes." Which got us thinking, if we need shoes, shouldn't we have ropes? Once again, Todd had lead us unroped on fifth class rock. Dan and Bob quickly panic, scramble for an alternate route to the north, and end up on the low point of the notch. A walk through an ice tunnel and a short

ice/rock chimney up the moat popped us out on the west side. Up a broad chimney, rope up, and time for some real climbing. We did three fixed-belay pitches. The first two are low fifth class except for one bouldering move at the start of the second. Deciding that the climbing was too easy, Dan went off route and found a 5.8 corner for the third pitch. Listening to Dan's fearful exclamations, Bob opted for the on route, mossy 5.4 corner. Running belays up from there with lots of loose rock. Bob managed to dislodge a refrigerator sized rock down the face which seemed to take half the mountain down with it. The rest of the route was class 3 and 4: up to the high notch, across the Southeast face, and along the ridge to the summit at 1:00 (8120'). There was another party of six on the mountain doing two different routes. One of the other party members got hit in the head with a large rock (not from Bob), leaving quite a dent in his helmet. This is definitely one of those mountains where helmets are mandatory and climbing under another party is suicidal. We did running belays down to the Southeast face and then five double rope rappels down to the glacier. The lower part of the last rappel was free, and it ended at a wide spot in the moat. Some pendulum action lead to the snow, where we picked up our crampons, headed down to camp, and then back to the car by 6:30.

SYNOPSIS

We were run into the ground, but it was well worth the effort. Though the climbing was not the greatest in the world, the fabulous setting and the relentless exposure made it a trip to be remembered.

IT'S THE ECOSYSTEM, STUPID!!

PLEASE RECYCLE
THIS NEWSLETTER

SAFETY. . . .

Make it a habit for life.

Mt. Adams On Memorial Day

or

How To Turn A Nontrip Into An Adventure

Participants: Stu Nelson and Chris Rudesill

Since I dislocated my shoulder (again) my participation in the intermediate class and helping the Basic class was limited to "on hold." So... In the interest of remaining in shape and getting out I've been doing the basic, non-technical, long, boring, easy snow-slogs with the attempt to put into practice information gained from lectures in the intermediate class. Trudging to camp Muir was great except that the good weather told me nothing about surviving with a slimmed down pack. I did learn that I misread the instructions on my bivy bag: "To prevent suffocation leave zipper open 3 inches." I found out that I quit hyperventilating at 3 feet opening!

My next objective was the south spur route on Mt. Adams. The plan was to car-camp Friday night. Climb to lunch counter Saturday and camp. Summit and return to the car Sunday. Weather was according to the local weather guessers to improve Sunday. Being the 3 day memorial day week-end I forgot that if the weathermen predict anything but good weather they will loose their job.

Pre-trip Planning; Intermediate class style: Pack light. If Sailas can go three and one half weeks with a 2,500 cubic inch day pack, my 425 cubic centimeter college back pack for books **WILL** do for an overnight trip. The 10 essentials: A Band-Aid, A can of sardines (the lid doubles as a pocket Knife so now I am at 3), Large stocking cap which when pulled over the eyes serves as sun shades (it is possible to kind of see through the knitting), 6: A match (Boy Scouts require 3 because they are not allowed to use fuel and nylon). Burning nylon also makes light, so scratch the head lamp! The stove fuel is fire starter so that is 8. Map and compass are unavoidable. However, burning nylon sticks to skin thus cauterizing any cut with a sterile occlusive dressing: Scratch the Band-Aid it weighs too much!

Other gear: Stove (I don't want to burn my clothes unless its an emergency), Ice ax and spoon with lightning holes and sawed off handle to dig a snow cave.

Now, although the South Spur of Adams is an easy solo climb, I figured company might be nice. Maybe a basic student would be interested. It is pretty easy: Due North from the trail head and when you start descending the second time you are on the summit. Turn around and go south until you run into your car... Scratch the map... The student can carry it. ...And after many beers at a Red Team party Stu Nelson said it sounded like fun (and good preparation for his Baker graduation climb). Besides, he had never read any of my trip reports before!

Unfortunately because of all the equipment required for the basic class (later discarded for the intermediate class) he had no money left to buy a tent. I therefore agreed to bring mine: A 12 season Moss Bomb Shelter. It is only slightly lighter in weight than a German concrete pill box and requires my 8,000,000 cubic foot Daïna Disastroplane back pack to carry it! Thank gawd for the wonderful suspension system designed into the pack.

Trail head Saturday morning: Gee Adams is High-- Dehydration is an enemy-- I drank (seriously) 3/4 gallons of liquid that morning. Unfortunately Swiss mocha has caffeine! The goal as we headed out was lunch counter under cloudy skies and wind out of the south west.

It should be noted that because of network induced unplanned foreseeable carrier changes looming over their heads, all weather guessers predict good weather for all 3 day weekends:

9200 feet we pitched camp in snow behind a rock. 2 hours of snow excavation for a big trench provided additional wind protection for the tent (not that it needed it). Stu continued playing in the snow with the shovel and when I asked him what he was doing he said he was making a snow cave and that it was kind of fun. So much so he decided he wanted to sleep in it...

That night after I ate dinner and drank another half gallon of water I went to bed (not sleep) with the vestibule rattling in the 40-60 mph wind. An hour later mother nature and my bladder decided to have a chat. The 2 to 1 vote dictated that Chris was to provide the Night's entertainment in the blizzard out side. On went the cloths (all of them), the boots, and the 2 spectators becoming more impatient... That night in the gale I redefined "pissing in the wind!!" So much so that my bladder and nature requested 3 more anchors!

And Stu learned that snow caves are very quiet and warm and slept. When he woke to the light of morning passing through the snow and hearing no sound of wind figured the storm was gone and the sun was out. Breaking through 3 feet of wind deposit at the entrance he found out otherwise.

After the quick decision to not summit, we broke camp. This proved to be an adventure in itself. The previous Thursday I added the extra guylines but did not have any of the gadgets for cinching them down. They were therefore tied to the anchors (2 of thick were ice screws). The edges of the tent were also somewhat buried in snow. We unburied the edges then with bare hands I one by one untied the guylines in the cold wind. Thank god bowlines really do come out.

After being laughed at for what I looked like in my outer layer, we headed down in the 80 mph stiff breeze. A note on my clothing-- inner was light chapaline, expedition capaline and cheap pile from COSTCO. Outer shells were Helli-Hanson coated nylon shell (\$9.00) and VERY LARGE (obese size) nylon pants with short side zips (\$7.50) sized to fit my boots through the legs, not waist/inseam. When inflated by the wind I look like a purple and black version of the Michelin tire man.

Hiking southish to treeline was nasty because of the low visibility and 60 mph frigid winds sandblasting our faces and plastering hoarfrost to our eye lashes (don't blink or you might not be able to open your eyes again!). Noted we did have sun glasses but they frosted over within 5 minutes of taking the tent down. This resulted in us walking backwards much of the way while constantly looking down into the wind to keep on course. The only amusing part of the descent to treeline was the two tents about 50 yards below our camp. One was a good North Face Brick house and the other was a Kelty or Sierra Designs probably purchased at Big 5 (or COSTCO) containing a single occupant. As the wind rocked it, I remembered cartoon movies of the wolf blowing the little pig's house down. The person in the tent seemed only to serve as ballast to keep the tent from sailing away. ... I like my Moss!

When we headed down we (using compass) stayed well east of the crescent glassier. Once we were confident we were below it we headed west to catch the trail, and missed. It is interesting how tough it can be trying to locate oneself with compass, altimeter and featureless map (save the clouded over local volcano). We found 40 to 80 foot cliff bands not on the map. So after wandering about for an hour or so with stops to debate on weather we were too far east or west, we dead reckoned we were probably west of where we wanted to be. If east we would have wound up on reservation and if west we would eventually run into trail or road. Also, we had moved far west since the crescent. Finally, and with some refinements in Stu's compass reading techniques we crossed the trail and headed to the truck.

It was interesting that the lower we went, the better the weather became, to the point that it was sunny in town. We also talked to the ranger who said we were about the 57th party to come off the mountain and that when people get lost coming down, the terrain sends them west of the trail at treeline. As for me, it gave me a sense of confidence in the light cheap clothing I used in some very cold conditions.

Chris Ludes!!

Three Sisters, Oregon, July 4th Weekend

Dean Barron & Eric Bennett (scribe)

June, 1992:

To try and climb three 10,000 foot peaks in 24 hours, let alone one weekend, that's ridiculous. But then again, we are crazy enough to attempt it.

July 4th weekend, 1992:

... we reached 9800 feet taking a rest, contemplating should we stay a little longer, continue up the steep snow pitch or go back down because of the weather. Not too far west it was more or less clear except for the thick clouds above us which continued east a little ways with squall lines. Our contemplating did not last much longer, as several of us were getting the rope and harnesses ready, there was a loud clap of thunder almost directly above us to the south-east. So it was decided we go down.

As we were packing things up, one of the party members noticed several of the others' hair was on ends. Oh s---! We threw our stuff into the packs and almost ran (with our ice axes singing in our ears) down the rock we laboriously scrambled up not too long ago. But the gods were not through with us yet, as we were soon being pelted by cherry pit size hail after we dropped several hundred feet....

(see write up by Duane Grindstaff in the August 1992 Echo)

July 4th weekend, 1994:

Two of us, the masochists we are, decided to try it again. We left work Friday, meeting at my apartment (why are they called that when they are all stuck together?) nearby and were on the road a little after five after looking for a missing (ie. in hiding) cat and fueling up. There was a stop for food south of Olympia and another fueling after leaving the Interstate at Salem, reaching the trailhead a little before 1 am. We had cruised Sisters, Oregon looking for the Ranger station to see if there was a weather report, which there wasn't one. Since it rained while driving thru the mountains and was now misting at the trailhead (though mostly clear) we had short debate where we decided to set up the tent instead of trying to sleep in the small car.

The alarm went off at 0600 (what's the 'o' for? Oh, my god it's early) and we finally got out of the tent by 8 am, into sparkling sunshine. We started packing while finishing off last night's pizza, only to learn we need a permit. While Dean finished packing up camp and getting his gear ready, I drove back into town at 8:30. Unfortunately the Ranger Station is not open until 10 am, but there is

a store for after hours. Alas, it's not open until 9:30. After a short wait (killing time at the grocery store for fruit, drink and weather report), Eric, with permit in hand, was back at the trailhead (5300') by 10 am. Dean had finished up not long before my arrival, I quickly packed up and we hit the trail by 10:30. (FYI - call Deschutes National Forest Station, Bend, Oregon 503-388-2715 for permits to be picked up at the drop box at the Sisters, Oregon Ranger Station.)

The hike was pretty much uneventful. We did run into a ranger who asked us if we knew about the new permit system. We had a short chat about the permits and confirmation of the good weather for the weekend. And I came in on my Teva's, which worked rather well until we learned that the snow level was a little lower this year. We arrived at Camp Lake (5.5 miles, 6952') around 1:30 and left at 2:30, after setting up camp and a short food break, heading to the South Sister.

As with most Cascade Volcanoes, when not on snow, one step forward and two steps (or slides) back is called progress. We reached the 9800 foot level again where we put on our crampons for the steep (40°, exposed) snow pitch. There was a pretty wide but icy moat we went up (my kingdom for another ice tool) where one of Dean's crampons decided it had enough and popped off. After a short slide and only scratching up his left hand, he restrapped his errant crampon. We soon stepped out onto the snow and traversed right and upwards to a small notch in the rocks after which the snow slope lessens. We arrived on the empty summit (2 miles, 10,358') of the South Sister by 6:30.

After resting, admiring the views, and taking photos we started down at 7:00 arriving back at camp by 8:30. We prepared our dinners, finished setting up camp and into bed by 10 pm. Only to be awakened by that nasty alarm at 6 am again. Had breakfast, finished packing and on the road again by a quarter to eight heading for the North Sister.

We walked around Camp Lake and put on our crampons once we reached snow. After gaining several hundred feet, the traverse went across two benign glaciers we decided not to rope up for, because the gentle slope, but we did keep a distance between ourselves. On the other side we reached another decision point. Turn west and upwards to follow the main track left around a very minor peak or traverse really steep (60°) snow to the right side to the saddle (2 miles, 8900') below the South Rib of North Sister? We chose the latter, which went rather well except after I had a small slip and pushing in the ice ax too easily to regain balance, Dean pointed out the small crevasse above us. I quickly moved and we continued. By 11:30 we reached the crest of the South Rib, removing the crampons.

We traversed north along the rib, some stuff like roller bearings, up to and around Camels Hump to the apply named Bowling Alley, climbing mostly third (but a good portion fourth, some what exposed) class up the South Horn. A short traverse around and a scramble up the North Horn, arriving alone on the summit (.6 miles, 10,085') at 12:45. After a quick break and photos we were on the move again at 1:00. We rappelled off a horn near the top of the Bowling Alley past the worst and continued the traverse back to the saddle (2:30). Along the traverses there was a short section below the South Horn (several hundred feet) of steep (45[^], exposed) snow where we used crampons.

On the way to the Middle Sister we scrambled up to the minor summit, Prouty Peak (3:30, 1 mile, 9312'). Half hour later (having stopped for rest and FOOD) we were on our way. After a short scramble (and noticing how all three had similar but different geology), we reached the base of some what steep (50[^]) snow. I continued up, using the steps from previous parties, while Dean decided to put on his crampons. It was fairly uneventful, the slope levels a little (30[^]) after a couple of hundred feet up, except the weather seemed to be coming in. We were soon above it and noticed it was localized, heading to the North Sister. By 5:30 we were on the vacant summit (.6 miles, 10,047'), which based on the scant rules we had, we just did the Three Sisters Marathon.

After the customary break and photos, we were on the way again by 6:00 heading down the South Rib. There was a scrambling traverse then some serious glissading down and soon arriving back at camp (7:30, 1.5 miles), dinner then bed (9:30).

Epilogue:

Again that forsaken alarm at 6:00 (boy, this is getting old. It's starting to sound like being at work). With a quick, light breakfast we broke camp, on the trail out by 7:30 and back at the trailhead at 10ish. We were soon in Sisters for a well deserved brunch.

On the way home we made a planned detour to Smith Rock State Park nearby. We did a number of lead and toproped climbs Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning. We camped at Crooked River National Grassland instead of the attrouisily priced Park bivouac. (FYI - Go east past the park entrance, after 2.2 miles take the left fork of a Y-intersection. Then go .6 miles to turn left again at a T-intersection. After 4.2 miles is the dirt road into the Grassland on the left. A half mile before the entrance there is a S-turn with a red roofed hay shelter on the left. Obvious campsites, no fees or facilities, but there may be port-a-pots furnished by Dan Carlson of Redpoint Climber Supply, a local climbing store in Terrebonne.)

Maybe after we forget how bad the rock generally was, we'll be back to do the full 6 peak marathon. NOT!

The following excerpt from the journals of Lewis and Clark was printed in the Seattle Times about two months ago along with a story on the re-introduction of the grizzly to the North Cascades. I've finally gotten around to putting this in the ECHO. I think you will find it entertaining and a little sobering.

FROM THE JOURNALS OF LEWIS AND CLARK, TUESDAY MAY 14, 1805

"In the evening the men in two of the rear canoes discovered a large brown bear lying in the open grounds about 300 paces from the river, and six of them went out to attack him, all good hunters; they took the advantage of a small eminence which concealed them and got within 40 paces of him unperceived, two of them reserved their fire.....the four others fired nearly at the same time and put each his bullet through him, two of the balls passed through the bulk of both lobes of his lungs, in an instant this monster at them with open mouth, the two who had reserved their fires discharged their pieces at him as he came towards them, both (sic) of them struck him, one only slightly and the other fortunately broke his shoulder, this however only retarded his motion for a moment only, the men unable to reload their guns took to flight, the bear pursued and had very nearly overtaken them before they reached the river; two of the party betook themselves to a canoe and the others separated and concealed themselves among the willows, reloaded their pieces, each discharged his piece at him as they had an opportunity they struck him several times again but their guns only served to direct the bear to them, in this manner he pursued two of them separately so close that they were obliged to throw aside their guns and pouches and throw themselves into the river although' the bank was nearly twenty feet perpendicular; so enraged was this animal (sic) that he plunged into the river only a few feet behind the second man he had compelled to take refuge in the water, when one of those who still remained on shore shot him through the head and finally killed him; they then took him on shore and butchered him when they found eight balls had passed through him in different directions."

Steve Richmond

PREFACE

Parts 1 & 2 -- Bushwalking in Tasmania: Land of the Devil & Tasmania Revisited

Twenty years ago most of the wild areas of Western Tasmania were unknown outside the island State. Today, after more than a decade of fierce environmental battles, this unique tract of Australian wilderness has gained international recognition as a UNESCO-designated World Heritage Area.

Tasmanian bushwalking offers difficulties unimaginable to the uninitiated, and even the strongest parties often succumb to the extreme conditions that prevail in the region. The first coast-to-coast crossing of Western Tasmania took 40 days and was not completed until 1986. This two-part feature describes the travails endured by two Bulgars (Lizard and the Buffalo) during their attempt to walk the 400 kilometers between the Bass Strait and the Southern Ocean.

Part 3 -- Bushwalking in Mainland Australia: Return to Oz

This companion article describes some of the great bushwalks available in the wilds of mainland Australia. Included are such renowned areas as Mount Kaputar and the Warrumbungles, Kosciusco and the Great Dividing Range, and the exotic subtropical rainforests of Queensland.

Part 1: Tasmania -- Land of the Devil

Our goal was to walk 400 kilometers across the wilderness of Western Tasmania -- an unknown land of alien mountains, fantastic plants, and strange animals. This southernmost Australian state is home to the platypus, wombat, echidna, potoroo, kookaburra, wallaby, and of course the Tasmanian Devil. We had read about these curious creatures before our departure. However some animals the tourist brochures failed to mention include dangerous tiger snakes, stinging ants, fearsome scorpions, poisonous spiders of every description, and worst of all, haemadipsa. But I am getting ahead of my story.

After gathering maps and supplies in metropolitan Hobart, Mike Bialos (a.k.a. the Buffalo) and I board a northbound bus for the coastal town of Devonport; whereupon a Land Rover equipped bushdriver is hired to transport us to the head of the Overland Track in Cradle Valley.

Two stucks and one flat later, the Buff and I arrive at the Waldheim Chalet in Cradle Mountain National Park. We pay our \$10 trail fee, and learn about an unfortunate snake bite incident. A young woman, too embarrassed to seek help, has just died after sitting on a tiger snake hidden in a stump!

A few hours into our walk we set up camp in a damp, brushy thicket near a large troop of grazing Bennetts wallabies. This is our first BIG MISTAKE !!! Shortly after getting the tent up, I realize my legs are covered with many strange "looping worms". I reach for my ice axe to brush them off, only to discover that the still warm axe handle is similarly covered. In full panic, Buff and I jump into the tent and begin to pull off the leeches.

Of all the unpleasant Tasmanian lifeforms the land leech must be singled out for attention. Haemadipsa (the blood thirsty) is about 5 centimeters long and moves in a rapid looping motion, alternately gripping and releasing suckers situated on both ends. It greedily attaches to its prey with three finely toothed jaws, injects a painless anticoagulant, and quickly engorges itself with three times its body weight in blood.

Removing the leeches proves difficult. Their limp, but muscular, bodies cannot be squashed or even easily picked up. Furthermore, they are so extensible that they can stretch themselves into thin threads and squeeze into the smallest openings. This latter ability unfortunately allows some of the smaller ones to penetrate our mosquito netting. One can imagine our horror, after turning on a flashlight in the dark, to see hundreds of heat-seeking leeches reaching out to us from the netting. Fortunately most of them are hung up by their posterior suckers. Mike and I spend much of our first night in the Australian bush cutting off leech heads with the scissors from our Swiss Army knife.

January 7 -- a day of cold rain and sleet. We cover only 5 kilometers today, and camp high on the Cradle Plateau to wait out the weather. We have hopes of climbing Cradle Mountain, but after 25 hours of waiting in a cold wet tent, we give up and move on. A hut register records only two fine days in the past two weeks.

*January 9 -- a day of improving weather. Yesterday's hip-deep-in-mud crossing of the fog shrouded pencil pine moor near Lake Windermere was a daunting experience. Today, a marsupial native cat (*Dasyurus viverrinus*) crosses our path, and brings us a change in luck. We get our first mountain: Pelion West, a satisfying five hour climb over house-size blocks of firm dolerite.*

January 10 -- a fantastic day! We cross Pelion Gap and leave the leeches behind. As Buff and I head up Mount Ossa, Tasmania's highest peak, we are treated to the outrageous "laughing jackass" call of the kookaburra. Ossa's summit holds Australia's only semi-permanent snowfield.

January 11 -- the fine weather continues. We climb Pelion East; visit spectacular Hartnett Falls; and camp at Narcissus Crossing amid piles of cube-shaped wombat dung. This busy river crossing is patrolled by a phalanx of iridescent dragonflies with 15 centimeter wingspans!

January 13 -- too hot for comfort. Spend two days in an enchanted fairyland known as the Labyrinth. Climb Mount Eros and the Acropolis and marvel at the stupendous east face of Geryon. Back at camp I walk the banks of Cephissus Creek looking for the platypus others have seen. No Luck. We share dinner with a friendly group of Aussies, and stay up late swapping leech stories and singing bawdy versions of "Waltzing Matilda".

January 15 -- reach the Lyell Highway. Buff and I complete the Overland Track in nine days. My boots have come apart, and we are in need of a little rest. This morning's body check reveals both ticks and leeches tapped into my blood supply. Our journey is now one-third complete.

*January 17 -- Get my boots repaired in Zeehan, and spend two days relaxing at the west coast settlement of Strahan. We take a seven hour cruise across Macquarie Harbour and finally, 35 kilometers up the Gordon River, get to see a platypus. (Poor Buff missed it; he only got to see platypus bubbles!) Our boat, the Denison Star, is made entirely of native timber -- swamp gum and Huon pine. Huon pine is one of the world's slowest growing trees. *Dacrydium franklinii* takes 600 years to mature, and up to 2200 years to senesce.*

January 20 -- Get the Frenchman! Standing in lonely isolation, 28 kilometers southwest of the Lyell Highway, is the gleaming quartzite dome of Frenchmans Cap. Few peaks have entered Australian consciousness as boldly as the Frenchman. This distinctive landmark has served mariners and

inspired travelers for more than two centuries; while many others have been fascinated by the notion of an unattainable summit that seems perpetually snow-covered. Even today, a successful ascent of the famed peak is one of the grand prizes of Australian alpinism.

Mike and I cross the Franklin River on a hand-drawn cable car called a flying fox, and climb through a tea tree forest. At Mullens Saddle we get our first view of the Loddon Plains and the great white peak that towers a half kilometer above the jagged quartz ridges that surround it.

The poorly drained button grass plain is frequently called the "Sodden Loddons", but after more than a week of warm dry weather only a few muddy sections give us trouble. We reach the Lake Vera hut at the end of a long, tiring day. Mike ignores the venomous redback spiders running along the floor and collapses in a bunk; while I put up the tent and sleep outside.

We get off by 5:30 the next morning and begin the rugged 400 meter climb to Barron Pass. Clouds of blood-sucking march flies speed the pace, and before long we are resting between the spires of White and Nicoles Needles. Before moving on, Buffalo (a.k.a. Mike the Mutilator) exacts retribution from 46 flies by pulling off their wings and feeding them to the bull ants.

Markers define the path as it zigzags down to the green swamp of Artichoke Valley and sidles around fire-stricken ridges above Lake Tahune. We sign the old leather bound summit register (which is now preserved at the Tahune hut) and clamber 500 meters up the North Col onto the summit plateau. Near the top, on an exposed quartzite ledge, we discover some Hewardia, the rare black orchids endemic to southwest Tasmania. (Note: Isophysis tasmanica is technically a member of the iris family) These delicate looking plants somehow manage to survive in one of Tasmania's most severe habitats.

The hike out is unforgettable. Mike and I frequently exchange the lead while crossing the Loddon Plain. The tension of leading through the snake infested knee-high button grass is too much to endure for long; and any excuse, say a loose shoelace or pack adjustment, is sufficient reason to fall behind. All goes well until we pass an incoming party of climbers. Thinking the path is now clear for awhile, I stop beating the grass with my ice axe and confidently stride ahead. BIG MISTAKE #2.

I will never, repeat never, forget the curtain of dread that swept over me as I began to step on that coiled tiger snake! I was in mid-stride, committed to the step, and all I could do was cry AARGH!

Tasmania's most dangerous snake does not become aggressive until its mid-February mating period, and fortunately this fellow was not rushing the season. Dumbstruck, I watch Notechis ater uncoil to his full two meter length and lazily move off the track. We are now half-way to the south coast.

January 25 -- defeat. Tasmania's notorious horizontal scrub (Anodopetalum biglandulosum) terminates our adventure 100 kilometers short of Port Davey and the Southeast Cape. We have spent the last five days crossing Mt Field National Park, and at least another week is needed to cross the wet sedgelands of the Huon Plains.

Mount Field contains a fascinating range of Tasmanian flora. 100 meter swamp gums, the tallest flowering trees in the world, dominate the lower elevations; while higher up, sweetly scented leatherwood trees and 10 meter Pandani heaths eventually give way to dwarf King Billy pines and spongy cushion plants. However, it is the impenetrable "horizontals" that concern most bushwalkers. This endemic tree sends up tall, slender shoots that become top heavy and bend down to the ground. Other shoots rise from the stem and create a dense interlaced mass of foliage. Determined bushwalkers either cut a passageway through the scrub or battle their way over it --

often many meters off the ground. We choose an easier alternative; we head for the beach!

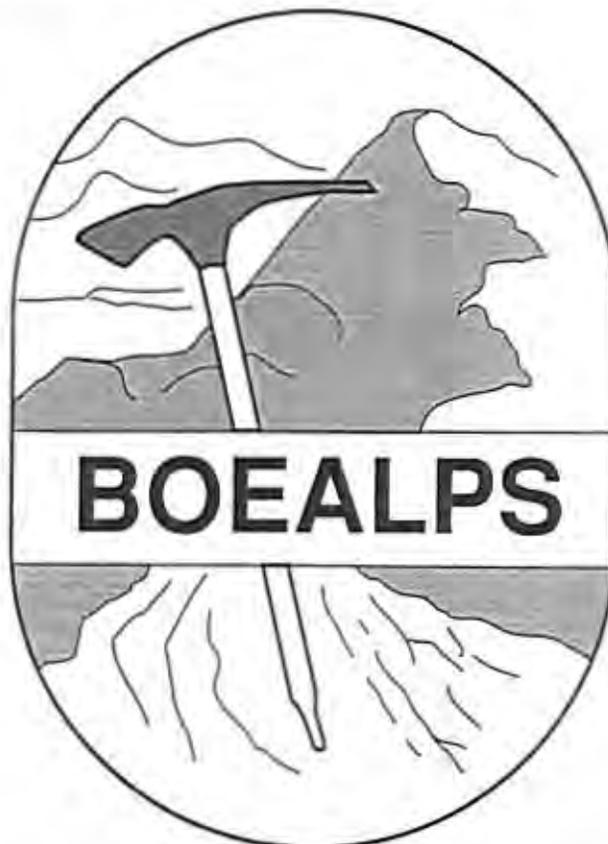
January 28 -- An oppressive sadness still pervades the beaches of the Tasman Peninsula. Even though the gaolers and prisoners have long since departed this distant outpost of the British penal system, the ruins of the Port Arthur convict settlement are a melancholy reminder of Tasmania's infamous past. Between 1830 and 1877, 30,000 transportees were sent to this foreign hell hole known as Van Dieman's Land. The Museum of Records lists the crime and punishment details: Joseph Parker transported for life for stealing a silk handkerchief; 9 year old James Lynch sentenced to seven years transportation for stealing a box of toys... Those convicted men and children who eventually won their freedom are the pioneer stock who built the state of Tasmania.

January 31 -- Mike and I spend three enjoyable days touring the New South Wales mainland with the Tony Buckley family. We visit Katoomba and the Jenolan Caves in the Blue Mountains, and sample the urban attractions of downtown Sydney. Our month-long Australian adventure finally ends at the Qantas boarding gate -- SeaTac is only 16 hours distant, but Seattle is a world away. OZ is fair dinkum, mate!

To Be Continued...

John Lixvar

Revision Date: 7/15/94



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ALPINE ECHO

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Thanks to everyone!!



SEPTEMBER 1994



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Photo: Pigeon Spire by Ken Johnson

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SEPTEMBER MEETING

Thursday, September 1, 7:30 pm
Mountain Room, Rainier Brewery

ANNUAL BOEALPS ELECTIONS

Empower yourself and your fellow BoeAlper running for office by 1) showing up, 2) voting, and 3) quaffing fine Rainier products - more details inside

BELAY STANCE

PROGRAMS

The grim reaper has arrived: **the September elections**. Actually, these hotly contested races are a lot of fun, so consider nominating someone or (gulp) yourself for one of the four offices to be vacated shortly. It has occurred to me that members may not be aware of the tasks of each office, so I print a shortened version (lifted from the club By-laws) here:

- President** *presides at all regular and special meetings (including those of the Boeing Employees' Recreation Council,), serves as chairman of the Board of Directors, performs duties of the President in the absence of said officer, etc.*
- Vice president** *oversees and coordinates major and special committees, prepares and approves all material related to club publicity, performs duties of the President in the absence of said officer, etc.*
- Secretary** *keeps minutes of all monthly and executive board meetings, provides a full copy of the By-Laws to the Recreation Unit when amended, prepares official correspondence, etc.*
- Treasurer** *maintains an accurate account of all financial transactions, prepares an annual budget forecast, signs checks, etc.*

This is only a partial list of the tasks each officer performs, and I am confident current officers will tell you there is quite a bit more to each of these positions. But that sounds like work, so make the work fun and run, run, run for office. Each position is held for only one year, keeping the threat of a lifetime commitment to the job non-existent.

THIS ISSUE

Holy cow, I am sifting through the mass of reports and activities and trying to find space for the following: Tom Rogers' climb of the West Face of Sloan Peak, Michael McGuffin's tales of terror from Denali, Jerry Baillie's Kautz Glacier trip up Rainier and Kathy Baillie's Dorado Needle and Eldorado Peak climbs, Part Two of Lizard's Tales from Down Under, and a story of a rain-free ascent of Mt. Olympus from the Ad-hoc editor. This is not to mention the club equipment list and loan policy, and other goodies. The annual September membership roster will have to wait until next issue due to lack of space.

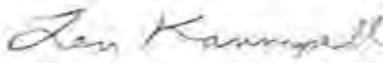
GENERAL NOTES

Well, I have to return to work sooner or later to continue to pay my mortgage, so after Labor Day weekend, I can be reached at **393-3866** (w) and M/S **48-52**.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"The reward for work well done is the opportunity to do more" - Jonas Salk

From the desk of the ad hoc editor,

Len Kannapell 

OCTOBER ALPINE ECHO DEADLINE: SEPTEMBER 22

September 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1	2
	NEW MOON Labor Day 					
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Grandparent's Day 	ICC					
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	FULL MOON			ECHO Deadline	FALL EQUINOX	President's Climb
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
President's Climb					October Campout	
25	26	27	28	29	30	

October 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						October Campout 1
October Campout		NEW MOON			Banquet	
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
		FULL MOON		ECHO Deadline		
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

BOEALPS ACTIVITIES

Note: on the calendar ICC = Intermediate Climbing Class

1) Some trips I am starting to organize, dates to be determined, and further research and level of participants will decide routes, etc. :

- Sahale Peak/Boston Peak
- Dragontail Peak/Colchuck Peak
- Eldorado Peak
- Mt. Stuart
- and many others (open to suggestions)

2) I have received several publications from the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie Forest Service:

- flyers on new regulations for the Alpine Lakes Wilderness instated this year
- Schedule of Proposed Actions
- Recreation Report (additional copy if someone wants it - contains info on campgrounds and trails)
- flyer: Celebrating Wildflowers (info on the Wildflower Festival, guided and self-guided tours and events - they gave me a dozen copies to pass out and I can get more)

Note: I will be bringing the material to Club Meetings to pass out or for viewing.

Also this is last call. I will be 5s'ing at the end of my term.

3) **Update of the Leavenworth area**, as of 8/17/94.

Call the Leavenworth Ranger Station, 509-782-1413, for current info.

- a) The only campground open is Tumwater. The forest fires got within 1 mile of the camp ground, but it was untouched.
- b) Icicle Creek Canyon is still closed to due to smoldering fires.
- c) Castle Rock is closed, also due to smoldering fires, and because of which you can not stop on Hwy 2 and must drive with a 45mph speed limit and lights on.
- d) Peshastin Pinnacles State Park is open.

4) This years fall campout is at Tumwater Campground; Friday, September 30 thru Sunday, October 2nd. Sorry everybody is on their own, no club-provided dinner. (I could be a focal if there is an interest for a potluck dinner.)

Conservation Crevasse... By: Paul Pyscher

Hi, here's a few subjects from the conservation dude,

Mt. Baker ascent with Randy Godfrey, the climbing ranger.

In late July, I volunteered to help the climbing ranger on Baker. Their budget was cut and did they did not have enough people to patrol as usual. So what are these rangers all about? First, Randy is a great guy we had alot of fun. We climbed just as everyone else did, but it was the first time I had been on a two person rope team. The rescue pulley system was new to me.

But anyway, the duty was to inform people of certain rules, like where to deposit human waste. The best thing to do is pack it out. Barring that, it should go into a deep moat or crevasse. Toilet paper really needs to be packed out. Another job was to radio route conditions back to the Glacier and Sedro-Wooley ranger stations. From there people get up-to-date info on the route. We also had a survey on the Forest Service for people to fill out if they cared to.

The thing that interested me was the fact that these rangers are there to help and not to hassle. One guy was leaving camp, unroped just as we were returning from the summit. Being unroped on a glacier is dangerous, but this guy didn't think it was that big of a deal. The snow was softening and crevasses were all over. After a good talking to the man decided he would still continue , bad decision. The point being Rangers cannot force people back, only make suggestions. Fortunately most people listened to advice, such as good starting times and where to camp. For me, I'll feel good knowing one of the rangers there when I'm on Baker or in the area these people are really there to help.

Suggestion # 342 on how to save the future generations.

Recycle an aluminum beverage can, it saves the equivalent energy as that can half full of gas.

Suggestion # 719 on how to save the future generations.

Start buying non-toxic household cleaners and chemicals. Most of the stuff under your cupboard has nasty little molecules that get in your body eventually and do icky things. Almost **all** of these have much safer replacements. Look around. I have found many to be cheaper and work just as well, its just that we have chemical dependencies to get over. The thing I learned when I worked at a major chemical company is that if it isn't toxic the by-products produced during manufacturing are. This crud gets put in a can, which goes in a hole, then in fifty years our kids get to deal with it. So lets save them the trouble.

IVORY MOUNTAIN EDUCATION BABBLE

MOFA

Now that I have your attention, BOEALPS is offering another MOFA class this fall.

Dates: Tuesdays and Thursdays starting Oct. 11 through Nov. 3
Camp Long practical is Nov. 8 and 10.

Place: Boeing Customer Service Centre Cafeteria with window
and deck overlooking the scenic Duwamish river.

Time: 6:00-9:30 pmish.

Cost: (cheap) \$38.00 (checks to be written to BOEALPS).

Enrollment is limited to 16 people; I will be going first come/first serve by money receipt. My Mail stop is 74-61 and home address is 201 N.E. 65'th St., Seattle, WA 98115 (which is different from the Echo roster). Phone number for questions is (w) 237-9963 and (h) 517-4318.

Finally, Please send me feed-back or call and let me know what you thought of the education program this year so that it can be improved for next year. See ya at the brewery!

*Chris
Rudesill*

EQUIPMENT CHECKOUT PROCEDURE

Rules for equipment users:

1. Club equipment may be borrowed by current club members only.
2. Users are responsible for lost or abused club equipment as specified in the club By-laws. Remember: The last person signed up for an item is on the hook for that item. You can be absolutely sure that person is not you by notifying the equipment chairman when you give up, or do not pick up an item.
3. Equipment users are obliged to give up equipment to club members who call for the item. Therefore, if you possess an item checked out to be used last weekend and decide to use it again next weekend, it is a good idea to reserve the item to insure that you are not called for it.

Equipment procedure:

1. Contact the equipment chairman for the desired item.
2. You will be given the name of a person to contact to obtain the item you want. At this point, it is assumed that you are in possession of the equipment. You should notify the equipment chairman ASAP if the transaction does not occur.
3. The club will reimburse necessary repairs to equipment. Please help to maintain the gear (especially seam sealing tents).
4. Equipment reservations may be made in advance. Extended use of more than two weeks will be decided by the Executive board on an individual basis.

Equipment provisions of club By-laws:

"All equipment checked out and assigned to members by the Equipment Chairman shall be the responsibility of the member regarding loss, negligent use, willful destruction, etc. Compensation for the foregoing will be subject to determination by the Board of Directors. Compensation shall not exceed replacement cost of an item at issue or cost of a comparable piece of equipment. The members will waive all legal rights what so ever should the Board of Directors determine redress or compensation by the member is appropriate after a hearing of the facts. Further, no member may sub-let or transfer equipment without the approval of the Equipment Chairman."

CLUB EQUIPMENT INVENTORY

The club maintains equipment that is available, free of charge, to all members in good standing. The primary purpose of this inventory is to provide access to equipment individuals would not normally purchase. In addition, members may borrow equipment for nonmembers who may accompany them on a trip, but do not own equipment.

Equipment purchased by the club will generally be that which has been popular with members in the past and will last well. It is not the club's intent to purchase equipment to release members from the burden of purchasing their own. Major club purchases are voted upon by the membership present at the monthly meeting. Suggestions you may have for new equipment (especially sale items!), are always welcome.

Boealps classes will be given priority access to equipment. Tents will be difficult to obtain during the Basic Class overnight weekends. Beacons and snowshoes will be difficult to obtain during some Spring weekends due to Intermediate Class needs.

Inventory:

Altimeter: 2 Gischard 16000 ft.

Technical Ice Tools: Lowe Hummingbird ice axe/hammer.
Simond Chigal ice hammer.

Snowshoes: *Sherpa Lightfoot - 2 prs. Great for soft, deep snow conditions.
*Sherpa Featherweight - 10 prs. Smaller than the Lightfoot. The most suitable to typical Cascade snow conditions.
*Snow-Shoo brand rope weave with aluminum frame snowshoes. The club has one large and one small
*Tubbs - 1 pair Sherpa Featherweight size.
*Tubbs - 2 pair Sherpa Lightweight size.

Avalanche Beacons: *Pieps II - 3 beacons. Single frequency model. Safe for practice use only.
*Pieps SF - 8 beacons. Single frequency model.
*Ortovox - 6 beacon. Dual frequency

Pickets: 1 short and 1 long

Equipment update (as of 8/94):

3 - dual frequency beacons

1 - Simond Piranha ice tool

TENTS

TENT MODEL	Sleeping Cap.	Weight (lbs.)	Free Standing	Floor Area	Height
HALF MOON	2	4.75	yes	32 sq. ft.	43 in.
ROCKET	2	5.25	no	38 sq. ft.	42 in.
2 person 3 season	2				
#24	3	8.25	yes		
STAR GAZER	3	6.75	yes	41 sq. ft.	54 in.
POLE SLEEVE OVA	3	11	yes		
LITTLE DIPPER	3	10.75	yes	54 sq. ft.	45 in.
BIG DIPPER	4	12.25	yes	56 sq. ft.	49 in.
EQUINOX	4	10.5	yes	49 sq. ft.	51 in.
SENTINEL	4	11.5	yes		
BASECAMP	4	12	yes		
MOUNTAIN HOME	4		yes		
ECLIPSE	4	14	yes	62 sq. ft.	52 in.
KINGDOME	5	13	yes		
GREAT PYRAMID	5	13	yes		
SHANGRI-LA	6	15	yes		

Tents (3 season except where noted):

TWO PERSON:

1. HALF MOON, by Sierra Designs. Wt ?.
2. ROCKET, by Walrus. Walrus' unique pole system, non-free standing wedge, 38 square feet, 42 inches high, Vestibule included. Wt 5.25 lbs.
3. 2person 3 season, by ?. This a wedge shaped tent.

THREE PERSON:

- 4&5 #24 by Windy Pass. Geodesic dome, four season. Weight is about 8.5 lbs. We have two of these tents.
6. POLE SLEEVE OVAL, by North Face. Wt ~11 lbs.
7. STAR GAZER, by Moss. Self supporting, three season dome with a vestibule. 41 square feet, 54 inches high. Wt. 6.75 lbs.
8. LITTLE DIPPER, by Moss. Self supporting, four season dome with two doors and a vestibule. 54 square feet, 45 inches high. Wt. 10.75 lbs.

FOUR PERSON:

9. EQUINOX, by Wilderness Experience. Free standing, 3/4 person dome. 49 square feet, 51 inches high, Wt ~11 lbs.
10. SENTINEL, by Eureka!. 4 season modified A-frame. 3/4 person. Wt 11.5 lbs.
11. BASECAMP, by Sierra Designs. Self supporting dome with a square floor. Wt ~12 lbs.
12. MOUNTAIN HOME, by REI. Free standing rectangular tent. Wt ?.
13. ECLIPSE by Walrus. Four season, free standing dome with two doors and a vestibule. 62 square feet, 52 inches high, Wt 14 lbs.
14. BIG DIPPER, by Moss. Self supporting, four season dome with two doors and a vestibule. 56 square feet, 49 inches high. Wt. 12.25 lbs.

REALLY BIG:

15. KINGDOME, by Sierra Designs. Self supporting dome. 5 person. Wt ~13 lbs.
16. GREAT PYRAMID, by REI. Self supporting. 5 person. Wt ~13 lbs.
17. SHANGRI-LA by Windy Pass. A monster of a tent. Six person dome with coated nylon rainfly and fiberglass poles. Weighs in at a hefty 15lbs., but great for those club outings.

and 1 Industrial Sewing Machine.

Tents should be returned to Steve Mormon, 662-8312 (w) M/S 20-04

Snowshoes, beacons, and ice tools should be returned to Silas Wild 527-9453 (w)

Many BoeAlps members may remember the Trust for Public Land (TPL) from the Peshastin Pinnacles project. In 1990 TPL purchased the Pinnacles from private landowners who had closed the area to climbing because of concerns over liability issues. With the help of hundreds of volunteers from Boeing, other recreational climbers, and an interest-free loan from REI, TPL purchased the land and then completed the necessary site improvements to open the park, including fencing, picnic areas, and a network of trails. Washington State Parks purchased the site from TPL in 1991. BoeAlps members made a tremendous difference in seeing the Peshastin Pinnacles project to fruition.

The Trust for Public Land protected 21,000 acres of Washington lands valued at nearly \$30,000,000 in 1993-94 alone. Four projects were completed in the Mountains to Sound Greenway which will help protect a continuous ribbon of greenspace from Seattle across I-90 to Cle Elum. In the Columbia Gorge, TPL has negotiated the transfer of over 15,000 acres into public ownership. A recent TPL transaction bringing Chuckanut Ridge into Larrabee State Park doubled the size of the park. Last year TPL purchased 2800 acres slated for logging at Icicle Ridge adjoining the Alpine Lakes Wilderness area. Unfortunately, the old growth forest on this land fell victim to the recent forest fires.



MIKE ZEPH PHOTO

TPL recently helped protect 250 acres of alpine meadow and forest at Monte Cristo. The volatile and dramatic history of Monte Cristo has continued from the gold rush era to the present. Gold was discovered there in 1889. Within three years a railroad was blasted through the high Cascades, and a town of thousands sprung up in the alpine forest. The gold fever was short-lived, and the townsite became a remote resort area, with investors continually devising plans for new developments for mining, skiing, and lodgings. In 1992, TPL was able to secure an option on the property. Thanks to a generous loan from a local climber, TPL exercised its option in April of this year and purchased the properties. TPL lawyers are now clearing the titles to old mining claims. Once that process is complete, the Forest Service will become owners of a site of immense historic, ecological, and recreational value.

Some BoeAlps members have stayed active in TPL projects since the Pinnacles project. TPL's ability to protect wildlife and recreational lands depends on the help of volunteers and contributors. TPL staffers want to keep you abreast of the most recent projects to protect open space lands for recreation. Please call or write for the most recent newsletter. Better yet, come to the BoeAlps Annual Meeting -- September 1st -- and see TPL's slides and meet some of the staff in an informal setting.



Marmot Mountain Works Presents



Mountain Legends

Slide Show Series

Decades of Mountain Experiences on the World's Highest Peaks

Monday, Oct. 3 Doug Scott *Himalayan Climber*

Doug Scott is a renowned British climber with more than 40 years of experience. He has scaled more than 30 of the world's highest peaks including the first ascent of the S.W. Face of Mt. Everest. His show will focus on "climbs that have captured my imagination, have taken me out of myself, gripped with fear, shattered by exhaustion, or filled me with wonder just to be there." He is the author of *Himalayan Climber - A Lifetime's Quest to the World's Greatest Ranges*.

7:30 pm, Univ. of Washington, Kane Hall, \$8.00

Wednesday, Nov. 2 Chris Bonnington *Mountaineer*

A professional photojournalist, author, and climber, Bonnington's show will capture the highlights of more than 20 major expeditions. He will discuss "the why and how of mountaineering, the risks, the beauty, the hardships, and the cruel toll of death." He has written ten books from the classic *I Choose to Climb to Mountaineer - Thirty Years of Climbing on the World's Great Peaks*.

7:30 pm, Univ. of Washington, Kane Hall, \$10.00

Friday, Nov. 4 Reinhold Messner *To The Top of the World*

The first climber to ascend all fourteen 8000 peaks, first to climb Mt. Everest without oxygen, first to solo Everest, and first to traverse two 8000 meter peaks. Messner is arguably the greatest Himalayan climber of all time. A relentless explorer, he recently completed a 1740 mile crossing of Antarctica on foot. "Adventure is not a profession," states Messner, "it's a condition." This will be his first visit to Seattle, and promises to be interesting for climbers and non-climbers alike.

7:30 pm, Univ. of Washington, Hub Auditorium, \$12.00

Messner Book Signing

Friday Nov. 4, 3:00 - 4:30 pm
Marmot Mountain Works
827 Bellevue Way NE
Bellevue, Wa 98004

Bring your copies of Messner's books for an autograph. Books also available for sale.

Tickets available at the following locations:

Marmot Mountain Works, 453-1515
Backpacker's Supply, 472-4402 (Tacoma)
Seattle Vertical Club, 283-8056
Redmond Vertical Club, 881-8826

Tickets available Aug. 25. No phone orders, please.

\$1.00 from each ticket sold for each of the three Mountain Legends slide shows will be donated to the Access Fund. Additionally, \$1.00 from each Messner ticket will be donated to the Nature Conservancy in conjunction with the Patagonia Forest Campaign earmarked for local forest preservation.

At the Redmond Vertical Club:

Kurt Smith *Stone Free*

Big wall free climbing and adventures in Mexico and Yosemite.

Tuesday, Oct. 18, 7:30 pm, \$5.00

At the Seattle Vertical Club:

Marc Twight & Cathy Beloeil

Modern Alpinism and Modern Sport Climbing

State of the art from Chamonix to Smith Rocks

Saturday, Oct. 29, 8:00 pm, \$5.00

Vertical Club
1111 Elliott Ave. W.
Seattle, Wa 98119

Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage

Sloan Peak, West Face, 7835 feet

July 9th-10th, 1994

The following is an account of the climb of Sloan Peak located west of Glacier Peak by the Intermediate Climbing Class. The team consisted of two students, Tom Rogers (scribe) and Elaine Worden, and our two instructors, Doug Sanders and Mike Bingle.

Approach: We began our approach at the Bedal creek trail head, (approximately 2600 feet).with the road being in generally good condition. Near the end of the forest take the right hand trail (alternatively the left hand branch ascends woods to stream/snow gully up to talus at the north end of Sloan. Traverse under face south to spur.) when it splits at the creek crossing (it may be hard to follow (very brushy) after reaching the most far south section of creek). Cross the creek at approximately 4100 feet (see cairn) for the final approach to old Bedal cabin site. The remains of the old cabin can be found in valley basin by the big bolder. Continue along creek near end of basin ascending snow gully (may be bolder field) and talus up to top of sharp spar (6000 feet), just north of spire. This was a good location for bivy site, safe from rock fall and had a great view of possible routes.

Climbing notes: Beckey rates the route at 5.4 with a lot of 3rd and 4th class climbing for approximately 1,800 feet. There was no snow on the technical portion of the ascent, we had a windy morning, a hot day with the sun hitting the west face at 12:15 pm. The route could have been done only in alpine boots, however, route finding can be difficult to hard so rock shoes may be handy for those off route days. We each carried separate packs with ice axes and boots, plus weather gear (crampons could be required). Doug's rack had no friends of any type (although this was not of my own free will). We used mostly hexes and larger nuts with a few small nuts. A medium sized alpine rock rack would work well for this climb.

Climbing times:	06:10-13:30	bivy to summit
	13:30-14:00	lunch
	14:00-17:00	summit to snow
	17:00-18:00	snow to bivy
	18:00-18:15	pack up
	18:15-19:00	bivy to cabin
	19:00-21:00	cabin to car (slow pace and lost trail)

Ascent: Generally the route follows the spur arete to the face and then ascends between the upper mid face tower (not the one on the south skyline) and the wet gully. There were several route variations possible so we climbed in parallel teams. Climb talus, boulders, and nearly dead trees to top of rounded knoll south of west face to gain 1st ledge; go as high as possible, with easy scrambling. When it changes to much harder climbing (you'll wonder "what now?") make a slight descending traverse on north side of knoll across semi steep and wet heather toward the west face. Then work to your right towards the waterfall and gully, which was visible from the bivy site. Round a hidden gully to your right and scramble upward on a right sloping gully a couple hundred feet (note large white overhang to the right which was visible from bivy) , then climb trees and brushes to gain the obvious, wide, "first ledge".

1st pitch: We roped up here then traversed a mossy heather ledge 100 feet left to where wall steepens and goat trail drops out (a 4 foot dip), it is slightly exposed here for 10 feet and is wet from waterfall.

2nd pitch: At the first group of small alpine trees we setup our belay. There are two route options, the left side and the right side (about 20 feet apart, there may be some other options further to left around the corner of the ledge but we did not scout it out) the left side looks more obvious but has some difficulties, after 20 minutes you may also conclude this.

A key point to remember is that when one is climbing a long alpine route speed is your friend and weight is your enemy (and so is poor route finding). Most routes will go given some time but if you expect to summit and descend safely and without a forced bivy one should try to take the path which is quickest for a given route. Oftentimes this may involve considerable scouting trips whether it's a traverse or climbing up and down. Remember, knowing as many of your options as possible before committing will allow you to travel fast and safely (key point to alpine climbing).

Back to climbing: I ascended up a right sloping flake to approximately mid-ledge and stepped out onto a smooth vertical face (semi lie-back) then mantled to the top of flake while trying to keep from being thrown off by the steep smooth bulging upper face with no hand holds, (prayer may help at this point). This was a strenuous move made harder by a pack. I made the move, screamed for joy (this loosens the strained jaw muscles) and continued to the right on crack around the corner then up a left sloping steep semi gully system. The rope drag was very high after the previously mentioned corner so I belayed here at 1/2 a rope length. Doug then continued upward (3rd pitch) keeping to the right of the big tower until on the 2nd large ledge (there is some dispute to which ledge) at one full rope.

4th pitch: From here there were two options again. The left route which is still right of the tower ascends a blocky and awkward 5.5 gully. It was here that we heard Elaine energetically breathing for the first time of the trip and thus decided to seek an easier alternative route. I traversed right along an easy ledge for a long rope length to the waterfall and belay point.

5th pitch: I lead a left sloping off-width waterfall using a combination hands /feet/backpack jam (not covered in 'Freedom of Hills') for a wet 7 feet. From here ascend easier waterfall slab, (this means most former holds or cracks have been polished away) for 100 feet and finished at a full rope length on heather at a big bolder (3rd ledge). Beware of the resident marmot before sticking your hand in to set the belay sling. At this point we are above the big tower.

6th pitch: From here we walked right 150 feet to next waterfall gully. We set up the next belay and Doug climbed a left sloping off-width using a good chockstone at 10 feet and a large hex deep inside farther up. He then performed a transition to smooth, wet, steep face climbing (The protection is small and scarce but is adequate.) continuing left and upward in the gully for a full rope to the base of a smooth friction pitch.

7th pitch: From here we angled towards the left skyline where we would intersect the route taken by the other team. I climbed directly upward on a smooth face for 15 feet to my first piece of protection (small nut) to a left sloping crack. I followed it to the base of a vertical wall and great protection, traversing left along a foot crack, around an exposed corner, then continuing to a flat belay spot.

8th pitch: We started our one very long running belay here (note that rock shoes and heather make a slippery match). Doug continued slightly left around corner and then scrambling along easy 3rd class rock and heather slopes for 3 or 4 rope lengths. At this point we intersected the beginning of the cork screw route and rejoined the other rope team and changed to our boots. From here we unroped then continued left on an obvious trail to the easy 2nd and 3rd class summit scramble for several hundred vertical feet to the summit ridge and left a short distance to summit. Zip-Zip and your there, great view, and a few moments of 'guess that mountain' trivia. I drank the last of my two 2 quarts of water, and then made the proverbial statement-"now how the hell do we get down from here".

Speaking for myself this is where the fun stops and the work begins--the down climb!!! For many climbers this is often the hardest portion of the climb and is definitely the one of the most dangerous aspects of climbing harder alpine routes. Remember the adage, speed is your friend. This directly translated means if it can be safely down climbed don't rappel it. Although rappelling maybe safer (bomber anchors noted) it may cause your team to be unsafe where speed or rock fall are of concern. And to all of you young aspiring alpinists, when some supposedly experienced alpinist (some climbers in general) remarks how easy it is for him to down climb that smooth, wet, dirty, lichen infested 3rd or 4th class slab or gully, kindly remind him that a few years ago he may have had perspective a similar to yours. The truth is down climbing is often dangerous and it can be difficult.

Just remember climb safely, focus on your surroundings, think for yourself, speak up if you disagree and even if you agree, be self reliant and yet a team player.

The descent: We descended via the standard Corkscrew route to the Bedal approach, (ref Beckey), down climbing 3rd class gully and trail to the notch on south ridge. We left the trail approximately 100 feet from the exit to the Sloan glacier. We down climbed as far as possible from here on steep heather to a gully which exited onto snow. A double rope rappel was required here with the anchor system placed beneath a waterfall. All and all the anchor was pretty good except for the wet, polished, rounded top and 1 inch flat side with which the rappel sling was resting against. The anxious look on the instructor's face didn't help much either; but he then found a good backup point (a wired nut beneath cascading water) and everything was great. At this point he suggested to me that I climb down off the thin, wet, crack I was standing on and tie-in for some protection in light of our surroundings. I declined, however, citing that I would prefer to see how the rappel turned out first. So off he goes, and I thought, yes it works! Everything was going great as he reached steep snow, still on rappel he stepped across a hidden moat ever so carefully and began his diagonal traverse to avoid the really big moat under the rope's fall line. It was like watching a master at work, kick, step, kick, step, looking great, kick, slip--"aw !#*!"--splat (the sound your body makes as you pummel into a rock wall), plop (the sound your body makes as you hit the bottom of a moat) and "I'm in the bottom of the moat" (the sound of your instructor's voice from the bottom of the moat). A short time later our brushed instructor triumphantly reappears, now an accomplished moat climber, and finishes the rappel from hell in fine form. Then I here a voice from behind me, your next! However noting my instructor's previous rappel as a fine object lesson I quickly whipped out my ice axe and rappelled while on self-belay.

We continued on a easterly downward ramp on heather then to rock. The lower east end of the ramp can be described as your standard 3rd class, glacier polished slab, slightly exposed and angled just enough to make you focused. Down climbing this portion was not too bad because the rock was generally dry. I should however mention the one down climb move that may be of interest. It was going along fine until I came to this little overhanging step, with no hand or foot holds, bordered by a drop dead cliff; And only about 5 feet beneath was this lichen infested sloping smooth slab, this wasn't too bad but the snow water steaming straight dead center of your path was a little bit too much. It was at this point I asked "how the hell did you guys do this"? It was at this moment forward, with three pairs of eyeballs looking up at me, I regretted not using a rope. I quickly lowered myself into a sitting position in the middle of the stream, as the water began to dam up and flow down by backside I grabbed onto to a half inch high crest along the lip of the step and positioned myself into a reverse hanging mantle, lowering myself cautiously the water began to flow down my front side, it was at this point I wondered when my feet would reach the rock, then ever so gently my feet touched ground. After repeating several thanks to the Most High I thought to myself "boy that was a little too much." I relay the latter not to give the impression of being unsafe, but only to stir to remembrance other similar down climbs most climbers have experienced before. For what would climbing be if it were regulated only to a few pure technical facts of a particular route, void of all emotion, a cookbook? To do so would strip from the mountain its very essence, pure living emotion.

We continued down for another 50 feet to where a suitable obstruction was found on the polished slab from which to rappel from. This was your standard 3 inch high, rounded knob your mom has always warned you about. We placed a backup nut for the first three people rappeling and a single rope later we were on the glacier. We then traversed snow west along the south face to the south ridge crest. (approximately 6550 feet). From here we made a descending north westerly traverse across snow and talus for one half mile to the bivy site. The climb was still not over however, we still had to pack up our remaining gear at camp and descend a fairly steep snow finger with a poor run out. Arriving at Bedal basin we replenished our water supply and began an unpleasant game of "have you found the trail yet?". We had a difficult time finding the trail through the multitude of very brushy creek crossings (when in doubt head down stream). By the time we arrived at the trail head we were glad to be back, only to find that one of our cars had been robbed.

1994 President's Climb

The Brothers - September 24 & 25

Join Dan Goering for fun and good views from the 6866 ft summit of The Brothers south peak on the Olympic Penninsula. Weekend plans include Saturday morning breakfast at The Hungry Bear in Eldon followed by a 6 mile hike past Lena Lake to campsites on the East Fork of Lena Creek. Sunday morning will start with an early Pancake Breakfast (Dan promises to pack in the cast iron skillet!) followed by an easy scramble to the summit for great views of Seattle in the crisp, clear (and dry) fall air.

Call Dan at 342-3815 (W) or 364-6783 (H) to get in on the fun!

Looking for R. Pooter, The Sato Museum and Other Denali Tales of Terror

Rising to 20320 feet, Denali marks the high ground of North America. By the early nineteen hundreds adventures set their eyes on the summit, Archdeacon Hudson Stueck was the first to reach it in 1913. In 1993 I went to Denali with three friends, Bill Hartleib, Brian Sato and Scott Saufferer. Our intended route would follow the West Buttress trail to the fourteen thousand foot camp, from where we would traverse to the more lonely West Rib. The West Rib connects back with the West Buttress on the summit plateau, something we would later be thankful for.

For two years I read everything I could find about Denali, and decided to schedule my climb after completion of graduate school in the spring of 1993. In the end I would delay graduate school for a full year, however Denali couldn't wait. My first choice in a climbing partner was Bill Hartleib. Bill and I had spent the previous summer climbing together, he is the strongest human I know, the kind of person who only gets "winded" never exhausted. Bill jumped at the proposal and we immediately set to the task of finding two others willing to share a tent with us for twenty five days.

I met Brian Sato while a student in the intermediate climbing class. Brian has an intense personality which always makes him the most interesting person in a conversation. One phone call made him the third, and most experienced, member of our team. Even though we never met as students we both obtained identical degrees from Iowa State University, graduating only twelve months apart. Scott was one of the first people I met as a young engineer in Seattle, we shared the transition from new-hire with too much time and money on our hands to bankrupt overworked climbing addicts. Scott was working in Dallas when I called him about the climb, he began training that day.

Each year hundreds of climbers attempt to reach Denali's summit, most via the West Buttress route pioneered by Bradford Washburn in 1951. In order to avoid weeks of hauling gear and supplies through the Alaskan brush Washburn enlisted the aid of bush pilot Terris Moore. By outfitting his Super Cub with aluminum skis, Moore was able to make regular landings on the remote Kahiltna Glacier. The practice of airplane assisted approaches revolutionized Denali mountaineering. During the thirty eight years prior to Washburn only six parties successfully reached the summit, all making the long march up the Muldrow Glacier. In 1993 however, over one thousand climbers attempted the mountain, the vast majority beginning with a glacier flight onto the Kahiltna.

Today four flight services, all located in the tiny mining town of Talkeetna, offer glacier landings at the Kahiltna International Airport. Located on the park boundary, due to park regulations that no non-emergency flights can land within the park itself, the runway is nothing more than a moderately inclined snow slope marked with garbage bags stretched over tomato stakes.

The Kahiltna International Airport is manned twenty four hours a day by Annie, an adventurous ex-flight attendant, who first came to Denali on vacation. She is hired jointly by the flight services to relay current weather and snow condition information to the incoming pilots. She also serves as a rescue coordinator, communications specialist, weather reporter and friend in need to many lonely, confused or injured climbers. Scott and I spent our final day on the mountain in her tent listening to horror stories of the 1992 season when 11 climbers were killed.

After six months of training and extended credit card limits we arrived in Talkeetna. Bill and I landed on the glacier first, Scott and Brian were socked in at the Talkeetna Airport and wouldn't arrive until the following morning. Full of anxiety and uncertainty we quickly sorted and packed our gear and began the seventeen mile trip to the summit.

The most common approach to climbing Denali is to double carry every camp by caching food and fuel in stages up the mountain. Not wanting to climb the mountain twice we decided to manhandle our entire camp as far as eleven thousand feet. This forced us to divide our one hundred and thirty pound loads between our overstuffed backpacks and

plastic K-Mart sleds. Prior to leaving for Denali I romanticized about hauling a sled - complete self sufficiency in one neat little bundle. I quickly found out that dragging a sixty pound plastic sled through soft snow is about as romantic as running a marathon in combat boots.

Climbing Denali is truly an international experience, and due to Scott's skills in international relations we immediately befriended a team of four Icelandic climbers. They were all members of a mountain rescue organization and dubbed themselves ALEX - an acronym for Alaskan Expedition. Our friendship proved mutually beneficial upon the discovery that they had brought eighteen rolls of toilet paper, compared to our eight, and that we had brought seven gallons of fuel, compared to their two.

We identified other climbers by their clothing, and gave nicknames to some of the more commonly seen groups such as; the Fatboys - three overflowing Oakland cops, who received breakfast in bed from an illegal guide, and the Bumblebees - a multinational military contingent who landed in Chinooks and sported identical yellow and black Northface Goretex.

While packing our first ferry load at the eleven thousand foot camp, a tall climber with a booming voice, Grizzly Adams beard, and freshly shaven head asked to borrow our shovel. Vern Tejas, a local celebrity and well known guide has earned fame not only from his superhuman rescues, but also his never repeated solo winter ascent of North America's highest peak. This is his world, and he welcomes all newcomers with a display of yodeling and high altitude violin serenades. This year he was hauling gear and playing baby-sitter to a group from ESPN who were filming a special on Surviving Denali which featured John Waterman and his wife Deb making an unassisted traverse of the mountain from Wonder lake to the Talkeetna river. As a side note a pair of extreme skiers were to ski off the summit.

Located at the apex of a huge bowl formed by the West Buttress and the Western Rib the fourteen thousand foot camp marks the transition from slog to true high altitude mountaineering. The bright tents and the masses of multicolored climbers resemble a gypsy caravan. We arrived late in the afternoon, only thinking of getting the pack off my back I started a semi jog over to a ready built snow fortress reserved by the Icelanders. Upon reaching the walled compound I collapsed and couldn't raise my head for the next eight agonizing hours, from this day on each step up would be a personal high altitude record.

That evening we were awakened by fixed wing aircraft flying what sounded to be dive-bombing runs over our tent. Next came the helicopters, content in our sleeping bags we waited until morning to get the news. As I cooked breakfast Bill went to ask the rangers about the late night happenings. He returned to camp walking fast, Bill always walks fast, I didn't think to ask about the gossip until he's well into his huge Texaco mug of coffee.

"Someone bit it last night" he says between gulps.

"What the hell do you mean, someone bit it!" I shriek.

"On the Orient Express - last night - they weren't roped - so what, don't worry about it." he replied turning to pump the gasping stove.

The Orient Express is the steep gully which leads from the West Rib's exposed rocks at eighteen thousand feet to the summit plateau - our intended route. The morbid nomenclature stems from the eleven, no make that twelve, climbers, many either Japanese or Korean, who have taken the three thousand foot fall.

Three days later, under worsening skies, we were climbing the Styrofoam-like snow up the Orient Express. As we approached the summit plateau, eight hours after leaving camp the weather began to get serious. High winds scoured the desolate landscape, no longer on the lee side we took the full brunt of a relentless gale. Visibility reduced so that I could barely see Scott, just one third of a rope length ahead.

Knowing that we were at least three hours from the summit, we decided to descend, nineteen thousand seven hundred feet is not the place to push beginners luck. Due to the poor visibility we decided to descend the West Buttress.

A few hours later we crawled into a snow cave at sixteen thousand feet. Brian was awarded our sole sleeping bag while Bill, Scott and I huddled into our down coats and tried to sleep. Due to sheer exhaustion I finally feel asleep only to wake up to shivering uncontrollably. The sounds of shaking bodies told me that my mates were no better off.

At six o'clock the next morning we emerged from our ice hole and descended a steep headwall to the fourteen thousand foot camp and our food cache. Brian brewed hot drinks while the three of us huddled under the single sleeping bag trying to get some sleep during the midday warmth, nobody dared to discuss the fact that our sleeping bags were still in our tents pitched two thousand feet above.

After retrieving our gear and returning to fourteen thousand we tried to console ourselves in that we had completed the difficult portion of the route, and that the trip was not a complete failure. A second summit attempt via the West Buttress was possible, we were well acclimatized and still had food for another week. Too exhausted to consider a second attempt we decided to sleep on it. In the morning we agreed to stay at fourteen for a maximum of three days, if the weather didn't improve we'd end the expedition.

After three days of marginal weather no teams had moved up the headwall. We were ready to make a decision, but not ready to go home so we sought the advise of a volunteer climbing ranger. The mild mannered be-speckled ranger wearing a worn red union suit and overboots squinted at the headwall and said, "I'd do it." That was all the encouragement required as we rushed to pack our gear.

We were the sole rope team climbing the headwall, and we didn't see another climber until reaching the crows nest at seventeen thousand feet. Most of the prefab campsites were deserted, the only action seemed to be centered around the Waterman/ESPN support crew who were monitoring the progress of the summit team. Even though exhausted, anticipation, and the film crew's low flying aircraft, kept me awake most of the night.

The next morning visibility was poor, but we decided to make a summit attempt. Following the faded steps of the Waterman team towards Denali Pass we were the only party leaving high camp that morning. The summit plateau, commonly known as the football field, was endless and I kept going by mumbling "the fat boys did it - the fat boys did it..."

Reaching the top of the Cassin ridge at twenty thousand feet our clothes were frozen stiff, our beards were crusted with ice, and the summit was still three hundred feet above shrouded in the whiteout which had engulfed us. Shouting over the increasing winds we decided to follow the ridge for twenty minutes, at which time we would perform a sanity check. The conditions were deteriorating fast, I could no longer distinguish the ridge top from the sky. I used my ice axe like a blind man's cane as we slowly made our way towards the summit. Twenty minutes later the altimeter read a little over twenty two thousand feet, still one hundred feet shy of the summit. We were now the highest four people in North America, our sanity check said turn around.

The next day, after a seventeen mile descent I, nearly resorted to crawling up heartbreak hill leading to the Kahiltna International Airport. Twenty four hours later I stood in a phone booth on Main Street Talkeetna Alaska, Scott handed me a beer and I heard my wife's voice, this remains my happiest moment.

- Michael McGuffin

Kautz Glacier, Mt Rainier Climb Report. May 21,22,23 1994

The basic plan was to climb the Kautz glacier route and get everyone to the summit feeling good. We met at the Renton park-n-ride Friday after work and drove to the Cougar Rock campground for a rainy nights sleep. Saturday morning breakfast at Longmire was great, some even had two meals. The sun was poking through and everyone was psyched. Groans were let out as the large sturdy four season tents were divided up among us. Everyone's pack was oversized, except notably Dave Stephens who small teardrop pack appeared to be only the top pocket to any other pack. Even his pal Dave Creeden marveled at his ability to carry all the essentials. Dave did carry one of the ropes, seemingly a 6mm, 60 footer. Because of the difficulties of the route we did take 4 pickets and the sturdy tents. Camp Hazard can be windy and it's difficult to build sheltering snow walls.

We left the parking lot at 9:30am in bright sunshine. Creeden set a stiff pace at the start causing the rest of us to "sweat bullets". Soon we were passing the hordes heading to Muir. Below "Pan" point we cut off and dropped down to the Nisqually Glacier, roping up on it's lateral moraine. Kathy and I got lucky and had Jim O'Donnell on our rope. The other rope consisted of Dave Stephens, Dave Creeden, Eric Bennett and Matt Whitmer. The crossing was routine except for the skiers who were freely travelling the glacier unroped. The chute up the far side was a grunt in the hot sun with sluffs occasionally coming down to encourage the laggards. The heat was oppressive as a we plodded up to our camp at 8200 ft on the ridge crest. A beautiful campsite with rocks for lounging, a spire for scrambling and endless views. It was a pleasant evening as the sun slowly set in the west.

Sunday, day two dawned bright and clear. We had a lazy morning as we prepared to walk up to Camp Hazard. Everyone was acclimating well. We broke camp at 8:30am and headed up the mountain. Rainier's south side was crystal clear. The ice cliffs, cleavers and chutes all laid out above us. Camp Hazard's campsites were still partially under snow, but we had it to ourselves. Matt, Jim, Stephens, Creeden and I quickly cleared off two sites as Kathy photographed the crew. In particular the scene of Stephens, Creeden and I putting up the large Walrus tent. Each of us "knew" how it went up, but it always looked funny. Needless to say the wind choose to come up for the first time during the trip. Finally it was up correctly and we were soon melting water. Folks who had climbed the route that day were appearing as they descended the slopes on the far side of the icefall. They were progressing very slowly, except for the unroped skier! We watered up and enjoyed the evening.

Monday, all was calm as we arose. The stoves were fired up for hot drinks as planned. We left camp at 5am under the first light of day. Bennett won the smallest pack award. He only took a fanny pack to the summit. Leaving his primary First Aide Kit and heavy clothing behind. He was able to clip water bottles, crampons and a plethora of gear to his fanny pack. Quickly we were down and around the snout of the icefall. The snow was perfect for cramponning as we assended "pied a plat". The chute narrowed and steepened until it approached 35 degrees and was only 20 feet wide. The icefall and then a crevasse forced us left. Finally we rounded the end of the crevasse and traversed right angling to the rocky crest of the upper Kautz. We stepped into bright sunshine at the crest for a good rest. It was clear as a bell, but the wind cut to the bone. Everyone still felt great as we kept to our slow steady pace. The upper slopes were wide open as we approached the saddle between Pt Success and Columbia Crest. Dave Stephens got summit fever at the saddle and boomed into the lead with his rope team. Our rope continued up the final slopes to Columbia Crest. We reached the crest at 11am nearly opposite the actual summit. The long up and down walk along the crest took half an hour. The summit was ours for the moment.

It was clear, slight breeze and no one else in sight. Dave Stephens now had a "hangover" from the summit fever. I also was feeling poorly as we lounged on the summit. Kathy in particular was zipping around snapping pictures and asking many questions. Stephens and I saw where we had been forced to turn back with the Hot Pink Team a few years earlier. It had been the saddle between Liberty Cap and the summit.

All too soon we had to head down. It was 12:30pm. We zoomed down the first slopes without the crampons arriving at Kautz crest at 1:00pm. We knew the upcoming slopes would not be as easy. We elected to put Dave Stephens in front to place any pickets, with Dave Creeden the anchor on the first rope and myself as the anchor on the second. It went quickly until we reached narrow chute. The surface snow was quite soft and about 2" deep. Dave was able to place pickets in the chute as anchors for running belays, however below the chute the soft surface snow was over a very hard layer and pickets could not be driven into the slope. Most of us slipped and arrested including Creeden and myself. He chose a modest, straight forward ice axe arrest. I chose to attempt to perform a standing glissade when my feet slipped out. Control was maintained for ten to fifteen feet when it was apparent to all that I needed to arrest. Kathy was particularly interested since she was just recovering from an arrest catching Jim on the front of the rope, when she realized I, on the back of rope, was careening down the slope unchecked. Fortunately I was able to arrest in about 60 feet. It was nearly 4pm when we reached camp. The day had been very tiring, particularly the last few hours. However, we still had a long way yet to go. Packing up camp was complete by 5pm and Kathy led the glissades down the Turtle. Jim with a monster pack just kept plodding along and soon we were roping up on the lower Nisqually Glacier. The descent went very fast. No one was looking forward to the grind up to Glacier Vista but we all just kept plugging. Eventually the cars were reached at 8:30pm. We had smoked the descent. Naturally nothing was open, except for the BP convenience store where we stopped and ate palatable sandwiches and lots of liquids. Great trip, good times.

Climbers: Dave Stephens, Dave Creeden, Matt Whitmer, Jim O'Donnell, Kathy Baillie, Eric Bennett, and your humble scribe Jerry Baillie.

September 3-30: Idaho-Utah Bike Mountaineering Outing

Join Lizard in his month-long annual pursuit of Western America's most significant bike-legal summits. The Idaho portion of the trip will include Borah and Cache Peaks -- the state's highest points north and south of the Snake River; an extended stay in Caribou National Forest near Pocatello; and a few days of technical climbing at the City of Rocks.

Our Utah itinerary will include a traverse of the Wah Wah Mountains, and ascents of all the 12,000' summits in the Tushar Range -- including Mt Belknap, one of the state's few remaining heliograph stations.

Contact: Lizard @ 865-3783

Seattle's temperatures were to be in the 90 to 100 degree range, so we felt it imperative to get as early a start as possible. Jerry, Tim and I met Dave in Everett, Friday evening at 7:30. Knowing I would be climbing with animals; Tim "Action" Jackson, Dave "Speedin" Creeden, and Jerry "Legs" Baillie, all greater than 6' 3", I'm 5' 2", I was nervous.

We slept at the trailhead Friday evening. Tim had his alarm watch armed to wake us at 5:00 A.M. After discussing where the road crossing really was, we were on our way, 6:15 A.M. The log crossing of the Cascade river was uneventful. I found it humorous Action complaining about ducking under logs, while I was dying hoisting myself over numerous logs. We were already sweating and we weren't even going uphill yet! You know it's hot and humid when sweat is coming out of your ears. The biting flies were out, first thing. Action and Speedin flew up the trail. All were suspicious about Speedin's pack, but he did have the rack of hardware. The "trail" was easy to follow, straight up the fall line. After two hours of sweating we were at the first boulder field. Action and Speedin were already at the top of the field. The 10mmx60m rope did not seem to be slowing Action at all. Above the first boulder field a good but steep path led through slide alder to the base of the second boulder field. This one was much larger. At its upper right side, a creek/waterfall provided a cool rest spot. Ahh! running water, great place to dunk all but the boots. Had to move fast, the flies were merciless by now. My patience with biting flies ended when we broke out into the open meadows. Hal suckers, try mosquito repellent for your midmorning snack. Much better. It was 10am. Soon we were joining Action and Creeden on the ridge as we crossed from the Eldorado Creek drainage to the upper Rouch Creek drainage near the foot of the glacier with slabs and cool water. Everyone was drinking and soaking as much as possible. We climbed the right side of the glacier underneath cliffs and paused at the immense glacier saddle. No Bugs!!! The sweltering heat was taking its toll. One advantage of the heat was my Power Bar stayed soft. Camp was close at hand on the rocky terminus of the Eldorado's east ridge. It was 12:15pm. Camp went up quickly with just a small two person tent and two bivy sacs. Soon we were bored, even though the views were tremendous. Eldorado's summit wasn't far above, so we elected to bag it and return before dinner. We roped up at 3pm and despite the heat it only took an hour to reach the summit. The final narrow snow ridge made the climb interesting. Met some other folks on the summit, they had left their cars just before we had, but elected to camp at the foot of the glacier. No summit register. Jerry enjoyed pointing out the peaks. While Creeden told of his epic on Katsuk and his later return to Mesahchie. Dorado Needle could be seen for the first time. Thunderstorms loomed all about as we donned our shells and decided we best get back to camp. It's 6pm as dinner is started. After melting water for an hour a steady stream was found below our camp. The weather is blustery and few big rain drops pelt us but nothing serious and by nightfall it's clear again. Action and Dave were perched on the ridge above as the sun went down.

It was a warm clear night. We slept in a bit, drank some tea and headed out at 8:15am. The traverse of the Inspiration Glacier to the broad saddle (8040ft) between the Tephah Towers and Eldorado was without incident. Action kept eyeing Klawatti and Austeria. The descent across the McAllister Glacier to the col was more interesting. Two significant crevasses were crossed. The second would have swallowed the entire rope whole had the bridge collapsed. Soon enough we were punching steps to the high point on the north margin of the glacier. It had taken 90 minutes. Dave and Jerry inspected the gaping chasm of a moat that separated us from the rock. Another hundred feet of snow was detached above us to the left. We believe that in early season (June), it would be reasonable to continue kicking steps up this snow. Luckily, Dave found a spot where we could cross the moat down low and gain the rock. Dave led the first pitch almost effortlessly as I belayed. The rock was exceptionally good, without much loose stuff for a rarely climbed peak. Two pitches got us to the chaval. I took great comfort in being a female for this crossing, Jerry who led it was pleased he has no plans of fatherhood. Tim was quite animated in his concern that fatherhood may be hopeless after this. On the last pitch to the summit, Jerry convinced Tim to take an exposed flake and do a layback. Tim found this exhilarating since the flake was only 1/4" thick at one key spot. The summit was small and crowded with the four of us. No summit register, just a plastic film container. Entries are about one every two years. The climb had gone slow with four on the 60m rope, so we elected to down climb much of the route. It went well and the chaval was actually easier going down. Jerry found a good horn and we repelled right onto the snow at our axes. Fun climb. It had taken us three hours total to climb and descend the rock. Jerry was pleased to bag his 75th

of the hundred highest. Traversing the glacier home, with a quick look through the notch between Eldorado and Dorado Needle, went quickly, but the humidity was a killer. The sweat was pouring off of us. We rested in any shade found along the way, arriving at camp at 3:30pm. Water up, pack up and move out. We were rollin as we dropped off the glacier, up over the ridge and into the heather. It soon became "Descent into Hell". The heat, seemingly endless boulder fields and swarming bugs made the descent bad. There was no stopping now. We were literally spitting flies as we raced down the slopes. Dave and I were really zooming as Jerry and Tim fell behind. We reached the river and cars at 7pm. A dunk in the river and change of clothes felt real good. I was dehydrated and it was still very humid. Soon we were checking out at the ranger station and waiting for dinner at Clark's Country Cabins in Marblemount. Most of our orders were eventually filled, Tim finally got his money back. The food was palatable, but slow.

For most of us the trip home was uneventual, Tim left his ice axe by the side of the road when he transferred his gear to his truck. Oh well, he had been discussing getting a new one anyway. His ice axe has been nothing but trouble. Last year while in to climb the dumbbells, he had to race downhill about 500 feet, to catch a thief who had stolen it.

Climbers were: Tim Jackson, Dave Creeden, Jerry Baillie and your scribe, Kathy Baillie.

October Banquet, Friday the 7th 25th Anniversary BoeAlps Basic Mountaineering Course

The 25th group of the Basic Mountaineering Course has graduated! To celebrate 25 successful years of a club tradition this year's October Banquet program will feature slides, stories and characters from the very first class of 42 in 1970 on thru this year's 1994 class.

Mt. Rainier

I am looking for partners to climb the Emmons Glacier route (or the Ingraham Glacier route as a second choice) sometime during August or September. Basic Class graduate with glacier experience.

John Fenstra 655-5267(w) or 668-5380(h)

Four years ago, Lizard's 400 kilometer north-south trek across Tasmania was halted in the wet sedgelands of the Huon Plains, 100 kilometers short of Southeast Cape. Since that time two major developments affecting the future of this magnificent region have occurred. First, the Hydro-Electric Commission's plan to dam the Franklin River was reversed by a contentious national referendum; and second, the whole of Southwest Tasmania has been designated a World Heritage Area by UNESCO.

With all the international attention focused on Tasmania, I returned to this most exotic of Australian states fearful of a tourist influx. Fortunately, few visible changes have occurred. A ferry service now plies Bass Strait, linking Launceston with the mainland; and a taxi service is now available to transport bushwalkers to various points along the Gordon River Road.

With only nine days in Tassie, my goals are necessarily limited. The Western Arthurs, Federation Peak, and Port Davey are all two week trips requiring fairly strong parties. My ambitions are to bicycle 160 kilometers along the Gordon River Road, and to climb Mount Anne, the highest peak in the South-West.

The GRR is a national park toll road running from Maydena to the Gordon Dam. It cuts through Australia's most spectacular mountain wilderness and offers an unparalleled motoring adventure. All GRR travelers must register their intentions with the road patrol before proceeding into this wild country.

I load my mountain bike, climbing gear, and a seven day supply of food onto the Hobart-to-Maydena bus and get dropped off at a timber camp run by the Australian Newsprint Mill. The next morning I ride up to the toll gate, 3 kms west of town, and explain my intentions to a skeptical park warden. I am told that the steep hills and often severe extremes in weather make this trip unsuitable for bicyclists; furthermore, I am perhaps the first person to attempt the journey without support.

Undeterred, I leave the checkpoint and commence climbing my first hill -- a 650 meter effort that leaves me rubber legged. As predicted, a cold rain greets me at the summit of the Humboldt Divide. The rain persists for the next 60 kilometers. At one point I stop at a roadside hut and sacrifice my reading material in an unsuccessful attempt to start a fire. Things are pretty grim until the road patrol comes by to check up on me. They let me warm up in their truck, offer me some hot coffee, and even lube my rusting chain with oil drippings from their crankcase. I graciously decline their offer for a lift, but leave open the possibility of future assistance.

After ten hours of cycling I reach the only outpost along the route -- the world-famous fishing lodge on Lake Pedder. Zane Grey immortalized the Australian brown trout back in the 1930s, and serious fisherman the world over are now obliged to make the Pedder pilgrimage at least once in their lives.

I gladly part with \$40 for a warm bed and a fabulous brown trout dinner. Much of the evening is spent in the company of three Hydro-Electric Commission engineers who seem very interested in talking to an American engineer who rides bicycles up mountains. Tomorrow, Tony, Max, and Steve plan to set off an explosive charge in a chamber 220 meters below the Gordon Dam generator room. They invite me to attend the test.

I arrive at the power station about 11 am, and after signing in as a consulting engineer from Boeing, I am given a hard hat and the keys to the main elevator shaft. The test is scheduled for

noon, and when I arrive at the detonation site, the fellows are busy checking out vibration sensors and multi-channel recorders. The charge is a tiny 500 gram mass of plastic explosives and no structural damage to the power station is anticipated. Nevertheless when the 5 minute alarm goes off, everyone runs for cover, and I become acutely aware of the fact that we are more than 220 meters underground.

The passage of yesterday's cold front raises hopes for a few days of fine weather. If my legs hold out, I would like to return to Maydena for my climbing gear and head out directly for Mount Anne.

The ride back is memorable; and the climbs up White Spur, McPartlan Pass, Frodshams Pass, and especially Boyd Lookout will not soon be forgotten.

My trip to Maydena ends abruptly, 28 kilometers from town, at the Florentine River crossing. My guardians, who have never been too far away, are awaiting me at the base of Pontoon Hill. With the struggle up to Boyd Lookout still fresh in my mind, I submit to fatigue and accept a lift from the road patrol. 45 minutes later I am in full recovery, enjoying a cold Fosters lager with my mates at the ANM timber camp.

Mount Anne is the highest and most exposed peak in the South-West. Its sharp profile (which was featured in the 1993 National Geographic engagement calendar) and huge cliffs dominate the region, and violent storms with snowfall visit the peak every summer.

Word of my intent to solo Mount Anne quickly spreads through this tiny community, and it is not very long before I get a visit from Max Jeffries. Max is a 58 year old forestry officer with a reputation as one of the finest bushwalkers in Tasmania. He has numerous first ascents to his credit, and has pioneered many of the state's great walks. Surprisingly, Max does not try to dissuade me from the climb. Instead, he describes the route and offers to drive me to the trailhead at Condominium Creek.

Early the next morning, Max and I bump along the Scotts Peak Road to Mount Anne. Enroute we pass through the Florentine Valley, the last confirmed home of the Tasmanian tiger. Max and a few others believe the thylacine still inhabits this area. His evidence is pretty convincing.

The park service maintains a rough trail from Condominium Creek to a hut situated high on Eliza Ridge. The hut offers the only shelter from the prevailing westerlies known as the roaring forties. It was built a few years ago, after three members of the Hobart Walking Club perished nearby.

Condominium Creek is thick with leeches, but it is too hot to cover my legs with gaitors and long pants. Fortunately, their dark bodies contrast nicely with my bare flesh, and only a few escape detection. Higher up, the wind becomes a real concern. Roaring forties is an apt description for the winds that blow unchecked across the Indian Ocean. The blasts are sweeping across the narrow ridge with frightening intensity; and my windward lean is so extreme, that I am knocked to the ground each time the inconstant gale momentarily abates or changes direction.

The stone shelter offers welcome relief. Putting up a tent anywhere along this ridge is unthinkable. The last entry in the hut book is nearly three weeks old. That party succeeded in climbing the mountain, but inspection of other entries reveal a very poor success rate on Mount Anne. The weather, together with a section of technical rock near the summit, defeat most parties. The other curious comment noted by most hut users is the warning to bar the door at night. Apparently a predatory marsupial tiger cat, *Dasyurus maculatus*, conducts frequent nocturnal raids on the hut; and in the process, scares the hell out of its occupants.

With less than five hours of light left, I decide to make a try for the summit. The weather is too good to last, and I would be extremely disappointed not to bag the peak after coming this far. The route continues for another 200 meters above the hut, along the steep rocky ridge. Atop the Eliza Plateau, I get my first good look at Anne itself. From here, the route looks pretty direct -- about 2 kms of high montane moorland followed by 3 kms of rugged dolerite rock.

The high moor is a botanist's delight. I race past spongy cushion plants, sharp-tipped pineapple grass, and other exotic alpine flora growing amid the numerous crystalline tarns. These soon give way to the expansive dolerite boulder fields defending the summit area. Max had told me to plan on an eight hour return trip from the hut, but after two hours only the summit block remains to be climbed.

The sun is quite low in the western sky when I add my name to the summit register. The register container is inscribed with the famous Omar Khayyam quatrain: "The moving hand, having writ, moves on..." and that is exactly what I have to do to avoid getting benighted on this unforgiving peak.

The hut notes had indicated that the final portion of the climb was very alry, and advised the use of a rope. Very True! The Liz backed off three times before summoning up enough courage to continue on to the top. One slip on those narrow, mossy ledges would have been disastrous.

A quiet serenity passes over me as I retrace my steps. A magnificent sunset is beginning to unfold, and the views are simply superb. Lot's Wife has fallen into shadow, while Federation Peak still glistens in last light. As an eerie fog moves in over Pandanni Shelf, I get a feeling of transcendence experienced only once or twice before in my life.

High camp hut seems far less comforting in the dark. My only light sources are the dim glow of my Bluet stove and two flat candles that go out every time a wind gust blows open the door. Fearsome looking spiders and other spindly creatures crawl in and out of my little circles of light. Heaven only knows what lurks in the dark corners of the hut.

Suddenly there is a new noise! Something big is at the door! Our nighttime visitor has arrived, but I am not about to go out and find out what it is. I pile every movable object there is in the hut against the door and hope there are no other ways the creature can gain entrance. Whatever courage I had on the summit of Mount Anne is now gone. Sleeping in the bunks next to the door is impossible -- I need to put up the tent... indoors, in the loft. My emergency cord comes in handy as I secure the tent stays to rafters and floor boards. I would just die of embarrassment if anyone saw these makeshift fortifications. I even keep the stove burning in the vestibule for extra security.

Next morning's hike down to Condominium Creek is hard on the knees, but otherwise uneventful. The continuing dry weather even moderates the leech problem. My only difficulty is getting a ride back to Maydena. With only one vehicle passing every twenty minutes or so, I thought the Gordon River Road was lonesome; however, traffic on the Scotts Peak Road redefines the meaning of lonesome.

After four hours of walking the hot and dusty road, a truck laden with six Aussie mainlanders finally comes by to pick me up. The group was just returning from a 12 day trip to Federation Peak and had an incredible story of adventure and disappointment. The leeches were an absolute horror. At night the tiny creatures would slip into their tents, and by morning most of the victims would have their faces covered in dry blood. All the discomforts of 12 days in the bush would have been acceptable had they gotten their mountain. Unfortunately, technical difficulties stopped them 50

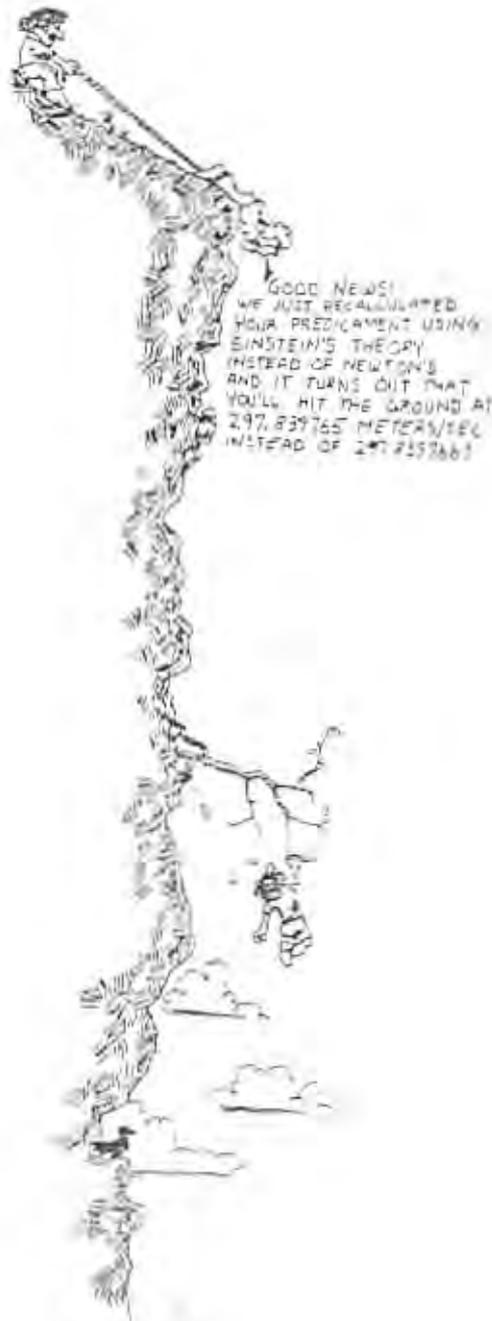
meters short of their goal -- a peak considered to be the most difficult in all Australia.

My last days in Tasmania are spent in Sandy Bay with Tony Haig and his two teenaged children, Richard and Katrina. Tony was one of the HEC engineers I had met previously at the dam site in Strathgordon; and his hospitality is just one more reason why I consider Tasmania to be ... Godzone.

To Be Continued...

John Lixvar

Revision Date: 7/15/94



Mt. Olympus: Home of the (Would-Be) Gods

Climbers: Tim Jackson, Len Kannapell & a few surprise visitors

Date: July 15-18, 1994

Once bitten, twice shy. Once, a month and a half ago, there was the enduring rain of Biblical proportions as Eric Bennett, Tim Jackson, and I waded through the Hoh River trail, meandering our moistened way up and disappointed way back to civilization. Now, as Tim and I cruised swiftly along HWY 12 toward Kurt Cobain's town of Aberdeen, we were twice attempting to scale the monarch of the Olympics. This time, however, a strong high pressure system appear to pervade the typically capricious marine weather and perhaps...perhaps...it would be good hiking and climbing weather. I reserved judgment. And strange things were happening.

It was this so far: dodging bumper-to-bumper traffic from South Tacoma to the Nisqually basin, gray clouds looming over Aberdeen, and stunningly clear weather near Lake Quinault. The premier ectomorph Jackson, he who carries a maximum of one milligram of fat on his body, declared he needed a burger. After discovering there was none to be had inside or outside the park (since **all** is closed at 7:00 p.m. on a Friday), he settled for a light fare ... of a banana. About six miles in along the twisted Hoh road, my right front brake began mysteriously to squeal in pain. And the slower I went, the louder the noise, till we screeched to a halt. Uh oh. After Jackson's inspection turned up nothing unusual beyond a hot, hot disc pad, he suggested backing up to somehow unleash the demons lurking within the caliper, which miraculously worked (this technique, it turns out, had worked on a Jerry Baillie car in the past). We zoomed off again at top speed, when all of the sudden a massive great horned owl swooped from the left; I swerved to the right, avoiding the winged creature which threatened to pick up my Integra and haul it away for supper. At the hauntingly familiar Hoh campground, we hit the trail for Happy Four at the bright and early hour of 8:45 pm, and much to my disbelief, hiking in dusk followed by hollow darkness and then the glimmering light of the half moon was a thoroughly entrancing means of an approach. I decided we should hike the entire 5.6 miles in without flashlights (which translates to sensing your way along the trail instead of hiking it), and Jackson was game. At 10:30 pm, with only a few sparse shafts of the silvery moon to guide us occasionally, we stumbled upon Happy Four and set up my sister's two-man Sierra Designs flashlight tent for the evening. Jackson still grumbled about having had no real meal, and as I sipped gently from my Nalgene bottle of Jameson's Irish whisky, I wondered if midnight trout fishing along the banks of the Hoh might be in order to cure his pangs of hunger. A banana for an ectomorph does not a meal make.

After a good night's rest atop my not-quite-airtight Thermarest, I woke to warm, inviting mid-July skies at 6:30 a.m. - and as I was busy untying the food sack strung up above, I noticed someone walking toward me and looked up to see none other than Michael Frank, one of the Intermediate Class instructors/leaders/gurus. I wondered immediately what the likes of him was doing on such a tame mountain as this, and he noted that his wife Kristi and her brother Brian were along and this seemed like excellent weather to climb this. It

turns out they had a problem with the exhaust manifold on the Saab near Sequim, and had added about three to four hours to the trip yesterday (this trip, it seems, was not kind to cars). After quick introductions, my mind began to whirl and click: I had missed one Intermediate Class climb already and pondered that, if I had an instructor present, perhaps I could turn this venture into a make-up climb to keep from burning yet another weekend outside. These weekends, needless to say, had been an endless source of conflict between my girlfriend Lesley and me, arguing just when I might be home *one* weekend to re-seed the lawn, catch "Zanadooie!" at the Rebar downtown, or perhaps even give her some oft-neglected attention.

As we loaded our packs upon our shoulders for the self-sherpa 13-mile hike today, Michael noticed I was missing my top two straps off my backpack, and it became stunningly clear why my back had been hurting me the last time I had hiked through here (not to mention previous climbs), feeling as if my load was pulling me backward and causing some rather painful lower back strain. Luckily, I had packed extra straps just for this kind of emergency, and at 8:30 a.m., when we finally departed camp, I felt slightly more balanced, and man, did my back ever feel better. Amazing, these cause-and-effect dilemmas.

A little over an over later, we marched into the Olympus Ranger Station, where, lo and behold, the same tall red-headed ranger from a month and a half before was eating blueberry pancakes with another ranger and a long-haired, Pearl Jam-looking summer volunteer ranger, the same red-headed ranger I imagined would be balancing a well-worn fiddle in her lap to while the hours away. And Jackson and I whiled away the countless miles talking over his various legal hassles, confounding me that such an amiable fellow as he was constantly embroiled in controversy. This hike, however, had nothing but joy and sunshine streaming through the ancient, mossy branches of the Sitka spruce eastward along the Hoh, and we took a break along the sturdy bridge two hundred feet above the roaring Hoh to breath deep the crisp air and thank God there was no rainfall to accompany us on this particular venture. It had been a rather unwelcome visitor in the past, sort of like having Axl Rose over for dinner.

The roughly 1300 foot gain from the bridge to the Elk Lake shelter was, once again, the worst component of the approach - there must be something psychologically defeating at this particular point in the trip, but I found myself wondering why I was doing this when I could have easily been sipping a large Mocha Java from Counterbalance Espresso outside Tower Books in the sunshine of Queen Anne, engrossed in a new purchase and probably ignoring my girlfriend - these quasi-transcendental thoughts put me in a lot of hot water anyway - so I convinced myself to shut up internally and speak externally only. At the Elk Lake shelter, I munched on an orange while Jackson nibbled at what was curiously labeled a meatless brownie sandwich (you figure that one out). I took pictures of the lilies in the shimmering lake but saw no evidence of the topless hikers and skinny dippers of which Jerry Baillie had spoken of. After all, with warm, sunny light filtering through the trees, the conditions could not have been more conducive to said activity.

At 3:00 p.m., Jackson and I stepped into the Glacier Meadows camping area, sufficiently whipped for the day and eager to dry off from the morning's

perspiration. Michael Frank and company ambled in some 20 minutes later, all of whom were more than happy this was the final stop of the day. A few climbers who had come back from climbing this day looked more than sufficiently cooked from the blazing sun and its reflection from the glacial surface but conditions above evidently were quite good, though all who had climbed decried the softness of the snow on the way down from the summit. My feet were in bad condition, having completed the approach in my not-quite-broken-in half-shank Fabianos, which yielded blisters a plenty on my pre-taped heels. Dammit, I thought; next time I hike this, it is going to be barefoot. After all, I am from Kentucky, and it's the indigenous thing to do.

As we sat by the cool waters of Jemrod Creek, I met a New Zealander by the name of Greg Smith, who had taken the Glacier Pass route (which runs to the east edge of the Blue Glacier terminus and then drops south) and made it up in five hours, and he considered it a good late season alternative. After crashing out in the shelter for an hour and setting up camp, Michael and I bouldered around on a huge rock next to their campsite (that is to say, Michael made the difficult look easy while I made the difficult seem impossible) and we all had a few sips of the Irish whiskey thereafter. Then came the next surprise visitor of the trip: looking down the trail, I saw a lone hiker huffing it up to camp only to discover it was none other than my sister Tuney, who had heeded my urgent calls to come join us on what was assuredly a fair weather climb of the Olympic monarch. She had vacillated between going and not going the night before, having come back from a 10-day Alaskan venture the day before, and somehow decided that Saturday morning she wanted to go - after having left Tacoma around 9:00 a.m. that morning, she began hiking from the Hoh parking lot at 1:00 p.m. and now, a mere seven and a half hours later, she had arrived, just in time for a nip of Irish whiskey and what promised to be a lot of fun tomorrow. Besides, there had to be some way to achieve Intermediate Class credit for such an innocuous climb if two students put their heads together. So after soup, conversation, and the last vestiges of light, we crashed out in the hopes that there would be good weather at last. I turned over a few pages of Walden and became engrossed in the bean-growing efforts of Thoreau and his painstaking financial records in having netted \$7.45 for his labors, figuring he would have been a good financial officer for SeaFirst Bank if he had been around now. As I turned off my head lamp and breathed deep, I thought about how much I had wanted to climb Mt. Olympus and how happy I was to be up here. Something about the British Captain John Meares had said in the initial sighting in 1788 and had declared it a peak so majestic it was a home "fit for the gods." I had been stymied over the past three years in trying to get up here.

As is with most alpine trips, morning came too early at 4:00 a.m. - besides, I always seem to be in my deepest somnolence about half an hour before waking. Jackson fumbled around for his glasses and I peered out the tent - and unlike the half a foot of new snow and downright coyote ugly conditions from the previous Olympus attempt, this was perfect - faint blue skies overhead rising from the gray nakedness of dawn, with the air perfect in all directions. And after rumbling around with strawberry Poptarts and hot cocoa, we set off at precisely 5:40 a.m. (for some odd reason the time sticks out in my head) and

cruised past the sleeping rangers in the hut above - and to the south, a stunningly clear, crisp view of the Snow Dome, a massive white blanket with Panic Peak barely rising above it to the west.

A quick hike along Jemrod Creek and a quiet, pristine meadow, a few dusty switch backs, and there we stood at the terminus of the Blue Glacier moraine, with a most impressive view of Glacier Pass, the Dome, Five Fingers, and there, the West Peak, the true summit lurking beyond. Down to the Blue Glacier, we roped up for the glacial traverse. Conditions looked quite good and the crevasses (well, at least the big ones) were quite visible. At the helm, I scouted out any weaknesses before jumping, remembering fellow Intermediate classmate Tom Rogers' crevasse fall last year higher up on the same route, a mere 22 miles out from the Hoh parking lot.

Before we knew it, we had jetted across the Blue and were at the rock bands at the base of the Dome. Michael's entourage, on the other rope, kept going on the glacier below us as Tuney, Tim, and I scrambled up the easy 2nd and 3rd class rock. As we continued up, I realized I may have been in the midst of a positively unique experience, almost beyond human comprehension: good weather in the Olympics, . Surely the gods weren't laughing now, for we had paid our dues previously; they merely shook their heads at our ignorant persistence.

Up the easy 30 to 35 degree snow for a long but easy climb up to the crest of the massive Dome, and I spotted the camouflaged weather station used for meteorology experiments by the University of Washington. Oddly enough, after waiting for Michael's group for a few minutes and taking a couple of pictures, we saw what appeared to be three figures close to the base of the snow field leading to the West Peak bergshrund. And after 10 to 15 minutes of easy travel southwest on what was called the "Autobahn" route by one ranger, I came to the realization it was Michael's troop waiting on us. Oops. Obviously, they had the extra fructose in their diet today and were waiting on us. We climbed toward the bergshrund, realizing we would definitely have to head off to the southeast before its mighty jaws, stretching some 10 to 15 feet across, would devour us. The route got steeper, and as I plunged a foot down, I noticed I sank to my knees and occasionally mid-thigh, wondering if there was quicksand below. I skirted left around a big crevasse and headed to a notch in Five Fingers, taking my time as the route steepened but was absolutely bomb-proof in protection. After all, a slip here would have meant falling about one foot down the slope and three feet *into* it, and I didn't recall too many shovels present. We circled around to the left of Five Fingers while Michael's troop went through a small notch and slope before we all joined up and headed west to the notch between the last two of the fingers. 150 to 200 feet of down climbing was accomplished with relative ease before reaching the saddle below the West Peak; a quick jaunt up the edge of the snow (which looks down the snow slope leading to the almighty bergshrund), and we found ourselves looking due south at the base of the West Peak pyramid. After peering over at the 40 degree slope leading to the jaws of the bergshrund, I remembered Shawn Pare's words from his 4th of July trip up here: "Yeah, in a couple of weeks, it might be kind of difficult to get over the bergshrund..." Shoot, that thing looked downright *hungry* when I looked at it. Well, Shawn had also said the two crack systems on the rock

were a good choice, but seeing that I had only a few stoppers and remembering the notorious nature of Olympic rock, I opted to follow Jackson around to the east as we circled around onto fairly solid class 3 rock before I led an innocuous 10-12 foot crack system to a belay spot. And from here it was a 30-foot romp almost straight over to the summit - and as I drew closer with each step, as I gazed at the wondrous world of rock and snow below, a smile grew on my face; here, finally, I have arrived at the top of the Olympic range, and I am happy. As I gazed below and belayed Jackson in, I struggled to figure out why, since I have climbed much harder routes in the Cascades for the class and have gone much higher, why this one was so satisfying. Perhaps, I figured, it was because this one was so elusive, nature's chameleon in that it sometimes cloaks itself in storms and crevassed glaciers and now was adorned in sunshine. It is so like a snake slithering in the grass, waiting to strike if provoked yet content to let certain prey go. I let these thoughts go; I had a PayDay and whooped it up with the rest of the climbing entourage and breathed deep the Olympic air at 7965 feet. It was only about 22 miles + to get back to civilization, I figured. I might as well enjoy the means to the end - as well as the end.

Len Kannapell 8/18/94

Support your local climber.

Love Your Mother, Earth.

PLEASE RECYCLE
THIS NEWSLETTER

ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: _____

NEW WORK PHONE: _____ NEW WORK M/S: _____

NEW HOME PHONE: _____ NEW HOME ADDRESS: _____

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO JEFF ARNOLD, M/S 4M-74

NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENT IN THIS PUBLICATION
DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS OF
THE BOEING COMPANY

ALPINE ECHO

SEPTEMBER ALPINE ECHO STAFF

Ad Hoc Editor: Len Kannapell
Activities Report: Eric Bennett
Scribes: Jerry & Kathy Baillie
Michael McGuffin
Lizard
Tom Rogers

Thanks to everyone!!



OCTOBER 1994

ALPINE ECHO



BELAY STANCE

PROGRAMS

Thanks to all 1) who ran for office and 2) who showed up to vote in the hotly contested elections last month and congratulations to those who won. This year's elections marks a new era in BoeAlps history: the illustrious, dedicated, and vertically-challenged former vice-president Pam Kaiser has been elected as president, the first female to hold the prized Executive position. President Pam includes a letter in this issue announcing the new board, so please check the list for the updates.

By the time you receive this issue, you have probably packed your bags already for the October campout, this year being held at Tumwater (not Leavenworth), Sept. 30 - Oct.2.

And in case this issue really does arrive on time, you still have until Friday, September 30 to get your banquet registration form in for the BoeAlps Annual Banquet, discussed on the front of this here issue. Contact Bob Conder at the numbers listed on the front in case you've really procrastinated in signing up.

Silas Wild reminds me to pass this on to all members who currently possess club gear: please return it to the club **immediately**. This is necessary to update the list in the upcoming issue, so root through your basement, clean the moldy tent, and contact Silas or Steve Moorman at the numbers listed on the front.

President Pam wants you to know: the regular monthly meetings will resume Nov. 3 at the Oxbow Activity Center, with social time starting at 7:00 p.m. and the program commencing at 7:30 p.m.

THIS ISSUE

Once again, I am happy to report an avalanche of trip reports: Tom Rogers' terrifying tales of Mt. Baker's North Ridge, Ron Fleck's adventures in the Pasayten Wilderness, Mark Dale's reflections in "Threads," Steve Edgar's Ptarmigan Traverse sojourn, and a stormy time on the Grand Teton by yours truly. But don't forget the monthly minutes, Psycher's "Conservation Crevasse," the general membership roster and a few odds and ends.

GENERAL NOTES

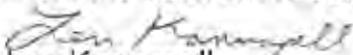
A quick note of thanks to all who helped out in the Intermediate Climbing Class this year - I learned a lot. Perhaps next year Frank Shrontz will be there in person to confer the degrees to the climbing graduates and hand out diplomas...

My current work number is **393-3866** and mailstop is **4X-02**. At the present time, send trip reports to me and activities to Kevin Mejia at **6H-FK**.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Outside of a dog, books are a man's best friend; inside of a dog, it's too dark to read" - Groucho Marx

From the desk of the editor,


Len Kannapell

NOVEMBER ALPINE ECHO DEADLINE: OCTOBER 20

October 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						October Campout 1
October Campout 2	3	NEW MOON 4	5	6	Banquet 7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	Mt. Daniel 15
Mt. Daniel 16	17	FULL MOON 18	19	ECHO Deadline 20	21	City of Rocks 22
City of Rocks 23	24	25	26	27	28	Sahale Peak 29
Sahale Peak 30	31					

November 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				General Meeting NEW MOON 3	4	5
6	7	Election Day  8	9	10	Veteran's Day  11	12
13	14	15	16	ECHO Deadline 17	FULL MOON 18	19
20	21	22	23	Thanksgiving 24	Holiday 25	26
27	Hanukkah Begins  שִׁבּוּת 28	29	30			

ACTIVITIES

MT. DANIEL OCTOBER 15-16

Saturday, hike to Peggy's Pond through miles of colorful foliage. Sunday, rise early and climb to the W. Summit via the Hvas Creek and Daniel Glaciers. This should be a good late season climb. Party size limited to 6.

Steve Edgar 285-6864 (h) or 294-1669 (w)

CITY OF ROCKS, IDAHO OCTOBER 21-24

The climbing season is drawing to a close, but it's not too late for one last fling, this time into the desert: the City of Rocks in southern Idaho, home to a myriad of granite spires. A variety of bolted/natural protection routes await you from mid 5th class to impossible and beyond. We will take off after work Friday (Oct.21), drive the 11 or 12 hours to get there, and climb Saturday, Sunday, and early Monday and get back in Seattle Monday night. Camping/water available within the National Reserve - expect warm days and cold nights.

Len Kannapell 393-3866 (w) or 361-7523 (h)

SAHALE PEAK OCTOBER 29-30

Saturday hike up to base of glacier and camp. Sunday up at dawn, climb to summit, then down and out. Ice axe and crampons required.

Eric Bennett 342-7057 (w) or 348-6218 (h)

ANNOUNCING THE 1994 BOEALPS BOARD

President	Pam Kaiser	08-55	342-3468
Vice President	Paul Pyscher	61-28	234-4715
Treasurer	Jeff Arnold	4M-74	544-1335
Secretary	Chris Rudesill	74-61	237-9963
Past President	Dan Goering	05-30	342-3815
Activities	Kevin Mejia	6H-FK	965-5516
Conservation	Eric Bennett	09-99	342-4715
Echo Editor	Len Kannapell	48-52	393-3866
Education	Michael Frank	0U-01	342-7236
Equipment	Silas Wild		527-9453
	Steve Moorman*	20-04	662-8312
Librarian	Karyl Hansen	64-10	237-2947
Membership	Jack Huebner	03-XM	294-5605
Photographer	Dan Gruich	2J-58	544-8558
Programs	Bob Conder**	2L-75	544-9460
BCAG Recreation	Jake Davis	0F-KA	342-5000

These officers and board members were elected and appointed to represent the interests of the club members; however, members have an open invitation to attend any of the monthly Board meetings. If you wish to attend, contact Pam to receive a map and itinerary. If you have suggestions for what programs you'd like to see, equipment the club could use, or books for the library, please contact the responsible Board member.

Just a reminder for those who wish to advertise trips in the ECHO, you now need to send your trip write-ups to Kevin Mejia at least a few days prior to the ECHO deadline so that he has time to compile the Activities Report and submit it to Len.

* Steve Moorman has said that he would like to step down as Co-Equipment Chair. Rather than having Silas be solely responsible for equipment, we are looking for a volunteer to replace Steve. If you would like to help out, give Pam a call ASAP at 342-3468(w) or 483-0548(h).

** Bob Conder is also looking for help in setting up the monthly programs. If you would enjoy hobnobbing with some very accomplished mountaineers, get in touch with either Bob or Pam.

T-SHIRT UPDATE

The "Will Belay for Food" T-shirts are in!!! They will be available for pick-up at the Leavenworth campout Oct 1-3, the October Banquet Oct 7, the Monthly Board Meeting on October 12, the November Meeting on Nov 3, etc.... If you are unable to attend any of these functions, give Pam a call at 483-0548 (h) or 342-3468 (w) and we'll make some other arrangements (perhaps you work with or near one of the Board members?). For those procrastinators out there, a few extra shirts were ordered and will be sold for \$10.00 each. Call Pam if you want to claim one.

September 15, 1994

To: BOEALPS Members
From: Karyl Hansen
Subject: Minutes of September 14, 1994 Board Meeting

Attendees: Arnold, Bennett, Goering, Hansen, Huebner, Kaiser, Olds, Pyscher,
Rudesill, Scearce, Slete

Dan opened the meeting by welcoming new officers and Board members/committee chairmen. Look for a complete rundown of new club leadership elsewhere in this ECHO. And consider volunteering for those yet-unfilled positions!

Rich Scearce reviewed the club budget status in detail. We are in good shape, and have the option of investing in additional club equipment this year. Kudos to Rich for fully computerizing the club books...not to mention obtaining for \$360 a North Face 4+-person/4-season Himalayan Hotel tent which retails for \$900. Thanks also to the manager of Bellevue REI for submitting to Rich's considerable charm in the negotiation of this remarkable transaction.

Update on the Annual Banquet (Friday, October 7). If you have good Basic Class stories, photos, etc., please contact someone on the Banquet committee. This promises to be an outstanding program, with lots of laughs, tears, and bittersweet memories for all of us. Don't miss it.

Chris Rudesill reports that at this writing there are still openings in the Fall MOFA class.

Len Kannapell asks that ECHO contributors supply him with both a disc and hard copy. IBM or Mac OK. Send to Len at ~~48-52~~. 4X-02

Latest word out of the Leavenworth area is that both Castle Rock and Icicle Creek Canyon are closed. The South side of Mt. Stuart is OK, as is Peshastin Pinnacles. The Fall campout is still scheduled for October 1-2 at Tumwater Campground.

Chris described the novel and appropriate approach taken to the BOEALPS "booth" at the Boeing Recreation Council exhibit. It consists of a sign which reads "Gone Climbing". Sort of says it all, yes?

The next Board meeting will be at Jack Huebner's house on October 11.

And finally, as your outgoing Secretary, I'd like to thank club members for giving me the opportunity to serve on the Board this year. It has been a great, and most of all, fun experience. If you aren't already, consider getting involved on the Board, as a committee member, or whatever. You won't regret it. And you might even meet some new climbing buddies.

Conservation Crevasse... By: Paul Pyscher

For this month's article I would like to make observations and give my opinion on two recent natural disasters that have occurred in the Pacific Northwest. When I sat back and analyzed them I discovered a common thread, the effect of humans on our environment.

The first is Salmon. Since time immemorial salmon have run the rivers of the Pacific Northwest. They have provided subsistence for entire civilizations and have been so important that cultures have evolved around them. Salmon have been so abundant that it would be easy for me to understand a spiritual relationship to these fish. They wonderfully satisfy a basic human need, the security of thinking food will never run out.

Now, for the first time in history we find the Northwest gripped in a depletion of salmon. Have we finally used up a seemingly endless resource? How can this be? To me the fact that the government did something to halt commercial fishing of salmon has been a pretty strong indicator that we have a serious problem. There are reasons the salmon are going away, reasons directly related to human activity in the past hundred years or so. Water pollution, logging - habitat destruction, over fishing, dams and more. These are things we control.

The second disaster is the current forest fires we are experiencing. We cannot control fires, they are a natural part of the way our forests work. However, since the fires, there has been a lot of talk of what the forest "managers" should do to prevent such an occurrence in the future. My questions are, can we prevent fires such as the ones we have seen? Will further "management" create a forest system that only requires more and more "management"? As with the salmon, the current forests are a result of the impact humans have had on the earth. 90% or more of our current forests have been cut at least once, the left overs are the result of our "management".

I personally do not believe that the current "managers" have the knowledge or wisdom to properly manage the natural resources of the earth. These people do things I do not understand. The clincher? We are the "managers", the caretakers of the earth. We are the ones whose actions must be in harmony with the earth's workings.

We live in a time when the earth is showing us signs of fatigue. What I am wondering is, will we see these signs and realize that we are the cause? Will we change our behavior? In general we are pretty smart. There are simple things we can do to save the future generations. Do them.

Suggestion # 241 to save the future generations: Let go of our dependency on plastic wrap and aluminum foil. Buy reusable plastic containers. They are good for storage in the freezer, refrigerator or cupboard. They are good for taking food on climbing trips, and they can be used many times. Their use will reduce the load on the landfills and save natural resources.

Suggestion # 109 to save the future generations: RECYCLE !!!! You may be surprised that many people and places do not have an effective recycling program. In the last two apartment complexes I have lived almost no one recycled they just heaped everything into the dumpster. Work to encourage recycling where you live.



VERTICAL CLUB-SOUTH
INDOOR ROCK-CLIMBING GYM

VERTICAL CLUB - SOUTH

A New Indoor Rock Climbing Gym for the South End
Built Under a License Agreement with the First Indoor
Rock Climbing Gym in the United States.

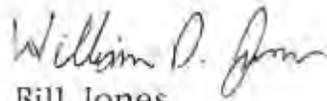
Dear BOEALPS

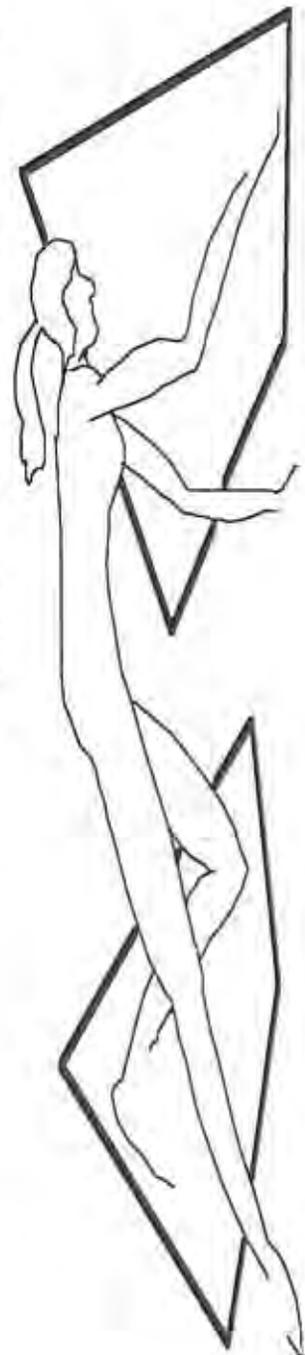
We are currently planning and developing the first indoor rock climbing gym in the Tacoma/Federal Way area, with a grand opening scheduled in January 1995. We have been working closely with the Seattle/Redmond Vertical Clubs, building from their reputation and experience. Our goal is to bring the growing sport of indoor rock climbing to the South End. Several 7500 square foot locations with 30 foot ceilings are currently under negotiation, with plans to begin construction of the facility in the Fall. We have recently established an agreement with Marmot Mountain Works, one of the top outdoor gear retailers in the nation, to operate our Pro Shop.

We know you have experienced the challenge of rock climbing in the Redmond gym and hope your interest continues. WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU. This announcement is your opportunity to get involved in the early stages of establishing the Vertical Club - South. If you have any interest, questions or comments regarding this project please give us a call at 852-7424. We look forward to hearing from you and meeting you at the grand opening.

Thank you:


Christine Jones
President


Bill Jones
Vice President



Mt Baker, North Ridge, 10,778 feet

Aug 6th-7th, 1994

My imagination was captured after seeing the North Ridge of Mt. Baker and its large ice wall during a private climb of Baker via the Coleman-Demming route a month earlier. Then to make things even more final an ICC (Intermediate Climbing Class) instructor commented several weeks later "If you want a really exciting climb try the the north ridge in a couple of weeks!" At the next ICC meeting my desire was to come to fruition. The ICC students would have an opportunity to chose a climb they decided to attempt from a selection of climbs. Since we had just completed our ice climbing weekend the previous outing I was ready to try out my new found skills on an interesting ice route. I expected the other ICC students to jump at a offer to climb the north ridge also, but this was not the case. Only two students stepped up for the challenge, John O'Callahan and Tom Rogers (scribe). Our ever illustrious instructor was to be the world renowned "moat climber" and all around great guy Doug Sanders.

"Selected Climbs of the Cascades" rates the route at a grade III (May thru July). It also states that it's one of the most autistic ice climbs in a cascade volcano and offers stimulating exposure. For protection we took a various assortment of 10 ice screws, 2 pickets (although 1 or 2 more pickets would have been nice) and 2 ice tools (1 alpine axe) apiece. Doug also brought a 165' strand of 6mm perlon to complement our single rope if a rappel should be required.

Climbing times:	06:30-09:30	Seattle to Coleman Glacier trailhead	10' to 3,700'
	10:00-11:30	trailhead to Coleman Glacier	3,700' to 5,600'
	12:00-13:00	Coleman Glacier to standard camp	5,600 to 6,600'
	14:00-18:30	standard camp to bivy	6,600 to 8,800'
	07:00-08:00	bivy to ice-toe	8,800 to 9,600'
	08:00-10:00	1st ice pitch	9,600 to 9,700'
	10:00-11:00	2nd pitch (& running belay)	
	11:00-13:00	summit	10,778'
	13:00-13:00	REST, food, water, compass	
	13:30-15:30	summit to glacier end	10,778' to 5,600'
	16:20-17:45	glacier end to trailhead	5,600' to 3,700'
	18:00-21:00	trailhead to Seattle	3,700' to 10'

We began our approach at the Coleman Glacier trailhead (approximately 3,700 feet). We made fairly good time to where we roped up at the head of the glacier. John and I both wore trail shoes and packed our plastic boots while Doug wore his plastic boots. I should note that Doug has this system he uses in his climbing. It's based on efficiency, statistics and calories. Efficiency means "never touch anything twice" and "keep things simple and in their most basic form" and "hurry up guys we're leaving in 5 minutes" and not least "you have 30 minutes starting from now "

(this includes setting/breaking camp, waking up and letting 15 minutes pass after the first second). Statistics means "there are more small cracks than big cracks" (rock climbing) and "it takes more energy to walk with poly-pro pants than without". Calories means only *minute rice* and *M-n-M's* are required for subsistence. Let it be known that John and I were consistently trying to beat Doug's deadlines but were never successful. Once we arrived at the bottom of the glacier and were preparing to rope up Doug slipped in his forth climbing system idea "lets do a carry over". John and I almost choked as we were caught totally off guard as our previously planned "easy hike in" day was dashed. Doug smiled as he proceeded on "my total overnight gear only weighs 4 lbs extra". It was at this moment John and I wondered if we had brought too much or too little. So after some thought we all agreed to try a carry over.

We arrived at the standard camp and had lunch and checked out the route across the glacier and looked for a perspective high bivy camp site. After discussing several objective and subjective hazards we were off and running. The glacier crossing proved to be straight forward in the daylight. By the time we reached the base of the north ridge it was nearly mid afternoon and the sun was baking hot and the snow was beginning to soften considerably. To reach our bivy site we had to either ascend a steep snow gully which was bordered by broken rock for about 500 feet or cross to the left around the base of the north ridge and proceed up a system we had some doubt of. After another rather lengthy hazard discussion and John's burning desire to lead some steep snow (40-45 degrees) we were away. The snow conditions made for good kick stepping providing you weighed under 230 pounds (the snow's local break away pressure and my total weight). John lead the snow gully via several short running belays using pickets and Doug's ingenuous rock deadman (Doug is like a bomber hand hold, he's great to have around) and 2 or 3 belays from loose rock pile islands. Some rock fall was encountered as we continued, due to solar induction, but I don't think any was party induced. After taking a short rest to relax our tired bones I led out with another running belay finishing at the bivy site.

Our bivy site was something else, it had great views of the Coleman and Roosevelt Glaciers and the forthcoming ice wall. However our camp was not ready to go; it was just a sharp little ridge with no weather protection but 3 ice axes and some very rotten volcanic clay/rock and one hour later we were at home and ready for some nice hot food. However we had a slight problem in that the stove wasn't working well, the clouds were setting in and the wind had just turned full-on plus John only had a heavy poly shirt with a wind coat. After some hours of trying to melt some snow Doug volunteered to search for some water along the rocks below while on belay. Doug returned triumphantly just as darkness set in. It was now snowing and was beginning to be on the verge of miserable as the wind roared so we quickly retreated to our bivy sacks as the clock struck 10:00 P.M.

The next morning after being nearly blown off the ridge (it might have been Doug's feet as he was stretching out) we awoke to marginal weather and opted for one more hour of sleep to give the weather a chance to behave. The clouds appeared to be breaking up and we could see the ice wall above clearly so after some discussion and 3 different weather station checks (Doug's short wave

radio) and a constant barometer from the night before we decided to go for it (besides we had our camp with us). John was to lead the first ice pitch so I led off towards the ice wall from camp, after traversing around a large bergshroud I continued up and left while on running belay using what few pickets we had. We continued on until only one piece of protection was left in, at this point I was left standing on a 40 degree wall of ice with no screws (lesson learned take at least one screw with leader). From here I was about 40 feet short of the ice wall toe which is the standard route (supposedly 50 to 70 degrees). But unable to continue on without ice screws I retreated to the last picket. Once returning to the belay point I expected John to return to the ice toe and continue up; however, John was primed and ready to go, biting at the bit, ready to get some steep ice. He went straight up. I thought "what in the hell is he doing? that's bloody vertical", I began to speak up, just as John and Doug, were commenting on how doable it looked, so I declined to further voice my concerns since John was leading and he wanted some steep ice. Well what they didn't know was that I had just seen a different perspective of the slope's relative angle from the ridge line, and steep it was going to be. John took off blazing up the slope, first 40 degrees then 50 degrees, John is still blazing as he hit 70 degrees. He began to slow as it turned to pure vertical while occasionally stopping dead cold in his tracks pausing for several moments with no movement. Silence abounded throughout the air as Doug and I arched our necks in admiration of John's lead. Still no movement from John as he hung from his ice tools (what was he thinking? actually John was totally focused, extremely focused and beginning to realize that this may not be the easiest route). He continued to lead up the ice wall with the full rope team in tow, the team being careful not to slip and pull the him off. As John neared the top he found this little ice cave to stick a screw in and a place to rest or so he thought. Actually the cave was just big enough to trap John and his backpack in a semi unbalanced position as he sat there trapped on his knees. This was sort of interesting as we watched him try and extract himself from the cave. After escaping the cave there lay only one more obstacle, the overhang (not too big, but just enough). After some careful consideration John traversed onto the ice face and climbed the overhang—"yes he made it" .

Doug followed next clipping though the ice screws, however he did decide to clean the screw left in the ice cave to avoid any further problems. Doug was doing great just as he reached the overhang, then just as he began to make his final move he peeled off. Suddenly I was jarred with adrenalin by the noise of his climbing gear clanking and crampons scrapping the ice as I watched his body fall slightly thru the air, however he quickly recovered and continued over. It was now my turn, as I continued up I cleaned the route (good screw placements) it was becoming obvious to me why John's lead was slow in in few places, the good ice was beneath a thin crust of garbage. The crust was just thick enough to not allow your front points to take hold, definitely not good on vertical ice. As I got about fifteen feet into the vertical section things were going okay but I was feeling awkward with the swinging of my other ice axe (one of the keys to climbing steep ice is having your axe retaining system rigged --perfectly). Then to make things worse, as I kicked my crampon in the ice I noticed that my boot was not sticking; glancing down in bewilderment I was to discover to my horror that my crampon had popped off my boots and was hanging from my ankle--not good. At this point I am trying to envision how to tell John and Doug of my situation without causing too much alarm, so I just shouted up to them "Hey guys, I sort of lost my crampon". Then after several moments of

silence they responded "what do you want to do now?" I decided to down climb while under tension and not lower by belay (ice anchors should always be under suspect). Down climbing vertical ice for an inexperienced climber is awkward but to do it with only one foot is damn near horrible. One must do a pull-up, then remove the good foot, free hang from the tools then lower and kick the foot in again. After several of these sequences I found myself becoming fatigued. I lowered to where the slope lessened to about 55 degrees then after cutting a small step to brace my loose crampon against I set both of my tools for a self belay and hung from them while I very carefully removed my crampon and reinstalled it. After this I rested for a moment to regain my composure and began to retrace my previous route only to find myself pulling one ice pick out and hanging on the other. My form was starting to deteriorate due to fatigue but after some persistence I made it to the belay point relieved but very tired.

A decision was made to let John continue the lead since he was rested by now and we were behind schedule and the weather was beginning to deteriorate. As John led the next pitch it proved to be much easier with the slope varying from 70 to 40 degrees with the pitch eventually turning into a running belay. Just as I rounded the steepest portion of the last pitch and had gained the upper ridge the weather fell apart. It went from okay, to bad, to worse, to rotten. The wind was blowing pretty hard, just hard enough to throw us off balance, with frozen ice crystals beating into the side of our faces. The wind velocity was making verbal communication impossible forcing us to revert to exaggerated arm movements. The visibility at times was reduced to about 40 feet, I could just barely see Doug in front, and seldom did I ever see John. On occasion I even lost the foot steps in front of me within seconds due to the snow drift, so I just moved when the rope moved. Climbing in these conditions was like finding yourself captivated into a mountaineering novel, man versus the mountain and its elements, with great photographs to illustrate the ordeal. Evidently the route is fairly exposed, dropping several hundred feet to the gentle slope below, but all I could occasionally see was the edge of the ridge on both sides of me. The reduced visibility was presenting some very challenging route finding but John was able to find some faint tracks from days before so he kept following them--somewhere. It's not a great situation when you're just going up the mountain totally blind to your surroundings. The situation was looking fairly serious now with no relief in sight, however to imply overly serious maybe a little too strong, but we were climbing and we weren't stopping. I must say that even though the situation was much less than desirable we were comfortable with the current state of events, mainly due to the fact that we were carrying our camp with us. As we progressed up the ridge we came to a crevasse which paralleled our path straight up hill with the foot prints suddenly appearing on the other side. The crevasse was sheer on both sides, very deep and just wide enough to pose a problem. We set up a double standing ice axe/picket belay then with a little shouting power and a dyno move we were across. Continuing upward from here we did a short section of front pointing on very hard snow (probably a ice pitch in late season) for a couple of hundred feet then all of sudden we were on flat ground.

Normally this would be a time for celebration but all we knew was that we were somewhere on top of a twenty acre summit. Upon reaching the team I greeted them with a smile to only receive the sobering comment "Don't be too happy; we're not off here yet, we're going to have to make our

own luck from here out." but I was still happy because I had my camp with me. We now took Doug's proverbial "You have 30 minutes" break for the first time since leaving camp six hours earlier (not even a quick rest break). The much needed rest/food/water was really helpful as it bought some life back into us and oh the water was great, yep there's nothing like that water. After a few moments some discussion began on how to get off the mountain since we had no idea where we were. I must admit though that I was slightly turned around from where I thought we were (this was due to my being on the mountain just a few weeks earlier). Another lesson learned is look at the compass first even before you begin to discuss were you think you are.

After discussing our escape plan (a simple crisscross pattern while proceeding in a southerly direction) we heard a faint voice in the distance and we were off like dust in a strong wind. We never found the voice but we found some tracks, they were going south and so were we. We didn't even stop to consider finding the last 30 feet of the true summit, we were going down and there was no stopping us. The snow conditions for the descent down the Roman nose headwall were excellent. We descended via the standard Demming-Coleman glacier route. A slight variation was required along the upper glacier where it paralleled Coleflax Peak. A 100 yard wide section of the peak had released (we suspect the night before) and had slide over 1/8 mile down the glacier, it was huge. As we walked along the side of it the blocks of ice reminded me of a large neighborhood with houses everywhere. There would have been no escaping this one. We continued on to were we unroped and changed back to our trail shoes. The time from the summit to here was 2 hours and with another hour of hiking (as it poured down rain) we were at the car. Oh, car-sweet-car.



THREADS

by Mark Dale

As I reflect on life as I know it thus far, certain activities, people, and places seem to provide my most important memories. Memories which, together, roughly define the path that has led me here. Stitches in time, if you will, that anchor threads of consciousness. These threads, in turn, form the seams that shape the fabric of existence into what I perceive as my life today. Now, these stitches in time may be recurring experiences with a certain place or certain person as I mentioned above, the place or person being the thread in this context. Let me tell you about one of these threads, Mt. St. Helens.

I first climbed Mt. St. Helens over Memorial Day weekend in 1978, back when it was still that lovely symmetrical cone of snow and ice flanked by deep evergreen forest. This was a time of new relationships and new experiences for me, a turning point in my life. Fresh out of college, I had left all my family and life-long friends far away. Many voids were waiting to be filled and many adventures lay ahead. I was just getting involved in mountaineering and Mt. St. Helens was the highest peak I had climbed in my two month career, and my first Cascade volcano. Climbing would consume a major portion of my life over the next decade and a half.

When Mt. St. Helens erupted almost two years later, it seemed to reflect the violence and trauma I had recently experienced. My broken jaw and fractured skull were the result of a nasty fall during the descent from Big Four Mountain, and taught a painful lesson that was not lost on me. I remember the day well (at least up to the point when I tumbled into the deep dark moat). It was Mother's Day, 1980. Not long after, the healing process began for both Mt. St. Helens and myself. I met Elaine, who was to become my wife and best friend.

Quite a few years lapsed before I set foot on St. Helens again. In 1987 myself and two fellow members of Seattle Mountain Rescue did a ski ascent/descent of Monitor Ridge prior to the reopening of the mountain's south slopes to climbing. This trip was at the request of the Forest Service, who wanted area rescue groups to familiarize themselves with what was to become the most popular route on the mountain, and inevitably the location of ensuing accidents. I believe it was one of the few legal ascents done during the "forbidden" years of the mountain's recent history. Of course, everyone in the close-knit Northwest climbing community knew of the various covert climbs that

had been done during this time in the "red zone", some even to the apex of the hot steaming lava dome! This particular climb of ours qualified for my list of marathon days in the high country, as we left Seattle at 2 a.m. on a Sunday, returning at 1 a.m. Monday. Due to snow cover on the logging roads at that time of year (February), we had an additional four or five miles of foot travel each way, not to mention the three and one half hour drive to and from Seattle, and the 5600' elevation gain! It was a memorable day.

The most recent stitch anchoring this thread of consciousness came just a few months ago, as I found myself once again ascending St. Helens' south side, but this time with a slightly different twist. My companions were five friends training for a climb of Mt. Rainier, and we were all plodding up the wide open slopes above Butte Camp, west of Monitor Ridge, looking forward to a fine telemark ski descent from the summit. At least, five were looking forward to skiing. I, with a paraglider filling my backpack, hoped for a more non-traditional descent.

The ascent to the 8363' summit was unmarked by events, under a perfectly cloudless sky and with enough breeze to prevent us from overheating. Disturbingly, to me at any rate, was the fact that the breeze was downslope, not ideal conditions for launching a paraglider. Having to ski down with my 45 pound pack was now a nagging possibility that invaded my thoughts. Yet, as so often happens in an alpine environment, things changed. Within 500 feet of the summit, the wind died then miraculously began to blow upslope! I was now quite elated, and at the same time anxious to set up and fly while it was favorable. First, though, I joined my partners for a view over the crater's edge into the vast abyss, a grim yet intriguing window into the bowels of the earth. The window was closed at the moment but steam, smoke, and a foreboding presence hinted at the enormous power which lay below the surface. To the north was further evidence of the destructive explosion which occurred fourteen years earlier, a torn and ravaged landscape denuded of vegetation, cradling debris-choked lakes. A far cry from my early memories of ethereal virgin forest and the unfathomable blue waters of Spirit Lake.

Enough musings! I hurriedly laid out my wing on the steep slope about 30 feet below the crater rim. Plenty of helping hands kept things in place on the snow's slippery surface. My thoughts ... "okay, let me see, harness secured, risers properly oriented and attached, lines clear of my pack and skis yeah, looks good, the wind still upslope, around 5 to 10 m.p.h., visualize the possibilities". I was very aware of what lay beyond that sharp edge of snow behind me. Launching in too strong of a wind with the consequence of being blown or dragged back over that frightening cliff was a fate I did not care for. One last check. several small

steps to point my skis downhill, and I moved to break the bonds of Earth.

The canopy pulls hard on my shoulders as it inflates behind and I lean just as hard forward to prevent my skis from racing out from under me. The snow hisses beneath my feet as I gather speed, the canopy soars overhead, and then silence as the slope falls away and I take to the air. A breathless moment, followed by receding yells and whistles as the audience cheers my departure. The invisible air is now asleep and not one bump, not one sound from my vario interrupts the entire flight. I glide eastwards over Monitor Ridge, where at least one hundred people are strung out along its length in their pilgrimage to the crater rim. Those who have spotted me, heads turned skyward with open mouths, look like so many fledglings waiting to be fed. Alas, I have no worms!

I turn and fly back towards my intended landing spot at timberline, the place where we broke free of the forest that morning on our ascent. A few minutes to reflect on my unique position are all I have, for soon it's time to make decisions. I guessed the wind below to be light, and wasn't concerned much by its direction, since landing with skis on open slopes allows for high speed touchdowns, if necessary. Making some turns to position myself for the final approach, I fly straight towards the mountain, make one last ninety degree turn, and gently glide onto the brilliant white that's all there was.

An even greater silence engulfs me now that the sound of the wind has disappeared. I'm totally alone. Above I see the tiny specks that are my friends as they begin their skiing descent. It is one of those rare, rare moments when I feel fulfilled and at peace with myself, with no need to wonder why. It's Mother's Day, 1994 just another stitch in time.

Peak Bagging in the Pasayten Wilderness (Sep 4-10, 1994)

Climbers/Hikers : Megan McBride & Ron Fleck(scribe)

About 2/3 of the way through our trip I was thinking of writing it up for the fcho. Then when we got home, Megan happened to search through our Echo Archives and found a write-up from Bill Gronau that was two years old. Since he took exactly the opposite approach, I thought this would make an interesting contrast. Also keep in mind that our trip was intended more as a week long backpacking trip where we hoped we might bag some peaks along the way (three of the top 100 Peaks are in the area, and a couple more seemed possible). With the extra time we could afford to be more leisurely.

Day 1: We started out with a trip to the Yankee Diner in Bellevue for their Farmer's breakfast. We were a bit early so we had to wait 10 minutes until it opened at 8 am. The Farmer's breakfast is about 4 pounds of home fried potatoes smothered with two eggs (that are so big they must have come from a pterodactyl) and diced ham, and then this is covered with about a half pound of melted cheddar cheese. All for \$5.25. Unbelievable. On my hungriest days, I could maybe eat half of it. Megan and I shared it and we still left about half of it on the plate. Anyway, now the long drive to Winthrop via the N. Cascades Hwy. We arrived in Winthrop somewhere around 1:30 and it was sunny and warm. Wanting to stoke up (and cool off) for the trip, we immediately stopped at a place called Sheri's and got double scoop waffle cones - also a reasonable bargain. The trailhead is called Andrew Creek and is about 23 miles north of Winthrop, off the Chewack River Road. It is paved all the way till the trailhead. We hit the trailhead about 2:30. The beginning is very dry and dusty, as you might imagine. In fact I think the dust on the trail is about 4 inches thick. We were a little unnerved right off because we saw 4 guys with shotguns, and nothing else (no packs, water, bagged animals, etc.) and wondered what we might be walking into. Don't want to piss these guys off; but that turned out to be the last we saw of any hunters.

All the trails in this area seem to be pack trails so they are relatively gentle, and also there's a lot of horse flop (Great only if you're into scatology) to negotiate. Surprisingly, considering how many insects we had encountered on earlier trips this summer, there were very few flies to speak of. It could have been real nasty. After the first few miles the trail flattens out and becomes less dusty - a real pleasant walk through the woods. We hiked about 5.5 miles until 5:00 and set up camp at the trail junction with Meadow Lake. A real easy day.

Day 2: We were thinking that we would hike to Airview Lake above Andrew Pass, and set up camp so that we could bag both Rimmel Mt. and Andrew Peak, which are on opposite sides of the valley. We arrived at the turnoff to the lake at around 1:00 and then decided we would go further since the hiking was so easy. We were thinking that we would possibly go the whole distance to Cathedral Lake (20 miles from the Parking Lot), set up camp, and get the peaks on the way back. So that's what we did. The feet managed to hold out and we arrived at the lake at 4:30, having gone about 15 miles in 7 hours. The altitude is 7400 ft. and not quite at the tree line. We set up camp, filtered a lot of water, etc. All the things needed for a multiple day stay. The lake itself is actually at the base of Amphitheater Mt., which is aptly named. On the north and west sides side there are steep cliffs that have a ton of rock climbing routes. We wondered why it wasn't called Amphitheater lake, but we figured it was because Cathedral peak is several hundred feet higher.

Day 3: We must have been more tired from the previous day's long hike than we realized because we didn't get out of the tent until the sun came up over the ridge, about 9:15. We decided to make an easy day of it and go up Amphitheater from the back side. The mountain is U shaped with an extended north ridge. We had to backtrack the trail around the west

face to get into the open area between the ridges of the U and hike to the saddle formed at the base of the U. The trail to the saddle was heather and sand, and horses had also been here. Surprisingly, at the saddle the trail led west to the lower of the two ridges. So we just made our way through the heather and boulder fields to the summit on the east (8358 ft.). On the way back we went over to the west ridge and saw that horses had been taken to the top of this ridge (8252 ft.). From here we could look down at our camp and get a look at the gaps formed by the cliffs and steep rock faces. It also afforded a view of Lower Cathedral Lake, which is about half a mile from the upper lake where we were staying. After a leisurely hike back to the camp it was once again only about 4:30 so we walked up to Cathedral Pass (only about a half mile from camp) to get a better look at tomorrow's objective - Cathedral Peak (8601 ft.).

Day 4: One can get almost to the top of Cathedral by getting up onto the ridge at the west end and walking. However, there is a U shaped gap in the skyline that is about a 100 ft sheer face. Since we had brought no climbing gear (the pack was already way too heavy with provisions for a week) this was not an option if we wanted to get to the top. According to Becky, there is just one move requiring hands and from the previous day's scouting it didn't look too bad near the top. Basically, from Cathedral pass you ascend moderately steep heather and sand slopes directly under the U gap until you get to the base of the gap. Then angle right and upward. In spite of what Fred says, there were a couple of moves requiring hands as the steps through the boulders got longer, and the "air" more open. At about 30 ft. from the summit there is "the move", or the infamous step, as Gronau wrote. There is a platform that is about 10 ft by 3 ft. At the end of it were two cairns that are used as steps to gain access to a gap that has hand holds on both sides. From this gap you have to do a sort of rising bar dip maneuver (i.e. supporting yourself with both arms fully extended and your legs in space over this gap) scoot up about 4 feet and cross the gap to a 45 degree ramp that will lead to the summit. The ramp is about a foot wide. When we first got there I ended up above and behind the cairns to the gap looking down on it, so we had to descend to reach the platform. However, from my viewpoint it looked really airy, and I had my doubts. Megan went first and said it wasn't a big deal. From my perch I took several pictures of her doing "the move". However, my confidence on airy, unprotected rocks such as these is not the greatest, so I opted not to do it. In truth, I never went down to the actual platform to get a real close up view of the move, so it may not have been as bad as I imagined. The summit has a cross, but Megan said there was no easy way to get to it - there is once again a gap that requires protection, even though it is basically the same height as the ridge. So for all intents and purposes, she got to the summit, and I got 30 ft. below it.

We then scrambled down to Cathedral Pass for lunch. There we saw two rock climbers seemingly struggling on the north buttress of Amphitheater - they were having a hard time picking out a route. At this point I was thinking maybe I should have tried on Cathedral, but the moment was past and we would go on to other things. So we decided to head on over to Apex Mountain, along the Boundary trail. It was about a four mile hike along a gradually descending then ascending trail to Apex pass, and then another 1000 ft. hike along heather and boulder fields to the summit of Apex (8297 ft.). We were glad we decided to make this side trip because about a mile east of Cathedral Pass, you really get an appreciation of Cathedral Peak. From the west (our camp) it just looks like the high point on a ridge, but from the east it rises almost 1500 ft., seemingly straight up, into a pyramidal mountain. It really is impressive. There are a number of gaps in the rock and several 1000 ft. faces that the rock jocks could spend weeks on.

On the summit of Apex we saw clouds moving in, the kind of hanging drapery clouds that almost always indicate thunder showers. I was thinking that the weather was a lot like the Rockies - Clear in the mornings, cloud up and rain briefly, though dramatically, in the afternoons, and then clear again at night. We didn't stay long since we were so out in the

open, and headed back to camp. Once at camp, the altimeter read 250 ft. higher so I figured that a storm was moving in. During the night the wind was again gusting but no precipitation.

In the tent we were deciding what to do for the rest of the trip. We looked at the maps and peak descriptions by flashlight, and then decided that we would Do Rimmel Mt. (at 8685 ft. the highest in the area) from the east via Four Point Lake, and forego Andrew Peak. This way we would get to see a different trail and part of the area, and the trip up Rimmel seemed easier than a 2000 ft scramble up the western scree slopes.

Day 5: We packed up and headed back the way we came for a few miles before branching off to pass alongside Rimmel lake and get on the Chewack River Trail. According to our calculations it would be about 11 miles to Four Point lake, and we would have to drop about 1700 ft. in the first 8 miles before gaining most of it back in the next 2.5 miles. Once past Rimmel lake the trail dropped more steeply and got REALLY rocky for about 3 miles. You had to watch every step you took. We thought that whoever took horses on this trail was asking for trouble. We could just imagine some poor creature getting caught between the small rocks and snapping a foreleg. As it was, we did see several old rusted out horseshoes along the way. After about 4 hours we started thinking "Man, where is that fork with the Four Point Lake Trail?" We had already dropped more than the required altitude. A look at the map showed that we had misread it in the flickering light of the tent. We had to drop 2200 ft, not 1700 before climbing again. ARGGH!! So it was another half hour until we hit the fork.

At this point the sky was pretty cloudy (mimicking the previous day's weather), so we got out our pack covers, had a snack, and started up. Fortunately, it only sort of misted on us for the 90 minutes it took to reach the lake. Then once we got under a tree at our proposed campsite, it opened up and hailed for 30 minutes. In contrast to Gronau's estimation, we didn't think much of Four Point Lake. The trees seemed sparse and lacking any sort of wind protection, and there didn't seem to be many camps. Cathedral Lake seemed pretty nice to begin with, but much nicer by contrast. But maybe that's because we arrived in a storm, and weather always has an impact on one's impression of a place.

Day 6: We set off for Rimmel Mt. by a little after 9:00. We wanted to be up it early since the altimeter was reading even higher than the day before and we wanted to be off the mt. before the afternoon weather patterns repeated themselves. You follow the trail from the lake toward Coleman ridge and just where it crosses Four Point Creek there is a fork to the right leading up toward one of the ridges of Rimmel. However, there is no indication of this trail on any map. The trail gets feint in some of the grassy meadows, but ultimately works its way onto a SE ridge. Again, there was evidence of horses on this trail, and again we just couldn't imagine it - we hope that the guys walked alongside the horses instead of riding them. The trail then leads to a boulder field on Rimmel's south slope. Here again it was just a walk through the boulder field - but to accommodate the horses, I guess, it switches back and forth underneath the summit from the east ridge to the west ridge three times. It could easily be more direct. Once on the summit we saw those hanging clouds once again, and I didn't figure we would stay long. But they kept their distance, and we spent almost an hour on the summit. It had once been the site of a lookout but all that remained were a bunch of railroad spikes. About halfway down it started to hail again for about 20 minutes. Once back into camp we explored the lake a bit, but it started hailing again, so we spent the afternoon in the tent. We had decided we would not set out for the next destination, Meadow Lake, some eight miles distant, until the next morning.

Day 7: It started out gray, and of course the exterior of the tent was all wet. The sun never came out long enough or strong enough to dry things out, so they got packed wet. We had decided that we would go to at least Meadow Lake, and possibly to the juncture with the

Andrew Creek trail (thus completing the loop) back at the place where we spent the first night. You have to cross up and over the SW ridge of Rimmel to get into a basin just west of Coleman Ridge. The green Trails map actually has "Hard to follow" printed on the map for this section of trail. Well they weren't kidding. The trail takes you into a cow pasture at 7000 ft. and then dies. We wandered around a bit and couldn't see anything of the earlier cairns or footprints. So we made our way back to the spot where we lost the trail and decided that it just ended there. At this point we decided to head in the general direction of where the trail should be. The grass was all wet so we tried to do the least amount of bushwhacking. Following the natural contour lines we got too low for the trail. After about half an hour of this we again looked at the map and decided to revise the itinerary. We were only about a mile east of the Andrew Creek trail so we decided to head down for that. The terrain was not too steep or too dense, (though I wouldn't recommend bushwhacking up it) and would lead us to our ultimate destination, albeit sooner. So we dropped about 1300 ft through the woods and picked up the trail about 8 miles from the parking lot, shaving almost 5 miles off our planned route. It was now about noon, and we decided just to hoof it back to the car. As luck would have it, it started to pour about 3 miles from the parking lot, but we were on cruise control by then. We arrived about 4:00 and headed back to Winthrop, stopping once again at Sheri's for another 2 scoop waffle cone. When we drove into Marblemount we stopped at the Mountain Song restaurant for a great dinner, and arrived back home about 11 pm.

In all, we figure that we hiked about 67 miles. We reached (well almost for me on one of them) the summit of four peaks (three in the top 100) and had a great trip into a seemingly remote area. If you just wanted to climb the peaks in a hurry, then Gronau's route is certainly the more direct approach. However, using our route one could still do it in a long 4 days, or a more moderate 5 days. We just wanted to take the whole week. In either case, you have to figure on at least 4 days. But if you make it to Cathedral Pass, I would highly recommend taking the detour a mile or so east of the pass to get that awesome view of Cathedral. It's well worth it.

Love Your Mother, Earth.

SAFETY....

Make it a habit for life.

Ptarmigan Traverse

August 6-14, 1994

Climbers: Dave Creeden, Steve Edgar (Scribe), Dan Goering, Micky Ostroff

Day 1:

Dan and I came in late due to a last minute schedule conflict. Actually met Dave and Micky at Cascade Pass trailhead. (They were going to be 2 hours ahead of us.) Left the trailhead at 4:20p. 1h20m to Cascade Pass. 4h to Cashe Col from the car. The glacier is crevassed. 30m to Kool Aid Lake from the col. Pulled in right at dark. Two other tents here - another Boealps party. Dinner and bed. It was kind of interesting on the way up - several people couldn't believe we were carrying 9 day packs because they were so small.

Day 2:

Cold Breakfast. left camp at 8:15a. Red Ledge is not a big deal. Nice camping could be found on heather benches just past Red Ledge about 1h beyond Kool Aid Lake. Traversed to Middle Cascade Glacier and headed up to Spider-Formidable Col for lunch at 11:30a. Traversed down and right about 1h to below the (Formidable) ridge crossing into the next drainage. Buried our food in the snow and headed out for Formidable at about 1:00p after a vote of 3-1 for. It turned out that this was definitely the right choice due to the rain that was soon to start and the desire to not backtrack any significant distance. Summited at 3:15p, seeing several groups of Boealpers as they exited the loose Class 3 gully. Rain started when we were on the summit and slowly got heavier through the night. Shared the campsite at Yang Yang Lake with one other group of 3.

Day 3:

Hard rain last night - My tennis shoes got wet in the vestibule. Drizzle today dictated a hot breakfast and back to the tents - fortunately it is a rest day! About 1:00p the rain let up a little bit and everybody bailed out of the tents to get some fresh air. I went up to a little cirque and sat by a big rock protected from the wind. Micky and Dan scouted the route for tomorrow. Dave did some exploring around the "Lovely Yang Yang Lakes". You can only sit in the tents so long! Group meal for supper - Stovetop stuffing, dried beef, and gravy with cheese cake for dessert.

Day 4:

Still raining at 5:30a so we slept an extra hour until the weather started to break. Left camp about 8:00a. The ridge to Le Conte is beautiful (with some good bivy spots) but we're watching some more weather come in and worrying about visibility on the broken up Le Conte Glacier, so we skipped the climb. About 12:00p, we arrived at the Le Conte/Sentinel Saddle in limited visibility. The glacier was interesting with one snowbridge over a

crevasse that was as wide as our rope was long. Headed down and West toward the South Cascade Glacier, climbing Sentinel Peak on the way (loose Class 2-3). Talked to the people at an "ice coring station" on the S.C. Glacier who informed us that it was 150 meters thick in that location - quite an interesting sight so far from anywhere. Ate a cold supper in the sun at Lizard Pass followed by a climb of Lizard Mtn by everyone but Micky. It was a quick drop down to White Rock Lakes, where the deer are aggressive even after being beamed in the head with a large rock (accidentally of course). Tonight we have the lakes to ourselves.

Day 5:

Marvelous day! Slept in until 8:00a. Hot breakfast and left to climb German Helmet about 10:30a. 1h to base of roped climbing. Dan led the first pitch, "Interesting" 5.5 (note the capital I). We actually did 1/2 rope pitches so we could shuttle the rope for 4 climbers. Dave led the 2nd half rope pitch. Dan then lead a full pitch and fixed the rope. Nice views, finally some nice weather! Back to the lake by 5:00p for "wash day", baths and clothes washing for everyone! Dave discovered that he left his camera at the base of roped climbing so he went back for it. Chicken curry with garlic bread for supper followed by "Dan's Ballast"-cookies that must have been 1/2 pound each! Begin mentally preparing for tomorrow. The Dana Glacier crossing to Spire Col looks pretty intimidating and we don't know if we'll have time to climb Dome Pk. In the evening we are joined by our (Boealp) friends from Kool Aid Lake, who promptly offer to trade some "hooch" for route information on German Helmet. Of course we oblige, telling them anything they want to hear! We are also joined tonight by the party of 3 that we passed the first day as they were camped BELOW the Cashe Glacier. They expose the secret of their enormous packs when they let it slip that, "of course they had rock shoes", two ropes, a huge North Face condo, and who knows what else along.

Day 6:

Crossing to Spire Col wasn't too bad. Path starts at the outlet of the East lake. Left at 7:00a, at the col by 10:30a. Went left instead of right and avoided Itswoot Ridge by hanging as high as possible, traversing directly to the Dome Glacier. As advertised, 50 feet of Class 4 rock. On the summit by 3:30p! Awesome campsite just below the summit, we'll probably sleep outside tonight. Dinner and lounging on the summit under clear skies and watch the sun set.

Day 7:

The bivy last night was a bust with the pikas harassing so much that even Dave "the Bivy King" finally came into the tent. Up at 5:00a and out at 7:00a to climb Sinister Pk. Micky stayed back for a rest day. The Chikamin Glacier was steep and icy in parts and pretty broken up. The burshrund was impassible so we went high on the West and found a Class 3 route down

ledges on the other side. The "very dirty gully (class 3) for 60 feet" to gain the West ridge of Sinister was more like 200 feet and we came to understand that when Beckey says, "very dirty", he has seen enough dirty gullies to be able to distinguish "very". This one was foul. Summit at 12:00p, heard Micky's response to our summit shouts. Back at camp by 5:00p for supper and another evening of incredible views from the summit of Dome.

Day 8:
Today we slept in until 7:30a. Leisurely start by 10:30a, after welcoming our Boealps friends from White Rock Lakes to the summit of Dome. Traversed back to Spire Col and started climbing Spire Point. After 1-1/2 pitches, we discovered that we weren't on the route. We retreated and quickly found the right route. I led one full pitch to the top, about 5.3, and fixed the line. A refrigerator sized block had fallen off the day before while our friends were on the route, so it was kind of weird climbing past that place. Almost everything on the top was loose so I gave the last climber (Dan) a "counterbalance belay". I had an anchor in but I just didn't trust it. All four of us on the top finally at 5:45p. - So much for a short day! Into camp at Cub Lake about 7:30p for our last night out. I think we all felt a little sad as we descended from the alpine environment that we had been in for eight days, to our final camp in the trees. All but Micky slept out on this beautiful night. Tomorrow, the dreaded brush bash to Downey Creek.

Day 9:
On the trail by 7:30a. Would have made pretty good time except for being seriously delayed by blueberries and huckleberries along the way. We all ate until we were full, after which Dan and Micky proceeded to harvest enough to take home. Out by 3:30p, baths in Downey Creek, Dinner at Darrington, and headed for home.

Overall, a most excellent trip with just enough bad weather to make us appreciate the good!

Support your local climber.

There's A Black Cloud Over Yonder- And A Black Face Up Ahead

The Exum Direct or Complete Exum, the Grand Teton (13,776')

Climbers: Matt Whitmer and Len Kannapell Date: August 8/9, 1994

Clouds. More clouds. Doom.

I glance at the scratched-face of my Casio watch, and it is 7:15 am. I am standing here, staring at these puffed- gray cumulus stacks of ominous intention hanging low and then watching the thin wispy vapors from high above, all pushing in slowly but surely from the southwest. I keep my silent vigil for the next hour and a half at the base of the chockstone chimney, the true beginning of the Lower Exum route, wasting time and pushing the hands of the climbing clock further and further back. My partner, Matt Whitmer, is patiently waiting, wordlessly, watching the players in nature's comedy take place. But at approximately 12,000 feet, I want to make no moves on this potentially lethal ridge until I am consciously and subconsciously convinced there are signs that the weather will hold - or that another group of climbers arrive on the scene, making the possibility of a lot of double-rope rappels a reality in case we encounter rain, hail or perhaps the notorious verglas I had heard much anxious talk about. All of these, in truth, are readily dealt, particularly to the unprepared, by the capricious Teton weather.

I remembered a hard, pummeling rain had hailed down on a couple of climbers only the day before as they attempted the Black Face pitch, the fifth pitch and certainly the crux of the climb, and the scene had certainly looked grim from below: a tiny figure struggled partly up the darkened 80-degree face only to back down about 20 feet up, finally disappearing into what looked like an alcove to gain what little natural protection the Grand Teton offered. Only an hour before, it had still been warm and sunny, and now the sky was crying. It reminded me of the old Imperial margarine commercials, where Mother Nature used to sweetly implore that "it's not nice to fool Mother Nature," as she transformed her simple smile into a wicked grin and violently unleashed the onslaught of thunder, lightning and rain, replacing the quiet, sunny, and mellow weather in the background. On this day, as Matt and I quietly surveyed the questionable elements about us, I sure didn't want Mother Nature to smote us with her vicious sword.

This trip had already been surrounded by a rather dubious nature. Matt, a Basic Class grad from the year before, had put an ad in the Echo for a rather abbreviated trip to the Tetons. I scanned the ad and called immediately; I had longed to climb there during some aspect of my six-week leave-of-absence, and opportunity had knocked loudly and clearly. After a few conversations by phone, we met on a Thursday after work in the Star Bar of the Emerald Diner in Queen Anne. I sized up this guy, listening to his rather ambitious itinerary: an all-night

drive from Seattle to Cody, Wyoming after work Thursday (August 4) in time for his sister's wedding on Saturday (the 6th), followed by a climb of the Grand Teton (somewhere around the 8th or 9th), and an absolute must-be-back-in-Seattle-Thursday-afternoon-the-11th-or-I'll-be-slaughtered for a rehearsal dinner for another wedding in which he was to be best man (on the 13th). Further, he was swamped at work and couldn't tell his folks or the bride-to-be in Seattle about his climbing plans, since any of the three would have exterminated him if they had caught wind of his climbing plans in the short span between travel and the second wedding. Now to complicate matters, Jackson, Wyoming is about a 1000 mile drive as the crow flies (and worse if he drives) from Seattle, and the Complete Exum includes the Grade III 5.7 Lower Exum as an integral part to gaining the 13,776 foot summit. Worse, I had an Intermediate Class climb of the West Ridge of Forbidden on Saturday the 6th and could take off, at the absolute earliest, that same night. So that left Sunday-Thursday to travel to the Tetons, to climb, and to drive back, all of which sounded very rushed and had all the classic markings of *REALLY BAD PLANNING*. But as I talked to Matt over a Flagship Red beer and realized the ludicrous nature of this plan as it was unfolding, I realized I was quickly becoming drawn to the spontaneous nature of this venture. Matt was simply thinking out and doing exactly what I would have done in his situation, and I felt a certain commiseration of lunacy. Never mind we had just met and had never climbed together before; a quick scope of his climbing credentials and I knew this guy could do it.

So after a quite enjoyable climb of Forbidden on Saturday, my instructor/partners Rich Privett and Jeff Hollingsworth and I drove out the same night back to Seattle. I got home to my disheveled Northgate home at midnight, mumbled "hi, I'm home, I'm alive" to my more-than-slightly hacked girlfriend Lesley and commenced packing, keeping in mind the Greyhound bus I was taking to Idaho Falls (where Matt and I had agreed to meet) was leaving downtown Seattle in an hour and a half: I furiously packed. Lesley drove me to the bus station at 9th and Stewart, and we hastily kissed good-bye, with me promising to call her tomorrow. She looked back and sighed, "yeah, right" and off the bus roared in the night, filled with the dregs of society and me, which quickly merged as I realized that I was a dreg of society too. I remembered little of the bus ride to Spokane, though I recall the difficulties in sleeping with my head placed next to a cold window pane. But I at least had plenty of *time* to sleep - and read and call up old friends and wish them happy birthdays on the 5000 stops that a Greyhound bus makes enroute anywhere. Upon arriving in Idaho Falls at 11:15 pm Sunday night, the end of a somewhat cramped 22-hour bus ride, I was more than happy to see Matt and get into his comparatively voluminous Volkswagen Rabbit and drive like mad to get to Jackson two hours later. We crashed out at a friend's apartment outside Jackson, swilling down a Budweiser and thanking the guy profusely for putting us up for the night and getting us the climbing permit to camp at the Moraine (about 11,000 feet), a key factor in this tight schedule. But a close inspection of the permit revealed we were scheduled to stay at Petzoldt's Caves, which I estimated were another 500-

600 feet lower than the Moraine camp and would make too long of a haul on summit day.

So, we got up a little before 6 am and drove to the Jenny Lake Ranger Station to see if we could get the permit changed and the ranger said, "ha,ha,ha... no" but was able to change us to the Moraine on the second night (on the Grand Teton, the policy holds that a maximum of two nights at the designated campsites are allowed before you must evacuate). After a rousing pancake breakfast with a lot of coffee at the infamous Chuckwagon, we shuffled our gear around at the Lupine Meadows parking area and were out hiking up the Garnet Canyon trail a little after 9 am. for the six-mile approach and 4500 foot elevation gain. Fireweed, buttercups, and the occasional Indian paintbrush lined the trail as we broke out of the lower meadow to the switch backs, the skies looking somewhat threatening above. A little over two hours later, we were at Petzoldt's Caves, which were nothing more than Volkswagen-sized pieces of granite with hollowed out bivy spots underneath. At this point, it was time to stop and take a gamble. I decided it was far too early in the day to call it quits, so we took our packs up to the Moraine and found a spot in the relatively flat Moraine in the north fork of the Garnet Canyon, elevation 11,000 feet. I kept my eyes peeled for rangers, hoping and praying that we wouldn't have to go back down to the Caves after hauling our loads up. Surprisingly, there were a number of vacancies, so we carefully and surreptitiously set up the two-man Walrus Rocket I had just gotten on loan from Don Rydberg and crashed out. Any thought of packing up and moving back down to the Caves was possible and indeed just - but damn inconvenient.

A rustling sound just outside the tent woke me up an hour later; I peered out the tent figuring it was a Teton ranger ready to shoot us or, hopefully, just Matt rearranging something. But he was sound asleep, using the rocks outside the bivy site as his reclining chair; so I sprang out of the tent to catch the sight of a marmot pulling Matt's bag of blueberry bagels down the trail, plastic wrapper in his teeth as he made the heist. I yelled out "Stop, thief!," whereupon the offending marmot froze momentarily, dropped the contraband, and scampered off to rocks unknown. The damage assessment: about half the bagels had bits and pieces taken out of them with the rest looking untouched. Matt, a bit peeved and barely awake, was only relieved that the thief didn't make a complete heist.

That afternoon, we decided to reconnoiter around the Lower Saddle, the campsite about 600 feet up the moraine gained by a quick hike up and a short headwall over, the place where the Exum Hut is located and is generally the center of climbing activity. The skies above were looking a bit melancholy, and the marmots below had never been so well-fed as far as I had seen; most looked like model candidates for the Jenny Craig diet plan. At the Exum Guide hut, the rain began slowly and other climbers were focused on a pair who looked like they were in trouble at the Black Face near the top of the Lower Exum. Matt and I hustled back down to the shelter of the tent through this rather customary afternoon storm of the Tetons: this one at precisely 3:30 pm, roared in as if on cue. I worried about the guys up there, hoping they had a second rope to rap down on or an alcove to wait out the weather in. The wind blew out of the

southwest to accompany the rain, and an hour after it started, the rain died suddenly and the remaining wind whispered through the moraine and dried out the rock - an hour and a half after the rain had begun, the surrounding granite was almost perfectly dry, much to my amazement. Matt fired up the Whisperlite and had some freeze-dried Mexican concoction while I enjoyed the elegance of Marie Callendar's boil-in-the-bag Fettucine Carbonara. Under relatively clear skies, we talked about the damn marmot and our hopes for good weather tomorrow; if the weather held and we climbed well, it was possible we might be able to do the Lower and Upper Exum Ridge routes and head back down into Jackson Tuesday night. Dreamer...you're nothing but a dreamer....

We woke at 5:30 a.m. to relatively heavy skies, not a serious problem since mornings rarely saw rain around here but nonetheless not a good sign; I hoped it would clear off as the day progressed from dawn. Two Poptarts, a couple of marmot-free bagels, and a few cups of hot chocolate later, we were ready to break camp. We left at 6:45 am., keeping an eye on the ominous weather above, as we marched off a second time for the Lower Saddle. The Black Dike, the east-west running stripe of diabase that marks the start of the easier climbing routes, lurked directly above us. We cut off just short of it and headed to the east, following a faint trail paralleling the Black Dike and spotting the west-facing dihedral with its prominent chockstone sticking out of it. After a bit of hunting and pecking for the supposed grassy ledge leading from the Petzoldt Ridge, we decided to take the direct route toward the chockstone chimney, climbing a maze of excellent granite cracks and knobs on class 4 and class 5 rock that in retrospect were exposed enough to require at least the psychological aid of a rope. This took us to the base of the first pitch, where we spotted that supposed grassy ledge farther east and kicked ourselves in the heads for having missed such an easy way up. And it was here that we sat back and relaxed and watched the clouds roll in and watched the clouds roll out for almost two hours...and just at the point where I was ready to concede defeat and call it a day, I spotted five figures making their way unmistakably toward the Lower Exum. That was all the encouragement I needed, coming in the form of at least two extra ropes to double rope rap for the emergency withdrawal.

We waited patiently for the other chaps to arrive, introduced ourselves, and then I blitzed up the first pitch, an easy but damn narrow 5.6 chockstone chimney that ideally called for a body form similar to Manute Bol's to negotiate. With a wary eye to the threatening weather firmly pushing in, I led the second pitch, an easy 5.6 ramp to the left followed by an easier dihedral and crack. So far, I figured, so good. Now, it is at this juncture in a climb where one lets one's guard down and relax, and it is here things got a little more ... unpredictable.

The third pitch had a moderately hard 5.7 hand crack to a wedged block, and from this point, I figured the route description surely must be wrong, so I opted to go left up a small crack, disappearing to a sandy ledge that somehow arrived 20 feet earlier than expected. I belayed Matt up, and after a great deal of head scratching and thumb-sucking by me, I got Matt to lower me down to the juncture where I had made the errant turn. Matt rappelled down the easy crack, when suddenly a small gray projectile appeared out of nowhere, plummeting

toward the climbers below. As I yelled forth with a thunderous "ROCK!", I recognized the falling object as my nearly brand new Olympus 3000 camera, which had fallen out of Matt's pocket. It luckily missed the climbers below but unfortunately suffered fatal injuries colliding with the spacious ledge 40 feet below. So much for recording the trip, I figured, but I really wasn't angry and was damn glad it hadn't knocked anybody out. What was far worse was watching as the first roped team of two and then the second team of three went to the rather obvious face to the right while we waited. Indeed, one, two, three, four, and finally five climbers went past, and I listened to my internal dialogue humming at full volume: "you dumb butt." And worse yet, I felt an almost imperceptible drop of rain upon my hand and looked up to see an angry sky closing in on us fast. I quickly followed the quintet of climbers, using a few pieces they had left in for protection, and gained a much more obvious ledge and Matt followed up lightning quick.

It was now time for the fourth pitch, a 5.7 pitch perfectly described as a "grunt" up a V-shaped chimney that was now wet and difficult to protect, a minimum of six inches wide and nary a handhold to be found. A short crack led to the base of the ominous Black Face, where I belayed Matt up and gazed up at the nearly vertical face as the rain came down with more certainty. Great, just great, I thought: here we are, exactly at the same place as the two guys stuck yesterday, with the rain pelting down on us, and nowhere good to hide. At this point, I knew we were only two pitches up to the top of Wall Street, the bail-out point, or four long, ugly rappels down to the start.

Now, the first commandment of the Teton weather bible dictates thou must incur a harrowing rainstorm in the afternoon if thou art at the base of a crux pitch. So, at 1:45 p.m., we gave the devil his due, and waited for an hour and then some as the merciless rain pelted down hard upon us, with precious little room to move back and forth on our small ledges. Despite the cold, the teeth-chattering cold, it was easily survivable; yet, in the midst of the downpour, we visually and quite audibly experienced a lightning bolt far away, followed a bit too quickly by one much closer. As the rain diminished somewhat and I saw the wondrous sight of blue skies blowing in from the southwest, I noticed a crackling sound on the rocks above Matt, who had been withering the storm on the ledge just below me. Well, this seemed like a good a time as any to casually GET RID OF ANY HARDWARE and put it in the backpack, as far away from my feet as the 24" distance allowed.

Just before the rain had set in, two of the quintet had climbed up the Black Face and were waiting out the storm to help belay the remaining group of three up. Now the wind blew in, bringing the hope of blue skies ever closer, drying off the rock as the rain quieted down. Finally, after about two hours of rain, lightning, wind, and teeth chattering, we were ready to climb again. The fifth pitch, a 110-foot 5.7 that offered over a hundred feet of exposure below and slightly wet rock above. As I led in moderately soaked clothes, I marveled at how good the holds were on this mixture of granite and Precambrian gneiss as I traversed right on the face and then up a steep crack with bomb-proof pins. I was running out of breath, mainly due to an excess of rope drag and struggled

on to the small alcove with a large block and belayed Matt up, who looked equally out of breath when he reached the belay station. As I was belaying him up, the sun broke through the clouds and warmed not only my clothes but my spirits as well, and I profusely thanked Amen Hotep or Amen Ra or whatever deity was responsible for the infusion of glorious sun.

The sixth and final pitch was an abbreviated one, a 5.7 that turned into a 5.5 by the "bail out" route taken by the guys above, and this took us to the long, long awaited Wall Street, at an estimated 12,700 feet. I belayed Matt up and we congratulated each other and thanked the other guys for sticking together with us, appreciating the sense of camaraderie the events of the day had brought us. I glanced at my watch: 6:00 p.m. I reasoned: there was still three hours left of daylight, clearing skies above and only 1000 feet of 5.4 rock (at the most difficult) to get to the summit of the Grand Teton. But prudence being the greater part of valor, I stopped and I figured: we had already gotten lucky once today, and twice didn't seem to be favorable odds. Further, the climbing quintet had no reservations in stating they were **definitely** heading back down, and so we followed suit, gathering in the sweet air and filling our eyes with the pastoral valley sweeping below us.

We climbed the Upper Exum the following day without incident or nasty rain, though someone had taken a bad fall (and was in no possession of a helmet) going up the Owen-Spalding route and had to be helicoptered out. Though more than a few climbers had casually stated they never roped up on the Upper Exum, we were more than happy to indulge ourselves in our kernmantle apparatus, particularly at the Friction Pitch. We reached the 13,776 foot summit around 11:00 am under the gaze of warm, clear skies and smoked our summit cigars and gazed north to the lopped off top of Mt. Moran, which I had climbed back in 1990 with my sister Tuney and had fueled my determination to get back to the Tetons someday.

And amazingly enough, roughly 500 feet from the top, Matt spotted a camera on a ledge someone had left behind. Figuring it was some broken, weather beaten and defeated model, I eyed it suspiciously: however, this Olympus 35/70mm weather-proof camera surprisingly worked when I activated the shutter, and it even had film in it. So I had lost an Olympus camera one day and had found one the next. You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometimes, you just might find the Olympus you need.

Epilogue: We hiked out that night, dropped off a six of Bud in appreciation to the permit gatherer, drove all night, and made such good time that when the alternator light went on and finally out near the Tri-Cities, we even had time to stop for a \$275 plus pit-stop in Yakima. And as far as I know, nobody in his family or the bride to be found out about our ventures - at least, until the second wedding was over.

Len Kannapell 9/19/94

BOEALPS MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

OCTOBER 1994

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AARON JOHN W	234-2699	630-7381	67 HE	12105 SE 216TH ST	KENT	WA	98031
ABBOTT JOSEPH B	717-0214	242-3811	0T AA	3715 S 182ND ST #C124	SEATTLE	WA	98188
ALEJANDRO EDWARD A	865-2217	271-4931	7A 26	6402 108TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98056
ALEJANDRO SANDRA		271-4931	-	6402 108TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98056
ALLEN PETER	294-0702	328-1437	0T AA	3306 16TH AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98144
ALLEN RYAN	746-4524	633-3387	-	26 CASCADE KEY	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
ALTIZER ELDEN	342-0157	643-5175	0A 94	5639 126TH AVE SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
AMICK ROBERT		505-856-	-	11600 SIGNAL AVE NE	ALBUQUERQUE	NM	87122
		6013					
AMICK TAMRA		505-856-	-	11600 SIGNAL AVE NE	ALBUQUERQUE	NM	87122
		6013					
ANDERSON ERIK B	234-1770	232-8908	68 19	5655 EAST MERCER WAY	MERCER ISLAND	WA	98040
ANDERSON LOWELL	865-3610	772-6284	7L 15	8225 S 128TH	SEATTLE	WA	98178
ANDERSON RICHARD J	234-0419	862-1948	67 60	20108 107TH ST CT E	SUMNER	WA	98390
ARENS MARY ANN	535-9864	952-3518	-	32219 16TH PL SW	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98023
ARENS WILLIAM J	234-9305	952-3518	67 30	32219 16TH PL SW	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98023
ARNOLD JEFFREY	544-1335	859-8768	4M 74	3314 S 261ST PL	KENT	WA	98032
AULT LESLIE	237-3145	391-2958	9W 03	3114 213TH PL SE	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
AUTH DEBORAH		612-645-	-	1720A PLEASANT ST	LAUDERDALE	MN	55113
		1218					
BAAL ALLEN	342-3047	781-2382	0U 89	756 N 74TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
BABUNOVIC RICHARD	234-5809	747-8690	67 60	6721 121ST AVE SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
BACKMAN TIM		391-2958	-	3114 213TH PL SE	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
BAHR ALEX J		248-2432	-	11660 ROSEBURG AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98168
BAILLIE JERALD	965-3490	361-2712	6H FK	13717 LINDEN AVE N #127	SEATTLE	WA	98133
BAILLIE KATHERINE		361-2712	-	13717 LINDEN AVE N #127	SEATTLE	WA	98133
BANKS WILLIAM J	657-0306	242-7657	3C LF	10826 25TH SW	SEATTLE	WA	98146
BARGER SUSAN L	294-6783	282-7967	03 MR	603 3RD AVE W #302	SEATTLE	WA	98119
BARRON DEAN	342-2562	868-8001	05 07	2932 229TH PL NE	REDMOND	WA	98053
BAUCK TODD	662-4427	931-0362	19 MK	3702 H ST NE #6	AUBURN	WA	98002
BAUERMEISTER WALTER		232-5697	-	8320 AVALON DR	MERCER IS	WA	98040
BAZE LINDA	241-8953	228-0966	-	1064 KIRKLAND AVE NE #303	RENTON	WA	98056
BEALE GARETH	865-5375	823-0957	7A 35	10033 NE 127TH PL	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
BECK CURTIS L	237-3191	290-9449	6H FJ	2705 FOREST VIEW DR	EVERETT	WA	98203
BECKEY FRED			-	12526 FREMONT N	SEATTLE	WA	98133
BEEMSTER TRACY L		486-2000	-	10223 NE 198TH	BOTHELL	WA	98011
BELL JOHN	266-4912	365-4318	04 CX	19921 19TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98155
BENNETT ERIC R	342-7057	348-6218	09 99	9009 W MALL DR #1408	EVERETT	WA	98208
BINGHAM JIM	224-1012	720-1007	-	2215 FEDERAL AVE E	SEATTLE	WA	98102
BINGLE MIKE	662-4977	935-3992	19 MH	5444 37 AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
BITTNER AMBROSE	662-4247	935-2756	19 HF	6052 37TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
BLILIE JAMES W	342-7078	348-8202	09 67	1926 W CASINO RD #C102	EVERETT	WA	98204
BONNOFSKY ANDREW	234-0071	329-5190	67 60	2510 E MCGRAW	SEATTLE	WA	98112
BONNOFSKY JURG	224-2074	282-3239	-	1629 QUEEN ANNE AVE N #203	SEATTLE	WA	98109
BORDEAU DALE A	965-2138	946-8363	67 61	3001 S 288TH ST #38	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98003
BRADLEY ELLEN D	477-1910	235-6498	7E HC	200 SW 5TH PL WF-204	RENTON	WA	98055
BRANDIS HENRY	662-2453	367-0847	43 41	14285 SHERWOOD RD NW	SEATTLE	WA	98177
BRANE KEN E	266-1491	255-8851	38 KU	15412 SE 177TH PL	RENTON	WA	98058
BRASE TARA	266-1782	525-1244	39 TT	9048 BURKE AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
BRENDEMIHL FRITZ	965-9940	348-5604	7X MA	9009 W MALL DR #2415	EVERETT	WA	98208
BRIGGS ROBERT	237-6865	839-2679	73 44	5524 S 299TH CT	AUBURN	WA	98001

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BRINTON RUSSELL S	657-5364	829-9085	8X 72	6315 272ND AVE CT E	BUCKLEY	WA	98321
BROCKHAUSEN ROBERT	662-4958	762-2618	19 MH	10401 19TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98146
BROWER PAUL A	435-8831	355-1708	-	6014 BROOKRIDGE BLVD	EVERETT	WA	98203
BROWN EMILY C	543-5153	547-4689	-	2126 N 50TH	SEATTLE	WA	98103
CARLSON CARL R	773-0559	825-0452	81 16	PO BOX 267	KENT	WA	98035
CARTER JULIE M	342-3954	337-2452	05 35	12916 54TH AVE SE	EVERETT	WA	98208
CHAPLIN CAREY	717-0145	365-8858	0P LA	349 NW 113TH PL	SEATTLE	WA	98177
CHIOFAR CHARLES	234-7093	829-2048	67 60	516 SPIKETON ROAD	SEATTLE	WA	98032
CHRISTIAN JUDY	628-6106	526-0757	-	8003 STROUD AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
CHRISTIE RICHARD	543-9689	524-5868	-	5753 30TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98105
CIRLINCIONE GLENN	957-5282	271-2931	7M HA	17210 TALBOT RD S	RENTON	WA	98055
CLARE JOSEPH		632-5371	-	1200 NE PACIFIC ST #K103-A	SEATTLE	WA	98105
CLOW SCOTT	657-2146	946-1380	3E LU	5313 SOUTH 301ST CT	AUBURN	WA	98001
COLELLO ANGIE	439-5789	813-0237	16 04	26233 114TH LANE SE	KENT	WA	98031
CONCHI WILLIAM R	237-4726	859-2707	70 61	20434 104TH AVE SE	KENT	WA	98031
CONDER ROBERT	865-4437	775-5521	7K 16	4310 236TH ST SW #X301	MOUNTLAKE	WA	98043
COSTELLO DANIEL	342-6388	355-8206	0Y 08	9117 11TH PL W	EVERETT	WA	98204
COX JUDY L	965-7232	391-1806	7P 20	660 WILDWOOD BLVD #B9	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
CRANFIELD ROBERT		364-5791	-	2109 N 166TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98133
CREEDEN DAVE	342-2975	334-2266	04 AF	12316 WILLIAMS RD.	EVERETT	WA	98205
CREIGHTON ANNETTE		854-9623	-	10944 SE 235TH ST	KENT	WA	98031
CREIGHTON TOM	234-9980	854-9623	6H FH	10944 SE 235TH ST	KENT	WA	98031
DAHL AMY		813-9832	-	22107 SE 251ST COURT	MAPLE VALLEY	WA	98038
DALE MARK S	655-5221	932-6357	11 UP	8251 NORTHROP PLACE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98136
DANIELS BERT E	773-6755	841-3156	88 27	2204 37TH ST SE	PUYALLUP	WA	98372
DAVIES LAURIS		784-5203	-	319 N 74TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
DAVIS BRUCE	234-8475	781-1782	9U EA	4523 1ST AVE NW	SEATTLE	WA	98107
DAVIS DAN		284-1588	-	3222 30TH AVE W	SEATTLE	WA	98199
DAVIS JAKE (RECREATION)	342-5000		0F KA				
DELLARCO DAVID J	553-4978	784-5203	-	319 N 74TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
DINNING ROBERT	657-2801	747-5185	3C JL	2115 123RD SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98005
DOUTHETT MICHAEL R	931-2367	939-0253	5C AL	1235 25TH ST SE	AUBURN	WA	98002
DRYDEN ROBERT	937-9488	938-4526	92 17	9038 30TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
EASTWOOD STEPHEN	464-5673	783-5458	-	7735 13TH NW	SEATTLE	WA	98117
EDGAR STEVEN R	294-1669	285-6864	02 79	1946 6TH AVE W	SEATTLE	WA	98119
EGGOLD DAVID P	294-4493	347-9174	02 24	328 TAMARACK DR	EVERETT	WA	98203
ELLIOT HANK L	342-5993	523-2319	0U 48	837 NE 56TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98105
ENGLE PATRICK	237-2083	235-1617	96 01	P.O. BOX 6520	KENT	WA	98064
ERICKSON BRIAN J	234-9317	746-3917	67 30	5435 VILLAGE PARK DR #2441	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
ERIE ALLEN	342-3930	772-7131	04 04	401 TAYLOR AVE NW #13	RENTON	WA	98055
ERIKSEN CHARLES M	342-4284	746-4839	0U 01	4407 134TH PL SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
ERWOOD RICHARD G		243-3867	-	380 SW 176TH PL	SEATTLE	WA	98166
ESTEP STEPHEN L	773-2779	935-7181	8W 01	3808 45TH SW	SEATTLE	WA	98116
ETAPA TERRY		632-3057	-	4418 WOODLAWN AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
EWING KAREN S		483-5633	-	19612 109TH PL NE	BOTHELL	WA	98011
EWING PATRICK D	342-8021	483-5633	01 69	19612 109TH PL NE	BOTHELL	WA	98011
FAHLSTROM DAVID	783-2766	361-0290	-	16860 HAMLIN RD NE	SEATTLE	WA	98155
FAY CHRISTOPHER W	657-0269	522-8339	3E LU	7037 18TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98115
FAY DENNIS	234-5904	271-1145	67 31	3501 NE 8TH ST	RENTON	WA	98056
FELDERMAN KEITH W	662-2157	432-6668	4M 71	25118 SE 262ND ST	RAVENSDALE	WA	98051
FENSTRA JOHN	655-5267	668-5380	17 MA	22911 101ST AVE SE	WOODINVILLE	WA	98072

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FERGUSON JOHN M	773-0726	784-9294	81 16	552 N 68TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
FISH DAVID	433-0199	868-2915	-	22405 NE 20TH ST	REDMOND	WA	98053
FISH SUSAN		868-2915	-	22405 NE 20TH ST	REDMOND	WA	98053
FLECK RONALD R	773-5090	255-7403	3C 21	1700 FIELD AVE NE	RENTON	WA	98059
FONKEN ANN S		226-8173	-	14204 180TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98056
FONKEN LANCE D JR		226-8173	-	14204 180TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98056
FONKEN LANCE III		226-8173	-	14204 180TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98059
FOSBERG JOHN T	342-5759	546-9142	OH 00	24216 FIRDALE AVE	EDMONDS	WA	98020
FOUNTAIN DALE E	662-2333	228-6531	4L 15	617 CEDAR AVE S	RENTON	WA	98055
FRANK MICHAEL	342-7236	781-0280	OU 01	348 NW 83RD ST	SEATTLE	WA	98117
FRANKS TRACY	294-1941	745-6165	02 AT	15816 34TH AVE W	LYNNWOOD	WA	98037
FRANZEN SIGNE M	292-1600	526-9364	-	6535 4TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98115
FRICKE STEVEN	544-5101	463-6189	20 66	21421 MONUMENT RD SW	VASHON	WA	98070
FROM SANDY	395-4198	391-5977	-	2303 245 TH AVE SE	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
FROSTAD SCOTT	655-3961	783-7378	17 70	736 N 98TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
FUKUDA DEREK	342-7413	634-2784	07 16	13421 SE 43RD ST	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
GALIGER HAROLD E (ED)	342-7357	771-4707	OH 24	807 ALOHA ST	EDMONDS	WA	98020
GARDNER JAN A.	294-5180	725-3864	03 XF	9619 56TH AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98118
GASTELUM DAVID	657-9889	432-3607	9E 85	21237 SE 280TH ST	KENT	WA	98042
GAULIN STEPHEN	266-1794		39 TT	17632 26TH DR SE	BOTHELL	WA	98012
GILBERTSON TODD	828-2400	271-8827	-	2436 MONTEREY AVE NE	RENTON	WA	98056
GLOGER DAVID M	865-4124	633-1686	7H 93	5404 KEYSTONE PLACE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
GOERING DANIEL	342-3815	364-6783	05 30	15002 9TH PL NE	SEATTLE	WA	98155
GOODMAN DONALD J			2H 96	PO BOX 3707, MS 2H-96	SEATTLE	WA	98124
GOODNOUGH STEVE	227-5064	391-7186	-	25512 SE 41ST CT	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
GORREMAN GARY	957-5576	485-6134	7M EJ	16619 NE 160TH PL	WOODINVILLE	WA	98072
GRAFF PETE M	342-3733	217-9540	0Y 13	3212 22ND AVE W	SEATTLE	WA	98199
GREEN RICHARD	824-8331	244-2204	-	3210 S 176TH ST #328	SEA TAC	WA	98188
GRIESE RICK L	237-7289	277-4041	91 95	20931 SE 138TH PL	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
GRINDSTAFF DUANE	965-3303	630-7346	6H FX	17628 SE 288TH PL	KENT	WA	98042
GRONAU CHRIS	266-4277		01 02	23404 EDMONDS WAY #E304	EDMONDS	WA	98026
GRONAU WILLIAM F	342-3098	776-7397	0Y 26	18119 80TH AVE W	EDMONDS	WA	98026
GROVES THOMAS	294-4476	524-1651	02 24	1712 NE 89TH	SEATTLE	WA	98115
GRUBENHOFF MARK (SAM)	931-3592	735-2739	5K 47	402 F ST SE	AUBURN	WA	98002
GRUICH DANIEL J	655-2199	938-2831	4E 05	9412 35TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
GUERRERO JOE	662-3972	235-0964	19 MA	15010 134TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98058
GUERRERO MATT		235-0964	-	15010 134TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98058
GUERRERO RYAN		235-0964	-	15010 134TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98058
GUERRERO WENDY E		235-0964	-	15010 134TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98058
HABING THOMAS G	237-1492	562-3149	6C LE	15333 SE 42ND ST	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
HALL LONN	342-6875	353-6920	01 51	7405 RAINIER DR #7	EVERETT	WA	98203
HANSEN KARYL	237-2947	392-8695	64 10	23717 SE 24TH	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
HARDING MARK D	544-0084	939-6188	46 86	5502 WARD AVE SE	AUBURN	WA	98002
HARDWICK ROBERT	234-4034	285-2721	67 60	2415 2ND AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98109
HARP SUSAN P		861-0858	-	13017 176TH PL NE	REDMOND	WA	98052
HARPER KENNETH	261-2144	659-1456	-	4723 80TH ST NE	MARYSVILLE	WA	98270
HARRISON WILLIAM L	662-3925	633-1220	4L 09	3721 MERIDIAN AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
HARTLIEB BILL C		337-0857	-	14512 82ND DR SE	EVERETT	WA	98208
HAUCK DAVID P.	773-4011	226-0151	8J 65	16416 SE 143RD PL	RENTON	WA	98059
HAUCK SHEILA J	657-5503	226-0151	9L 26	16416 SE 143RD PL	RENTON	WA	98059
HAWKINSON RICHARD H	342-0713	742-8752	09 62	1224 118TH PL SE	EVERETT	WA	98208

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HEDBERG STEVE E	234-5795	630-3645	67 30	12618 SE 215TH ST	KENT	WA	98031
HEIDAL PATRICK D	662-2271	752-3547	4M 71	2118 N ALDER	TACOMA	WA	98406
HEIDEL MARK C		631-6786	-	24904 183RD PL SE	KENT	WA	98042
HELLENSTELL MARK	294-3731	221-8633	02 40	3996 E BAILEY RD	CLINTON	WA	98236
HELSEL MARK P	885-8505	883-9856	-	15127 NE 24TH ST #403	REDMOND	WA	98052
HILL JAY	862-7653	772-5651	20 88	8418 S 112TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98178
HINKHOUSE JIMMY	641-7983	641-7983	-	3819 130TH LANE SE #E-5	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
HINMAN LOUIS J	266-6141	632-8641	05 41	4914 BURKE	SEATTLE	WA	98103
HOLDER ALEXANDER	655-7272	938-6747	4M 84	3911 CALIFORNIA AVE SW #303	SEATTLE	WA	98116
HOLESKI LEONARD	342-9026	828-6374	0X TM	9730 112TH AVE NE	KIRKLAND	WA	98033
HOLLINGSWORTH JEFF	657-9703	631-8979	3U 84	18723 SE 268TH ST	KENT	WA	98042
HOPPING KENNETH A	657-6581	562-1817	9F 61	612 140TH CT SE #A207	BELLEVUE	WA	98007
HOSKING CRAIG W	662-2212		4M 71	5215 NATHAN AVE SE	AUBURN	WA	98092
HOWARD DANIEL	294-4318	823-0767	02 29	10928 NE 117TH PL	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
HUBER JAY		524-2988	-	4910 NE 665TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98115
HUDSON TIM	657 6390	935-4378	9F 58	6736 38TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
HUEBNER JACK	294-5605	228-1837	03 XM	432 SMITHERS AVE S	RENTON	WA	98055
INGALSBE ERIC		632-1474	-	4900 FREMONT AVE N #101	SEATTLE	WA	98103
JACKSON TIM	773-0013	529-0423	8W 01	26905 9TH AVE S	KENT	WA	98032
JAHNKE BRUCE L	294-6342	633-3542	03 MR	1423 N 52ND ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
JAHNS THOMAS R	662-8543	243-8770	20 41	12706 MILITARY RD	SEATTLE	WA	98168
JAMES ROBERT	662-4240	861-0455	19 HF	14716 NE 40TH #1004	BELLEVUE	WA	98007
JASPER DEBRA	294-5461	355-2935	03 PA	411 75TH PL SW	EVERETT	WA	98203
JOHNSON CHRIS		337-6282	-	11613 38TH DR SE	EVERETT	WA	98208
JOHNSON KEN	342-8581	337-6282	0U 09	11613 38TH DR SE	EVERETT	WA	98208
JOHNSON L PHILIP	965-7673	362-6095	6L 03	4230 NE 113TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98125
JOHNSON LARRY P		406-585-	-	9200 RIVER ROAD	BOZEMAN	MO	59715
		0514					
JOHNSON ROGER	342-0262	347-1688	0U 48	100 119TH SE #B	EVERETT	WA	98028
JONES BILL D	237-3929	852-7424	74 93	23704 100TH AVE SE #A304	KENT	WA	98031
JONES CHRISTINE		852-7424	-	23704 100TH AVE SE #A304	KENT	WA	98031
JONES ROBERT C	965-0707	226-7358	9W CT	13920 147TH PL SE	RENTON	WA	98059
KAHL MAGGIE S	237-9152	621-1757	9W 03	601 S WASHINGTON ST #408	SEATTLE	WA	98104
KAISER PAMELA	342-3468	483-0548	08 55	2625 169 TH ST, SE	BOTHELL	WA	98012
KANE DANIEL J	237-3865	782-1330	9W 05	8500 FREMONT AVE N #203	SEATTLE	WA	98103
KANE PHILIP C	237-0237	565-4642	61 41	1003 LINWOOD LANE	FIRCREST	WA	98466
KANNAPELL LEN	393-5638	361-7523	48 52	1015 NE 126 TH ST,	SEATTLE	WA	98125
KANNAPELL TUNEY	272-2216	584-3042	-	20 BEACH LN.	TACOMA	WA	98499
KASIULIS ERICK	965-3843	641-9653	9U ME	12239 SE 61ST ST	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
KELLEGREW KEVIN W	641-6631	747-0838	-	4629 W LAKE SAMMAMISH PKWY SE #H303	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
KIENBERGER TIM L	662-1462	535-2452	4C 09	9047 PARK AVE S	TACOMA	WA	98444
KING RANDY	657-2652	850-1548	3E PK	22022 6TH AVE S #202	DES MOINES	WA	98198
KIRBY WILLIAM J		270-9406	-	510 4TH AVE W #203	SEATTLE	WA	98119
KISSELL JAMES W		813-9608	-	P.O. BOX 882	RENTON	WA	98057
KNESS STEVE	657-3422	838-3860	3C ER	32320 2ND AVE SW	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98023
KOEHLER ERICH	657-7020	588-9803	9F 97	9010 25TH AVE CT S	TACOMA	WA	98409
KOKES JOHN	773-9969	932-9355	81 25	3201 44TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98116
KONGORSKI KENNETH D	483-7798	821-0788	-	12411 NE 127TH CT #A12	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
KOURY AL		365-8516	-	14036 17TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98125
KRENZER RANDY	773-3141	235-8812	8F 61	17844 156TH PLACE SE	RENTON	WA	98058

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KRIEMLD BRYAN	631-2937	4M 74	4M 74	12612 SE 270TH	KENT	WA	98031
KRINSKY JEFFREY A	773-3859	8H 18	8H 18	PO BOX 58367	RENTON	WA	98058
KRUEGER LEE R	234-3047	67 HC	67 HC	21312 NE 10TH PL	REDMOND	WA	98053
KUBIE KEITH D	266-9873	09 40	09 40	2705 FOREST VIEW DR	EVERETT	WA	98203
KUENNER MICHAEL	612-645-	-	-	1720A PLEASANT ST	LAUDERDALE	FL	33113
KUNZ ROBERT	544-3767	4L 17	4L 17	4540 45TH AVE SW #406	SEATTLE	WA	98116
LAM MAY	965-1515	6X NE	6X NE	4910 NE 65TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98115
LAMAY KEITH	655-3364	14 KF	14 KF	731 N 75TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
LARGO GLEN	773-6129	8R 10	8R 10	8052 S 134TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98178
LARSON DAVID E	655-6165	850-2705	19 38	25430 47TH PL S #E303	KENT	WA	98032
LARSON DAVID R	655-1597	271-6404	1I 82	7314 127TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98056
LARSON DENNIS	655-0520	935-8593	42 70	3829 36TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
LAM GUY	544-8522	392-3504	2I 58	16514 TIGER MTN RD SE	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
LEIFRIED LISA	662-1307	365-0906	43 44	P.O. BOX 25662	SEATTLE	WA	98125
LEICESTER JACK	655-1596	546-1765	17 MA	1837 N 200TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98133
LIDICKER STEVEN S	775-7434	820-4532	-	13215 97TH AVE NE #E307	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
LILLEY ERIC A	544-0978	641-6158	2H 83	5315 SOMERSET DR SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
LIMB MAX	451-1145	827-5934	0F 42	214 19 PL	KIRKLAND	WA	98033
LINDSTROM BRUCE D	662-7652	244-6248	20 88	6253 S 153RD ST	TUKWILA	WA	98188
LIXVAR JOHN	865-3783	255-4754	7L 20	15638 SE 175TH ST	RENTON	WA	98058
LOFUS MARK	657-8401	248-0457	9F 57	16207 8TH AVE S	SEA TAC	WA	98148
LONG DAVID M	342-2635	706-0610	0U 09	8538 19TH AVE NW	SEATTLE	WA	98117
LYTLE DAVID M	657-6849	243-1684	3U EC	16603 21ST AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98166
MASCHOFF KRISTIE	781-0280	-	-	348 NW 83RD ST	SEATTLE	WA	98117
MASON JEANNE	965-5898	235-2130	6X WE	1117 N 33RD PL	RENTON	WA	98056
MASON STEVEN	235-2130	-	-	1117 N 33RD PL	RENTON	WA	98056
MAUK TIMOTHY	773-3017	522-5081	8R 10	8012 36TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98115
MCBRIDE MEGAN	644-3686	255-7403	-	1700 FIELD AVE NE	RENTON	WA	98059
MCQUINN JOHN K	662-3528	788-6054	19 HX	18041 NE 155TH PL	WOODINVILLE	WA	98072
MCUFFIN MELONY	524-1155	-	-	4710 35TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98105
MCUFFIN MICHAEL	294-3443	524-1155	02 05	4710 35TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98105
MEJIA KEVIN M	965-5516	822-3582	6H FK	10429 128TH AVE NE	KIRKLAND	WA	98033
MELANDER MURRAY	243-3495	-	-	1938 SW 166TH	SEATTLE	WA	98166
MENZER ART	358-6960	860-8803	-	1940 YALE AVE E #9	SEATTLE	WA	98102
MEYER CATHERINE	774-3518	861-0455	-	14716 NE 40TH ST #1004	BELLEVUE	WA	98007
MICHELSON PAUL	662-3293	432-3566	43 43	27737 215TH AVE SE	KENT	WA	98042
MIKOS JASON P	630-5020	-	-	13625 SE 299TH ST	AUBURN	WA	98002
MIKOS JOHN V	630-5020	-	-	13625 SE 299TH ST	AUBURN	WA	98002
MILLEN ROBERT E	773-0642	838-6741	86 12	33740 27TH PL SW	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98023
MILLER JAMES H	234-0993	854-0867	6H WT	11207 SE 235TH PL	KENT	WA	98031
MONDRZYK ROBERT J	773-9794	432-9578	86 11	23805 SE 208TH	MAPLE VALLEY	WA	98038
MOORWAY STEVEN B	662-8312	870-7702	20 04	24324 MILITARY RD S	KENT	WA	98032
MORRIS MICHAEL R	503-488-	-	-	570 S MOUNTAIN AVE	ASHLAND	OR	97520
MOSMAN MICHAEL P	258-2461	-	-	1530 51ST PL SW	EVERETT	WA	98203
MOSMAN PAUL S	309-0131	258-2461	-	1530 51ST PL SW	EVERETT	WA	98203
MOYER CHARLES	633-4629	643-1056	8Y 17	12207 SE 47TH ST	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
MUELLER ROLAND	655-5483	723-9664	1I 80	2335 S GRAHAM ST	SEATTLE	WA	98108
MURPHY BRIAN J	685-3745	632-9602	-	3721 SUNNYSIDE AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
MURRAY CARLA D	965-7480	822-6908	6L 5I	2901 FAIRVIEW E #208	SEATTLE	WA	98102

BOEALPS MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

OCTOBER 1994

name	work	Home	M/S	Address	City	St	Zip
NAGODE STEVEN	891-2577	941-5629	-	28720 18TH AVE S #Z103	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98003
NAKAGAWA BERT H	662-2157	644-8903	4M 71	15032 SE 45TH ST	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
NEAL KEITH	294-4377	259-4399	02 19	4726 ELM ST	EVERETT	WA	98203
NELSON STUART D	294-7525	822-7985	03 JU	11058 NE 33RD PL #D1	BELLEVUE	WA	98004
NEUBERGER MICHAEL W	237-9095	228-9764	9P 04	16624 133RD PL. SE	RENTON	WA	98058
NOREN JAMES E	342-3889	334-8198	0L AT	10316 VERNON RD	LAKE STEVENS	WA	98258
NOTIDES THOMAS A	237-0305	277-3805	9W CF	1300 N 20TH ST #H3029	RENTON	WA	98056
O'CALLAHAN JOHN A	294-4459	782-5450	02 24	4416 GREENWOOD AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
O'DONNELL JAMES J	237-1649	772-5343	9W 03	620 STEVENS AVE NW	RENTON	WA	98055
OLDMAN LESLIE A	657-9996	226-5005	9L 22	10411 SE 174TH #3239	RENTON	WA	98055
OLDS JOHN		243-2171	-	1611 SW 170TH	SEATTLE	WA	98166
OLDS JONATHAN G	664-0137	438-6894	-	6309 ALDER GLEN DR SE	LACEY	WA	98513
OLDS KIRSTEN		243-2171	-	1611 SW 170	SEATTLE	WA	98166
OLIVER JANET	271-7911	271-7911	-	17631 156TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98058
OLNEY GUY B	957-5555	868-4514	7M AL	21715 NE 22ND ST	REDMOND	WA	98053
OLSON DON		932-4526	-	4510 SW DIRECTOR ST	SEATTLE	WA	98136
OREHEX HOLLY W		547-4689	-	2126 N 50TH	SEATTLE	WA	98103
ORTIZ-APONTE JAVIER R	544-7756	270-8964	2H 30	1404 10TH AVE W #7	SEATTLE	WA	98119
OTT DALE	931-4345	838-8314	SK 25	32521 41 AVE SW	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98023
OUELLETTE ANDREW	294-4080	486-2376	02 18	19312 29TH AVE SE	BOTHELL	WA	98012
OWENS DAVID C		775-6633	-	5900 200TH SW #43	LYNNWOOD	WA	98036
PACKER ROBERT	342-6386	353-2644	0Y 08	5111 86TH PL SW	MUKILTEO	WA	98275
PAPE MICHELE		208-476-	-	P.O. BOX 1656	OROFINO	ID	83544
		3726					
PAPE SHAWN	342-4817	483-0548	09 93	2625 169TH ST SE	BOTHELL	WA	98012
PARKS EDWARD	294-0238	632-2390	0R AW	4719 THACKERAY PL NE	SEATTLE	WA	98105
PATNOE MICHAEL	773-3855	783-0841	8H 05	2857 NW 70TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98117
PATTON DANIEL	294-0375	820-6851	0R CJ	12733 NE 132ND ST	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
PEPITONE DAVID	237-7042	641-2901	6H TX	666 156TH AVE NE	BELLEVUE	WA	98007
PERITORE JOE F	931-9800	246-9866	5T 11	1625 SW MILLER CREEK	SEATTLE	WA	98166
PERRIN MARVIN D	773-2433	932-5381	82 05	6742 37TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
PERRIN MARVIN N		937-7827	-	37210 32ND AVE S	AUBURN	WA	98001
PETROSKE JOHN	655-1940	935-1422	4E 07	8444 41ST AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98136
PHELPS SIDNEY L	266-4220	833-0923	0H 51	3213 PIKE ST SE	AUBURN	WA	98002
PISARUCK MICHAEL A			02 MM	3446 39TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98116
PLIMPTON JOHN	924-3057	525-3786	-	8760 SAND POINT WAY NE	SEATTLE	WA	98115
POLLOCK JAMES	294-8215	347-0346	02 FE	12303 HARBOR PT BLVD #R304	MUKILTEO	WA	98275
POLLOCK JOHN	365-9192		-	P.O. BOX 25589	SEATTLE	WA	98125
PRATER KAREN	553-1388	852-0286	-	21510 102ND AVE SE	KENT	WA	98031
PRATER REX		852-0286	-	21510 102ND AVE SE	KENT	WA	98031
PRICE EARL	931-3254	848-7544	5C AL	12344 TATOOSH RD E	PUYALLUP	WA	98374
PRIVETT RICHARD	544-6309	863-0286	4C 01	6213 152ND AVE CT. E.	SUMNER	WA	98390
PROSTKA JAMES	294-4022	861-0858	02 18	13017 176TH PL NE	REDMOND	WA	98052
PUGH PAUL	662-8182	823-9197	20 86	11921 80TH PL NE	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
PULLAR CARI		226-8173	-	14204 180TH AVE SE	RENTON	WA	98059
PYSCHER PAUL	234-4715	764-9249	61 28	2201 SW HOLDEN #A106	SEATTLE	WA	98106
CLAUDE JEFFREY S	544-8329	244-9283	2H 60	3240 S 180TH ST #54	SEATTLE	WA	98188
QUIJANO CHRISTOPHER	237-6282	235-4662	67 MM	1300 EAGLE RIDGE DR S #5-3133	RENTON	WA	98055
RAFERT THOMAS P	771-0287	244-7516	0P FA	12269 3RD AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98146
RAMMER ROGER	237-5072	631-7406	6C MT	24907 168TH PL SE	KENT	WA	98042
RASMUSSEN KATHY	237-4711	883-9263	6C MX	3037 164TH PL NE	BELLEVUE	WA	98008

BOEALPS MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

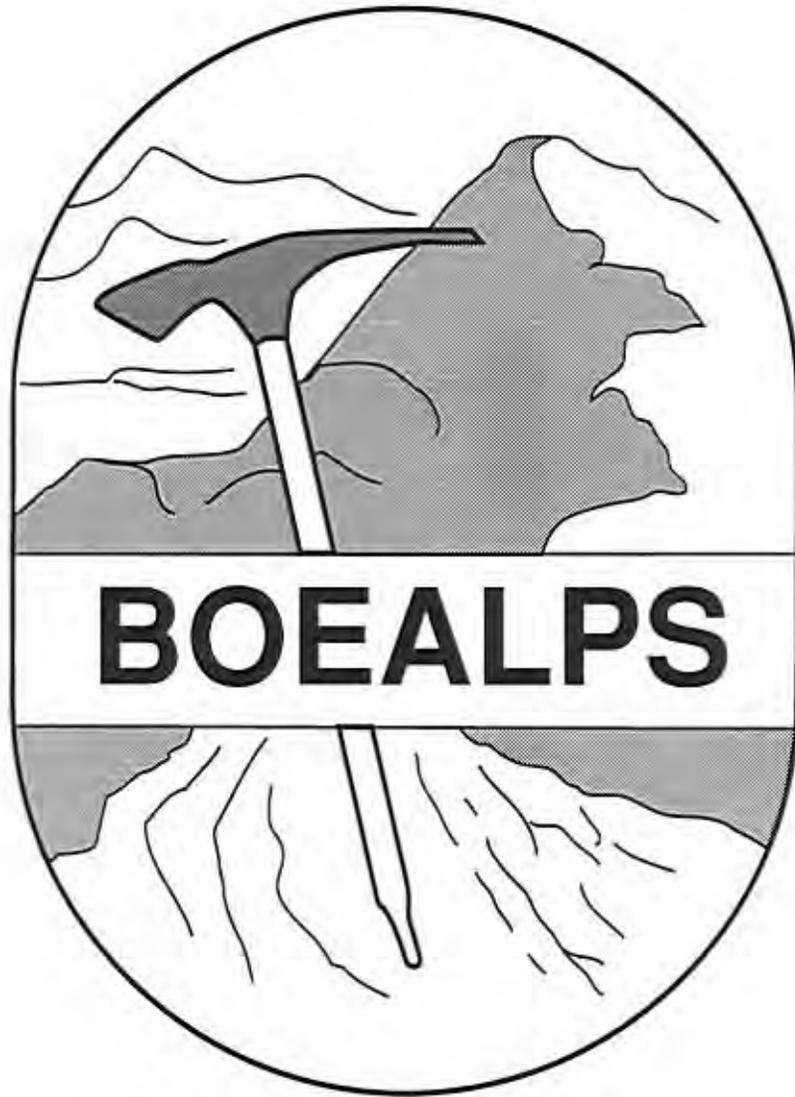
OCTOBER 1994

Name	Work	Home	M/S	Address	City	St	Zip
RATLIFF ROY	767-7995	439-8067	-	15443 38TH LN S #79	SEATTLE	WA	98188
REED DALE	662-4900	243-9129	19 AH	12027 10TH AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98168
RENSI RISE	223-3025	767-7285	-	5324 16TH AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98108
RETKA PAUL J	294-1239	661-1594	02 MH	36521 25TH AVE S	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98003
RICHARDS DOUGLAS R	294-6466	742-2675	03 MR	16817 LARCH WAY #A-203	LYNNWOOD	WA	98037
RICHMOND STEVEN	662-8165	631-3591	20 86	12908 SE 278TH ST	KENT	WA	98031
ROB STEWART		762-8909	-	10145 15TH S	SEATTLE	WA	98168
ROBERTS GLENN	868-5055	868-8515	-	659 E LAKE SAMMAMISH RD NE	REDMOND	WA	98053
ROBINETT MARTIN J	266-5706	348-3062	0L 43	12907 E GIBSON RD #A306	EVERETT	WA	98204
ROGERS THOMAS A, JR	655-4215	820-1522	1W 82	8014 NE 112TH ST	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
ROPER JOHN		746-8462	-	14332 SOMERSET BLVD SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
ROSKE JOE A	931-9752	825-3575	5T 06	2243 SCANDIA AVE	ENUMCLAW	WA	98022
ROSS HEATHER P		782-4685	-	8746 19TH AVE NW	SEATTLE	WA	98117
RUDESILL CHRISTOPHER	237-9963	517-4318	74 61	201 N.E. 65 TH ST.	SEATTLE	WA	98115
RUSHO CATHERINE G	454-5589	463-2857	-	25626 BATES WALK SW	VASHON	WA	98070
RUTHERFORD PAUL	773-9564	271-6119	82 97	2924 KENNEWICK PL. NE	RENTON	WA	98056
RYDBERG DONN	965-6437	863-8225	7P EF	5416 124TH AVE E	SUMNER	WA	98390
SANDERS DOUG	622-2140	252-5331	-	1605 OAKES AVE	EVERETT	WA	98201
SANDERS DOUGLAS C	237-5101	523-2588	9W 04	1124 N 81ST ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
SATO BRIAN	649-7265	649-8926	-	2642 166TH AVE SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98008
SCEARCE RICHARD	237-6373	883-9263	9U KP	3037 164TH PL NE	BELLEVUE	WA	98008
SCHEUMANN TROY D	237-6570	277-4185	67 HF	1735 WHITMAN AVE NE	RENTON	WA	98059
SCHILLE SAMUEL J	294-6782	524-7947	03 MR	3529 NE 87TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98115
SCHILATY ROBERT K	234-9939	391-5485	67 RT	2345 SQUAK MT LP	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
SCHULTZ JEFF L		255-3136	-	17511 121 LANE SE #8303	RENTON	WA	98058
SCHUMACHER LAUREL G		838-3566	1W 82	32806 7TH AVE SW	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98023
SEVERS PHIL		523-3672	-	5502 16TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98105
SHETTER MARTIN	556-1069	641-8436	-	4617 149TH AV SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
SHIPWAY JOHN	294-4445	347-6146	02 24	1119-B 132ND ST SW	EVERETT	WA	98204
SHIVITZ WILLIAM F	662-4112	228-0120	14 KF	17620 E LAKE DESIRE DR SE	RENTON	WA	98058
SKAFF WILLIAM J	234-3436	630-6576	67 HE	22633 119TH AVE SE	KENT	WA	98031
SLETE STANLEY O	931-9671	874-5384	5T 04	2713 S 353RD PL	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98003
SMITH ELLEN		789-0889	-	7812 6TH AVE NW	SEATTLE	WA	98117
SMITH LESLIE	391-9097	486-2000	-	10223 NE 198	BOTHELL	WA	98011
SNOEY ANDREW			-	619 BYRNE HALL, AMOS TUCK SCHOOL	HANOVER	NH	03755
SOUCY KATHRYN A		781-1782	-	4523 1ST AVE NW	SEATTLE	WA	98107
STEFANINI LINDA	865-6733	784-6874	7M RK	849 NW 62ND ST	SEATTLE	WA	98107
STEPHENS DAVID	774-1396	965-6076	7P CP	20107 76TH AVE W	LYNNWOOD	WA	98036
STEWART CHRISTINA M	526-6765	632-3802	-	3620 DENSMORE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
STEWART TOM	662-1324	762-8909	43 44	10145 15TH AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98168
STIMPSON W, SCOTT	655-4538	775-2441	1F 10	19918 89TH PL W	EDMONDS	WA	98026
STONE JAMES C	657-0162	874-0998	3E LU	2616 S 376TH	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98003
STONEBRAKER JEFF	342-0898	347-4852	0A L7	10824 MERIDIAN DR SE	EVERETT	WA	98208
STONEBRAKER LINDA		347-4852	-	10824 MERIDIAN DR SE	EVERETT	WA	98208
STRAUSS NICK A	854-9950	852-0714	-	22022 93RD AVE S	KENT	WA	98031
SULE JOHN	544-8323	932-9521	2H 60	6312 CALIFORNIA AVE SW #102	SEATTLE	WA	98136
SUMNER JOHN A	655-1903	938-4058	1R 28	1356 ALKI AVE SW #1	SEATTLE	WA	98116
THACKER GRANT	544-9687	634-2719	2L 22	4608 SUNNYSIDE AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
THACKRAY MONIQUE		226-3559	-	6673 119TH PL SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
THACKRAY TODD	655-9153	226-3559	1W 78	6673 119TH PL SE	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
THOMAS GORDON		824-3348	-	20217 6TH AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98198

BOEALPS MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

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Name	Work	Home	M/S	Address	City	St	Zip
THORNTON JEFFREY		526-0757	-	8003 STROUD AVE N	SEATTLE	WA	98103
THRODLIN HAL	965-7352	364-6332	7P 28	19032 3RD AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98155
TILL BRADLEY D	342-2810	348-4220	05 30	9009 W MALL DR #1405	EVERETT	WA	98208
TIMMERMAN MICHAEL	657-2790	938-1030	3C JL	3250 AVALON WAY #306	SEATTLE	WA	98126
TOWNSEND HARRY E	294-3755	547-4327	0W PC	2210 N 43RD ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103
TRAINER VERA	543-8502	522-7022	-	342 NE 58TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98105
TRETT GREGORY	655-5985	226-8172	4A 14	9119 122ND PL SE	RENTON	WA	98056
URSICK DEE		935-2756	-	6052 37TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98126
VARGA DOUGLAS A	393-9073	813-0501	9C 36	11518 SE 219TH PL	KENT	WA	98031
VERZANI GAIL J	931-2770	271-2812	30 AF	17751 113TH PL SE	RENTON	WA	98055
VETTER ARTHUR M	544-5426	226-9492	2T 50	15633 SE 178TH PL	RENTON	WA	98058
VETTER ELSA		226-9492	-	15633 SE 178TH PL	RENTON	WA	98058
VORDERSTRASSE DARREL D	544-8821	525-2803	2M 02	3829 NE 97TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98116
WAINWRIGHT ALAN		767-0403	-	6422 CARLETON AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98108
WALDRON MARTHA J	283-1471	874-5197	-	2626 NW 57TH ST	SEATTLE	WA	98107
WALKER BRAD	717-0459	789-0889	0R PX	7812 6TH AVE NW	SEATTLE	WA	98117
WARZECHA MICHAL P	657-4611	946-6830	8X 72	28113 18TH AVE S #50	FEDERAL WAY	WA	98003
WATERMAN DAVID	717-0394	435-5348	0R PF	5229 ARENA DR	ARLINGTON	WA	98223
WATSON GARY	544-8570	439-1954	2J 55	16458 14TH AVE SW	SEATTLE	WA	98166
WAYMAN KENNETH	662-1322	784-2238	43 44	6719 14TH AVE NW	SEATTLE	WA	98117
WHITE CATHY		867-1791	-	13327 187TH CT NE	WOODINVILLE	WA	98072
WHITE DEREK	965-8804	228-4281	7X RP	11707 SE 64TH ST	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
WHITE RICHARD	655-8130	867-1791	4F 34	13327 187TH CT NE	WOODINVILLE	WA	98072
WHITMER MATTHEW	342-5239	285-3821	01 09	2931 10TH PL W	SEATTLE	WA	98119
WIDDISON COLIN	657-2602	641-5294	3E JA	15804 SE 43RD ST	BELLEVUE	WA	98006
WILD SILAS	685-0785	527-9453	-	4531 48TH AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98105
WILKINSON RON	284-1181	391-8954	-	3408 221ST AVE SE	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
WILLARD LORNA S.	543-4011	778-0947	-	8507 MADRONA LN	EDMONDS	WA	98026
WINSTON KERRY J	846-4781	841-1201	52 44	10753 133RD AVE E	PUYALLUP	WA	98374
WINTERS CHARLES S	544-8602	392-4414	2J 50	770 HIGHWOOD DR	ISSAQUAH	WA	98027
WIRE RICHARD	931-9820	863-5333	5T 09	18508 65TH ST E	BONNEY LAKE	WA	98390
WOOLEY KEVIN		62-0411- 856011	3F 53	BOEING D&SG, P.O. BOX 3999, M/S 3F-53	SEATTLE	WA	98124
WORDEN ELAINE	237-6538	860-1106	67 HF	312 29TH AVE S	SEATTLE	WA	98144
WORNATH JAY	294-6426	523-6821	03 JU	7321 21ST AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98115
YABUKI JOE	356-3720	821-8417	-	12822 NW 141ST CT	KIRKLAND	WA	98034
YAGI VICTOR	477-4812	528-2819	4H 74	6325 22ND AVE NE	SEATTLE	WA	98115
YOUNG KEN J	882-2654		-	4103 169TH CT NE	REDMOND	WA	98052
YOUNG STEPHANIE L	294-7583	828-9823	03 JU	6752 LAKE WASH. BLVD NE #824	KIRKLAND	WA	98039
ZWAHLEN MARK T	234-0360	523-2588	97 41	1124 N 81ST	SEATTLE	WA	98103



BOEALPS

ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: _____

NEW WORK PHONE: _____ NEW WORK M/S: _____

NEW HOME PHONE: _____ NEW HOME ADDRESS: _____

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO JEFF ARNOLD, M/S 4M-74

NEWS ITEMS AND EDITORIAL COMMENT IN THIS PUBLICATION
DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS OF
THE BOEING COMPANY

ALPINE ECHO

OCTOBER ALPINE ECHO STAFF

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	Ron Fleck
	Lizard
	Tom Rogers

Thanks to everyone!!



NOVEMBER 1994



BOEING EMPLOYEES ALPINE SOCIETY, INC.

President	Pam Kaiser	08-55	342-3468	Education	Michael Frank	0U-01	342-7236
Vice President	Paul Pyscher	70-62	234-4715	Equipment	Silas Wild		627-9453
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Echo Editor	Len Kannapell	4X-02	393-3866	BCAG Recreation	Jake Davis	0F-KA	342-5000

Photo: Pigeon Spire by Ken Johnson

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NOVEMBER MEETING

Thursday, November 3, 7:30 pm
Oxbow Recreation Center

CLIMBING IN THE PERUVIAN ANDES

Joe Catellani presents a slide show featuring two of his climbs in South America.

Preceding this will be a short 10-15 minute recruitment pitch by Chris Madden of Seattle Mountain Rescue for volunteers.

BELAY STANCE

GENERAL NOTES

With the abundance of falling leaves, spectacular colors, cooler days, and early nights, it is autumn.

This is a friendly reminder to those of you who forget seasons change and think the climbing season just keeps chugging on, thinking you can simply hold on to what club gear you have usurped indefinitely. Ha!

I mentioned this last time, but the point cannot be reinforced too strongly: please return any club gear to Equipment chairman Silas Wild so an accurate assessment of equipment and condition can be made. Now it gets even easier: call Silas and he can arrange for equipment to be returned to a board member, thereby cutting off more of your creative excuses. The club is considering buying new items such as tents and X-country skis, but it makes no sense to buy more than is needed. An equipment inventory will be included in December's issue, so make it up to date.

Yep, the monthly meetings do resume this month at the Oxbow with the meeting starting at 7:30 pm - but don't forget the "social half-hour" beginning at 7:00 pm to eat, drink, and be scary beforehand.

President Pam notes the positions of Equipment chair and Programs chair could use more volunteers, so contact her for more information. Get involved. Just do it.

Kevin Mejia, the new Activities chair, makes it easy to advertise a trip with his streamlined form included in this issue. In keeping with this spirit, when submitting trip reports to me, please including the following: 1) hardcopy, 2) floppy disk (3.5" IBM preferably), and 3) your name, mailstop, and subject on the label of the disk - that way small changes can be made (if necessary) and I can send the disk back to you for reuse. Contact your personnel rep or Ethics advisor on use of Boeing equipment, since it may vary from area to area.

THIS ISSUE

How sweet it is to have a horn o' plenty of trip reports: Steve Kness' Picket bushwacking, Mark Dale's I-90 paragliding, Lizard's third and final installment of his "Tales from Down Under," and a writeup of a climbing trip to the Bugaboos by yours truly.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Life is a banquet - and most poor suckers are starving to death" - Mame Burnside

From the desk of the editor,


Len Kannapell

DECEMBER ALPINE ECHO DEADLINE: NOVEMBER 17

November 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1	2	General Meeting  NEW MOON  3	4	Sahale II, The Weenie Roast 5
Sahale II Crystal Mt. Ride 6	7	Election Day  8	Board Meeting 9	10	Veteran's Day  11	Sadie Hawkins Day  12
Salles Ridge Ride 13	14	15	16	ECHO Deadline 17	FULL MOON 18	19
Hollywood Hills Ride 20	21	22	23	Thanksgiving 24	Holiday 25	26
27	Hanukkah Begins  עִיבּוּרִית 28	29	30			

December 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				General Meeting  1	New Moon 2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	Full Moon 17
18	19	20	21	22	Holiday 23	24
Christmas  25	Holiday 26	Holiday 27	Holiday 28	Holiday 29	Holiday 30	New Years Eve  31

THIS MONTHS ACTIVITIES ...

Bonnington & Messner Show Prefunction

Nov., 2 (Bonnington)

Nov., 4 (Messner)

Informal gathering of Boealpers before the shows.

Where: Big Time Brew Pub on University Ave.

When: 1 1/2 hrs before the show.

Contact: Elden Altizer

643-5175 (H)

342-0157 (W)

Sahale Peak or "Al Baal's Weenie Roast" (8,680')

Nov. 5-6

If you missed Eric's Sahale trip, here is your second chance. We'll leave Seattle at three in the afternoon, and car camp at Marble Creek or Mineral Park. That night, we'll have a weenie roast. I'll provide the dog's and buns, and everyone else can bring a side dish.

Sunday, before sunrise, we'll start before the hordes, and eat breakfast at Cascade Pass. "Cascade Pass is a historic pass, crossed by Indians from time immemorial, by explorers and prospectors for a century..." The day's elevation gain will be 5,080' to the top of Sahale, which is noted for its panoramic views.

Party size is limited to nine.

Contact: Al Baal

781-2382 (H)

342-3047 (W)

Lower Northway, Crystal Mountain

Nov., 6

Ride Crystal's longest ski trail up from Sandflat Camp, over Northway and Grubstake Peaks, to the 7,000' summit terminal. This double diamond route demands complete control in all riding conditions -- including steep tight trails over icy terrain. *5 hours, 4,000' gain, fair weather SWR: 5.2 to 5.7.*

Dalles Ridge via Deep Creek

Nov., 13

Attention cardiovascular carnivores! This industrial strength ride to the summits of Dalles Ridge (6,176') and Mutton Mountain (6,156') will annihilate all but the most diehard shredheads. *7 hours, 5,200' gain, fair weather ratings: 6.8 & 7.1. Parental discretion advised.*

Hollywood Hills, Capitol Forest

Nov., 20

No summits, but with 21 miles of gumbo, who cares. So mount up a pair of Panaracer Spikes or Specialized Storm Controls and let's get down and dirty. *5 hrs., unrated.*

Contact: Lizard

255-4754 (H)

865-3783 (W)

Mt. St. Helens X-Country Ski Trip

Feb., 10-12

Back by popular demand! Noted gourmet cook Peter Galliger will again dazzle us with his culinary talents. Come join this event, there will be no conflict with the traditional Stonebraker "100 yds from the parking lot" Rainier snow camping trip this year. *Includes 5 meals and 2 nights lodging. \$55/adults \$45/children.*

Contact: Elden Altizer

643-5175 (H)

342-0157 (W)

ACTIVITIES BULLETIN BOARD

Greetings from your new active chairperson. First I would like to say thanks to all of the board members who oh-so-subtly persuaded me to sign up for the position. I look forward to a year filled with fun activities and I hope I can bring some fresh ideas and traditions into the position.

In keeping with the Boeing spirit of *Continuous Quality Improvement* (while of course maintaining a *Customer-in* attitude,) I have decided to try to improve our current *process* for submitting trip advertisements to the Echo. This will hopefully 1) aid in getting every one's trips into the next months Echo in time, 2) help to simplify the job of assembling the Echo, and 3) make it easier for all club members to submit activities.

There are now 3 ways to submit an activity:

- 1) e-mail your trip to **kmm7173@mu.ca.boeing.com (internet)**
mejkmx00@ccmail.lasl.ca.boeing.com (Profs or CCmail)
- 2) Send a Mac or DOS floppy disk with your trip advertisement in TEXT, ASCII, MS Word, or RTF format to: **Kevin Mejia, MS 6H-FK**
- 3) Fill out the new and improved activity submission form and mail it to me at the above Boeing MS or to my home address:
2303 245 Ave. SE
Issaquah, WA 98027

Ideally, going digital should make trip submissions easier on everyone. See you on the Information SuperTrailway - Kevin

BOEALPS Echo Activity Submission Form			
Trip Title: _____		Date _____	
Description: _____ _____ _____			
Trip Sponsor: _____		Ph: _____	(H)
		Ph: _____	(W)
Send to:	Kevin Mejia MS 6H-FK	or	Kevin Mejia 2303 245 Ave. SE Issaquah, WA 98027
e-mail	kmm7173@mu.ca.boeing.com		

FROM THE SECRETARY'S DESK
10/12/94 BOARD MINUTES

The next year's budget is being planned. In discussion is the amount of equipment we need for next year: We did not purchase much this year and we do not see much in the requirements for new gear next year. Ideas are welcome but note that the club has enough snowshoes, avalanche beacons and tents that for any given weekend all of one type item have never been unavailable (including tents during the basic class). In the mean time, Silas is purchasing 2 pair of mountaineering skies for the club. Finally (on equipment and budget) please get all the borrowed equipment back to Steve Mormon of Silas Wild (or a board member) so that Steve and Silas can check the condition and repair (especially on the beacons).

Need more input from the club on items such as programs and activities.

Current Happenings: Lots of good responses to the Banquet and a big THANK YOU to those who made it happen. BOEALPS MOFA is in progress and going well. Enrollment was only 13 (16 available) this time around. The club will be looking at future needs and ideas including MOFA refreshers.

Ideas-In-Progress: An informational phone line has been proposed. People could call to find out what is happening in BOEALPS (such as friends of BOEALPS).

Next meeting is November 9, 1994 and (as always) y'all're 'nvited!!



Stehekin road closure hotly debated

Park service wants to make last 7 miles into a hiking trail

The Associated Press

STEHKIN, Chelan County - The National Park Service wants to close a road leading deep into North Cascades National Park, a proposal that has upset nearby property owners and divided conservationists.

The Stehekin River road begins at the isolated resort community of Stehekin at the head of Lake Chelan and winds for more than 20 miles northwest, giving visitors access to remote, spectacular mountain areas in the park. The park service wants to close the road's upper seven miles, converting it into a hiking trail.

Permanent closure of the road "is in the best long-term interest of management of the area," said William Paleck, North Cascades National Park superintendent. It would save money, reduce the need for sand and gravel and improve habitat for such endangered species as the grizzly bear.

People would still be able to hike in to those areas, it will just take more time and effort, Paleck said.

In addition to closing seven miles of the road, the park service wants to ban private cars above the High Bridge public campground, which marks the park boundary near the Pacific Crest National Scenic Trail.

The proposed road closure is backed by the North Cascades Conservation Council, an environmental group that has fought to restrict development in the Stehekin Valley.

"It re-establishes wilderness in the heart of the North Cascades," said the council's Kevin Herrick. "We've had an awful lot of our forested land roaded. To re-establish trail is a beautiful thing."

But the man who wrote the Sierra Club's popular guidebook to trails in the North Cascades National Park and who fought for its creation in the 1960s says there would be nothing beautiful about hiking the path of the old road.

"It's a historical road that was there long, long before the park. It does not significantly impact the wilderness, and closing it will lessen the pleasure of many park users," said Fred Darvill. He promised the trail would be hot, buggy and thoroughly unattractive.

But Herrick argued that wilderness values justify the longer hike. If visitors don't like it, he suggested they find easier hikes outside the park.

"Look at the broader picture," Herrick said. "Since 1968 there have been a lot more roads added to the North Cascades. The number of accessible alpine areas has increased rather than decreased."

Unfortunately, this proposal has not been widely advertised so that those who wish to support or fight it have ample time to let their feelings be known. Three public meetings were held the first week of October. The deadline for public comment is November 1, 1994. Perhaps if enough letters are sent highlighting the Park Service's failure to inform the public of this plan, the comment period could be extended. Send comments to :

William Paleck
Superintendent - North Cascades National Park
2105 Highway 20
Sedro-Woolley, WA 98284

A Lesson in Objective Hazard

Back in July of 1991 Kevin Wooley, Paul Allyn and I set out to do a North to South traverse of the Picket Range in the North Cascades. The start of day 5 saw us leaving our camp just below Luna headed for Picket Pass. The weather had been fine for the first 4 days but rain was coming. At Luna col, we decided to head down the North side of the col rather than stay high and traverse towards the Fury glacier. Why? In general, none of us had much experience with technical rock climbing and the class 4 step we had been told about was enough to convince us to try the low route. Now the lesson begins ...

Getting down from the col required some scrambling with a nasty section where the snow had melted away from the base of the rock. Once upon the snow the first incident of the day occurred; Paul attempted a standing glissade and as he was switching his ax from one hand to another, jabbed himself in the leg and took a short fall. Kevin followed, fell, lost control and nearly went into some rocks. We regrouped, put a bandage on Paul's leg (minor cut) and headed on. However, from this point on, steep snow seemed steeper than it had before - a little loss of confidence after two slips.

Traversing below cliffs, a dull thud was heard from above. We stopped, then immediately heard a loud crash. Not more than 50 feet in front of us a hail storm of bowling ball size rocks streamed across our intended path. Apparently, a very large boulder had broken loose from high above, landed on a shelf, shattered, then sprayed across our path. Needless to say, we hurried though the rest of the route underneath the cliffs. I started wishing I had a helmet ...

We reached a point where we could see the Fury glacier and realized we were going to have to lose another large chunk of elevation to get to it's base. It was interesting that there were noticeable avalanche tracks right down the center of the lower part of the glacier. Best to plan a route to the left of center even though there was nothing obvious to cause the avalanche paths. As we gained the top of the lower part of the glacier it became obvious what had caused the avalanches: an ice fall out of our line-of-sight to the right. As we passed it, a house size chunk of ice calved-off, and came sliding directly towards us! We started to move further left when it became obvious that the slope of the glacier was just enough to turn the block downhill and miss us as it continued guess where, right down the center of the lower glacier. (We had come up on the left side). I started to question why I was here, it wasn't even lunch time yet!

As we continued up the glacier we stayed left until we encountered a very large crevasse which stretched the entire way across the left side of the glacier. At one spot, there was access to a 15 foot vertical wall which could be used to gain the uphill side of the crevasse. After lengthily discussion, we opted to traverse all the way around the cleaver and up the right side of the glacier. We had three ice screws, crampons and ice axes, but the thought of "ice climbing", with little or no experience, near a very large crevasse, in the middle of nowhere, seemed not to be the thing to do. Even though there were no technical difficulties in going to the right, it did force us to carry our packs about 800 feet higher than we wanted before we could drop them and head to the summit of SE Fury. (Who is to say that the right side took longer than the "ice climbing" route but I do think carrying our packs higher did make us more tired.)

The summit of SE Fury gave us a view of our surroundings - fantastic, but not good. Jack mountain was being hammered by a thunderstorm and as we viewed the North Picket cirque, fingers of clouds came racing over the summits and filled the cirque. We hurried down to our packs, got a quick look at the col we wanted to get to 600 feet below us, then proceeded to get hammered ourselves. Whiteout, rain, hail, wind, thunder, lightning. Jerry Baillie's party had easily glissaded this slope: we were so nervous that we backed-down a majority of it. We had not been up it, did not know where the crevasses were, and couldn't see a thing. And oh yeah, I was scared.

Somehow we found the col. Paul wanted to set up the tent and hole-up at the col as we had no idea what the difficulties of the descent on the far side of the col would be. We tried to set-up the tent but the wind was blowing so hard it was not possible. As we shouted at each other to be heard over the wind, we decided we had no choice but to head down. Fortunately, we found steep snow but no technical

difficulties. After some time, we came down out of the clouds and storm, pulled out of the gully and started to look at the map to see where in the hell we were and where we wanted to go. As we stood with map in hand, a buzzing sound came from the gully. In a matter of moments, a wheel sized rock came spinning down the gully imitating a buzz saw as it passed where we had been just minutes before. Only full body armor would have helped.

After searching the basin we had entered for a flat spot to camp for over an hour, we finally had to admit defeat and carve out a spot in the snow. So ends the lesson.

Postscript:

We spent the next day in the tent before heading out. Enroute to Picket pass, we decided we had had enough and rather than continue on the high route, we decided the un-thinkable: go out Goedel creek. After two solid days of the most ferocious bush-whacking I have ever experienced, we arrived at Terror creek. Needless to say, there is some unfinished business in the Pickets ...

What did I learn from that day in the Pickets? The next year, Kevin and I signed-up for the BocAlps Intermediate Climbing class. If we were going to continue trips like the Picket traverse we needed to know more and have better skills. Also, I don't go climbing without a helmet and I wear it. And finally, no matter how sharp, or smart I may think I am, I know there are events which occur in the mountains which are not under my control namely, Objective Hazards.

Steve Kness

Venezuela Info Request

I'm taking a trip to this South American country in February, and I am looking for advice regarding hiking/climbing. Help an information- and vacation-starved teacher by showing up at the November General Meeting or calling me at 584-3042 (Tacoma).

Tuney Kannapell

THE FLY-90 CHALLENGE

by Mark Dale

Among the varied and colorful crowd that comprise paragliding pilots here in Washington is a core group of what I would call "flying climbers" or "climbing fliers", depending on which activity currently occupies most of their free time. These are people who prefer the physical and mental challenge of mountain flying to the more mundane soaring scene at popular sites, and are usually readily identified by their sweat-drenched clothing, alarming body odors, and slightly dazed expressions. In short, the types one might shy away from.

Being a member of this subculture (a dubious distinction at best), I'm quite aware at how competitive we can be, and at the many new ways we try to impress our comrades with our climbing and/or flying accomplishments. One proposed feat that's received a lot of discussion this year is to climb and fly as many peaks along the Interstate 90 corridor in one day as possible. I call it the "Fly-90 Challenge". In order to "bag" more than two of these mountains in a day requires good timing, judgement, and most of all, luck. Oh, yeah, did I mention having a high pain threshold helps a lot? I decided to take the challenge one Saturday this August, and here is what transpired.

After meeting Frank Worsham at the Granite Mountain trailhead at 6 a.m., I had barely enough time to clear the cobwebs from my head before we started trudging up the trail. We knew there was a long demanding day ahead of us and tried to slow our usual manical pace to a more reasonable plod. Our motto for the day was "eat, drink, and slow down!". This hike in the cool morning hours was to be the most enjoyable of the day as might be expected. Arriving at our proposed departure site on the south slope of the east ridge, a couple of hundred feet lower than the summit lookout, we wasted no time in getting set up. I soon launched into what amounted to a 1 m.p.h. breeze, about the strongest cycle we were getting. The calm winds attested to a very smooth ride down, and an uneventful landing at the base.

As I was folding up my wing, a green Forest Service truck pulled up. My heart immediately sank, although I wasn't quite sure at the time what infraction I was guilty of. The nice gentleman in the truck informed me that the not-so-nice gentleman manning the lookout had radioed him that we illegally flew in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness. I related my belief that the wilderness boundary ran along the divide (the summit ridge) of Granite Mountain and we had flown south of, and outside, the wilderness. At this point the nice gentleman took out his map to dispell this fantasy of mine. Indeed, the boundary DID run along the ridge crest for a while, but then followed a section line due south before turning west again, encompassing the area we used to launch. BUSTED, damn it! I had to admit we had broken the law, although unknowingly. Half expecting to have all my gear and vehicle confiscated, I was relieved to be informed that I was only being issued a warning. Actually the guy was very understanding and I had the feeling he would rather not be doing this.

In the meantime Frank announced over the radio that he had launched, at which point I told him what was going on. Taking this as a message to avoid getting caught also, he flew across I-90 and landed on a gravel bar in the Snoqualmie River! Well, the Forest Service guy wanted to make sure Frank was okay so he followed me over to retrieve him. After thrashing his way up the south bank of the river, Frank appeared on the road ahead of us. Mr. Forest Service didn't even bother to get his address and vital statistics, which relieved Frank to no end and evaporated his fear of handcuffs and jail time.

Realizing an hour had been lost in our carefully planned schedule, we rushed over to the Bandera airstrip where we left Frank's car for retrieval. This was at about 10:15 a.m. Now, most people familiar with Bandera Mountain know that the airstrip is almost always blown-out in the afternoon. However, the wind at the time was very light from the west and, full of hope, we drove my truck up to the trailhead. This hike wasn't quite as pleasant as the last since a lot of the trail is very steep and the day was starting to warm up. Arriving at the first suitable place to launch, we made our first mistake (or was it our second?) by deciding to go higher and farther to a site that allowed us to see the airstrip. By the time we got there, the wind was picking up somewhat and crossing severely from the west. Finding a spot in a narrow draw between two shallow spurs on the south face, we set up to fly. There were some nice, gentle upslope cycles, but on occasion very weird things would happen. For example, a strong downslope cycle would repeat

itself every so often, rolling our wings downhill. Then a mischievous whirlwind picked up my canopy (which wasn't yet hooked into my harness), twisted it high in the air to form a perfect funnel, then dumped it in a heap. For the next 30 minutes I untangled the worst rat's nest of wrapped and knotted lines that I have EVER had to deal with in over three years of paragliding!

Frank was still having problems keeping his canopy straightened out, and at this point I questioned aloud the wisdom of launching here, and what the hell was really going on with the wind. Being the adventurous (and impatient) type, Mr. Worsham decided to answer my questions definitively by flying. A good forward launch and departure by him allayed my fears of rotors, and I hurriedly prepared once again to fly. I spent another half hour straightening and restraightening my canopy, clearing the lines from twigs and dead wood, cursing, sweating, and just generally experiencing nightmarish aggravations. In the meantime Frank had landed and was reporting winds of 15-20 m.p.h. with the big trees surrounding the field "whipping around pretty good". The infamous blow-out was starting to occur.

I finally managed to launch, and was immediately embraced by the strong westerly flow. Crabbing out to the valley, I was able to maintain my position upwind of the field without too much problem, although the lower I got the stronger the winds became. Indeed, the trees were moving wildly everywhere. To me they seemed like thrashing tentacles reaching out to pluck me from the sky! I positioned myself with plenty of room for backwards flying if needed, and came down vertically at mid-field. Deciding to try a different method of killing the wing in high winds, I pulled a B-line stall as soon as my feet touched the ground. Before I had time to turn and reel in the canopy, it fell behind me and pulled with the force of two thoroughbreds. As I leaned forward to counteract the pressure, my feet shot out from under me on the slick grass and I body-slammed head first into the ground, knocking off my sunglasses and vario, and feeling like I just received the deciding blow from Mike Tyson. Frank ran out and jumped on the canopy to stop what was turning into a flat-on-my-back rocket-sled ride across the field. Whew!

Chagrined and a little beat up, I checked the time (1:45 p.m.) and informed Frank I was ready for Mt. Si. Now, I've flown Mt. Si enough to feel pretty comfortable about judging conditions there so I believed the tricky flights were out of the way. Frank, unfortunately, had an engagement that evening that absolutely couldn't be missed. After dropping me off at my truck, he headed for Tiger Mountain which he felt he still had time to do. His successful flight there later completed an impressive trio of peaks for the day. In the meantime, I made the drive to Mt. Si, gulping water and eating salted nuts and bananas on the way.

I won't say much about the grueling hike up Mt. Si, except that it was hot and and I was getting noticeably fatigued. Still, I made it up in good time to find the winds about 5-10 m.p.h. up the slope which was acceptable to me. The last time I had flown here we had to wait over 3 hours for the winds to die down before we could fly. Realizing I may have time for the coup-de-grace (Tiger Mountain) after this flight, I hurriedly set up and launched. There was great lift as I flew out, but soaring was not my goal today! I enjoyed the restful flight to the Stringfellow pasture, quickly packed up and hiked to the truck, arriving at 5:30 p.m. Hoping my body would hold together for one last ascent, I sped off to Tiger Mountain.

Folks were just wrapping up the day's flying at the Tiger LZ, and I received encouragement from several as I began my hike (Frank had preceded me so people knew what we were about). I started out the tortuous trek with a companion (Barb), but soon fell behind as my strength began flagging. Every 15 minutes or so I would have to sit down and rest. Only God knows how happy I was to reach the north launch! Things weren't quite in the bag, though, because the winds were becoming catabatic, blowing lightly down the slope. I helped Barb get airborne, then wasted no time in getting set up myself. Using all the energy I could muster (which wasn't much after 11,000 vertical feet of climbing that day), I executed a final sprint off the hill. Once in the air I was overpowered with a great sense of relief and flew peacefully down into the shadowed valley below. Upon landing with wobbly legs, I talked briefly with some departing pilots and packed away my gear. It was 7:45 p.m. and I was the only one left at the LZ. There being no one to celebrate with, I cracked open a bottle of Jet City Ale and sat quietly sipping beer, alone in the failing light.

DISCLAIMERS AND WARNINGS - All these peaks (especially Granite, Bandera and Si) require good judgement and experience to fly safely. The launches can be tricky and the valley winds horrendous. There's not much data on flying Granite and Bandera, but they're best done very early or very late in the day during spring and summer months. Flying from the higher launches on Granite is ILLEGAL, so either don't do it or be prepared to pay the price (the next pilot that gets

caught may not be as lucky as I). Study your map to determine a legal launch site there. Bandera is legal as long as you fly off the south slope below the ridgeline. But BEWARE of the high winds at the LZ. You can almost always count on them in the spring and summer after midday. Mt. Si has been flown by quite a few folks, but there have been serious accidents there. The launch is very steep and unforgiving, and if there's enough wind to do a reverse inflation, it may be too strong to fly safely. Soaring in the draw near the launch is a bad idea due to turbulence and your proximity to the terrain. Sometimes there is massive sink as you fly out. It's often best to fly to the northwest end of the cliffs to find thermals, or the wooded shoulder to the south. ALWAYS close the gate behind you if you land in the Stringfellow pasture.

For the intrepid and experienced mountain flier, there are several peaks on the north side of I-90 that have yet to be flown, and the south side of the highway is virtually unexplored. Take the Fly-90 Challenge and FLY SAFELY!



I had been planning to return to Australia for the 1986 apparition of Comet Halley since 1982, when NASA first predicted unfavorable conditions for northern hemisphere viewers. After accepting a long standing invitation from Sydney astronomer Tony Buckley, I eagerly make plans to combine comet watching with visits to some of the world famous national parks of Queensland and New South Wales.

My first mainland stop is Melbourne -- an exciting city situated on the inner side of Port Phillip Bay, 6,5 kms from the mouth of the Yarra River. Highlights of the two day visit include a philharmonia prom concert held under the magnificent stained glass roof of the Australian national gallery, and the special exhibition of native art produced by the Papunya Tula aboriginals. The expressive pointillist designs of the Papunya are especially evocative of their Western Desert homeland; and their artwork is avidly sought by collectors throughout the world.

Tony and his brother-in-law, Tom Kaar, meet me at the Sydney airport. Our plans are to spend the coming Easter weekend with the Buckley family at their seaside cottage at Mossy Point and then travel to the Siding Spring national observatory for some serious comet watching.

Tom Kaar is a rather paunchy 40 year old mathematician recently retired from CSIRO -- the prestigious Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization. He is an avid birdwatcher with an interest in bushwalking; he drives a fancy Alfa Sud sports car; he is going to be my guide and traveling companion for the next three weeks; and he is a diagnosed schizophrenic!

Since we have a few days before joining the Buckley's at Mossy Point, Tom suggests two climbs in nearby Morton National Park.

Pigeon House is a prominent 720 meter pinnacle first recorded by Captain Cook in April 1770 as he sailed up "New Holland's" east coast. Cables and ladders assist in getting up the vertical sections of rock, and views from the summit show a land seemingly unchanged from Cook's day.

Tom promises more sport on the Castle -- a peak he has been unable to climb in two previous attempts. The 3 km bushwalk to the park boundary is uniquely Australian. Parrots, cockatoos, lorikeets, and ibis fill the air with unfamiliar calls; while hordes of aggressive termites defend their gum forest homesites with 3 meter high fortifications. The route gets a little more serious once we get inside the park, as the well formed track is replaced by occasional cairns and painted arrows that point the way to Monolith Valley and beyond.

The Castle is a crenellated plateau that rises nearly 900 meters above the valley floor; and the ascent route involves a complicated series of interconnecting ledges followed by an absolutely sensational tunnel that penetrates a narrow section of the summit ridge. Tom's aversion to confined places like dark and narrow tunnels has caused him, on previous trips, to use a bypass. But this tunnel is just too neat to bypass, and after a bit of coaxing I persuade him to try it.

The underground passage is only about 200 meters long, but its convolutions prevent much light from entering. Unfortunately the convolutions do little to break a terrific wind from passing through the channel. The wind muffles our calls and blows dust into our faces. The route soon narrows down, forcing us to crawl on our stomachs while pushing our packs ahead.

I eventually adapt to the dim light and gradually become aware of other inhabitants in this place. Grotesque lizards up to fifty centimeters long scurry for cover as I wiggle past, and worse yet, I

detect something red and hairy crawling along my back. However, since there is not yet enough room to maneuver, I have no choice but to continue carrying my unwelcome passenger.

Tom keeps a reference book in his car called "Things that Sting". I remember the chapters on the deadly stonefish, the box jellyfish, and the blue-ringed octopus, but aside from the fact that all Australian arachnids are poisonous, I cannot recall a damn thing about red spiders. Fortunately this bit of drama ends with a quick flick when the little beastie reaches my shoulder blade. I think we will take Tom's bypass on the way out!

The Castle's final problem is a 40 meter pitch of class 4 rock. Tom's last summit attempt ended at this point. I eventually force a route up the thing, but apparently my frantic struggle does little to encourage him to follow. As I pass onto the plateau, Tom hollers that he will wait below. As is often the case when a difficult downclimb awaits me, my summit stay is brief. But as I return to the rock face, I am surprised to see Tom working his way up. The guy has very little rock climbing experience, but he is determined to get his mountain.

Tom is quite elated to reach the summit. He calls the nine hour climb a never-again experience, and shoots an entire roll of film to record the event. Thus far my companion has shown little evidence of schizophrenia. Tom openly disputes the diagnosis, but enjoys the freedom his medical disability payments offer. Our tough downclimb will be a good test of how well he handles pressure.

This chronicle must now record some unpleasant facts:

1. Australia's welfare system is much too generous if it allows playboy con artists like Tom a life on the dole.
2. Tom handles pressure at least as well as I do. We survived the rock pitch, but a little later on I was bitten on the palm by a bull ant and nearly went into shock.

Tony Buckley has been working on his 19" Newtonian reflector for over four years, and now only the final counterbalancing needs to be done. Unfortunately this operation is performed under grey overcast skies -- a condition that persists throughout the Easter weekend. Nevertheless, we all have a good time at Mossy Point. Tom goes diving in Jervis Bay, Tony and the kids do a bit of fossicking at the Nerrigundah gold fields on Mogo Creek, and I bicycle more than 110 kms along the Moruya River to the old mining town of Araluen.

According to the Australian Astronomical Society, Mount Kaputar, a solitary 1510 meter peak in the outback of NSW is supposed to have the country's best night-time viewing conditions. The 156" Anglo-Australian telescope is located in nearby Coonabarabran and many comet watchers are expected to converge on the area in early April.

Fourteen months ago Tony had the foresight to reserve one of the two cabins located atop Mount Kaputar; and next week Tom, Tony, his son Steven, and I will hopefully get our first really good views of Comet Halley. In the meantime I have an appointment with Kosciusko.

By world standards 2230 meter Mount Kosciusko does not rank very high. The roof of the Australian continent is merely a culminating point in a gentle uplift inappropriately known as the Snowy Mountains. Even though locals like to point out that in good years the winter snow cover exceeds that of Austria and Switzerland, these late summer days of March offer no hint of such hibernal conditions. None the less, by the time we reach the end of the road at Charlottes Pass (the site of Australia's record low -8F temperature reading) I am quite eager for a mountain romp.

And what a romp it is! Over the next two days we climb twelve 2000 meter peaks, including three of the nation's five highest summits. This alpine playground provides outdoor recreation of the highest order, and by the time we finally head off toward Canberra, enroute to Kaputar, I fully understand why these Australian Alps are held in such high esteem.

Australia's federal capital and largest inland city lies in the northeast corner of the Australian Capital Territory, straddling the Molongo River, a tributary of the Murrumbidgee. Back in 1913, American architect Walter Burley Griffin submitted the winning entry in an international competition for a plan of the new city. The stark, ultra-modern Canberra of today is remarkably true to Griffin's original design.

It is a long day's drive to Mount Kaputar. We arrive around 8 o'clock; and at precisely 9:45 pm on April 2, I get my first clear views of Halley. The coma is quite prominent, but the tail appears rather faint against the bright Milky Way background. In the course of the evening, Tony points out other celestial objects such as the Centaurus-A globular cluster, the Tarantula nebula, the Magellanic Clouds, NGC 4945: an edgewise spiral galaxy, the Jewel Box cluster, Saturn's rings and much more. The southern skies are filled with spectacular wonders, but I am most fascinated by the comet.

Halley's jaunt through our sector of the solar system is a once-in-a-lifetime experience, and even though the "fuzzy star" becomes a routine sight over the next 10 days, that first night fulfills a dream I had kept alive since childhood.

As luck would have it, Kaputar's famed seeing conditions are compromised by smoke from a nearby 10 week old bush fire. The smoldering fire is nearly invisible by day, but at night the advancing flames create fantastic effects as they slowly advance along the steep forested valleys of the park. Apparently national park policy permits such fires to go unchecked.

*On the following day we visit a burned over area still warm from the passing ground fire and learn first hand the wisdom of that policy. The large gums have survived almost unscathed while much of the brush has been consumed. A few plants such as the amazing 1000 year old Blackboys (*xanthorrhoea arborea*) actually thrive on such occasional incinerations. Their grassy trunks are reduced to ashes, but a tough resinous core protects the shrub from further damage; and like the mythical phoenix, the plant proclaims its immortality by flowering amid the charred remains.*

Tom and I pause briefly on our climb to the rim of Yulludunida Crater to witness a scene straight from the dawn of creation. Red smoke hangs heavy in the air, grotesque Blackboys surround us, and overhead a family of wedge-tailed eagles ride the thermals set up by Yulludunida's great basaltic walls. For me, this memorable scene epitomizes the best of wild Australia.

Our next destination is Coonabarabran, gateway to the Warrumbungle Mountains. Daytime temperatures soar as we head further into the interior, and by the time we reach the Siding Spring observatory it is far too hot to be out in the open.

The observatory houses the most advanced telescope in the southern hemisphere. We tour the spectrophotometry lab, the computer facility, and see some remarkable comet pictures taken by the large 3.9 meter telescope. Unfortunately we do not get a chance to look through the viewfinder. Telescope time is scheduled like supercomputer time, and this evening's slot at the prime focus is reserved for a team from America's Jet Propulsion Laboratory.

The morning sun illuminates our campsite in Wallaby Flat with the intensity of a nuclear flash. By

noon the temperature is 38 Celsius and all thoughts of continuing our multiday bushwalk through the Warrumbungles are banished. Tom and I regroup. We stash our overnight gear, stuff our daypacks with Granny Smith apples and water bottles, and take to the high tops.

The Grand High Tops track is the most popular walk in the park, and when linked with the Western High Tops makes an extraordinary full circle trip. Kangaroos, wallabies and emus are abundant, but the nocturnal koalas remain elusive in the tall eucalyptus. Heat-stricken hikers occupy almost every shady spot along the steep switchback section above Spirey Creek, and by the time we reach the divide overlooking Beloungy Spire and the Breadknife even Tom looks wilted.

We again regroup. Our new plan puts Tom on a direct route to Mount Exmouth, the highest peak in the Warrumbungles, while I get an opportunity to get Exmouth via Bluff Mountain -- the number two peak in the 'Bungles.

The side trip over to Bluff Mountain takes longer than expected, and even though a relatively cool breeze sweeps the summit, I feel cooked. The slog over to Exmouth is exhausting, but fortunately I do not have to go very far before catching Tom, who is wisely relaxing in a shady spot known as the Grassy Glades.

Our final plan is retreat. We abandon Exmouth and the Western High Tops and take a shortcut over Ogma Saddle down to West Spirey Creek. Hopefully, cooler adventures await us in the subtropical rainforests of the Queensland coast.

Australia's largest area of subtropical rainforest is centered on the Queensland-New South Wales border. Unfortunately the accessible lowlands of the region have been subject to clearing and exploitation, resulting in some sadly fragmented parks. We cross the the Great Dividing Range near Glen Innes and follow the Gwydir Highway to the tablelands of Gibraltar National Park.

Mulligan's Hut was built during the mid 1920's and is the focus of Gibraltar's many walking tracks. A 15 km circuit takes us through a gloomy, leach-infested tree fern forest to the spectacular Barra Nula cascades. The diversity of plant species is incredible. Walking stick palms, liana vines and tree ferns form the main understory to yellow carabeen and corkwood. Large epiphytes cling on open trees and exotic whipbird calls fill the air.

The whipbird has an absolutely amazing two-part song. The first call is a swooshing twang suggestive of a fast moving whip, while the second call mimics the whip crack. Unbelievably, this song is a duet performed by two birds singing their respective parts in a tightly synchronized call-response pattern!

Our next destination is the series of small national and environmental parks on and around Tamborine Mountain. We visit Palm Grove National Park and admire the magnificent piccabeen palms and the incredibly buttressed Moreton Bay fig trees.

Macrozamia Grove National Park preserves a grove of the most ancient living flora on the planet -- the Australian cycad, *lepidozamia persoffskiana*. These palm-like plants grow only on the plateau edge of Tamborine Mountain and represent a flora that covered the earth before the age of flowering plants, some 300 million years ago. Some fantastic claims of great age have been made for individual plants. Great-Grandfather-Peter is reputed to be 15,000 years old, while another 3 meter patriarch is supposedly still alive after 10,000 years. However, since a specimen transplanted to the Kew botanical gardens in England 150 years ago has already grown to a height of one meter, most authorities estimate the age of individual plants at no more than 500 years. Nevertheless, *Macrozamia* is one of the most prized additions to my leaf collection.

Lamington National Park is the crown jewel of the park system. This world-famous reserve, together with the Greater Daintree Region on Cape York peninsula, preserves the most significant area of undisturbed rainforest remaining in Queensland.

Our last big walk is the 24 km Main Border Track between the accommodation houses at Binna Burra and O'Reillys. Lamington fits the popular image of a rainforest. Classic Tarzan-style pepper vines and colossal strangler figs climb high into the canopy of the forest. Luxuriant orchids, elkhorns, and staghorns perch on tall carabeen, hoop pine and brushbox. The profusion of species give an overwhelming impression of extravagant life.

Lamington's fauna is less obvious. We spot a few brush turkeys and disturb some iridescent land mullets as we race along the trail. Our pace, however, becomes a lot more measured after our encounter with a dangerous eastern brown snake. The eastern brown is an aggressive fast moving snake a hundred times more venomous than the American rattlesnake. (Note: according to the Commonwealth Serum Lab, a healthy specimen carries up to 300 lethal doses!) The creature retreats with a speed that dispels any notions about the efficiency of snake locomotion; had it chosen to attack, several strikes could have been landed within our reaction time.

As we climb above 900 meters we enter a cool temperate rainforest and find a relict of the Ice Age. This part of the McPherson range contains the world's northernmost stand of Antarctic beech (*Nothofagus moorei*). Unfortunately we are still not too high for the ever present leeches. One attaches to my finger web as I innocently reach into my apple bag during a lunch break on the 1165 meter summit of Mount Merino. The slight trifid cut trickled blood for more than twenty minutes.

The final leg of our trip takes us down through the waterfall section of Toolona Gorge. It is here we encounter the Giant Stingers -- the most dreaded residents of the rainforest. The 45 meter high dendrocnide *excelsa* are the largest stinging plants on earth. One light brush against their shiny leaves brings excruciating pain; a pain that persists in twinges for several months. Needless to say, Tom and I give these fellows a very wide berth.

We reach the climax of the trip shortly after our arrival at O'Reillys guest house. An 82% partial solar eclipse is in progress, and with the sun low on the horizon, we are able to witness one of nature's most impressive phenomena without risk of eye damage.

The drive back to Brisbane is not a pleasant one. Tom's car has been infiltrated by leeches well concealed in the dark upholstery; and we make more than one panic stop in order to deal with the problem.

That evening, in a quiet Brisbane park, we get our last look at the fading comet from the top of Mount Coot-tha. The next morning I have to say goodbye to Tom Kaar and fly back to Sydney for a farewell visit with the Buckley family -- Tony, Tia, Steven, and Keri. We celebrate our friendship over dinner, and afterwards take a short trip to Commodore Heights in Kuring-Gai Chase National Park for one final sunset in *Terre Australis*. 30 hours later I am back at SeaTac; 3 weeks later I still suspect every itch to be a leech; and 3 months later I am again eager to ... Return to Oz.

John Lixvar

Revision Date: 7/15/94

Just What Is a Bugaboo?

Intermediate Climbing Class graduation climb -
W. Ridge, Pigeon Spire and NE. Ridge, Bugaboo Spire August 20/21, 1994

Students: Elaine Worden, Len Kannapell
Instructors: Todd Bauck, Michael Frank

The sweat poured from our brows. It was calm and cool, with a slight breeze drifting in from the north, but the skies were heavy with night approaching. We had a decision to make, eyeing each other nervously, realizing the deadly ramifications of our decision if we miscalculated, underestimated, disengaged our minds, if only for a moment's respite. There was no time to wallow in the mire of uncertainty; for life allows few second choices, especially with a decision of this magnitude hanging over our heads like some gray, bulging cumulus cloud hovering over us. I gulped hard, took a deep breath and looked at Elaine, Michael, and Todd and summoned my courage:

"Could we do Mt. Si for our graduation climb?"

Well, that was quickly nixed by the pedagogues/instructors in residence, as we stood outside the Oxbow Recreation Center after a Monday climbing class one fine August evening. Someone from the club had mentioned the possibility of a kayak ascent of Mt. Si a couple of years ago, but somehow I didn't think that was necessarily a suggestion for a graduation climb. Elaine had done most of the research on our first choice, the Serpentine Arete on Dragontail Peak, but the approach from the northern Stuart Lakes trail was out of the question due to the pyrotechnic activities of nature in July and August. My next choice was the Red Dike route on Mt. Constance, an Olympic massif I had been thinking about doing all year but had never really attempted. Though no students had apparently ever climbed an Olympic peak for a graduation climb, it met the prerequisites of being a grade III, class 5.5 rock climb with volumes of adrenaline sure to be pumped through one's veins; however, this would probably be due less to exposure and more to constant bombardment by rockfall. That idea got nixed too. Subsequent calls to the Marblemount Ranger Station regarding the weather eliminated the almost-classic-but-not-quite West Arete on Eldorado; with the forecast becoming rather questionable for the Cascades the weekend of August 20-21, a rain ascent of Issaquah's rarely climbed Tiger Mountain was looking like a good alternative. So just what were we going to do?

Michael called me up and put forth the possibility of going to climb in the Bugaboos, which sounded intriguing though I had hardly a clue as to its whereabouts beyond being somewhere in Canada (a little southwest of Banff, not too far apiece from the Rockies). A quick trip to the Bellevue REI and a half-hour reading session in the store convinced me this was the place to be. Elaine concurred; so on Friday, Michael and I met Elaine and Todd at the Issaquah Park 'n Ride at about 8:00 p.m., and the four of us loaded up Michael's 1982 non-Turbo Saab and zoomed off to foreign land with the Michael Master Plan consisting of the following trinity of spires: 1) arrive in the Bugaboo Alpine Recreational Area early Saturday morning, 2) climb the West Ridge of Pigeon Spire the same day, 3) climb the NE. Ridge of Bugaboo Spire Sunday, 4) climb Snowpatch Spire Monday, and 5) get back in Seattle sometime early Tuesday, so Michael could pack up and leave for a Boeing trip to

Texas Tuesday afternoon. I have been justly accused of being too ambitious in the past, but this one was one tall order. A few calls to the Bugaboo area before we left revealed a low pressure system moving in off the coast, and I considered the possibility that the graduation "climb" might consist of us sitting in my already leaky Eureka tent for three straight days, playing poker; but time waits for no one, and somehow it just seemed like the right thing to do.

We took shifts driving what I thought was a great touring vehicle in the Saab, though it had its slight deficiencies: 1) the trip odometer didn't work, 2) the gas gauge was stuck on full, and 3) the right front passenger window rattled if rolled up too tight. As we barreled up the road on I-90 enroute to Coeur d' Alene, we listened to a rather odd sci-fi book on cassette tape, "Dragonlady of Pern," a tape Todd had gotten on loan from Rob "I-don't-do-approaches" James; the technical functionality of this tape assumes the listener will hear the tape on either the left or right channel of one's car stereo but not both simultaneously, since two spoken tracks were recorded on the same side of the tape, yielding four total tracks per tape. One small problem with the execution of said tape: with the first track on, the left channel up full and the right turned all the way down, the signal from the right was still strong enough for the listener to hear two tracks of dialogue concurrently, making for a bit of a nuisance and general incoherency but providing immeasurable mirth through some of the 11-hour overnight drive. Cautiously, we took HWY 95 in Coeur d' Alene and headed north to Sandpoint, passing through the wonderful Nazi/Supremacist heartland of Hayden. As I drove the late night shift, taking over the wheel around Cranbrook in Canadian turf, I preferred the quiet acoustic sounds of Ireland's Luka Bloom while I smelled the acrid remnants of forest fires which had apparently struck the Canucks as well.

Passing in and out of sleep in the back hours later, I woke up at dawn, hazily recognizing this was indeed different country, as we passed through Radium Hot Springs and burned westward toward the Bugaboos from the town of Brisco; the land was brighter, wider, a sweep of vast expanse with granite mounds spiked up through the almost reddish soil. Michael blitzed the final 45 km or so (28 miles for you Americans) on the dirt and graveled road; I woke up for the last time, after my head repeatedly thumped the passenger window in the left rear. It was slightly after 7:00 am when we pulled into the parking lot, elevation somewhere around 5000 feet, with smooth, clear skies and the warm air of an August morning to greet us. A bit dazed, we packed up and wrapped the Saab with the provided chicken wire (evidently, the local porcupines had an affinity with automotive gas filters and anti-freeze and possibly rubber tires) and marched off toward the Kain Hut; a mere 2000 foot elevation gain in three miles, which we ripped off in an uneventful hour and a half. And there we stood in front of Kain Hut, the voluminous green Quonset structure built in 1972 and named after the early 1900's explorer Conrad Kain. We debated the possibility of spending our nights at this accommodating hut, our decision fueled by the dual lack of somnolence and gastronomic intake; further, the lodging would have been the equivalent of about \$6/person/night, certainly cheaper than your average Motel 6. However, camping at the bivy sites on Appleby Dome, a quick 40 minute hike higher up toward the Crescent glacier, appeared to be the better overall long range choice, since it put us that much closer and higher for our Bugaboo Spire attempt the following day. As it turned out, that one decision may have made the difference between climbing the Bugaboo Spire and not doing it at all. But that was not of the essence today: today, it was time to fly, to Pigeon Spire.

We dropped off our relatively light loads near the glacier (which turned out to be the wrong bivy spot) and made our way across the thinning Crescent glacier toward the

Bugaboo-Snowpatch col, which looked quite a bit steeper than anticipated from far off and turned out to be a mild 30 to 35 degrees maximum. At the hut, we had all looked at each other and quietly cursed the advice of a BoeAlper who had been up the col previously and had casually stated no protection was necessary; the rangerette on duty, busily sweeping the floor of the Kain Hut, thought otherwise. But here, as we began the slow and steady sweep back and forth up the 600-700 foot col, it was quite comfortable being roped up, with crampons in place and ice axes in hand. A quick scramble on some rather loose rock and a short, low-angle ice scramble and we found ourselves on the Vowell glacier, heading southwesterly toward Pigeon Spire. For the BoeAlper who has set foot on the glacier and caught the wondrous site of the broad wings and head of the pigeon, I understand why this granite spire graces the front cover of the *ECHO*. It made me long for my too-bulky Nikon FG with its mighty 28-210 mm lens to capture this Fuji moment.

Still roped, we made our way up the Vowell glacier, and it was here I began slightly reeling from lack of sleep and cursing the scale of this glacier, since it looked as if it would be a quick 15 minutes to get to the granite on the West Ridge and ended up taking over an hour. Once at the base of the spire, we pitched off our loads and traded our cumbersome boots for the featherweight rock shoes. The weather simply could not have been better: clear skies, the air lukewarm but certainly not scalding; and a Grade II, 5.4 rock scramble that would take approximately two hours to climb according to the guide. After carrying lots of protection and two ropes and using neither, we found ourselves on the summit of Pigeon Spire, elevation 10,250 feet, about 45 minutes later. There had been a few route finding problems along the way, but we smoothly and efficiently wound our way through this miraculously sticky granite. I got a picture of Elaine on top of the summit, absorbing the warm sun while catching up on lost sleep, with the ominous, steep-walled, bergschrunded Howser Spire in the background. That one would certainly have to wait for another day.

We used the rope twice on the descent to get over a couple of exposed spots (a quick 700 feet to the left, a short 500 feet to the right...) and still made good time on the descent. The crossing of the Vowell glacier on the way back felt oh-so-good to descend, providing us with an excellent view of what would be our descent route for the Bugaboo Spire, the southerly ridge and original ascent route called the Kain Route. After a wee bit o' discussion, we opted to double-rope rappel down the first 160 feet of the Bugaboo-Snowpatch col, careful to avoid the bergschrund just below us once we got off rappel; Michael opted to down climb unroped, an equally good choice since the snow was firm and he made better time than we did.

We stayed roped down the rest of the descent and on to the glacier, back to the original drop spot at about 5:30 p.m. Looking north and noticing the panoply of brightly coloured tents and bivy sacks dotting the distance atop a flattened rock ridge, we came to the stunning conclusion that place must be Appleby Dome and we would have to hoof our way another 1/4 mile up some nasty and monstrous boulders before we could indeed call it a day. Todd and Michael had taken off before us, so Elaine and I ambled along behind, taking what looked to be a short cut which rapidly became a long cut to the camp, arriving somewhere just before dark. At last, from our kingdom atop Appleby Dome, we were accompanied by the bright moon to the east; and so we ate a pleasant dinner and made our plans for the feature climb of the trip, the NE. Ridge of Bugaboo Spire, listed among the 50 classic climbs in North America. Savoring some fettucine carbonara with a few sips of Johnny Walker Red scotch on a clear night, with the anticipation of a great climb the following day - perhaps the poet William Blake was astute in his observation that the road of

excess leads to the palace of wisdom; our road had been 11 hours through the night, and our palace was the surrounding Bugaboo spires. The scene was interrupted by the lure of sleep, which never comes with any great difficulty to me, and this time arrived in seconds.

The next morning, Sunday, another opportunity to skip church, arrived a shade early at 4:00 a.m., featured a slate gray sky to the south but clear skies above. I could have slept another eight hours, but there was the enticement of a certain spire beckoning. After my wholesome breakfast of two blueberry pop-tarts and a cup of cocoa/coffee, we broke camp at just after five and meandered our way through a boulder field at the east terminus of the Crescent glacier and crossed the nearly flat field of ice toward the Crescent-Bugaboo col.

Our concept of a graduation climb, BoeAlps style, was to provide the students with innumerable opportunities to make mistakes and for the instructors to kind of stand mutely and sort of look around blankly waiting for instructions, as we students had done through most of the class. Now the tables were turned; Todd and Michael waited patiently as Elaine and I discussed the merits of which exposed-looking portion of the looming headwall was least difficult to gain the NE. Ridge; when Michael finally pointed out the rather obvious route to the north, I realized we were off to a banner start. We saw a group of three approaching the same route, probably fifteen minutes or less behind us, and as we began the unroped and somewhat exposed ascent to the shallow ridge line, I realized we could have easily ended up behind these guys (who were waiting for a fourth and perhaps even a fifth climber), which would have dashed our chances for climbing on what was shaping up to be a marvelous day in the Bugaboos.

As we approached the NE. Ridge, I stopped for a photo and wondered just what we were getting ourselves into - this spire looked *steep* and rather precipitous, and from this vantage point, pretty much a long, exposed route. This was a Grade IV, class 5.7 after all, but we marched bravely on to the unknown. At the base of the first pitch, we had the good fortune of being the first group there; I sized up the route and offered to take the first pitch, which established the pattern that I was to lead the odd-numbered pitches, which turned out to be some of the more interesting ones. With one quart of water, some homemade gorp, a few clothes, 1/2 shank boots, crampons, and ice axe carefully stowed in my one and only overnight pack on my back, I began leading up the first pitch, a 5.7 crack followed by a 40-foot detached flake and nervous traverse to an excellent belay spot. One-third of the way up this steep pitch, still getting accustomed to the weight in my backpack and an odd lieback, Michael casually inquired how this pitch compared to that of the Tetons; I casually responded, "oh, about the same..." as I not-so-casually realized this was indeed steeper and more difficult than the more forgiving pitches encountered on a recent trip up the Grand Teton. Elaine led the second pitch, a slightly less difficult 5.6 climb up a leftward-facing flake to its top. Our chief concern was that we would be too slow for the instructors' satisfaction, and I had admittedly taken a long time on the first pitch; but Elaine's quick re-racking capabilities put that problem to rest quickly. Students should climb with students, we students figured; it would be more interesting for us to figure out the damn route and swap leads and watch the instructors dodge the gravity-accelerated granite boulders from above. Just kidding...

Back to me on the third pitch, another fairly sustained 5.7, was a short traverse down and to the left, followed by a somewhat difficult to protect traverse to the right for about 70 feet to what was clearly the base of the fourth pitch, the infamous dihedral pitch that looked true to form as I remembered the photo in the Bugaboo climbing guide. Elaine, carrying two quarts of water and a pretty substantial load for a featherweight, had no problem leading up

the fourth pitch, the 5.6/5.7 dihedral; it was here, climbing up this infinitely protectable granite, that I began to understand why this was such a classic route - the views to the north toward Crescent Spire were marvelous with each surrounding spire or nanatuk ("islands in the mountains" as a rough translation) standing nobly in isolation, and the feet and the hands perfectly tuned to the rock. So now we were at the base of the fifth pitch, which marks yet another climbing decision: the beginning of the long chockstone chimney, a 5.7 pitch to the right, or a more strenuous-looking 5.8 crack straight above. I figured I would not forgive myself if I had not tried the 5.8, so up I went, reveling in the sticky handholds and warming rock. This turned out to be my favorite pitch of the climb, and when Elaine scampered up with Michael and Todd not far behind, I regretted having to leave this heavenly belay perch.

Now Elaine led the sixth pitch, an awkward and occasionally unprotected 5.7 traverse to the right, paralleling the chockstone chimney; my recurring thoughts were "boy, I sure am glad she led this pitch," as I struggled up yet with the security of a rope tugging gently at my waist, and we found ourselves back on the chockstone route, the autobahn of climbing. From here, the pitches got easier: the seventh pitch, barely a 5.6, was negotiated easily, with unlimited choices for anchoring hardware virtually anywhere one chose. Elaine led the eighth pitch, another 5.6, and disappeared around a corner, which featured an awkward move up and to the right as I figured she must be nearing the north summit; nothing looked much higher from this perch. Still, she belayed me up and then I led a long traverse, the ninth pitch and perhaps a 5.4 or 5.5, almost due south figuring the true summit must be somewhere out here. After numerous yelps back and forth to ascertain the length of rope left (about three feet), I belayed Elaine up, who led up what surely had to be the 10th and final pitch, an easy romp on solid granite. A particularly awkward move at the base of a summit boulder had us perplexed; and after I carefully edged up the side of this confusing rock, I looked south to realize that the true northern summit was still a ways beyond, and it would involve some down climbing and some exposed ridge walking to get there. Of course, it didn't even cross my mind to tell my climbing compatriots that we were not really at the summit, and after Michael climbed up the precipitous faux-summit boulder and gazed at the same true summit to the south as I had, he must have wondered why I hadn't said anything. Actually, I just wanted to see if he would have as much trouble climbing this five- or seven- foot section of rock as I did.

Well, we students hadn't done our homework very well and there was some confusion as to which convoluted route was best to get over to the true north summit, and it was another black mark for the illiterate students - a quick examination of the book showed a short rappel down to the left of the ridge line and some laborious weaving back and forth through these crystalline horns as the sinewy means to the lofty end; and finally, at about 3:00 p.m., with the skies looking somewhat threatening above but holding steady, we took the last and final steps and ascended the north summit, a somewhat anti-climactic moment since it is basically a small bump on this lengthy ridge. Nonetheless, at 10,450 feet - 3176 m for those of you into metrics - we had completed the second of our three spires, a glorious panorama atop the highest point in the Bugaboos. I only wished we had more time to linger on top, but we had a *long* traverse to make across to the south summit, and the journey of a thousand miles begins with a single rope rappel.

Since we had become well-versed climbers in the art of exposed traversing from our Pigeon Spire ascent, we were well prepped; most of the traverse was done without the aid of a rope, occasionally crossing the blunt-edge ridges which featured 1000 foot drop-offs on either side. Normally, I enjoy the comfort of the kernmantle when situations are questionable,

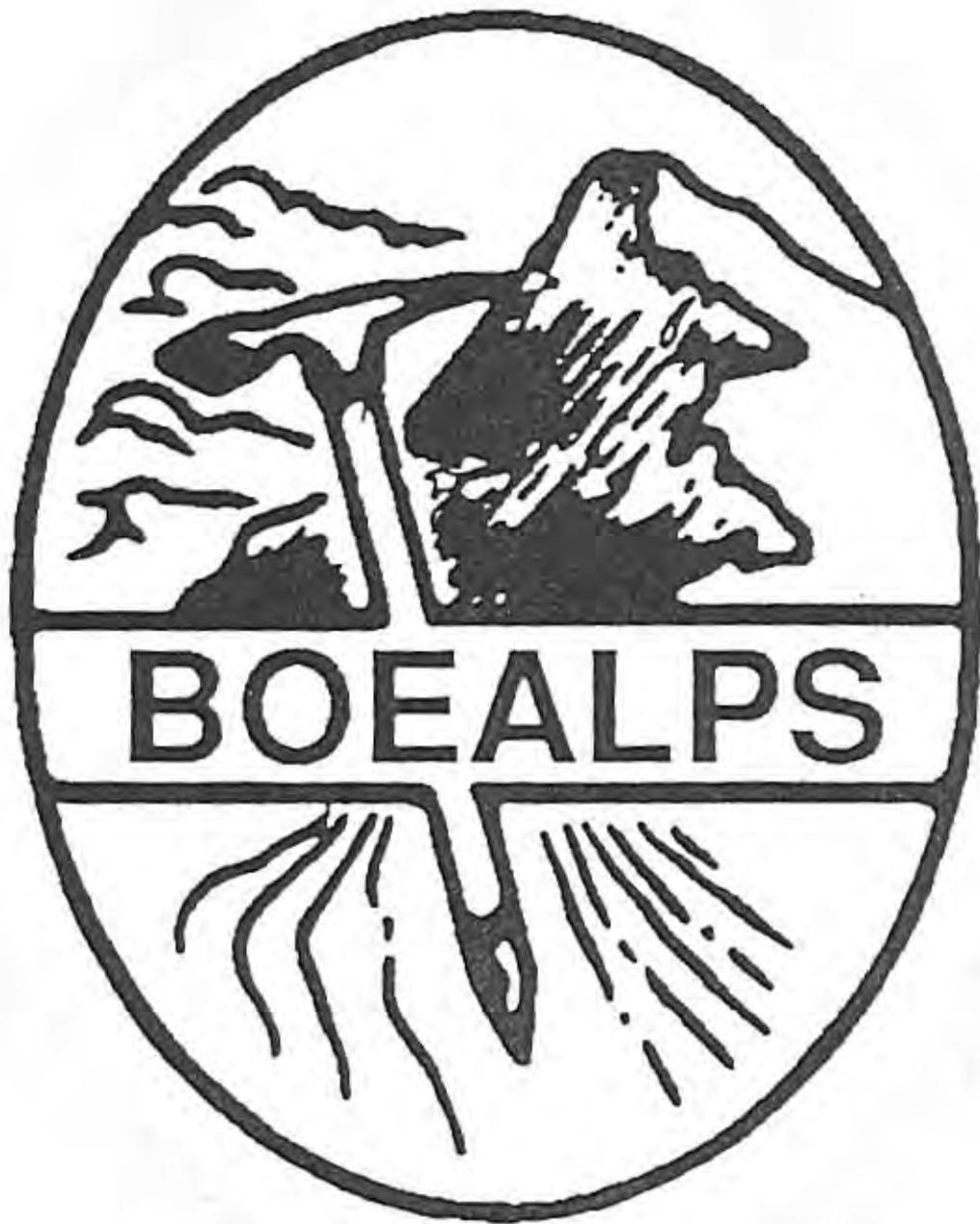
but this granite featured such marvelous holds that we all agreed the rope was for the most part unnecessary. Finally, we made it over to the south summit, which marked the start of five to six rappels, some of which were double ropes, though the entire descent could easily be done with a single rope. The climbing guide notes it is easy to get lost coming down this route and sometimes the rappels don't allow the rappeler the liberty of seeing the bottom; Michael offered to rap down one section near the gendarme where the bottom looked non-existent and a 200m rope would have come in handy (it turns out there was a good foot or two to spare with rope stretch to get to some decent ledges). From here, we started a long and occasionally ugly down climb which forced us mostly southeasterly the whole of the descent. My feet, still entombed in my rock shoes, found blessed relief as we got to the bottom of the Kain route and switched to our clunker boots. I looked up at this original ascent route, realizing that Conrad Kain had certainly knocked off quite an accomplishment with his 5.5/5.6 ascent of the south route, which included ascending the sinister gendarme - and this was in 1916.

I was having a strange sense of déjà vu; here we were at the top of the Bugaboo-Snowpatch col once again, and once again, Elaine, Todd, and I double rope rapped down the first section of the col, while Michael soloed it, carefully backing down the route. Still plenty of light from the setting sun, but one does need to be rather cautious knowing a bergschrund below anxiously awaits your misstep. We traversed down the col, the snow conditions quite accommodating for crampons, making it down to the hard ice below in better time than the day before. I glanced to the east to catch a glimpse of the most perfect moon rising, a silver, uniform ball; however, the gathering clouds above gave me the distinct feeling that our climbing hours were marked and this might be it for the trip. At the bottom of the Crescent glacier, with Michael far ahead, we unroped and took off our crampons; I was beat, looking forward to a good meal in camp, a cigar, and some more Johnny Walker, but I knew at least Michael and Todd and probably Elaine would be up for giving Snowpatch Spire, a 16-pitch route-finding hassle, a go the next day, if the weather were so inclined. As I ambled my weary way in to camp, I hoped that the gods of rain would unleash their fury; and sure enough, just as I was finishing up the last of my fettucine, the skies opened and began to weep, slowly at first and building to a downpour, accompanied by moderate gusts and lightning. While Michael hovered in his rather comfortable hooped bivy sack, Todd, Elaine and I passed the small plastic bottle of scotch around in that leaky Eureka! tent, savoring the moment and moments of the day. I suppose having gotten lucky enough in a questionable weather forecast and driven 11 hours overnight to climb two classic peaks was luck enough; but there was more to my lack of enthusiasm for Snowpatch.

The climbing class, having started in early March was ending for most practical purposes here, a long haul for almost six months; combined with my own dedicated climbing pace, I guess I wanted to relish the memory of this one, and I had the need to stop and think over what we had done, to recognize an exceptional climbing season was coming to a close, to admit fall was only a month away. I could have cared less about climbing Snowpatch; and with the foggy skies the following morning on Monday, it was abundantly clear there would be no more climbing on this trip. On the hike back down, taking one last look at Kain Hut and Snowpatch Spire, I began to think twice about that prayer for rain; maybe Snowpatch would have been a good climb. But in my eyes, two out of three ain't bad.

Len Kannapel

10/24/94



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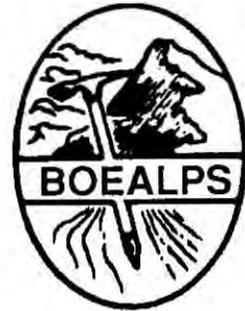
ALPINE ECHO

NOVEMBER ALPINE ECHO STAFF

Editor:	Len Kannapell
Activities Report:	Kevin Mejia
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	Len Kannapell
	Steve Kness
	Lizard

Thanks to everyone!!





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Photo: Pigeon Spire by Ken Johnson

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DECEMBER MEETING

Thursday, December 1, 7:30 pm

Refreshments at 7:00 pm

Oxbow Recreation Center



TREKKING IN RUSSIA AND CENTRAL ASIA

Frith Maier takes you on a journey to the remote areas of the world with a wondrous slide show and presentation of her book on her travels

BELAY STANCE

GENERAL NOTES

Thus spake the Grim Reaper: the **deadline** for the **January ECHO** is **December 15**. Due to the shortened work schedule the following week, **all** submissions must be in my hands by this date to get the exciting January issue to you before the holidays. Thanks.

The response to the plea for help in the form of a Programs co-chair has arrived in the form of one Matt Whitmer. This should take some of the load off the newly-wedded and currently mortgage-ridden Bob Conder. There is still a place for help as the Equipment co-chair to aid Mr. Pickets, Silas Wild as well as the position of Education chair. Contact President Pam if you can fill the bill.

Speaking of Mr. Wild, he has updated the equipment list (including some recently purchased mountaineering skis) but there are still some scoundrels lurking about who have not returned borrowed club gear. The emphasis is on the word "borrowed," which means "it ain't yours to keep" which translates to "return the equipment to Silas before he performs a witch hunt."

MEMBERSHIP

A quick reminder to ye faithful that membership renewal forms will be in the January issue, so don't spend all your Christmas money.

THIS ISSUE

A wee bit thin this month, but there's still quality in the quantity: Tom Rogers' Lundin Peak ascent, committee reports, the club equipment list, and more.

NEXT MONTH

Excitement galore in the form of the aforementioned renewal forms, library inventory, info concerning a proposed climbing fee on Rainier, and your tales of woe and degradation, printed right here.

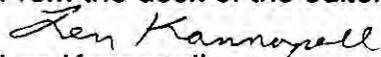
TECHNOLOGY UPDATE

Could it be true? Yes, indeed, I have an e-mail address at long last, so you can also send me your scribblings for trip reports via the superhighway at the following mailbox : **kanlpx00@ccmail.ca.boeing.com** - or you can save yourself a lot of typing and just look up my name in the e-mail directory.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"The only difference between this place and the Titanic is that they had a band"
- a disgruntled Boeing engineer ?

From the desk of the editor, happy holidays and party hard,


Len Kannapell

JANUARY ALPINE ECHO DEADLINE: *DECEMBER 15*

December 1994

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				Club Meeting  1	New Moon 2	3
4	5	6	Pearl Harbor Day 7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	Echo Deadline  15	16	Full Moon  17
18	19	20	21	22	Holiday 23	24
Christmas  25	Holiday 26	Holiday 27	Holiday 28	Holiday 29	Holiday 30	New Years Eve  31

January 1995

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
New Year's Day  1	2	3	Telemark Lessons  4	Club Meeting  5	6	7
8	9	10	Board Meeting Telemark Lessons  11	12	13	14
15	Full Moon  16	17	Telemark Lessons  18	19	20	21
22	23	24	Telemark Lessons  25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

ACTIVITIES BULLETIN BOARD

Given that the holiday season is upon us, it's not surprising that there aren't too many new activities for this month. I hope, with the new year approaching, BOEALPS members will make a resolution to sponsor a trip during 1995.

NEWS- Dropped by the site for the new climbing wall at Marymore Park. Looks like it is progressing nicely. The sign says it will be open for monkey business in Spring of 1995.

THIS MONTHS ACTIVITIES ...

Telemark Skiing Lessons

Jan. 4,11,18,25

If you want to learn to telemark ski or just want to ski with some Boealpers, meet on Wednesday nights at 6:00 pm at Ski Acres. Note: Wednesday night lift tickets are discounted by a couple of bucks.

Contact: Max Limb

**827-5934 (H)
451-1148 (W)**

Mt. St. Helens X-Country Ski Trip

Feb., 10-12

Back by popular demand! Noted gourmet cook Peter Galliger will again dazzle us with his culinary talents. Come join this event, there will be no conflict with the traditional Stonebraker "300 paces from a warm crapper" Rainier snow camping trip this year. *Includes 5 meals and 2 nights lodging. \$55/adults \$45/children.*

Contact: Elden Altizer

**643-5175 (H)
342-0157 (W)**

BOEALPS Echo Activity Submission Form

Trip Title: _____ **Trip Date** _____

Description: _____

Trip Sponsor: _____ **Ph:** _____ **(H)**

Ph: _____ **(W)**

Send to: Kevin Mejia or
MS 6H-FK

Kevin Mejia
2303 245 Ave. SE
Issaquah, WA 98027

e-mail kmm7173@mu.ca.boeing.com

December/January Boealps Trips

Saturday or Sunday, December 10, 11: A Bicycle Thrash to Grass Mountain's 3980' West Summit

The infamous Doctor Doom has returned to rectify last winter's disappointingly easy ride to McDonald Point. This year's 3300' bushwack through the soggy forest and clearcut rubble of Boise Creek is unpleasant even under the best of conditions. A 6-hour, mid-December trip on the worse weather day of the the weekend should restore the gonzo-abusive reputation of this once-a-year bike mountaineering sampler.

Contact: Doctor Doom @ 773-0013 -- Your Unlucky Number!

December 22 - January 2: A Bushwalk in Tasmania

You've read about the leeches, and you know about the horizontal scrub. If these disagreeable aspects of the Tasmanian bush are acceptable, you are welcome to join Lizard on his third return visit to Australia's most magnificent mountain wilderness. Our itinerary is flexible, and options include the Walls of Jerusalem (a spectacular crosscountry ramble thru Harold's Gate and the Great Western Tiers), the Arthur Traverse (the classic Tasmanian high-level walk), and Federation Peak (an impressive mountain generally considered the most difficult in Australia).

Sorry for the short notice, but this trip opportunity has just opened within the last few days.

Call Lizard for details and travel information 865-3783(w) or 255-4754(h)

If Boealpers want to make their concerns known about the proposed \$15.00 per climber fee for Rainier (excluding RMI clients), they can write or call

Bill Briggie, Superintendant Rainier Nat'l Park
Tahoma Woods
Star Route
Ashford WA 98304
(206) 569-2211

It would be wise if they CCed both John Kranbrick, Head Ranger and Bill Larson, Search and Rescue Focal. Thanks.

Conservation Cornice:

by Eric Bennett

Due to the fires this summer, much of the Leavenworth Area is still closed (see map). There is camping in the campgrounds only. All climbing and hiking in the area is prohibited until sometime next year - Peshastin Pinnacles is open. On personally viewing the damage from Highway 2 and Icicle Creek Road during the October campout, I noticed areas from singed to ashes. It will probably be years before recovery of some of these areas.

Remember, starting in 1995 there is to be **limited-use permit system for the Alpine Lakes Wilderness** (see previous issue of the Echo for map). I have a number of flyers and can get more that explains the new policy or contact any of the Ranger stations.

There is an **advisory committee being formed** to help implement the President's Forest Plan in the Western Washington Cascades. They are taking nominations until December 7th - contact Bob Dunblazier at (206)744-3270 or fax (206)744-3255 for additional information and nomination forms. I also have a little bit of information for those that want it.

Some of the things I plan to look into after my trip to Mexico's volcanoes (trip report to follow) and the typical holiday rush is over:

McClellum Butte trail - I was told that this was BoeAlps maintained, news to me to. So I will be looking at one or two maintenance weekends after the spring thaw

Stehekin Road closure - see November Echo for details

Mtn. Loop Hwy Improvement Project

Leavenworth - in the Spring, a weekend or two to check anchors and help with trail maintenance thru damaged areas

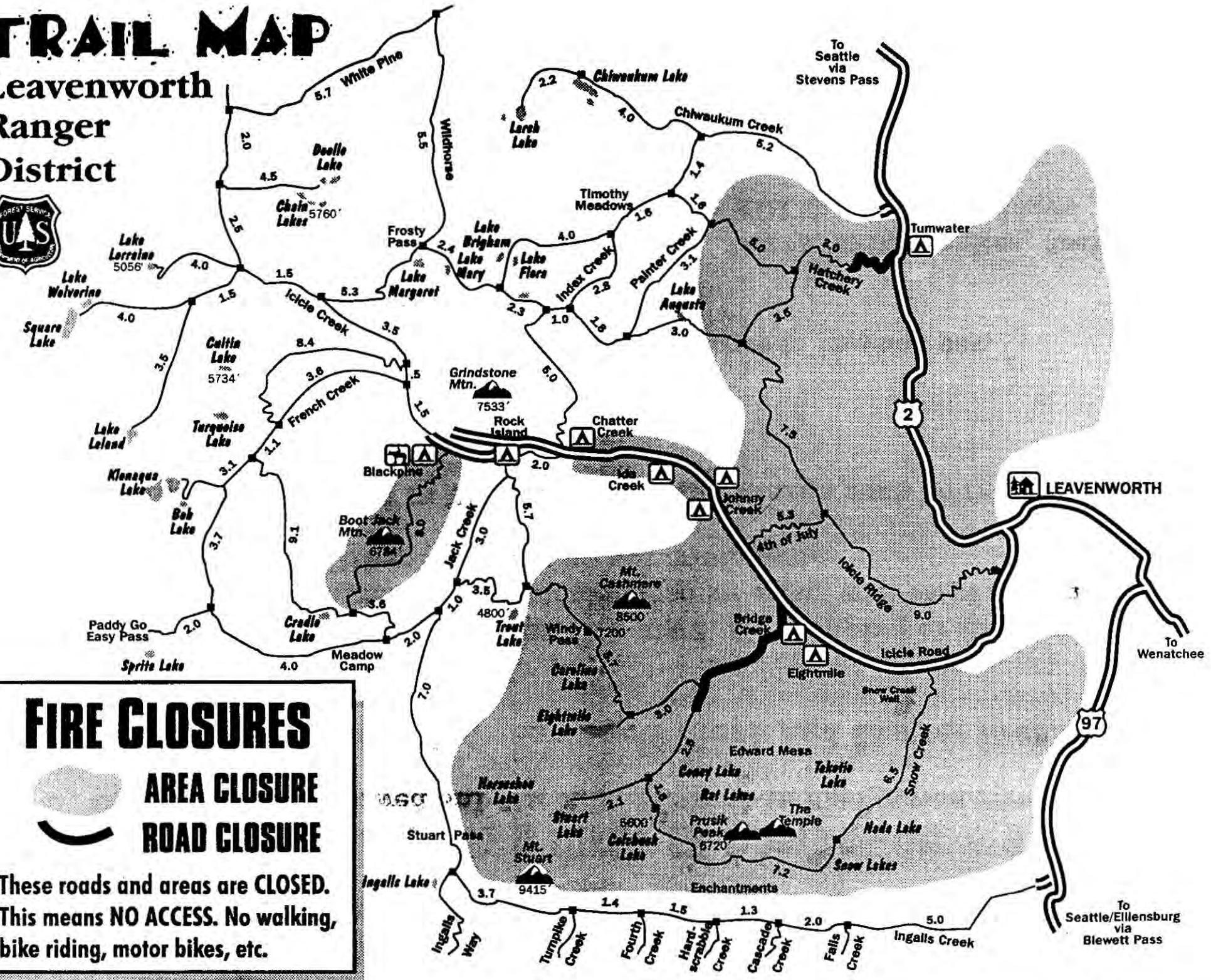
In closing, I am getting Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie N.F. information reports. Also, I am always open to questions and comments. And more importantly I am looking for a few volunteers to help look into these and other club conservation and environmental issues.

Contact me at work 342-7057 m/s 09-99 or home 348-6218

Additional Note: Does anyone have a climbing rope in reasonable condition but still needs to be retired from climbing?? A co-worker of mine is looking for one to use as a static safety/hand line when he works on his second story roof and he is willing to compensate for it.

TRAIL MAP

Leavenworth Ranger District



FIRE CLOSURES



AREA CLOSURE
ROAD CLOSURE

These roads and areas are **CLOSED**.
This means **NO ACCESS**. No walking,
bike riding, motor bikes, etc.

To Seattle/Ellensburg
via Blewett Pass

To Seattle
via Stevens Pass

To Wenatchee

FROM THE SECRETARY'S DESK

11/9/94 BOARD MINUTES

Jeff Arnold brought the budget to the meeting where it was signed off. In doing so, he reported that it is a bit lower probably because we are not allowing outside Boeing new members to the club. We are currently carrying \$3800 into 1995 and are budgeting next year to carry over \$2000.

Information packets for the Basic class are being made and will be in January's Echo. The class (after much debate) will retain the figure 8 rappel device for next years class (as opposed to ATC's, etc.).

Lots of response on the purchase of back-country skis some good, some bad. The bad prompted us to have a look at the by-laws. They appear in some places to be out of date (non-employee members for example). We will be investigating them for change-- stay tuned. In any case, the skis are booked solid for use.

Other issues: We need a volunteer for Education chair. And, I am investigating the pros and cons of combining MOFA classes with the Mountaineers. If you have questions or input please call. Finally, we are putting together ideas together so that we can allow non-employees join our club again.

Next meeting is January 19, 1995 and (as always) y'all're 'nvited!!

A MEMO FROM MADAM

By popular demand, Madam Librarian is taking on the formidable task of organizing, inventorying, and cataloguing the BOEALPS Library. For those who haven't used the Library lately, let's just say that this is a challenge comparable to climbing Denali, the north face of the Eiger, and K2 all in the same winter week. But.....you can help!! Madam Librarian is hereby instituting a period of amnesty for negligent borrowers to mend their irresponsible ways. If you return Library items prior to December 15, she will NOT publish your name among the rest of the despicable offenders in the January *ECHO*, and she will NOT step on your rope with crampons. If you have a Library item checked out and you wish to keep it through December, please drop Madam Librarian a note or give her a call so she can account for the item and include it in the inventory (and take your name off the despicable offender list). In order to meet the December 15 deadline, you can return items to the Library at the December membership meeting, or send them to **Karyl Hansen, Mail Stop 64-10, or Pam Kaiser, Mail Stop 08-55**. Thanks, and may all your participles dangle.

EQUIPMENT INVENTORY UPDATE

Dan Costello's nightmare (see June 1993 Echo) has recurred::club equipment has changed hands without the knowledge of the equipment coordinator, horror of horrors. Will the persons currently in possession of the following items please call Silas Wild at 527-9453 and let him know:

Sherpa Featherweight Snowshoes - pair #7 and pair #11
Pieps SF Avalanche Beacons - cases # 2, 3, and 4
Altimeters - #1 and #2

The equipment inventory includes:

Altimeters - Two 16,000'
Avalanche beacons - 11 US single frequency, 9 dual freq.
Snowshoes - 2 Sherpa Lightfoot, 9 Featherweight,
3 Tubbs, 2 Superlight
Mountaineering Skis - 2 Pairs with skins
Tents - 3 Two person, 5 Three person, 6 Four person,
2 Five person, and 2 Six person

To check out equipment, call Silas Wild at 527-9453 between 8AM and 9PM any day. Earlier or later calls are ill advised.

ATTENTION DOWN LOVERS:

A local down plucker has agreed to sell some very high quality down (800 fill) in small bulk quantities for a very low price. I am looking for people to help offset the cost of this bulk purchase. The bulk purchase will be between 8 to 15 pounds depending on which bag the guy grabs first at \$45.00/lb.

If you are interested in that new (or re-stuffed) down coat/pants/bag you've been dreaming of please contact me. (oh yes, the cost of materials for a X-large, Gox-Tex, down jacket w/pattern is approx. \$100.00)

contact: Tom Rogers 773-8517 wk (short term), 820-1522 hm

Lundin Peak the Hard Way
Sept. 1994

To quote the well known, soft hearted, Roy Ratliff, "if you didn't remember the climb it must have been boring...hell it's not even fun unless things go bad..." It was a very unassuming morning at the Pacific Crest trailhead as we began our easy day trip. Our objective was to climb Lundin via its exposed south face. The route is described as having sustained interesting 5.7 climbing for 3 pitches. The chivalrous souls attempting this feat were John Fosberg (also known as El Samurai) and his partner in crime Kirstin Hopkins (truly, the nicest person around) and myself Tom Rogers.

Upon finishing my pre-hike one quart of water we were off and running (this is almost not an exaggeration) as I was hiking with the two fastest humans alive. We were about one minute into the hike when Kirstin uttered the taboo statement (at least for myself) "Tom are we going on an another epic today?" I should have turned around right then and there. But after a quick reprimand regarding the forbidden statement we were off -- and running. I started out in front, and I was determined to stay in front, my goal to make El Samurai proud (John likes to do everything in top form). Upon reaching the Commonwealth Basin creek bed bottom (in a quick 10 minutes) we made a decision which would set the course for the day. We decided to continue up the Commonwealth Creek trail towards the Red Mountain / Lundin Peak saddle and exit early to intersect the direct approach to the Lundin's south face and avoid some major bushwhacking (but yet a very direct path) -- mistake. After several jaunts off into the bushes we discovered a whole lot of brushy cliffs and soon forgot the absurd notion of the finding an easy intersection. Soon we found ourselves doing the standard East Ridge route (a enjoyable route). We continued towards Lundin's summit and upon reaching the summit block gully (a winter climb variation) and with only 40 feet to the top, we began the down climb (yes down climb) via the "winter only" recommended variation on a loose, dirty pile of trash. After several hundred feet of quality garbage we were finally able to exit the gully via a 3rd class scramble over the ridge's toe.

Finding ourselves at the base of the south face we spent a few moments deciding on the correct start along Lundin's very board vertical wall. This face appears to have several attractive possibilities of yet unclimbed routes. Upon locating the start of the first pitch we took a short break, had lunch, then settled in for some ambitious climbing. John instantly went off route in search of some climbing more challenging than the scant sustained 5.7 climbing offered. Some 30 minutes later he returned, a mere human, continuing along the original route. Soon after John would find himself reverting back to "El Samurai the great" You can judge how engaged John is in a climb by how much protection he places. I would stay he was fairly engrossed, he even made the statement once "hey get a picture of this move!". The first pitch offered very sustained climbing, cracks, dihedrals and several face moves with a gnarly lieback thrown in for good measure, it bordered between very challenging to TENSION!. Kirstin followed up clipping through the protection with myself coming up last cleaning the route. Once I reached the belay ledge I discovered (as did John & Kirstin) the effects of excessive adrenaline, cotton mouth-class 1.

Being as it was my turn to suffer I lead the second pitch. It was going great as I started up, nice climbing (non cotton mouth type), I continued up until it was obvious that the route went somewhere other then what was directly in front of me. After a quick look at the route description I amended the guide's verbiage to my location, I suggested "face climbing" after reading it several times it was apparent that it wasn't a misprint. Shortly hereafter I stepped out onto the exposed face, and I mean delightfully EXPOSED. A person can tell when I'm absorbed in that particular moment of the climb as I have a huge forced grin on my face (they say it relaxes one's nerves). You should have seen my smile. Glancing down I noticed the rope was free hanging. There was nothing below except for flat ground -- far below. The protection through here was small but adequate with sustained 5.6 climbing. The pitch led up to a small roof which was the crux of the climb, but with only two slings left, 20 to 30 ft of rope and no adequate belay spots (except a very poor hanging belay) I decided to back down to a small ledge (6 inches wide) about 10 ft below. This ledge offered the safest belay point on the second pitch, however this is not saying much. My anchor system consisted of a #2 nut in a flaring crack, a #3 Camelot in a thin rotten flake beneath my foot (actually, I stood on the stem pretending I was a big fluffy chock stone), a sling around a detached block and a sling around a very rotten flake which I refused to use as a hand hold on the earlier lead. However, even with all these anchors combined into one nice equalized system I figured it was still less then one bomber piece. So I resigned myself to taking any falls through the infamous "stand on a thin ledge with your toes hanging out in space hip belay". Kirstin followed cleaning the route as she continued up with several interesting

comments. Upon reaching the belay ledge we discussed her subsequent stay "just stand there, don't weight any anchors and hug the wall". She just grinned nervously. Next I decreed to John that he not go on any escapades lest we should test load my anchor. John climbed up to just below the belay stance by-passing the face route via a right slanting dihedral. We swapped our gear and commented to each other the various symptoms of cotton mouth -- class 2. Continuing up John once again transformed into El Samurai upon reaching the roof, making some great lead moves he surmounted the overhang and climbed to the rope's end. Before Kirstin could follow we had to untie her and myself from the belay point, which meant that I had to retie myself in simultaneously with the second rope -- what a mess. We finished the ascent with a short 3rd class scramble to the summit. We signed the summit register and again discussed the advanced stages of cotton mouth -- class 3. This was the first time I have ever experienced such a severe case of cotton mouth. It was so bad I couldn't even swallow, the mucus was so thick I was even scrapping a consolidated film of it from near my tonsils. It wasn't a pleasant sight.

Now with the fun over we started the down climb. Intending to rappel down the ascent route we bought only the rock shoes, however upon looking for a suitable rappel point we discovered we could neither view our descent route nor locate where we needed to exit -- damn. Since the south face is sheer in most areas with little to no natural protection points for rappels we decided to not chance a round trip rappel. We decided to down climb the west ridge -- double damn (my shoes force my toes to bend in an unnatural manner). Supposedly the west ridge is a clean 4th class route, however, except for one class 4 section it turned out to be a class 2 route which we descended very quickly. Upon reaching our packs I drank everything and any thing which resembled water. Since daylight was fading we quickly loaded our gear and were off. Descending straight down the talus field we reached the forest just as we lost most of our useable light. I was slightly behind by now and was giving a voice check every few minutes hoping to find the two fastest humans alive (even in the dark). It was pitch black by now with no trail in sight -- benighted, triple damn! A decision was made to go straight up hill hopefully finding the Pacific Crest trail many hundreds of feet above. John whipped out his headlamp and was off like a bullet again. I decided not to use my headlamp and just try to keep up (this is not a task for the faint of heart). This worked for awhile but after a few crashes I was left stumbling in the dark, grabbing onto devils clubs, slipping on slide alder, impaling myself on a various assortment of sharp jagged objects, the blood beginning to flow as my skin was suddenly torn with each misplaced step. At this point I'm was beginning to lose my patience which this exercise of hill sliding, but my spirit was occasionally uplifted as I could hear the groans of frustration from my teammates afar. Then I heard an exuberant shout "I found the trail!" shortly hereafter we once again gathered to prepare for the next dash down hill. This time I decided to use my headlamp, but the batteries were a little weak. "No problem I bought some extras" However the extras were now dead -- problem. So down the hill we went weak headlamp and all. It was okay except for the fact that my batteries were getting weaker with every step, so I just stayed on John's butt at all costs. This worked fine until he stopped however, and since I don't have an affinity towards men I was forced off into the bushes. Soon we found ourselves bypassing a large group of day hikers with one headlamp and a very big and caustic Rottweiler. After a treacherous traverse around the dog from hell we were on our way. We arrived at the car after what seemed a long while, so much for an easy day trip. Kirstin asked me if this trip was worthy of the Echo, I just smiled.

EPILOGUE: As a rock climb Lundin's south face was the most challenging rock climb I have done to date. The climbing was much more difficult than expected and thereby contributed to an extended evening in the wilderness. The route is a committing climb with little to no options of exiting unless you can afford to leave protection. The route's difficulty rating should be compared to a high standard climbing area such as Castle Rock or Index. One should not take this route for granted, this is not your elementary 5.7 route.

CLIMBING TID BITS

Mt Stuart, West Ridge: athletic, exposed, beautiful, pick a long day, forget the pack, take a small rack and short rope and go like hell.

Mt Thompson, West Ridge: an addition to Beckey's guide, do the rappel route variation. Just get off route ~~and~~ follow the rappel slings, pitons and nuts (it's located between the variation in the book and the standard route) its good for 5.6 climbing.

Well, a rock climbing trip I had planned to the City of Rocks in southern Idaho for October never came to its fruition, due to uncooperative weather and a marginal forecast at best. However, I can't forget the first trip I made to this granite playground in early August of 1990, and as ludicrous as it was then (as is more ludicrous now), I felt inspired by the experience to lay down the chock and pick up the pen:

THE DUSTY JEWEL

With eyepiece on eye and hand upon stone
The jeweler cuts the gem alone
Then work it to glimmer, from shine unto shimmer
The secret of art remains largely unknown

He looks inside refracting light
The world of day looks into night
Where thousands of stars can reveal desert scars
No color is left beyond black and white

Giant boulders stacked high, the granite seems bright
This City of Rocks under moon's twilight
From dawn's early start, it becomes but an art
For the rock climber scaling unusual heights

As spiders on walls, careful movements - then pause
Defying existence of gravity's laws
The tinkle of chocks up towering rocks
Goes often unheard with the clenched fist and jaw

A night such as this, the moonlighted mist
Breathes over the ground in effortless twists
The cattle in stalls speak pastoral calls
Coyote is howling in long, restless shifts

Nevada and Utah, a few miles beyond
The long barren desert I find myself on
The night never ends in this dust-ridden gem
Whose stars shall keep burning long after I'm gone

Though tomorrow will bring me a crimson sunset
The cool air of night is the face that I've met
The jeweler holds fast to that which must last
He smiles at the jewel, a faint sigh, no regrets

Len Kannapell 11/20/94

ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: _____

NEW WORK PHONE: _____ NEW WORK M/S: _____

NEW HOME PHONE: _____ NEW HOME ADDRESS: _____

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO JACK HUEBNER, M/S 03-XM

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DECEMBER ALPINE ECHO STAFF

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Front Page Artistry: Holly Orehek
Thanks to everyone!!

