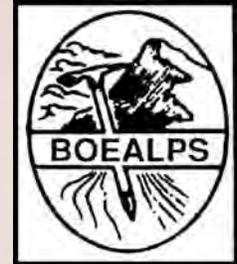


January 2004

# ALPINE ECHO

[www.boealps.org](http://www.boealps.org)



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Photo: "Trail to Baker"

## JANUARY GENERAL MEETING

Thursday, January 8 at Oxbow

Social half hour starts at 7:00 pm, meeting at 7:30 pm.



## THE BROAD TRAVERSE

The Broad Traverse 2003 presentation will have photos from a July/August Ptarmigan Traverse. The all-female team included Vera Trainer, Kathy Hasegawa, Carol Ray, Jayashree Srinivasan, and Patty Michaud. Highlights include extreme flies, a twilight dip in lovely Yang Yang Lake, and heated discussions on route finding.

Please join the fun!

# Belay stance

Hi, Boealpers—

With the New Year comes new classes! Details on the 2004 Basic and Intermediate Climbing Classes are included within.

The January general meeting will feature a presentation by five "broads" who took on the Ptarmigan Traverse in the summer of 2003. Should be exciting—come down and enjoy it, if you can!

This month we've also got a guest contributor in the Conservation Corner, with Victor Yagi detailing the 2004 Northwest Environmental Issues Course, put on by the Mountaineers from February to April.

We're also including the minutes from the December Board Meeting, for all those who wonder what strange machinations take place when Boealps' fearless leaders get together over beer and burgers at the Blue Star.

And last but not least, a reminder: The Boealps web page has been changed to a new **\* faster \*** host! If you haven't visited [www.boealps.org](http://www.boealps.org) lately, give it a try. If you're having problems, you may need to clear out your old links or as a last resort try going to <http://boealps.u.m6.net>. This change includes new links to the message board and e-mail.

Have great holidays, all, and happy climbing!

One of your Echo editors,  
Sarah

P.S. Submissions for the February Echo should be sent to [echoeditor@hotmail.com](mailto:echoeditor@hotmail.com) by Monday, January 26.



# January

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
				1	2	3
4 Winter Outing	5	6	7	8 General Meeting	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18 Winter Outing	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26 Deadline for Feb. Echo	27	28	29	30	31

2004



# February

<i>Su</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
<b>1</b> Winter Outing	<b>2</b> Groundhog Day!	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b> General Meeting	<b>6</b> Full Moon	<b>7</b>
<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>15</b> Winter Outing	<b>16</b> Presidents' Day (obs.)	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b> New Moon	<b>21</b>
<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b>
<b>29</b>						

**2004**

# CONSERVATION

*By Victor Yagi (guest contributor), 206-528-2819, vyagi@u.washington.edu*

Are you concerned about the environment? Do you want to be informed about the environmental issues affecting the Northwest? Are you unsure about what you can do to help protect the environment? Then sign up for the 2004 Northwest Environmental Issues Course. I think you will find the course very worthwhile.

This excellent offering consists of lectures and field instruction designed to give attendees the tools and awareness that they can then use to protect the natural resources of the Northwest. Students examine the often conflicting interests of forests, water, wildlife, growth management, consumer spending, energy and more through lectures given by local environmental experts, group discussions, and other activities.

**Dates:** Feb. 2-April 12, 2004 (no class Feb. 16)  
**Time:** Mondays, 6:30-9:00pm  
**Location:** The Mountaineers, 300 Third Ave W.

To register call 206-284-8484 or 1-800-573-8484. For more information, contact Jackie White at [jackiew@mountaineers.org](mailto:jackiew@mountaineers.org)

This course is highly recommended by the present and past Conservation Chairs.



## 2004 Basic Climbing Class



Student Orientation for the Basic Climbing Class will be held on Wednesday, February 25th.

**It is recommended that you register before the orientation if you are not a Boeing Employee.**

To get up-to-date information, contact Zack Thunemann at [paul.z.thunemann@pss.boeing.com](mailto:paul.z.thunemann@pss.boeing.com) or 425-865-6046.



***Boealps University***  
 Patricia Michaud,  
 Dean of Admissions

**COMING UP:**

**ICE CLIMBING SEMINAR IN LILLOOET—January 31 - February 1**

Instructor Brook Alongi will teach the basics of ice climbing technique and safety in fabulous Canadian Lillooet. This popular seminar fills up quickly, so sign up now!  
 Contact Brook at [BALONGI@KORRY.com](mailto:BALONGI@KORRY.com) or call: 425-299-7168

**AID CLIMBING—March 3**

What is a fifi hook and daisy chain? Here's your chance to learn the art of Aid Climbing. Impress friends and relatives with your new mountaineering skills. This class will also be taught by Brook Alongi. Contact: [BALONGI@KORRY.com](mailto:BALONGI@KORRY.com) or call: 425-299-7168

**MOFA, MOFA REFERSHER**

MOFA is designed to prepare you to deal effectively with accidents that can occur in remote areas where professional medical help is not readily available. **This course is recommended for all Boealps members and required for all first-time Boealps Basic Class Instructors.** Instructor and refresher classes are also offered. If you have more questions, please contact Joyce at 425-888-4434.

<p><b>MOFA</b></p>	<p>Eight classroom sessions, including hands-on scenarios held outdoors, will be followed by two evenings of practical exams conducted in conjunction with other MOFA classes at Camp Long in West Seattle. Graduates will receive American Red Cross Standard First Aid and CPR certification cards and a MOFA card. Classes run late January thru February. The usual class format is Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 6:30 to 9:30pm. Reserve these evenings on your calendar now, as you cannot miss class sessions. The size of the class depends on instructor availability. When more information is available, you will be asked to send a check to secure your place in the class. The cost of the class is \$50. Location will be the Boeing Theater (same place as the 2003 Basic Class sessions).</p> <p>E-mail <a href="mailto:joyce@solarhacker.com">joyce@solarhacker.com</a> to get on the class roster.</p>
<p><b>MOFA Refresher</b></p>	<p>The refresher class consists of five classroom sessions, including hands-on scenarios held outdoor, followed by one evening of practical exams at Camp Long. It consists of five class sessions in March (Tuesday and Thursday night, 6:30 to 9:30pm) and one night at Camp Long. The class will only be offered if there are enough students. Your MOFA card cannot be more than 3 years old. If it is, other counties may allow you to take their refresher class. Location will be the Boeing Theater (same place as the 2003 Basic Class sessions).</p> <p>E-mail <a href="mailto:joyce@solarhacker.com">joyce@solarhacker.com</a> to get on the class roster.</p>

**Textbooks:** Mountaineering First Aid (MFA), Fourth Edition  
 Community First Aid and Safety (2002)



# Intermediate Climbing Class



**BOEALPS**



Super Slab™ Smith Rocks, OR ICC 2002

Expand your climbing skill through a six month, hands on, mountaineering course, and gain the knowledge and experience to lead intermediate alpine, rock, and ice climbs. Learn the following techniques from exceptional instructors, while meeting new people and exploring the best mountains of the Northwest!

- **Traditional, multi pitch rock climbing: leading, anchor building, placing protection.**
- **High angle snow and ice climbing.**
- **Mountain and high angle rescue.**
- **Weekend alpine and expedition planning.**

- **Small Class Size**
- **Personalized Attention**
- **Experienced Instructors**
- **Personal Challenge**

**Take your climbing to the next level!**



Asgard Pass, 2002 ICC



West Ridge of Forbidden – ICC climb, 2001

Outings are approximately every other weekend from March until September. Lectures and planning sessions occur Monday evenings prior to weekend outings.

Students should be in excellent physical condition and have one to three years of climbing experience beyond the basic class or equivalent.

For application and more info, contact Ryan Allen ([ryan@the-summit.net](mailto:ryan@the-summit.net))

**206-286-9554**

## Winthrop X-Country Ski Trip

Jan. 23-25, 2004

Yes, we've reserved the lodge for another great weekend, and one of the best bargains in Washington. Jake Grob will be leading the event again this year. Some specifics:

Boealps has a gem in Winthrop: the Westar Lodge, located off the W. Chewuch Road. Come on out for some incredible skiing on one of the best trail systems in the U.S. The cost will be **\$50/adult**, which covers Friday and Saturday night lodging, Saturday breakfast/dinner and Sunday breakfast - bring your own Saturday/Sunday lunch and beverages. Families welcome.

The lodge has 7 double beds + 16 single beds to sleep 30, and there may actually be room on the basement floor in the case of overflow. The Methow Valley Sport Touring Association maintains over 175 km of groomed trails (beginner to advanced) in the pristine wilderness, including hut-to-hut skiing. 2001-2002 trail fees were \$15/day and \$35/3 days (note: prices may vary for 2003-2004), but there are also opportunities for free backcountry skiing.

Beds will be assigned in order of payment received. A short waiting list will be made but there is no guarantee we can make refunds, though we'll do our best. **Yes, there is a hot tub.**

Contact Jake Grob

Email [Jacob.w.grob@boeing.com](mailto:Jacob.w.grob@boeing.com)

Work 425-234-2664

Home 253-813-3809

Make checks payable to Boealps and send to Jake @ MC 73-09  
or 5308 South 236 Street, Kent WA 98032-3389

Please note if you would prefer vegetarian meals or if you would like assistance in arranging carpools.

*For more info on the Methow Valley ski routes and rates, go to*  
<http://mvsta.com>

## WINTER OUTING SERIES 5.0

**Remaining dates:** 2/1, 2/15, 2/29, 3/14.

**Where:** Varies upon conditions.

**Party limit:** None.

**Qualifications:** Anyone with Basic Class experience.

**Equipment:** You can borrow snow shoes and avalanche beacons from the club.

**Contact:** Mike Bingle ([mbingle@comcast.net](mailto:mbingle@comcast.net) or [michael.g.bingle@boeing.com](mailto:michael.g.bingle@boeing.com)). We do all trip coordination via email. Drop Mike a line to get on the distribution list.

### Request A Leave Of Absence...Take A Sabbatical...Quit Your Job!

And

Hike the legendary Inca trail and visit Machu Picchu at 7,500 feet. Travel across Lake Titicaca, the world's highest navigable lake at 12,500 feet for a side trip to Bolivia, and for good measure climb Mt. Coropuna at 21,079 feet. Spend a few days of recovery shopping and touring the towns of Cuzco, Arequipa and Lima, Peru before returning to the States.



Trip Leader: John Alley

Time Frame: Late May to June 2004

Duration: Three (3) weeks or longer (probably longer)

Budget: Approximately \$2,900

Req. Gear: High-altitude expedition quality equipment and sandals

Modes of Transportation in the Andes: Air – Rail – Bus – Boat – Mules

Contact: John Alley

[johndalley@juno.com](mailto:johndalley@juno.com)

## **Board Meeting Minutes, Dec 2, 2003**

### **By vice-secretary Zack Thunemann**

Attended by Scott (Pres), Vicky (echo editor), Zack (VP), Ryan (ICC head instructor), Robert (activities Coordinator)

#### 1) By-Laws

##### Board Position Responsibilities

VP fills in for Scott  
Recruits for the Basic Class  
Oversees all special committees  
Approves all news releases.

Other positions were not present.

##### **Action Item(AI): Shella & Scott**

**Shella needs to understand her responsibilities as secretary**

##### **AI: Bob & Scott**

**Bob needs to understand his responsibilities as treasurer.**

#### 2) Review the Schedule:

Ryan trying to contact Jerry... Ryan has some modifications to the ICC schedule.  
What will the Basic students do in Leavenworth while they aren't on their climbing?  
Robert is going to reserve campsites in Leavenworth.

##### **AI: Ryan and Jerry**

**They need to discuss options for campout since there is not an adequate campsite available.**

#### 3) Recruitment for the Basic Class

Scott will find last year's recruiting poster.  
Robert is working with the SKIBACS  
Can we get advertisements on the main page of Boeing news? Talk to Tony Downs??

##### Recruitment for the ICC

Ryan has some folks working on the ICC flier to put in the echo.

##### **AI: Scott**

**Get Zack a copy of last year's flier (completed)**

##### **AI: Zack**

**Make a flier for the 2004 basic class**

##### **AI: Ryan**

**Make a flier for the 2004 intermediate class.**

#### 4) HARD COPY OF THE ECHO!?!

We'll be voting on this at the next meeting.  
Printed echo is in your lap!!! Bonus!

Option # 2: Email list that gives updates for the Echo.

#### 5) Liability for non-members.

We need to tighten up the Message board.

##### **AI: Zack**

**Add a disclaimer to the message board: Climbing is dangerous. This is a public forum.**

What is a Boealp's sponsored event?

**AI: ???**

**Define a Boealp's sponsored event!**

Independent Insurance?

Could we model ourselves after the UW club?

Mountaineer's Satellite club?

There are only two categories of members:

Members and Associates.

**AI: Robert, Marty and everyone!**

**Continue looking for options for non-boeing members.**

6) What are our dues going to be next year?

This is a priority!

Same as last year!

Student Fees? For ICC? For BCC?

**AI: Scott**

**talk to Jerry about rates.**

Ryan is happy with rates.

Zack running on the conservative platform- tries to lower taxes but is shot down.

7) UW Climbing Club:

Ryan noticed a problem:

They used to have an email list and anyone could post to it.

2 years ago they changed it, and they have a message board.

Overnight their participation died.

**AI: Ryan**

**Create a boealp's mailing list (completed)**

8) What are we going to do with the Website?

**AI: We need Ryan, webmasters and other tech-savvy folks at the next meeting!!!**

What can yahoo do?

What can our ISP do?

What can the message board do?

What can ryan do with some of his software?

**AI: Marty**

**Zack wants a list of features that we desire online.**

9) Zack wants club route descriptions! These are different than the TRs.

10) Swag! A call to all Artists!

**AI: Robert, Zack**

**Get out the word ... we need some new graphic designs.**

# ALPINE ECHO



## ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW WORK PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW HOME PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW MAIL STOP: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW EMAIL: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW HOME ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO PRASH BHAT, M/S 14-MC  
OR: 4712 Fremont Ave N, Seattle, WA 98103  
OR: prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com

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

### January ECHO staff

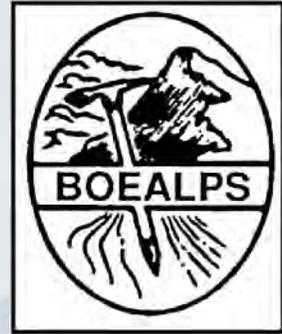
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Patty Michaud  
Zack Thunemann

*If you have any submissions—anything  
vaguely mountaineering or outdoors  
related will do—email them to us at  
echoeditor@hotmail.com, or give one of  
us a call (our numbers are  
on the front cover)  
and we'll arrange something!*

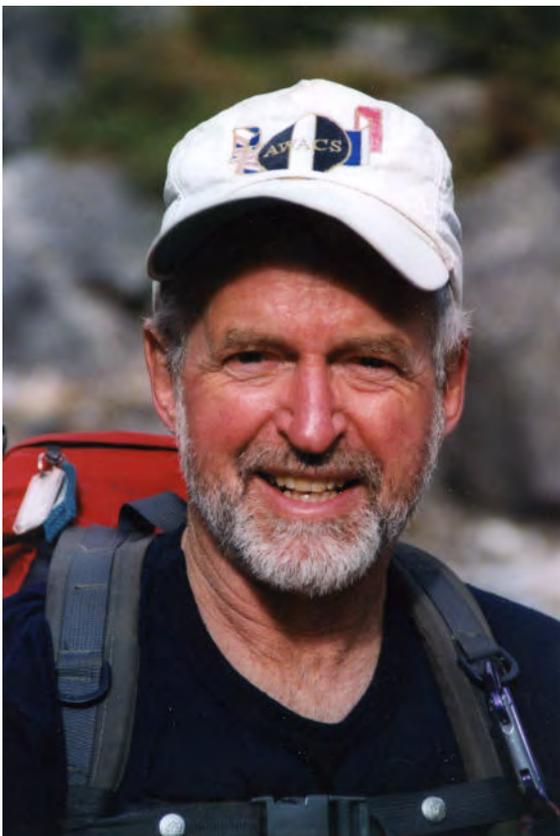
# ALPINE ECHO

February 2004



[www.boealps.org](http://www.boealps.org)

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Membership	Prash Bhat	206-655-8141 <a href="mailto:prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com">prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com</a>			



## General Meeting

Thursday, February 5<sup>th</sup>  
at the Oxbow.

Social half hour at 7:00pm and  
Presentation at 7:30pm

Garry Porter will show slides and talk about his November expedition to climb the South West Ridge of Mt Everest. Garry is a retired Boeing employee who has taken up high altitude mountaineering as his retirement hobby. No shuffleboard or bridge clubs for this guy! Come hear about high winds at 28,000ft.

# BELAY STANCE

Hello, Boealpers,

Goodbye and Hello... This issue has both.

On page 3 you will find an excerpt from Walt Bauermeister's obituary, along with information on how to contribute to a Boealps memorial in his name and how to relay stories and memories to his family. Walt will certainly be missed.

On page 4 is a great photo of the newest (and I think youngest) Boealps member. Len and Vera adopted a beautiful baby boy, Roberto, just before the holidays.

The calendars are full of Boealps happenings! Those are on pages 5 and 6. You may want to print a copy and post it as a reminder of all the great opportunities to be involved and have a great time with your Boealps friends!

The days for the Lillooet Ice Climbing and Aid Climbing seminars have changed; see Boealps University on page 7 for details.

Also on page 7, you'll find details on your chance to let the artist in you have some fun. We're looking for some new club artwork. This will be made available at Cafepress.com, for Boealpers to order shirts, hats, cups, etc.

If you haven't been out on one of the Winter Outings this year, it's not too late! Activities information is on page 8.

Both the Basic and Intermediate classes will be starting in March. Please do what you can to help recruit students (especially Boeing employees)! Fliers for the classes are on pages 9 and 10.

There are three great trip write-ups in this issue. The first, on page 11 is from Garry Porter, and contains some e-mails he sent from his Mt Everest climb, last November. Garry is our General Meeting speaker this month, and will be showing slides from the same trip. Todd Bauck sent in a write up on his solo climb of the West Face of Leaning Tower in Yosemite; that's on page 15. And on page 17, you'll find Robert Fisher's account of a recent climb of Glacier Peak

On page 20, there's photos from the 2003 Boealps Banquet. Thanks to Rich Humbert for taking them!

And last but not least - there is a MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION for 2004 on pages 23 & 24. Send yours to Prash today!!!

Happy Climbing,  
Vicky

## WALTER KARL BAUERMEISTER

May 27, 1927 – January 16, 2004

Chasing his four kids down the steep slopes at Crystal Mountain. And leading novice climbers to Cascade summits

Skillfully navigating winding inlets while landing salmon along the Alaskan, BC, and San Juan coastlines in *Snuggler*, and later, *Rendezvous*.

And singing. Singing. Always singing!

Born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, Walt earned his engineering degree at Purdue University. After a singing tour of Europe with the Purdue Glee Club, he came to Seattle to begin a 37 year career with Boeing; retiring as Chief Engineer for Technology Propulsion on the 747 and other programs.

With his loving wife of 51 years, Lois “Rick,” at his side, Walt passed away Friday, January 16, in their Bellevue home, just a few months after being diagnosed with ALS. He is also survived by a sister, Charlotte Rondot in Fort Wayne; daughter Susan Gunell (Gary); sons Gregg, Mark (May), and David; and grandchildren Rebecca, Christopher and James.

In 1970 Walt, Susan and Gregg graduated from the initial climbing class of the Boeing Employees Alpine Society (BOEALPS). Walt soon became both the group’s president and one of their longest-serving instructors, leading hundreds of new climbers to numerous Cascade summits

Walt and Rick raised their family on Mercer Island, where he served a term as President of the Mercer Island Beach Club. Following retirement, they lived in Bellevue, closer to their many friends and boats at the Meydenbauer Yacht Club.

A memorial service will be 2:00 PM Tuesday, January 20 at Pilgrim Lutheran Church, 10420 SE 11<sup>th</sup> Street in Bellevue, with a reception following at the Meydenbauer Bay Yacht Club. Private internment will be at Sunset Hills Memorial Park. Memorials are suggested to Evergreen Hospice, 12822 124<sup>th</sup> Lane NE, Kirkland 98034, or the ALS Association, 6627 South 191<sup>st</sup> Place, Suite F106, Kent 98032.

In honor of Walt’s memory, we would like to make one collective Boealps memorial to both the Evergreen Hospice, 12822 124<sup>th</sup> Lane NE, Kirkland 98034, or the ALS Association, 6627 South 191<sup>st</sup> Place, Suite F106, Kent 98032. Checks should be made out to one of the above associations and sent to Pam Kaiser-Pare at MS 74-09 or 17407 170<sup>th</sup> PI NE, Woodinville, WA 98072. All contributions will be collected and then forwarded en masse by Boealps to the corresponding association.

If you have any stories or memories to share with his Walt’s family, please send them to John Pollock at [ka7mcx@juno.com](mailto:ka7mcx@juno.com)

Welcome to the newest Boebaby, Roberto!



Vera and Roberto



# February

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
<b>1</b> Winter Outing	<b>2</b> Groundhog Day!	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b> BCC Instructor Meeting	<b>5</b> General Meeting	<b>6</b> Full Moon	<b>7</b>
<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b> Board Meeting	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>15</b> Winter Outing	<b>16</b> Presidents' Day (obs.)	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b> New Moon	<b>21</b>
<b>22</b>	<b>23</b> Echo Deadline	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b> BCC Orientation	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b> Ice Seminar
<b>29</b> Ice Seminar						

**2004**



# March

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
	<b>1</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>3</b> BCC Lecture	<b>4</b> General Meeting	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b> Aid Seminar Full Moon
<b>7</b> Winter Outing	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b> BCC Lecture	<b>11</b> Board Meeting	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b> BCC St Edwards
<b>14</b> BCC St Edwards	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b> BCC Lecture St Patrick's	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b> BCC Mt Erie New Moon
<b>21</b> BCC Mt Erie	<b>22</b> ICC Lecture	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b> BCC Lecture	<b>25</b>	<b>26</b> Echo Deadline	<b>27</b> BCC Stevens ICC Horsethief
<b>28</b> BCC Stevens ICC Horsethief	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>31</b> BCC Lecture			

**2004**



***Boealps University***

Patricia Michaud,  
Dean of Admissions

**ICE CLIMBING SEMINAR IN LILLOOET : February 28, 29**

Instructor Brook Alongi will teach the basics of ice climbing technique and safety in fabulous Canadian Lillooet. This popular seminar fills up quickly, so sign up now!  
Contact Brook at [BALONGI@KORRY.com](mailto:BALONGI@KORRY.com) or call: 425-299-7168

**AID CLIMBING : March 6**

What is a fifi hook and daisy chain? Here's your chance to learn the art of Aid Climbing. Impress friends and lovers with your new mountaineering skills. This class will also be taught by Brook Alongi. Contact: [BALONGI@KORRY.com](mailto:BALONGI@KORRY.com) or call: 425-299-7168

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**Boealps Logo Search**

Howdy Boealpers! The board is looking for some new graphics to be associated with the Boeing Alpine Society. Don't worry, the oval ice axe/mountain logo isn't going anywhere (in fact, it's getting a facelift), we just want to get some new graphics to put on swag. Yes, that's right, a new round of Boealps swag is on it's way. You can get an idea of what will be available here: <http://www.cafepress.com/cp/info/products/viewall.aspx>

*Get out your pens, computers or finger paints and start creating!*

Guidelines: Make the graphic as large as possible (it's easier to reduce than to enlarge) 8.5 X 11 or 11 X 17 hardcopies and .jpg or .pdf files only please

Send submissions to:

Robert Fisher  
10731 Roosevelt Way NE #7  
Seattle, WA 98125

Boeing Mail stop 74-33  
[fenderfour@yahoo.com](mailto:fenderfour@yahoo.com)  
[Robert.j.fisher2@boeing.com](mailto:Robert.j.fisher2@boeing.com)

## hikes ● scrambles ● ski trips ● climbs ● other

### WINTER OUTING SERIES 5.0

**Remaining dates:** 2/1, 2/15, 2/29, 3/14.

**Where:** Varies upon conditions.

**Party limit:** None.

**Qualifications:** Anyone with Basic Class experience.

**Equipment:** You can borrow snow shoes and avalanche beacons from the club.

**Contact:** Mike Bingle ([mbingle@comcast.net](mailto:mbingle@comcast.net) or [michael.g.bingle@boeing.com](mailto:michael.g.bingle@boeing.com)). We do all trip coordination via email. Drop Mike a line to get on the distribution list.

### BOLIVIA TRIP

Request A Leave Of Absence...Take A Sabbatical...Quit Your Job!

Hike the legendary Inca trail and visit Machu Picchu at 7,500 feet. Travel across Lake Titicaca, the world's highest navigable lake at 12,500 feet for a side trip to Bolivia, and for good measure climb Mt. Coropuna at 21,079 feet. Spend a few days of recovery shopping and touring the towns of Cuzco, Arequipa and Lima, Peru before returning to the States.



**Trip Leader:** John Alley

**Time Frame:** Late May to June 2004

**Duration:** Three (3) weeks or longer (probably longer)

**Budget:** Approximately \$2,900

**Req. Gear:** High-altitude expedition quality equipment and sandals

**Modes of Transportation in the Andes:** Air – Rail – Bus – Boat – Mules

**Contact:** John Alley [johndalley@juno.com](mailto:johndalley@juno.com)



# Intermediate Climbing Class



Super Slab" Smith Rocks, OR ICC 2002

Expand your climbing skill through a six month, hands on, mountaineering course, and gain the knowledge and experience to lead intermediate alpine, rock, and ice climbs. Learn the following techniques from exceptional instructors, while meeting new people and exploring the best mountains of the Northwest!

- **Traditional, multi pitch rock climbing:** leading, anchor building, placing protection.
- **High angle snow and ice climbing.**
- **Mountain and high angle rescue.**
- **Weekend alpine and expedition planning.**

**BOEALPS**

- Small Class Size
- Personalized Attention
- Experienced Instructors
- Personal Challenge

Take your climbing to the next level!



Asgard Pass, 2002 ICC

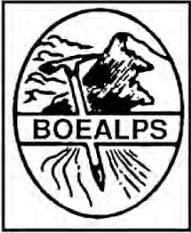


West Ridge of Forbidden – ICC climb, 2001

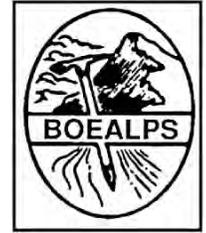
**Outings are approximately every other weekend from March until September. Lectures and planning sessions occur Monday evenings prior to weekend outings.**

**Students should be in excellent physical condition and have one to three years of climbing experience beyond the basic class or equivalent.**

For application and more info, contact Ryan Allen ([ryan@the-summit.net](mailto:ryan@the-summit.net)) 206-286-9554



# Boeing Employees Alpine Society



✦ 2004 ✦

## Basic Mountaineering Course

### Orientation & Registration

Wednesday, February 25<sup>th</sup>, 7 PM  
Boeing-Oxbow Recreation Center  
Room 202

### UUClass Meetings

Wednesday Evenings  
Plus Weekend Outings,  
March 3 through May 27

- ✦ **Equipment Selection**
- ✦ **Route Finding**
- ✦ **Safe Climbing**
- ✦ **Rope Use –**  
    **Belaying**
- Rappelling**
- ✦ **Rock Climbing**
- ✦ **Snow Climbing –**  
    **Ice Axe Use**
- ✦ **Glacier Travel –**  
    **Crevasse Rescue**



### **For More Information Contact:**

Prash Bhat	(206) 655-8141	Scott Webb	(253) 351-1135
Robert Fisher	(425) 234-7504	Zack Thunemann	(425) 865-6046

The Boeing Employees Alpine Society (Boealps) also offers an **Intermediate Climbing Course**. For more information on this course contact Ryan Allen at (206) 286-9554 or Scott Webb at (253) 351-1135.

Boeing employees have first priority enrolling in the BOEALPS Basic Mountaineering Class. A limited number of non-Boeing participants may be allowed to enroll on a 'first-come, first-served basis'.

## **E-Mails from a Mt Everest Climb**

Gary Porter

-----Original Message-----

From: Garry Porter

Sent: Friday, October 10, 2003 9:58 PM

Subject: Resting in Namche before the big push

Hi everyone, I'm back at Namche Bazaar which is about 18 miles from base camp and will head back up the valley tomorrow and be at base camp in a couple of days. This is plan to rest, eat, drink and breathe the relatively thick air for 4 to 5 days before we start our summit push. The rest of the group will join me today, but I came to Namche a day early because I knew they had a great bakery and I could get access to my Yahoo account. After I leave here tomorrow, I will go back to our email account at base camp but we are really power limited there for sending emails. I can receive, but if it's cloudy or snowing the computer is pretty much shut down, but keep sending those emails because I love them. Your words of encouragement mean the world to me.

-----Original Message-----

From: Garry Porter

Subject: Heading home

Hi all, Just a quick note to let everyone know that I am safe and sound and heading down the mountain. Will be in Kathmandu in a couple of days and will send a long email of the conclusion of this Everest experience. I am in relatively good condition considering how the trip ended. Got a little frostnip on the fingers of my left hand but nothing that won't heal over time. Weight lose is pretty dramatic so Nadine is bringing suspenders to the airport to hold my pants up.

Although we stopped 420 feet short of the true summit, I am ecstatic about what we accomplished. It is still the second highest peak in the world, and our view of the final summit ridge will always be in my mind. I have no regrets about Wally's decision to turn the team around and head down and that decision was even more important when we returned to camp 4 to find the tents shredded forcing us to descend all the way to camp 2 in the same day. Had we continued to the true summit, and still had to descend to camp 2, the results might have been dramatically different. As it was, I spent almost 24 hours climbing either up or down and when I finally got to camp 2, I was beyond being just wasted. I'll recap the day when I get to Kathmandu but it was an experience I will never forget and many of you played a key role in my ability to keep moving down the mountain. I don't know what Wally has said in his dispatch, but I am deeply grateful for the experience, and even more so for being alive to talk about it. (Don't want to get too dramatic about the descent other than to say it was a long long day and night and I knew that I was in deep deep trouble if I couldn't keep descending. I felt, however, that I carried many of your thoughts and prayers and that kept me going.) I'll expand more when I get to Kathmandu.

Sorry that we lost our email capability but I'm on line now and will get a longer email out when I get where the rates are more reasonable than here. Thanks again for all your support.

-----Original Message-----

From: Garry Porter

Sent: Sunday, November 09, 2003 2:13 AM

Hi all,

I told you I would send a longer recap of our exciting summit day, so here goes. We arrived in Katmandu this morning after spending 3 days coming down from base camp. Dave Burger, the other climber has at least 3 toes or more that have frost bite pretty bad so we moved slow and cautious so that he wouldn't stub his toes on the rock. He had them looked at by the doctors at the Himalayan Research Center on the way down and they have him on penicillin to hopefully hold off infection until he gets home and can see his personal doctor. They look pretty ugly right now and hopefully they will heal without loss of any of them. I'm feeling pretty lucky after seeing his feet.

I finally got to read Wally's account of our summit day and I asked him why they were so "bland". He said he didn't want to worry any of the readers of his dispatches and didn't want to scare away future clients. I guess I agree with that but his dispatches really underplay the events of the summit day so I will give you my unbiased (ha) version.

We had spent two nights already at camp 3, elevation 23,500, both pretty cold and miserable but good acclimation for our summit bid. The second night there we had aborted our summit bid because of extreme high winds at camp 3 and higher. The tents at camp 3 were already showing the effects of the wind before we headed up the third time. On our third trip, both tent flies were ripped and the uphill side of the tent was packed with hard frozen snow such that the tent size was significantly reduced, but they were useable when we headed back up.

We had a storm go thru after our first attempt that lasted for 4 days and dumped large quantities of snow all the way from base camp to the summit. Lhotse face was loaded with fresh snow and potential avalanche and this was partially the reason that Maegan Carney gave up her dream to ski Everest, and she and Brad Johnson gave up the expedition and headed home. Both had their reasons and I really felt sad when they left camp for greener pastures. That left Dave and I and we figured that we were just too stupid and stubborn to quit although part of me wanted to join Maegan and Brad when they left. But we felt we had to give it one more try with Wally setting a deadline of Nov 4 as the last ditch date for a summit and then we would all pack up and leave.

High winds followed the heavy snow and we could see that Lhotse face was being scoured by the wind reducing the avalanche hazard and so all we needed was a break in the high winds and to get in position if the wind subsided. So back we went thru the dreaded icefall to camp 2, one day of rest and then we moved up to camp 3 again. More blue ice showing on Lhotse face than previously but we made it to camp 3 in good style. Slept amazing well at camp 3 partially because Wally had us sleep on a low flow of oxygen and Dave lent me a sleeping pill. Love those drugs at high altitude! The sherpas dislike camp 3 because it is so narrow and just hangs there on the face, so they move directly from camp 2 to camp 4 and stop at camp 3 only long enough to pick up our sleeping bags and kept going.

So on Nov 1, we moved up the Lhotse face, then across it, up what is called the yellow band and finally up the Geneva spur. Since 2 of our group had quit the climb, we had more than enough oxygen so Wally had us climbing on 2.5 or 3 liters of oxygen per minute (max is 4) and so you stay pretty warm and feel good. Top of the Geneva spur, hang a right for 30 minutes and you are suddenly at the south col (26,000). It is a wide open broad football field and there were our 3 tents all

ready for occupancy. It was around 4:00 and by the time we got settled in for a short night, it was 5:00, and by the time we had some hot drinks and rara soup it was 6:00 and wake up time was now only 4 hours away.

Sleeping on oxygen, with 3 people in the tent and the excitement of what lies ahead made it difficult to sleep and the 4 hours of rest went too quickly. 10:00 pm and we get the wake up call from the sherpas although none of us was sleeping anyway. Temperature inside the tent was minus 18 F but amazingly it didn't feel too cold because I had slept in my borrowed down suit. Very little breeze outside and slightly before midnight we were on our way.

Everyone pretty much to themselves as it is hard to talk with the oxygen mask on, there are 7 of us climbing and there is a natural spacing forced by not having a lot of people on the same rope as we move up. Wally has said that we must maintain at least an ascent rate of 300 feet per hour or we are moving too slow and will have to turn back. His benchmark is a place called the balcony which is 2,000 feet above camp 4 and he wants us all there no later than 7:00am. We are all there by 5:00 and I'm thinking we are only 1000 feet from the summit and we are 2 hours ahead of his worst case plan.

We all swap out oxygen bottles and although the wind is picking up, there is one point that I'm beginning to feel that we really are going to summit this mountain. I'm feeling strong, the oxygen helps keep your fingers and toes warm and your head clear and we are still moving good. Daylight now and you can start to see all the mountains below you. Ama Dablam which David, Wally and I summited last year looks pretty small but I sure didn't think that last year. Yeah, we've got a good shot I tell myself, if only the wind would let up a little.

Finally, there it is, the final summit ridge, and it is fantastic against the dark blue sky. The whole ridge laid out in front of us but Wally is yelling to be heard above the wind that it's blowing 60-65 mph, and unless we can run fixed line out onto the ridge, we wouldn't be able to stay on the ridge. It's 5,000 foot drop on one side and more on the other, so you will end up in Nepal or Tibet, take your choice.

He's also concerned that to complete the last 420 feet, it will take over an hour and we are fast approaching his turn around time. He makes the tough call and hindsight being what it is, it was the absolute right call. So I have the memory of the final ridge firmly planted in my brain and am OK with his call. So we start down headed for a recovery at camp 4 before we head to camp 2 the next day. Somewhere on the way down, my oxygen bottle runs dry and just before we get to base camp, one of the sherpas provides a full one.

As I am descending, I think I see someone leaving camp 4 with a pack on, but it makes no sense until we get closer to camp 4. The wind is screaming by then, it is blasting us so hard that you can't move and I can see all three tents flapping in the wind. Closer look is that they are all shredded with the poles snapped and our gear scattered across the south col. There will be no rest or recovery here.

I meet Wally and he says we are headed down to camp 2 and the reality of the danger that we are in really hits home. I told him that I was pretty wasted and his response was that we would see how much reserve I had left, because there really was no alternative. So I drank some water from my thermos, threw my other bottle into the tent because it had turned to slush, even though it was inside my down suit and we headed down.

Fortunately, by the time we got to the Geneva spur, we were out of the severe wind and it became just an effort to keep descending the fixed line. Wally was

ahead of me and I was falling back but still moving. Most sections are not terribly steep and so I'm using what the sherpas call a sherpa rappel device i.e. wrap the fixed line around your arm and wrist and hope the friction is sufficient. Worst case is that you might slide until you hit the next anchor as long as you've remembered to clip into the rope.

Finally, at around 6:00pm I am at camp 3 and move into one of the tents to get out of the wind. Kinda warm in there and I laid back on my pack and had these momentary visions that I could maybe spend the night there and move to camp 2 in the morning. I'm relatively warm but I know my feet will soon be cold so I must get moving. Finished my thermos of water, a granola bar and decided to leave my empty oxygen bottle and mask to reduce weight. Before I went into the tents I saw a headlight below me and thought to myself that they were coming up to help me, but quickly dismissed that idea as wishful thinking. So down I headed once more with the sole thought on my mind that I had to keep going and if I did it safely, I would return home.

Without being too dramatic, I don't know how I did it. Just kept going, slowly, stopping frequently to breath heavy, finally settling on going no less than 20 steps before stopping. Then I realize that there are two headlamps below me and they are moving up, not down. (Wally had held 2 of the climbing sherpas in reserve at camp 2 and on reaching the bottom of Lhotse face had sent them up to meet me with hot water and oxygen). So half way between camp 2 and 3 I met Aaritta and Pemba and I've never seen more beautiful faces in my life. I still had to move on my own, but it was wonderful having them help me. Unfortunately I had left my oxygen mask at camp 3, so their oxygen didn't help but they were there and I knew I would make it down.

Last section on the Lhotse face is blue ice and by moonlight it might have been romantic, but I just wanted to get down. Finally, we are there, off the Lhotse face and just a mile "stroll" to camp 2. Wally was waiting, all the other sherpas had come back and we had quite a reunion. I was too exhausted and dehydrated to shed many tears but my heart did.

Next morning, I felt pretty good and Dave and I with 4 sherpas made our final descent thru the ice fall. Heavy knee deep snow all the way to camp 1 at the top of the ice fall. The ice fall doctors know that the climbing season is about over and the condition of the ice fall route is the worst we've seen it. There have been two major collapses since we moved through it, one of them happening the night before. At one point, we cannot move down because of a massive ice/snow collapse but working their way up to us are the 3 ice fall doctors and they are setting some very temporary ladders and ropes to get us down. I keep telling myself, don't think about what could happen, just move as quickly as you can thru the jumbled ice and pray for the best.

So that's it. A little different version than Wally's. You all played a critical part in the descent because I kept thinking about all the messages of support that I had received from you and that is what kept me going. At one point I chuckled to myself that Dick Jessor would really be on my case if I quit now or missed a clip on the fixed line. (Lack of oxygen does strange things with your mind.) Thank you so much for being there with me. Sorry this got so long.

Thanks again for all your email, support and prayers. I needed them.

Garry

## West Face of Leaning Tower, Yosemite 5.7 C2 Grade V

Solo Climber/scribe: Todd Bauck

June, 2003

The West Face of Leaning Tower in Yosemite is overhung at an average angle of 110°. Being overhung makes it ideal for solo climbing because a stuck haul bag is unlikely and any fall would be clean.

I hiked in with just my aid gear in the morning to fix the first two pitches. To the first pitch you have to traverse a VERY exposed 4<sup>th</sup> class ledge. Most of the first two pitches are up a bolt ladder with just a few natural aid placements needed. In some ways the overhanging nature of these pitches helped me. Every time I put an aider up on the next placement, the steps were hanging free in space which made getting my feet into them easy. After fixing the first two pitches, I rappelled down. I had plenty of time, so I hiked out and got a shower (you gotta love Yosemite). Hiking back to the base with my haul bag was a real hump.

The next morning, I got the haul bag to the start of the climb, tied it into the haul line, and lowered it out. The overhanging nature of the route became apparent when the haul bag ended up about 30' away from the wall. Two more pitches from my previous days high point put me at Ahwahnee ledge, which is the best big wall bivy ledge I have slept on.



Ahwahnee Ledge at dusk

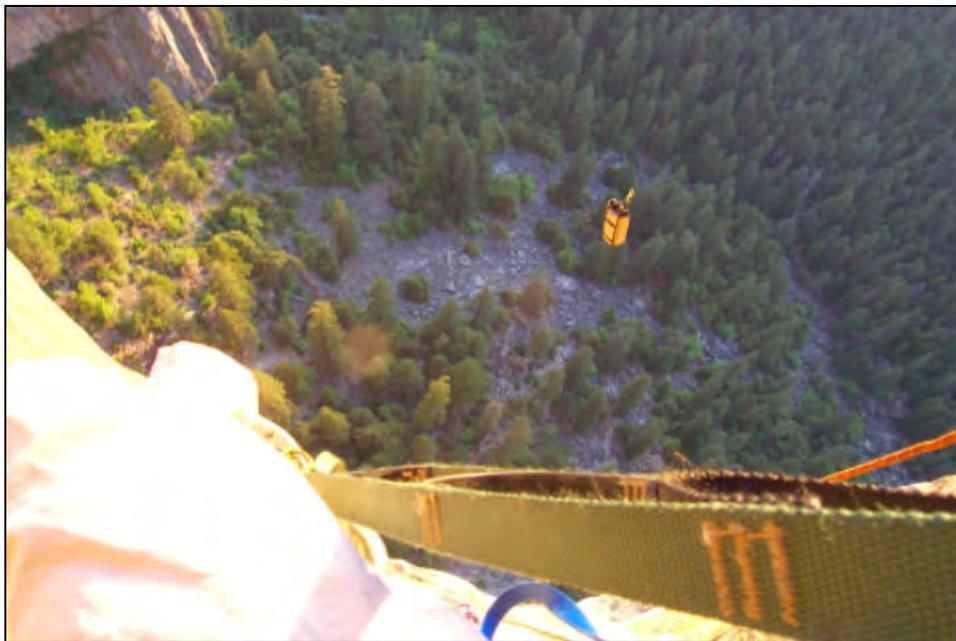
I was able to clean and haul to the ledge before the sun hit the face (about 2PM). Once the sun hit, conditions went from comfortable to hot. I still needed to fix the next two pitches in order to make the top bivy ledge the next day. The first of these was an awkward rising traverse. The next started out with some run out 5.7 climbing (I did have a bolt below me, but when you are belaying yourself, this stuff is scary) followed by another bolt ladder. Typically, after leading a pitch while solo climbing, the standard method is to rappel the haul line and clean when you jug up the lead line. But I wanted to avoid cleaning the next day. So I rappelled and cleaned the lead line. It ended up being harder to do than I expected because of the traversing nature of the previous two pitches.

The next day started out with jugging up to my high point and hauling. Two easy aid pitches put me below the summit roofs. The last two pitches are the wildest pitches I have lead. They involved some very overhung roofs that had to be pulled through. While leading them was airy, repelling down the haul line was where the real exposure was. I ended up about 40' away from the wall when I was at the bottom. Just pulling myself into the lower belay was a workout.



Pitch 9 Roof – I was getting ready to clean it when I took this picture.

These pitches went slow because I was very concerned about making a mistake where something I needed was left at the other belay. As I was cleaning these pitches, two other climbers were arriving at Ahwahnee Ledge below me. I started feeling better about my time, because at this time yesterday, I had finished leading the two pitches above Ahwahnee. Hauling on this pitch (as with all the other pitches on this climb) was a breeze. The haul bag never touched the rock until it reached the bottom of the ledge.



The haul bag after being lowered out from pitch 9 – Not much for it to snag onto.

The bivy at the top was plush. There was even a rock someone had bolted in to make a railing on the outside edge.

The descent down was a mixed bag. Every rappel was off good anchors, but a lot of it was through a loose gully. I did not have a partner to knock rocks down on or to help carry out the gear. I was in the shade most of the way, but the mosquitoes were out.

## Choss, Roots, and Ice

A TR from Glacier Peak

By Robert Fisher

Our quest to collect the five Washington volcanoes had brought us to the North Cascades to capture Glacier Peak. The initial planning stages of the climb had included the usual suspects, Ben, Marty, and myself. We sent out an APB for more participants, and we had a number of climbers join us. Sarah Sternau, Frank Feldhaus, Oriana Basile, Nate Hines, Shella Bukovac, Randy Busch, and Kathleen Clawson were all slated to go. Kathleen had to drop due to a nagging injury, and Shella had to drop due to a nagging to-do list at home. The rest of us were in.

We met at the trailhead at 9:00 am on Saturday morning, all pumped up for the long ten mile approach and the infamous Root Wall. We started out on the trail in beautiful sunshine that would last the whole climb.

After a while, we made it to the Root Wall. If you have never climbed Glacier Peak, this is something to see. The closest thing I can compare it to is climbing Mt. Si without the switchbacks. It is a steep dirt hillside trail with plenty of roots to use for handholds. It's surprising that erosion hasn't wiped out the route entirely, but I am sure that climbers would just find a new route up the hill if it did. It would have been an entertaining ascent if it wasn't for the fifty or so pounds of gear on my back.

We arrived at Boulder Basin around 4:00 pm. Since we arrived late, most of the prime spots had already been taken. We found a great campsite that was big enough for the two tents and two bivys that we had. As a bonus, it was right by a stream coming down from the glacier. This was great for washing the trail dust from our weary bodies and made filling our water bottles a breeze.



Camp was set and dinner was eaten. Most of us were sitting by the stream pumping water through the filters that Randy and Nate had brought for tomorrow's summit attempt. The sun set behind the North Cascades with unusual splendor. Marty and I spent some time trying to get the perfect picture of the sunset. I think I might have won.

Everyone was up at 4:00 am and moving by 5:00 am. In the late season, the first section of the climb is a talus/choss scramble to the glacier. As usual, Randy took the lead with the rest of us somewhere behind him. We all gathered at the toe of the glacier to put on crampons and make decisions about ropes. The glacier was icy, but soft enough to get a good bite with crampons. We decided against roping up for fear of one fallen climber pulling the rest of the team down

the hill. This was the first time that most of us had been on steep ice slopes. It was a crash course in advanced mountaineering. Everyone performed perfectly, and we got to the top of the glacier without any problems at all.

The group met at the top of the glacier again to stow gear for the final summit push. According to some passing climbers, the rest of the route was choss with a little snow traverse that had a nicely carved boot path. All right, drop the ropes, the harnesses, the approach shoes, and the crampons... Time for the summit push.

More choss!!! I think that this climb was even dirtier than my ascent of St. Helens. With all of the volcanoes that I have been on lately, I am thinking about developing a choss snowshoe. Choss shoes? I think that I will call them "Choss Dawgs".

The whole day afforded us terrific views of the surrounding peaks and the mountain itself. There was none of the fog that plagues nearly every climb of Glacier Peak. Sitkum Spire had an impressive bergschrund just below it that begged to have its picture taken.

Marty was leading with Randy right behind. I was a little farther back, taking my time with the ascent. I came around a large block to find Marty and company lounging on the red volcanic rock. They looked far too comfortable. We waited for everyone to catch up so that we could do a group summit. By our estimation, we had about 300 feet to go. We donned our packs and proceeded up the hill. About 60 feet later we found the summit. Huh? Apparently the altimeters needed recalibration. In a rather anti-climatic moment, we had made the summit.

We had a bit of fun on the summit, everyone taking a turn on the tip of the summit block for a photo. Sarah proffered grapefruit slices as a healthy summit snack in lieu of the array of candy bars that I had brought for sustenance.



Right as we headed down from the summit we heard a strange buzzing noise. A small red airplane circled the summit and sped by. All of us stood in amazed wonder as the pilot flew through the notch between the false summit and the true summit. It wasn't something you get to see everyday.

The group started heading down and Marty and Ben broke off to go "touch" the Sitkum Spire. Ben climbed halfway up, and Marty about a third of the way. I really think that Ben is a bad influence on Marty.

We hauled butt down the hill using a technique that Sarah called "Chossading". Most of us were doing a standing chossade with an occasional sitting section. The sitting chossade wasn't recommended, but every now and again, the conditions made the choice for you.

As we approached the ice section, everyone became just a little apprehensive. Climbing up is always easier than climbing down. It was going pretty well with Randy up front and Sarah, Frank, and I close behind. Sarah punched through a snow bridge once. No big deal, she just pulled her leg out and kept going. I tried following Randy's path over a seemingly sturdy snow bridge. Just as I put my right foot on the far side of the snow bridge, my left foot broke through. I really hate being the fat kid who always breaks stuff, especially snow bridges. I heard Frank say "Oh - <expletive deleted>- as I fell. In that instant, like him, I was wondering how they were going to haul me out of this crevasse. Luckily, I was able to whip my ice axe around and plant the pick before I tumbled in. Good times... Good times... Needless to say I was a little more critical of the snow bridges from then on.

I heard a commotion from above on the glacier. Nate's crampons had balled up and he had taken a fall on some snow. He slid about 15 feet before he completed a perfect ice axe arrest. Another 15 feet would have put him on the ice, with no way to arrest his fall. Thank you Ron Fleck and the Boealps BCC.

Two close calls and we made it to the lower choss scramble. After descending a short way, we discovered that what had been frozen and stable this morning was now loose and slippery. Only one thing sucks more than choss, and that is choss over ice. I fell on my butt three times in one short stretch. I was very glad to get back to the talus below.



trail.

Just as we were approaching the Root Wall, Nate said "I think we have a problem". Oriana couldn't find her car key. Four people arrived in O's car, so this was truly not a good thing. It was decided that O would tear apart her pack once she got down to the parking lot. Hopefully it would jingle out of something.

After we were past the root wall, the group spread out a bit. The final 8 miles were pretty uneventful. The usual water breaks and stops to trade off the ropes.

We arrived at the cars just before 9:00 pm, 16 hours after we had started climbing that day. Oriana found her key in her sleeping bag. Boy, were those guys happy. Frank had a few beers that were dispersed. We all know how good that parking lot beer tastes. All of us stretched out on the ground, listening to Marty's impromptu lecture on the constellations and looking for shooting stars while we waited for Ben to emerge from the forest. It was getting cold, so most of us broke out the sleeping bags to continue the stargazing. A few people were catching some well-deserved shuteye.

About 20 minutes after we were in the bags, we saw a light emerge from the trailhead. "Hey Ben!" yelled Frank, but there was no reply, just a shambling forward motion. Fortunately, there is no mistaking Ben's headlamp. It's like a searchlight. Finally, Ben was out and we could go eat. Cars were packed and people moved out.

As Marty stated in an e-mail to the participants - We had taken some unnecessary risks. We probably should have set a fixed line over a steep section of the ice. One misstep could have been very costly for any of the climbers.

We found out later that some of the other climbers were very nervous about the icy section. Ben, Marty, and I are all pretty confident climbers, so we normally just take off and expect everyone else to follow. We should ask how other people feel about the climb and what would make them more comfortable before we rush off.

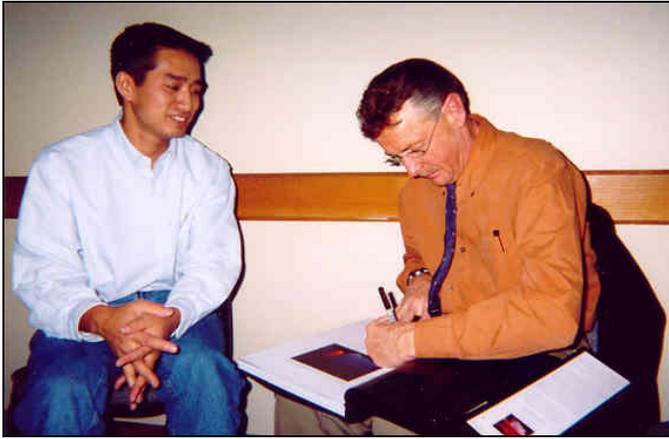
I also learned how useful water filters are for summer climbing. In one day I drank 8 liters of water because it was available. I would have been far too lazy to boil 8 liters, but with the filters, it was easy to get more clean water.

All in all, it was a great climb with some great people that I had never been out with.

The talus slog back to camp was none-too-fun. The path would come and go with no real pattern or continuity. I came around a large boulder and stepped down to hear a crunch. My gaze slowly panned downward toward my boot, wondering what had made such a strange noise. I had just desecrated the final resting place of a long passed marmot. I Hope it doesn't make my boot smell.

We were finally to camp. We discussed staying another night in Boulder Basin, but most everyone was anxious to get home (or like me, get to a cheeseburger). Ben wanted to stay another night in the hope that he would be able to track down a pack of women that were headed to the summit as we were coming down. What can I say? Ben is a pimp. In the end, the cheeseburgers won. Camp was broken and we moved back onto the

# 2003 BOEALPS BANQUET



# 2003 BOEALPS BANQUET



# 2004 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 (First, MI, Last)

\_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address

\_\_\_\_\_  
City

\_\_\_\_\_  
State

\_\_\_\_\_  
Zip Code

\_\_\_\_\_  
Mail Stop

( )  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Work Phone

( )  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Home Phone

\_\_\_\_\_  
e-mail

\_\_\_\_\_  
Age

New Member: \_\_\_yes \_\_\_no

**EMPLOYEE MEMBERSHIP** (check one)

Boeing employees or contractors and their dependents.

\_\_\_\_ INDIVIDUAL (\$20.00)

\_\_\_\_ FAMILY (\$25.00)

\_\_\_\_ RETIRED (\$10.00)

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

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

Prashantha Bhat  
or:

M/C: 14-MC  
4712 Fremont Ave N.  
Seattle, WA 98103

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 responsibility for 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, assignees, personal representatives, 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)

Additional Family:

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Print Name) \_\_\_\_\_ (Signature) \_\_\_\_\_ (Date)

ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

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NEW WORK PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW HOME PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW MAIL STOP: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW EMAIL: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW HOME ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO PRASH BHAT, M/S 14-MC  
OR: 4712 Fremont Ave N, Seattle, WA 98103  
OR: prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com

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COMMENTS IN THIS PUBLICATION  
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ALPINE ECHO



*February Echo staff*

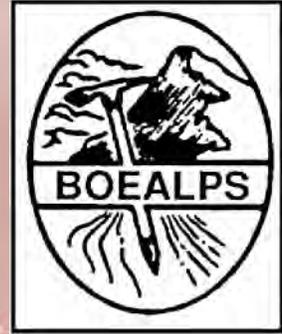
Editors: Sarah Sternau &  
Vicky Larsen

Contributors: Garry Porter  
Len Kannapell  
Todd Bauck  
Rich Humbert

*If you have any submissions—anything vaguely mountaineering or outdoors related will do—email them to us at [echoeditor@hotmail.com](mailto:echoeditor@hotmail.com), or give one of us a call (our numbers are on the front cover) and we'll arrange something!*

March 2004

# ALPINE ECHO



[www.boealps.org](http://www.boealps.org)

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## K2 STATISTICS

Other names/spellings	Mount Godwin-Austen Chogori
Elevation (feet)	28,250
Elevation (meters)	8,611
Location	Karakoram China-Pakistan
Latitude	35°ree; 53' N
Longitude	76°ree; 31' E
Best Climbing Months	June, July, August
Year First Climbed	1954
First Climber(s)	Achille Compagnoni Lino Lacedelli (Italian expedition)
Convenient Center(s)	Skardu, Pakistan
Nearest Major Airport	Islamabad, Pakistan

## General Meeting

**Thursday, March 4  
at the Oxbow.**

**Social half hour at 7:00pm  
and Presentation at 7:30pm**

Dee was park ranger and guide at Mt Rainier for many years and climbed the mountain fifty times, pioneering three summit routes. Dee went on the 1953 American expedition to then unclimbed K2 in Pakistan, where the entire party nearly fell off the mountain if not for Pete Shoening's ice axe arrest. He wrote the book *The Challenge of Rainier*, which is the complete climbing history of the mountain. Dee will show slides and talk about his climbing experiences in the Northwest and beyond. Don't miss this chance to see a living legend.

# BELAY STANCE

Hello, Boealpers—

This month we are saddened by the necessity of including another obituary, this one of three outdoorsmen who were friends and fellow climbers of several Boealpers. An account of the unfortunate accident that claimed three lives on February 12. You'll find that on pages 5-6.

At the same time as we mourn the loss of any climber, known personally to us or not, we continue our commitment to teaching basic and intermediate students safe climbing techniques. A number of returning instructors and recent BCC graduates will help instruct the basic class this year, and several of last year's instructors will either return to teach or move on to the intermediate class or both.

As one who will be attempting both, I'd like to stress that the intermediate class is a great way to learn advanced climbing techniques with talented, dedicated instructors and a great student-to-instructor ratio. The deadline for applying to the ICC has been extended to March 8, so you still have a chance to receive fantastic intermediate instruction in 2004. Information on the ICC is on page 9, and an application can be found at [boealps.org](http://boealps.org). For more information, contact Ryan Allen by emailing [ryan@the-summit.net](mailto:ryan@the-summit.net) or calling 206.286.9554.

Other things that will look familiar in this issue are the announcement for the last Winter Outing and a call for new club artwork. There's also a 2004 membership application, updated to include both Boeing employee and non-Boeing employee. The club runs on the very reasonable dues it collects from its members, so please renew today!

Finally—last but not least, you could say—we're hoping to enlist the silent majority of Boealps members in creating great content for upcoming issues of the Echo and interesting presentations for monthly club meetings. Do you have a trip report you'd like to share, whether in an article or presentation? A climbing-related announcement to make, or an original idea for some other sort of article or column? See page 7 for how to present your trip at an upcoming Boealps meeting, and let me or Vicky know about ideas for the Echo. We'd love to represent the full club constituency in this publication and at meetings!

Thanks and, as always,  
Happy Climbing,  
Sarah



# March

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
	1	2	3 BCC Lecture	4 General Meeting	5	6 Aid Seminar Full Moon
7 Winter Outing	8	9	10 BCC Lecture	11 Board Meeting	12	13 BCC St Edwards
14 BCC St Edwards	15	16	17 BCC Lecture St Patrick's	18	19	20 BCC Mt Erie New Moon
21 BCC Mt Erie	22 ICC Lecture	23	24 BCC Lecture	25	26 Echo Deadline	27 BCC Stevens ICC Horsethief
28 BCC Stevens ICC Horsethief	29	30	31 BCC Lecture			

**2004**



# April

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
				1	2	3
4 <b>Daylight Savings</b>	5 <b>Full Moon</b> ICC Lecture #2	6 <b>Passover begins</b>	7 <b>BCC Lecture</b>	8	9	10 <b>BCC Devil's Peak</b>
11	12 <b>Easter Monday</b>	13	14 <b>BCC Lecture</b>	15	16	17 <b>BCC Devil's Peak</b>
18	19 <b>New Moon</b> ICC Lecture #3	20	21 <b>BCC Lecture</b>	22	23	24 <b>BCC/ICC Leavenworth joint campout</b>
25	26 <b>Echo Deadline</b> ICC Lecture #4	27	28 <b>BCC Lecture</b>	29	30	

2004

## A Remembrance of John Miner, Jim Andruess, and Russ Howard by Rick Wire

For the past 20 years, John Miner had been coming to the spectacular Canadian Rockies to ice climb. He had climbed all around the world but loved this area best. For those of us who chose to go with John on this annual trek north, great climbing and even greater camaraderie were the rewards. Jim Andruess was a regular on the trips for the last 7 years. It seemed that as soon as 1 trip was over, the planning would start for the next year. It was a special feeling to be invited. This year, five of our teammates (John, Jim, Rick, Kenny and Mike) went and two other climber friends (Micah and Russ) joined them.

On Thursday, February 12, our teammates left from the David Thompson Resort in different directions to spend the day on two different waterfall climbs. A cold, sunny, beautiful day for climbing. Rick's team finished the day early and were back at the DTR by late afternoon. As darkness came, Rick, Kenny, Micah and Mike became concerned that Jim, John and Russ were not back. They knew where they were climbing and Rick and Kenny headed out around 7pm to look for them. They found John's car and their tracks leading to the climb named Midnight Rambler. They quickly moved up the trail noting the tracks were only pointed uphill. As they got closer to the climb, Rick said the tracks suddenly were covered up by a strangely textured snow. Within a few more steps, their headlights illuminated the debris zone. Perhaps only fellow climbers can relate to the terrible feelings Rick and Kenny felt then. They quickly called out and searched the area. They wouldn't know till the next day how huge the debris field really was. They found a helmet - then a rope. They followed the rope into the packed ice. They knew their friends were under it. They chopped at the ice with ski poles in vain - it had set hard. They realized they needed help and got to the Saskatchewan ranger station as fast as they could.

Sometime during that beautiful day, an unanticipated inversion had settled on the valley warming the upper slopes. Down below where our friends were climbing, it was clear and cold and I'm sure they were having a good climb. A snow field high above and around a blind corner loosened and avalanched down the gully they were climbing. They would have never seen it coming and would have had only seconds to react as it came their way.

A search effort by the great rangers from Parks Canada began soon after. Later that night, a dog team found our friend John who had been buried a little more than a meter deep. After searching and digging, the ranger teams were exhausted. They halted the search around 3am. At first light, they were back at the scene. Within a few hours, they had found Russ and finally Jim.

Around 9pm, that night of the 12<sup>th</sup>, I received a call at home from Rick's wife, Lisa. Her strength and composure was amazing and I truly thank her for this. Within minutes of hearing the news, through tears and hugs we—I and Jeff, my partner and TMRU member of 23 years—knew we had to notify our good friend and fellow teammate Tom of his brother John's fate. As Jeff made that call, I called those on our team who were closest to John and Jim. After the initial shock and more tears, Jeff and I looked at each other and said, "Let's go." I called the folks I had just told the crushing news to and within minutes we had seven of us ready to head North.

Twelve hours later, we met Tom and his son Jason at Lake Louise. The RCMP there were kind and professional and welcomed us into their offices. We finished paperwork and arrangements and headed north to meet our grieving teammates.

I had been in cell contact with our teammates at the ranger station and fellow MRA members. I just didn't want our MRA teammates to hear this on the news. Our members at home started a callout, letting our friends and teammates know the tragic news. Much work and support was done by the members back in Washington.

In the early evening, we finally met up with Rick, Kenny, Micah and Mike. I cannot say enough or thank the folks from Rocky Mountain House Mtn Rescue Team. When we were in great need, they truly rescued us. We arrived to a warm meal and accommodations in their homes. They surrounded us with protecting, warm compassion as we sat in Yvette and Scott's living room and cried, laughed, talked and told stories. They let us share our grief in a comfortable, loving place and we are ever indebted to them.

The next morning we went as a group to the accident site. Overwhelming grief and tears; a memorial placed—including an MRA cap. The healing would begin; it was time to go home.

Our team divided up drivers, we had Russ, John and Jim's cars to get home, and started the long drive west. Jeff and I accompanied Tom and his son Jason, to Banff to meet with the head ranger of the recovery effort and then to Calgary to pick up personal effects and finish arrangements. We are headed back home for a week of memorials and life celebrations for our friends.

In closing, I'd like to say a bit about our friends Russ, John and Jim. I'm sorry I did not get to know Russ; he worked with John. Everyone talked highly of his easygoing, great personality.

John had been climbing it seemed his entire life. A career police officer in Redmond, John was devoted to the Boy Scouts of America and Tacoma Mountain Rescue. He was an operations leader and lead instructor for many of our trainings. At first meeting, John seemed stern and professional. That was merely a cover for his

excellent sense of dry humor. His stories of "speeding ticket excuses" were looked forward to at our meetings and no one could tell them like John. He also had a deeply compassionate side and was in all ways a true friend.

If we took a poll on our team of "most liked" member, Jim would win hands down every year. A kinder person I could not imagine. An experienced and rock-solid rescuer, it always felt good to know that Jim was on a rescue. Jim never said cross words and never complained. Truly a happy soul.

Both John and Jim were the type of friends you could call in the middle of the night for help. I know this because I have made those calls to both of them and they came with no questions asked. They were two of our most respected and loved members. They are missed already.



***Boealps University***

Patricia Michaud,  
Dean of Admissions

**AID CLIMBING : March 6**

Brook Alongi has organized a fabulous class in aid climbing basics. We are fortunate to have a nearly professional instructor volunteer his time! The class will take place March 6. Contact: [BALONGI@KORRY.com](mailto:BALONGI@KORRY.com) or call: 425-299-7168. Summary in next month's Echo.

**Coming up : June Campout**

The June campout will come up faster than you think! Patty needs volunteers to teach the lead climbing class and students to take it. Let Patty Michaud ([patricia.michaud@attws.com](mailto:patricia.michaud@attws.com)) know if you're interested in either.

**SHOW YOUR STUFF**

Hey! Been on a fun climb or out-of-town trip lately? Want to show some pictures and tell the rest of the club about it? Do a short program at the next general meeting! Just let John Gowan ([jjgowan@earthlink.net](mailto:jjgowan@earthlink.net)) or Mick Ostroff ([mostroff1@hotmail.com](mailto:mostroff1@hotmail.com)) know a week or two ahead of time and you're in!

---

**Boealps Logo Search**

Howdy Boealpers! The board is looking for some new graphics to be associated with the Boeing Alpine Society. Don't worry, the oval ice axe/mountain logo isn't going anywhere (in fact, it's getting a facelift), we just want to get some new graphics to put on swag. Yes, that's right, a new round of Boealps swag is on it's way. You can get an idea of what will be available here: <http://www.cafepress.com/cp/info/products/viewall.aspx>

*Get out your pens, computers or finger paints and start creating!*

Guidelines: Make the graphic as large as possible (it's easier to reduce than to enlarge). 8.5 X 11 or 11 X 17 hardcopies and .jpg or .pdf files only, please.

Send submissions to:

Robert Fisher  
10731 Roosevelt Way NE #7  
Seattle, WA 98125

Boeing Mail stop 74-33  
[fenderfour@yahoo.com](mailto:fenderfour@yahoo.com)  
[Robert.j.fisher2@boeing.com](mailto:Robert.j.fisher2@boeing.com)

# hikes ● scrambles ● ski trips ● climbs ● other

## WINTER OUTING SERIES 5.0

**Remaining dates:** 3/14.

**Where:** Varies upon conditions.

**Party limit:** None.

**Qualifications:** Anyone with Basic Class experience.

**Equipment:** You can borrow snow shoes and avalanche beacons from the club.

**Contact:** Mike Bingle ([mbingle@comcast.net](mailto:mbingle@comcast.net) or [michael.g.bingle@boeing.com](mailto:michael.g.bingle@boeing.com)). We do all trip coordination via email. Drop Mike a line to get on the distribution list.

## BOLIVIA TRIP

Request A Leave Of Absence...Take A Sabbatical...Quit Your Job!

Hike the legendary Inca trail and visit Machu Picchu at 7,500 feet. Travel across Lake Titicaca, the world's highest navigable lake at 12,500 feet for a side trip to Bolivia, and for good measure climb Mt. Coropuna at 21,079 feet. Spend a few days of recovery shopping and touring the towns of Cuzco, Arequipa and Lima, Peru before returning to the States.



**Trip Leader:** John Alley  
**Time Frame:** Late May to June 2004  
**Duration:** Three (3) weeks or longer (probably longer)  
**Budget:** Approximately \$2,900  
**Req. Gear:** High-altitude expedition quality equipment and sandals  
**Modes of Transportation in the Andes:** Air – Rail – Bus – Boat – Mules  
**Contact:** John Alley [johndalley@juno.com](mailto:johndalley@juno.com)



# Intermediate Climbing Class



Super Slab” Smith Rocks, OR ICC 2002

Expand your climbing skill through a six-month, hands-on mountaineering course, and gain the knowledge and experience to lead intermediate alpine, rock, and ice climbs. Learn the following techniques from exceptional instructors, while meeting new people and exploring the best mountains of the Northwest!

- **Traditional, multi pitch rock climbing: leading, anchor building, placing protection.**
- **High angle snow and ice climbing.**
- **Mountain and high-angle rescue.**
- **Weekend alpine and expedition planning.**

**BOEALPS**

- Small class size
- Personalized attention
- Experienced instructors
- Personal challenge

Take your climbing to the next level!



Asgard Pass, 2002 ICC



West Ridge of Forbidden – ICC climb, 2001

Outings are approximately every other weekend from March until September. Lectures and planning sessions occur Monday evenings prior to weekend outings.

Students should be in excellent physical condition and have one to three years of climbing experience beyond the basic class or equivalent.

For application and more info, contact Ryan Allen ([ryan@the-summit.net](mailto:ryan@the-summit.net)) 206-286-9554

**HURRY! APPLICATION DEADLINE IS EXTENDED TO MARCH 8TH!**

# 2004 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 (First, MI, Last)

\_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address

\_\_\_\_\_  
City

\_\_\_\_\_  
State

\_\_\_\_\_  
Zip Code

\_\_\_\_\_  
Mail Stop

( )  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Work Phone

( )  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Home Phone

\_\_\_\_\_  
e-mail

\_\_\_\_\_  
Age

New Member: \_\_\_yes \_\_\_no

## EMPLOYEE MEMBERSHIP (check one)

Boeing employees or contractors and their dependents.

\_\_\_\_\_ INDIVIDUAL (\$20.00)

\_\_\_\_\_ FAMILY (\$25.00)

\_\_\_\_\_ RETIRED (\$10.00)

## NON - EMPLOYEE MEMBERSHIP

Boeing employees or contractors and their dependents.

\_\_\_\_\_ INDIVIDUAL (\$25.00)

\_\_\_\_\_ FAMILY (\$30.00)

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

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

Prashantha Bhat      M/C: 14-MC  
or: 4712 Fremont Ave N.  
Seattle, WA 98103

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 responsibility for 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, assignees, personal representatives, 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)

Additional Family:

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Print Name) \_\_\_\_\_ (Signature) \_\_\_\_\_ (Date)

ALPINE ECHO



ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW WORK PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW HOME PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW MAIL STOP: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW EMAIL: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW HOME ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO PRASH BHAT, M/S 14-MC  
OR: 4712 Fremont Ave N, Seattle, WA 98103  
OR: prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com

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

**March Echo staff**

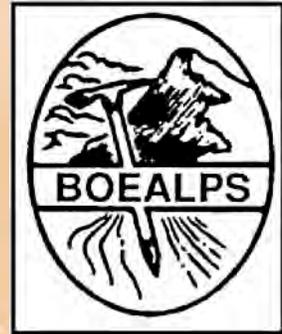
Editors: Sarah Sternau &  
Vicky Larsen

Contributors: Garry Porter  
Ryan Allen  
Rick Wire

*If you have any submissions—anything vaguely mountaineering or outdoors related will do—email them to us at [echoeditor@hotmail.com](mailto:echoeditor@hotmail.com), or give one of us a call (our numbers are on the front cover) and we'll arrange something!*

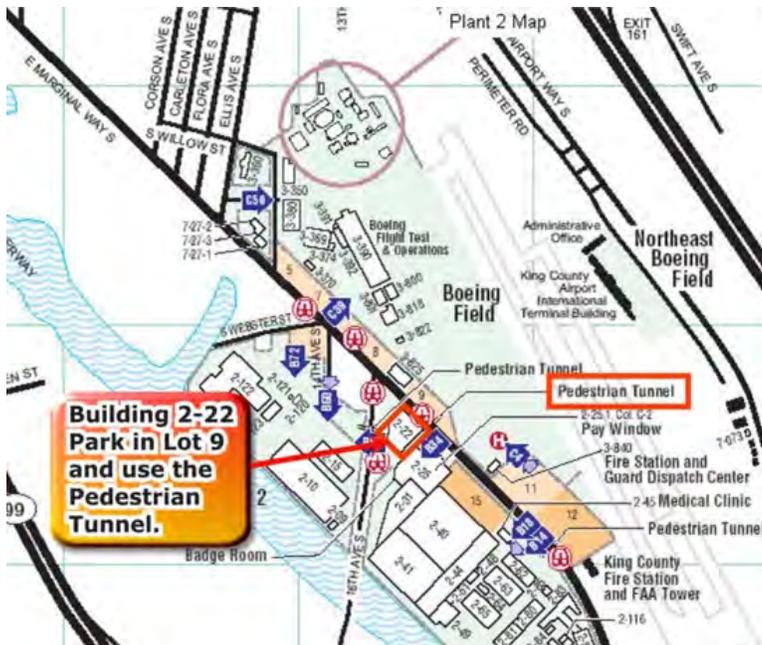
April 2004

# ALPINE ECHO



[www.boealps.org](http://www.boealps.org)

President	Scott Webb	253-351-1135 <a href="mailto:scott.a.webb@boeing.com">scott.a.webb@boeing.com</a>	Equipment South	Mike Jacobsen	206-544-5689 <a href="mailto:michael.t.jacobsen@boeing.com">michael.t.jacobsen@boeing.com</a>
Vice President	Zack Thunemann	206-218-7005 <a href="mailto:paul.z.thunemann@boeing.com">paul.z.thunemann@boeing.com</a>	Central	Silas Wild	206-527-9453 <a href="mailto:silaswild@yahoo.com">silaswild@yahoo.com</a>
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Secretary	Shella Bukovac	<a href="mailto:shella.a.bukovac@boeing.com">shella.a.bukovac@boeing.com</a>	Librarian	Haldis Baty	425-266-9354 <a href="mailto:haldis.m.baty@boeing.com">haldis.m.baty@boeing.com</a>
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Activities	Robert Fisher	206-381-0636 <a href="mailto:activities@boealps.org">activities@boealps.org</a>	Programs	John Gowan	425-774-4792 <a href="mailto:jigowan@earthlink.net">jigowan@earthlink.net</a>
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Membership	Prash Bhat	206-655-8141 <a href="mailto:prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com">prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com</a>		Zack Thunemann	206-218-7005 <a href="mailto:paul.z.thunemann@boeing.com">paul.z.thunemann@boeing.com</a>



**General Meeting**  
**Thursday, April 8<sup>th</sup>**  
**New Location!!!**  
**Bldg 2-22**

**Social half hour at**  
**7:00pm and**  
**Presentation at 7:30pm**

Robert Fisher, Ben Leishman, and Marty Jolly will show slides and talk about their busy summer climbing in the Cascades. You can read about their exploits in previous editions of the Echo. Glacier Peak and McClellan Butte were some of their more memorable climbs. What better way to get inspired for the climbing season than to come see this slide show, by three enthusiastic club members!

## **BELAY STANCE**

Hello, Boealpers,

The general meeting is changing location. Building 2-22 in on E Marginal Way next to the old headquarters building. Please park across the street and use the pedestrian tunnel to cross E Marginal Way. The meeting is April 8<sup>th</sup> at 7:00 PM.

The calendars are full os ICC and BCC lectures and outings! Both classes are off to a great start. Check this issue for photos from the ICC horsethief outing and the BCC Steven's Pass outing.

Following the photos is information on Free CPR classes and MOFA Instructor Class. This is the class where you get certified to teach the MOFA class.

Happy Climbing,  
Vicky





# April

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
				1	2	3 BCC - Snoqualmie
4 BCC - Snoqualmie	5 ICC Full Moon	6	7 BCC	8 General Meeting	9	10 BCC - Devil's ICC - Snow
11 BCC - Devil's ICC - Snow	12	13	14 BCC	15	16	17 BCC - Devil's
18 BCC - Devil's	19 ICC New Moon	20	21 BCC	22 Earth Day	23	24 BCC/ICC - Leavenworth
25 BCC/ICC - Leavenworth	26 ICC	27	28 BCC	29	30	

**2004**



# May

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
<b>30</b> Memorial Day	<b>31</b>					<b>1</b> ICC Smith Rocks; BCC Tatoosh
<b>2</b> ICC Smith Rocks; BCC Tatoosh	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b> Full Moon	<b>5</b> BCC	<b>6</b> General Meeting	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b> BCC Crevasse
<b>9</b> BCC Crevasse	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b> BCC	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b> BCC Grad Climb
<b>16</b> BCC Grad Climb	<b>17</b> ICC	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b> BCC New Moon	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b> ICC Squamish BCC Grad Climb
<b>23</b> ICC Squamish BCC Grad Climb	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>26</b> BCC Graduation	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b>

**2004**

*ICC at Horsethief Butte*





# BCC Steven's Pass

## Purple Haze



# Plum Team



---

Here is a link to a page that talks about **FREE CPR** Saturday, April 24th at the Convention Center

[http://www.seattleredcross.org/health/GetTrained/cpr\\_Saturday\\_04.htm](http://www.seattleredcross.org/health/GetTrained/cpr_Saturday_04.htm)

You need to register and can do that via the web page. There are various sessions between 8 and 2 that you can take. The class takes about 1 ½ hours.

---

### **MOFA instructor class.**

If you liked the MOFA class, want the opportunity to practice your skills, and have the desire to share this knowledge with others, the MOFA instructor class may be what you are looking for. I (or one of the other Boealps MOFA instructors) will help you teach your first class with the Mountaineers so that you get reimbursed for the tuition. If you are interested in teaching, but this class schedule does not work for you, send me an email ([joyce@solarhacker.com](mailto:joyce@solarhacker.com)) and I will notify you when the fall class is announced.

Announcing Spring Weekend MOFA Instructor Course #46153

Join a Spring instructor course to be held on weekends.

Dates: April 24th, May 1st, 8th, and 15th.

Times 8:30.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Location: Bio-Rad Woodinville,

14620 NE North Woodinville Way, Woodinville.

The course tuition of \$70.00 will be reimbursed after you teach your first course for the Seattle Mountaineers. (If you are already an American Red Cross instructor you may be excused from ~6 hrs. of the April 24<sup>th</sup> session.) For questions or registration for Instructor Course #46153, call the American Red Cross Safety Services at 206-726-3534. NOTE: Enrollment minimums will be required for the courses to be held. Please sign up as soon as possible so that arrangements for sufficient instructor trainers can be made.

---

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## hikes ● scrambles ● ski trips ● climbs ● other

### BOLIVIA TRIP

Request A Leave Of Absence...Take A Sabbatical...Quit Your Job!

Hike the legendary Inca trail and visit Machu Picchu at 7,500 feet. Travel across Lake Titicaca, the world's highest navigable lake at 12,500 feet for a side trip to Bolivia, and for good measure climb Mt. Coropuna at 21,079 feet. Spend a few days of recovery shopping and touring the towns of Cuzco, Arequipa and Lima, Peru before returning to the States.



**Trip Leader:** John Alley  
**Time Frame:** Late May to June 2004  
**Duration:** Three (3) weeks or longer (probably longer)  
**Budget:** Approximately \$2,900  
**Req. Gear:** High-altitude expedition quality equipment and sandals  
**Modes of Transportation in the Andes:** Air – Rail – Bus – Boat – Mules  
**Contact:** John Alley [johndalley@juno.com](mailto:johndalley@juno.com)

ALPINE ECHO



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NEW WORK PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW HOME PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

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April Echo staff

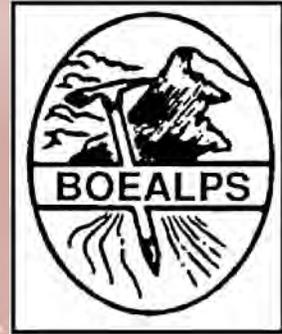
Editors: Sarah Sternau &  
Vicky Larsen

Contributors: Aggie Cristie  
Zack Thunemann  
Doug Sanders  
Micheal Frank

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May 2004

# ALPINE ECHO



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Secretary	Shella Bukovac	<a href="mailto:shella.a.bukovac@boeing.com">shella.a.bukovac@boeing.com</a>	Librarian	Haldis Baty	425-266-9354 <a href="mailto:haldis.m.baty@boeing.com">haldis.m.baty@boeing.com</a>
Past President	Marty Jolly	206-655-3512 <a href="mailto:marty.b.jolly@boeing.com">marty.b.jolly@boeing.com</a>	Photography	Richard Humbert	206-783-6126 <a href="mailto:richhumbert@hotmail.com">richhumbert@hotmail.com</a>
Activities	Robert Fisher	206-381-0636 <a href="mailto:activities@boealps.org">activities@boealps.org</a>	Programs	John Gowan	425-774-4792 <a href="mailto:jjgowan@earthlink.net">jjgowan@earthlink.net</a>
Conservation	Len Kannapell	<a href="mailto:kannapell@yahoo.com">kannapell@yahoo.com</a>	Web Master	Mick Ostroff	<a href="mailto:mostroff1@hotmail.com">mostroff1@hotmail.com</a>
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Education	Patty Michaud	206-369-2632 <a href="mailto:patricia.michaud@attws.com">patricia.michaud@attws.com</a>		Ben Leishman	509-760-5839 <a href="mailto:bleishman@hotmail.com">bleishman@hotmail.com</a>
Membership	Prash Bhat	206-655-8141 <a href="mailto:prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com">prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com</a>		Zack Thunemann	206-218-7005 <a href="mailto:paul.z.thunemann@boeing.com">paul.z.thunemann@boeing.com</a>

## General Meeting Thursday, May 6

**NEW LOCATION!**

**Bldg 2-22**

**Social half hour at 7:00pm and  
presentation at 7:30pm**

## The Bulgers!

This clandestine group of Boealps members single-handedly created the obsession with climbing the 100 highest peaks in WA. John Lixvar (aka Lizard) will tell the Bulger story. Among the questions to be answered: Who decides who gets to be a member of the 100 highest peaks club? How did the list of peaks get put together? Boealps members of the 100 highest peaks in WA club include John Lixvar, Jerry Baille, John Plimpton, Russ Kroeker, Bruce Gibbs, Bette Felton, Bob Tillotson, Don Goodman, Dave Creeden, Silas Wild, and Mike Bialos.

In addition, John Lixvar will describe his recent descent into Tiger Snake Canyon in pursuit of the Holy Grail of Australian bushwalking—the discovery of the secret location of the Wollemi pine, an ancient Araucaria thought to have gone extinct during the age of dinosaurs, 350 million years ago.



**Park in lot 9 and use the pedestrian tunnel.**

## BELAY STANCE

Hello, Boealpers—

Boealps annual climbing classes are in full swing, which means we've got pictures to share! On the weekend of April 24-25, both classes were in Leavenworth, working on various skills and meeting up for a campout on Saturday night. We don't have pictures of the evening's festivities—but you've probably heard the stories, anyway. However, we do have a couple pages of images of ICC daytime activities, starting on page 12. And, a few images of Purple Haze from the BCC, starting on page 14.

The other class-related content you'll find this issue is a Guye Peak trip report by Robert Fisher, which is accompanied by a stunning image of Robert leading his rope team up a steep snow slope to the summit. The photo was taken by Aggie, and a detail of it also appears in the calendar.

Other stories this month include a top five of stair-climbing locations in Seattle and correspondence with a Washington State Parks representative regarding Sno-Park passes, both contributed by Len Kannapell.

The May Echo is rounded out by an announcement regarding a new PNW climbing magazine, the Northwest Mountaineering Journal, being published online initially and possibly in print later on. The announcement, which is also a call for content from Boealps members, is on page 5.

The Basic Climbing Class ends this month, which means that lots of new climbers will be champing at the bit to bag some peaks. Be sure to post your climbs at the Boealps.org message board so they can get involved, and enjoy the month of spring climbing ahead!

Thanks and, as always,  
Happy Climbing,  
Sarah



# May

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
<b>30</b> Memorial Day	<b>31</b>					<b>1</b> ICC Smith Rocks; BCC Tatoosh
<b>2</b> ICC Smith Rocks; BCC Tatoosh	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b> Full moon	<b>5</b> BCC	<b>6</b> General meeting	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b> BCC Crevasse Rescue
<b>9</b> BCC Crevasse Rescue Mother's Day	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b> BCC	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b> BCC Grad Climb
<b>16</b> BCC Grad Climb	<b>17</b> ICC Lecture	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b> BCC New moon	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b> ICC Squamish BCC Grad Climb
<b>23</b> ICC Squamish BCC Grad Climb	<b>24</b> Echo Deadline	<b>25</b>	<b>26</b> BCC Graduation	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b>

# 2004



# June

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
		1	2	3 Full moon	4	5
6	7 ICC Lecture	8	9	10	11	12 ICC Alpine Exp. Climb 1
13 ICC Alpine Exp. Climb 1	14	15	16	17 New moon	18	19
20 Father's Day	21 ICC Lecture	22	23	24	25	26 ICC Alpine Exp. Climb 2
27	28 Echo Deadline	29	30			

# 2004



***Boealps University***

Patricia Michaud,  
Dean of Admissions

**Coming up: June Campout**

The June campout will come up faster than you think! Patty needs volunteers to teach the lead climbing class and students to take it. Let Patty Michaud ([perkily@hotmail.com](mailto:perkily@hotmail.com)) know if you're interested in either.

**From the Editor's Mailbag: A New Climbing Publication!**

From: "Matt Perkins" <[matt@mattperkinslaw.com](mailto:matt@mattperkinslaw.com)>

To: <[editor@boealps.org](mailto:editor@boealps.org)>

Subject: Northwest Mountaineering Journal

Date: Tue, 30 Mar 2004 10:27:39 -0800

Greetings-

I am a long-time Northwest climber, living in Seattle, and a member of a team setting out to launch a new climbing journal that will document Northwest climbing. We intend to launch our publication over the internet, though may at some point seek to create a paper publication. We plan to cover the history of mountain climbing, ski mountaineering, rock climbing and related activities, ongoing activity and new routes, and other topics of interest to climbers in our region. Our team is headed by longtime climber/skier and author Lowell Skoog, and we have the support of the Mountaineers.

We would be happy to receive contributions from your members: pictures, articles, reports of new routes, historical information, notices regarding environmental issues, etc. would all be welcome. I don't know if an announcement in your newsletter would be appropriate, but we'd be glad to get the word out to your members.

Please visit our site at [www.nwmj.org](http://www.nwmj.org) for a brief introduction.

-Matt Perkins

# STAIRWAYS TO HEAVEN

## Five Seattle Stairs Climbs for Conditioning

With the Basic Class in its final month and the summer climbing season looming, it's time to consider shedding a few unwanted pounds and getting in shape. If you are like me and seeking the maximum conditioning per unit time of approach (while refusing to join an indoor gym), Tiger, Si, and Mailbox Peak are hard to beat for proximity, elevation gain, and lack of solitude. But if you want to start a weekly training program that's much closer to home sans the 10,000 folks you will likely encounter at two of three aforementioned peaks, consider the following five (5) stair climbs of Seattle:

### **Lincoln Lift–Off (just north of the Fauntleroy Ferry in West Seattle)**

Park at either the north or south lot at Lincoln Park and motor down any of the trails to South Beach, enjoy a refreshing beach walk, and ascend the stairs back to the bluff. Another option is to simply cross Fauntleroy Way on Thistle, go up one block, and run the stairs (visible from Fauntleroy) to Northrop Place. These stairs are widely spaced and have a small rise initially, but they reach a crescendo with the final three flights that are surprisingly steep.

**Number of stairs: 352 concrete stairs** (first 2/3 gradual, final 1/3 steep). If you include the lower Lincoln Park stairs, add 124 more.

### **The Golden Escalator (Golden Gardens, at Shilshole in Ballard)**

This series of stairs connects the lower and upper portions of Golden Gardens Park, and are well worth doing when you visit Lutfisk Country. Start in the lower parking lot of Golden Gardens, and head south along the water, and then turn up to Seaview Avenue and follow the sidewalk to the Northwest 60<sup>th</sup> Street Viewpoint. Follow the walkway, and when you reach a stop sign, take a left and pass underneath the railroad tracks via a small tunnel.

**Number of stairs: 275** (first 109 easy, next 84 more difficult, final 82 are steepest)

### **Gilman Climb (North Seattle area, on the Burke-Gilman trail)**

A bit convoluted to find these, but the North end Boealper might find these quite useful, and I've rarely seen more than three-four people on them at any time. From Lake City Way (either direction), turn east on 135<sup>th</sup> St. Follow this until you can't go any farther east, parking near 40<sup>th</sup> Ave. From here look for a set of stairs to your left (and that's left of the palatial wooden house that dominates the landscape), descend to 42<sup>nd</sup> Ave. You could continue all the way down to the Burke-Gilman trail, but there's not much point in galloping about three blocks south for the sake of reascending one flight.

**Number of stairs: 243** (steady rise)

### **Eastlake Stairs**

The Mt. Si of stair climbs. I have many foggy mornings in memory, at 6:30am and raining in the January 2003 darkness before work, usually with Kathy "Hooch" Hasegawa. The idea was to be so entrenched in habit that one's mind would not register that it was an inane idea to be doing this until it was too late and one was at least ½ way through the workout.

If coming from the south, take the Lakeview Boulevard Exit (just south of 520), turn left, and park immediately on the right on Lakeview Boulevard. If coming from the north, take the Harvard-Roanoke exit, continue straight on Bolyston Ave., go under I-5, and look for the stairs on Howe on your left.

You have two sets of stairs to choose: Blaine St. or Howe St. (Howe is 150' north of Blaine). Because of the central location, these stairs are an excellent choice for folks who want to work out before work, at lunch, or after work. In a hurry on the weekend? A 20-30 minute workout can be squeezed in.

**Number of stairs: 293** (Blaine)

**272** (Howe)

### **The Market Mount**

Starting from the parking lot at the south end of Myrtle Edwards Park (near Pier 70 – or just park near Pike St.), follow the signs to the “Pike Hillclimb Shops” signs to the stairs and start yer walking. At the top of this short rise, take a sharp right and find the next rise, ascend and cross the short sky bridge, continue up – and you’re at the Pike Place Market.

**Number of stairs: 157** (admittedly not as great, but it takes you to the Pike Place Brewery)

Note that you can walk, run, put a backpack on, crawl, slither, and hirple your way up any of these stairs. Call fellow climbers and organize a weekly time to meet and climb; most of these give you a good workout after 20-30 minutes, and it costs nothing—except, to echo Winston Churchill, “blood, sweat, and tears.”

# TRIP REPORT

## GUYE PEAK, 4/3/04

by Robert Fisher

Yet another climb in the land of the free, the home of the brave. This was to be my first climb as an instructor in the basic class, and was I excited. We had somehow been blessed with a perfect forecast for the day. Marty managed to get permission to climb the South Face of Guye Peak, a more technical, if somewhat elevation challenged peak in the Snoqualmie pass area. Even though I was the junior instructor on this climb, Marty was going to allow me to lead some steep snow sections and to set up some of the anchors for the fixed ropes that the students would be following on. I really couldn't have asked for anything more.

Yes, the stage was set, the students were ready and enthusiastic, the weather was great, and I had a good night's sleep. The Black Team (or is it Team Black?) was in good form this day. Everyone arrived on time, with the right gear and eager to get going. I had heard that this team had a strong sense of unity and really liked to have fun. Some folks already had call signs: Steve "Choss" Chose, Gustavo "Goose" Unguez, and Steve "Fuzzypants" McDaniel. Even some of the instructors had a new name: Shella "Sarge" Bukovac, and Richard "Aggie" Christie. Life was good and the climb was on.

Upon arrival, a few students were inquiring about the peaks. I pointed out Guye to one student and Aggie corrected me. He pointed to Denny Mountain and said "That's Guye right there." apparently I have much to learn in the way of misleading students, or at least not aiding them. Later, Chris Gronau came by and informed me that we were, indeed looking at Glacier Peak, Mt Shuksan, and The Matterhorn (Guye). I'm not sure how so many prestigious peaks could all be collected at Snoqualmie Pass, but I had learned my lesson from Aggie. Luckily, the students already had some clue as to where we were headed this day.

Once all of the ropes and pickets had been doled out, and Marty had been pried from his camp chair, we set out. Almost as soon as we left the parking lot Steve "Fuzzypants" McDaniel called out "Color Check!" to which some of the team replied "Team Black!" By the end of the day, the entire team would be calling out. Even when a "Can I get a hell yeah?!" was shouted, a

resounding "Hell yeah!!" was delivered from the team, students and instructors alike. I'm sure that just about everyone knew where the Black Team was on the mountain, they just had to follow the yelling.

The walk through the Commonwealth Basin was beautiful. The creek crossings were entertaining as usual, even if Marty didn't like our first choice of fording the creek at a 4 inch depth. As usual, some students needed a little help with their step kicking technique, but all in all, this was a very strong team. I managed to quiz a few students during the approach on the ten essentials and the seven first aid steps. Again, they were right on the ball. I like this team—strong and prepared.

We reached the Snoqualmie/Guye saddle and took a short break for snacks and photos. Ok, folks, now it gets steep. The climb to the North Summit went very quickly, with the students keeping a good pace and a steady rotation. Marty called the ropes forward and told everyone to don their harnesses. "Well, Robert, you ready?" Hell yes, I was ready. Down the gully I went, belayed by Marty. Set a sling on a horn I did, belayed by Marty. Up the other gully I went, again, belayed by Marty. About this time, my radio crackled to life. It was Zack, the team leader for The Purple Haze. They were on top of Snoqualmie. They must have been hauling some serious tookus to get there so quickly. It was only about 10:30 am. I waited at the top of the gully for students while Marty and Shella "Sarge" Bukovac finished setting the fixed lines to the South Summit.

One by one, the students filed along the fixed lines towards the summit. Like a giant inchworm the team slowly assembled on the south summit. Only Steve "Choss" Chose, aggie and Dennis Fay remained, so I took my leave and moved on for the summit. There is a short airy ridge leading up to the middle summit that reminds you why you climb. The sun was out, the wind was not, and I was on a great peak on a beautiful day.

After the Middle Summit, there was a short (25') section of downclimbing on snowy rocks. This was the only really exciting section. I had

practiced climbing up things all year long, but I had little experience down climbing. All right... Free and clear. A short walk up an easy snow slope led me to the South Summit. Before long, Choss, Dennis and Aggie joined us. We did a lot of handshaking and back-patting and it was time for a summit photo. Good times... Good times... It was here, on the South Summit of Guye that I received my call sign. Fuzzypants decided that I shall henceforth be known as Robert "Doublestuff" Fisher. Hey, is that some sort of fat crack?

While on the summit, we heard that Chris Gronau and The Gold Team had made it to "one of the Kendall summits." The Gold Team cheered in unison to their victory over the radio. Three teams, three summits. It was a good day.

We traveled back across the three summits of Guye, with Shella and I in the rear to clean all of the gear. I was the last down the gully and I decided to rappel down since the fixed line was gone and there was an obvious rappel anchor available (tree with sling). I ventured out to the tree and noticed that the sling had a carabiner attached to it. My first bit o' booty. I looked at the water knot in the sling, but I could only find one tail!!! Not good! Not good at all. I untied the sling and inspected it. The water knot was barely staying together, having gotten hooked up on the melted end of the nylon webbing right as the knot was to pull apart. Someone got very, very lucky. If you were recently on Guye and left a red 9/16 double sling around a tree, clipped with a red OP Doval carabiner (marked with yellow tape), you might want to start checking your anchors.

The team was waiting for the cleaning crew at the saddle. We were greeted upon arrival with yet another "Color check!!!" which was replied to with a "Team Black!!!" I'm telling you, this is a great team. We plunged down the slope, a few students getting too far ahead of the pack, and subsequently being reprimanded by Sarge. Choss and Fuzzypants just didn't know how to go slow down a hill.

We met up with The Purple Haze in Commonwealth Basin. Cheers and jibes were exchanged, and everyone was in very high spirits.

As we approached the Pacific Crest Trail (PCT), Chris from The Gold Team came across

the radio - they had some extracurricular rappelling to do in order to get off the mountain. Huh? On Kendall? Oh well. Chris had let the students do 100% of the navigation with almost no input from the instructors. A brave man is he.

Knowing that it would be a while for The Gold Team to get down, Marty stopped the group in the PCT parking lot for a pack check. The students burrowed into their packs as the instructors looked over headlamps and first aid kits. All right, it's back to the cars.

Normally, students and instructors must keep all of their gear on until all of the teams are back to the parking lot. This time, Jerry gave us special permission to change, but to be ready to go back in. At least one student fired up a stove for some hot chocolate as Jerry was handing out peanuts to everyone.

We finally heard that The Gold Team had "reached the pavement" about an hour after we had. I went to the road to greet them. It's pretty cool to see a whole team walking down the roadway wearing packs with ice axes at the ready. In a moment of team spirit, I cupped my hands and yelled "Gold Team!!!!" They were silent for a second, then let out a roar, ice axes held aloft, that anyone on the Black Team would have been proud of. It was a good day.



## Len Gets Down to Business!

Below is an exchange between Len Kannapell and the Washington State Parks and Recreation Commission, regarding a Sno-Park pass snafu earlier this spring. Go, Len!

---

5767 28<sup>th</sup> Ave NE  
Seattle, WA 98105  
February 8, 2004

Winter Recreation Program  
c/o Washington State Parks and Recreation Commission  
7150 Cleanwater Lane  
P.O. Box 42662  
Olympia, WA 98504-2662

To Whom It May Concern:

On Monday, January 19, 2004 (Martin Luther King Jr. Day), some friends and I decided to go cross-country skiing at Cabin Creek. Having been there numerous times, I was well aware that a Sno-Park permit and a Special Grooming permit were required for the location.

Unfortunately, we didn't remember to purchase the Sno-Park until we arrived at Snoqualmie Pass, so we went to Bob's Summit Deli & Chevron to purchase the required permit. I believe it costs \$9 for a day pass, which includes a grooming permit, so you can ski at any Sno-Park, regardless of your destination.

On Friday, February 6, 2004, we went skiing again, this time with Gold Creek as our destination. At Bob's Summit Deli & Chevron, we were now informed they sold only annual Sno-Park permits (\$21) **and** annual Special Grooming permits (\$21), which is \$42 total; note this "annual pass" was the only type of pass available, and day passes could not be purchased. After some discussions with the clerk at Bob's Chevron, it was clear she had been informed to sell only annual Sno-Park/Special Grooming permits together.

We opted, in protest, to proceed to Gold Creek, where we were greeted by a Forest Service Ranger who inquired about our lack of Sno-Park permit. I explained the problem we had at Bob's Chevron, and rightfully, there wasn't much he could do. We offered to leave, and we went instead to Denny Creek to ski (using a valid Northwest Forest Pass).

Note the three locations nearest to Snoqualmie Pass to purchase a Sno-Park:

BOB'S SUMMIT DELI & CHEVRON 521 SR 906 (425) 434-6688	SNOQUALMIE PASS	WA	98068
BOX CANYON OUTFITTERS CRYSTAL SPRNGS SP,1-90,EXIT 62 (800) 869-3225	SNOQUALMIE PASS	WA	98068
NWIA-SNOQUALMIE PASS VISITOR C I-90 (425) 434-6111	SNOQUALMIE PASS	WA	98068

Bob's Chevron is misinformed, Box Canyon Outfitters is seven (7) miles farther east, and the NWIA-Snoqualmie Pass Visitor's Center is closed during the week. I am hard pressed to believe Bob's Chevron can't sell day passes, and it seems to me the Hyak Nordic Center is a good location to sell passes as well; alas, they don't either.

My suggestions are simple:

\* At Bob's Chevron, post a placard for employees/skiers that clearly states the three separate purchasing options:

- day-use Sno-Park that automatically includes a Special Grooming permit (\$9)
- annual Sno-Park (\$21)

- annual Special Grooming permit (\$21)

\* At the NWIA-Snoqualmie Pass Visitor's Center (closed during the week), post a note stating where a skier can go to purchase a Sno-Park. This information currently doesn't exist.

\* Include the Hyak Nordic Center in your list of vendors.

\* Inform the rangers as to alternate locations to purchase a permit. Our ranger offered little or no help, and that seemed odd.

Thank you for your time. Please contact me if you have any questions.

Len Kannapell  
(206)522-7022 h.  
(206)283-8802 x302  
[lenk@insightful.com](mailto:lenk@insightful.com)

P.S. As a separate issue, I ski often at Amabilis Mt., which is accessed by the Cabin Creek Sno-Park. However, I have to travel ¼ mile on the groomed track to get to the Amabilis Mt. Trail, so it doesn't seem fair to require a Special Grooming permit for those of us who are skiing Amabilis Mt (a non-groomed trail) to purchase this Special Grooming permit.

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-----Original Message-----

From: Maguire, Colleen  
Sent: Thursday, March 25, 2004 11:35 AM  
To: Leonard Kannapell  
Subject: Sno-Park permit issues

Thank you for the letter regarding the Sno-Park system and the permits and the lack of knowledge and vendors on your February 6 outing. Sorry it has taken so long for a response. However, over the last month we have been working to correct some of the problems you encountered.

1. Bob's Summit Deli and Chevron does sell all the permits and they are sent a flyer that explains which permits are required. However, they were out of the 1-day permit at the time you inquired. They have a difficult time keeping the permits in stock as many people purchase last minute. Two years ago, for this reason and because we couldn't keep vendors in the Snoqualmie Pass area, we were able to allow the one day permit to be available on line at [www.parks.wa.gov/winter](http://www.parks.wa.gov/winter).

2. Lack of knowledge from the ranger. The Cle Elum Ranger District has historically been the education/enforcement officer that visits Gold Creek. However, this year the job has been moved to the Snoqualmie/Enumclaw district. They are doing their best to get a better understanding of the program.

3. Informative poster as to where a Sno-Park permit can be purchased in the Snoqualmie Pass area. I will ask that the NWIA post a list of locations that sell the permit in the area.

4. Why the need for the special groomed trail sticker at Cabin Creek when not using the groomed trail? It appears you are an avid Sno-Park users, therefore I'm sure you are aware that the special groomed trail sticker is designed by Sno-Park. Eight of the 45 Sno-Parks are designed requiring the special groomed trail sticker. The program is working with such a small budget, which keeps its costs down because of the volunteers that maintain the trails with signing and brushing during the summer hours. We have talked about individual daily trail permits but it would cost the program money to staff the locations. I know the Sno-Park program is not perfect but we hope to keep the Sno-Park permit cost low enough that the vehicle fee will not deter the user from experiencing a the State Park Sno-Park program. On a side note: Lake Easton State Park does the grooming for the Snoqualmie pass non motorized system and they have Mt. Amabilis in their grooming schedule once or twice a month.

Thank you for taking the time to write.

## ICC Rescue Weekend

Photos by Vicky Larsen



Robert walks Bob over a rock edge after a harrowing rescue. (Note concerned climbers in background.)



Sarah walks Brent over a rock edge, vowing to think twice before agreeing to a climb that requires a 180lb. pack.



A beautiful hanging belay created using three pieces from the rack and one donated by an instructor who happened to be soloing by.



Bob puzzles over the discovery of 15 pieces of pro in a 30' pitch.

# ICC Rescue Weekend

Photos by Vicky Larsen  
(with one obvious exception)



Mike-gyver lays the groundwork for the world's most beautiful rope litter.



A profile portrait...



Robert tried to entice Vicky into the litter using soft padding that matches Vicky's helmet.



Vicky rides in style from mountain rescue practice to the cars below.

ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW WORK PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW HOME PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW MAIL STOP: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW EMAIL: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW HOME ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO PRASH BHAT, M/S 14-MC  
OR: 4712 Fremont Ave N, Seattle, WA 98103  
OR: prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com

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COMMENTS IN THIS PUBLICATION  
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THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS OF  
THE BOEING COMPANY**

ALPINE ECHO



May Echo staff

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Vicky Larsen

Contributors: Robert Fisher  
Len Kannapell  
Patty Michaud

*If you have any submissions—anything vaguely mountaineering or outdoors related will do—email them to us at [echoeditor@hotmail.com](mailto:echoeditor@hotmail.com), or give one of us a call (our numbers are on the front cover) and we'll arrange something!*

June 2004

# ALPINE ECHO



[www.boealps.org](http://www.boealps.org)

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## BOEALPS SOCIAL HOUR

BRING STORIES OF RECENT CLIMBS, SEE OLD FRIENDS AND MAKE SOME PLANS TO CLIMB SOMETHING THIS SUMMER!

## JUNE MONTHLY MEETING

THURSDAY, JUNE 3RD  
7PM TO ?  
AT THE BLUE STAR CAFE



4512 STONWAY AVE NORTH,  
SEATTLE WA 98102  
206-548-0133  
[WWW.3DHOSPITALITY.COM/BLUESTAR](http://WWW.3DHOSPITALITY.COM/BLUESTAR)

# BELAY STANCE

Hi, Boealpers—

This months general meeting is a Social Hour at the Blue Star Café. Come catch up Boealp friends!

Thomas Ward Kent, longtime BOEALPS member, died March 11, 2004, in Sun City West, AZ, after a difficult battle with ALS (Lou Gehrig's disease). He was 77. Information for his memorial is on page 7.

The basic class is over and it's time to plan some summer climbing! The Bag It night is June 2<sup>nd</sup> at the Bldg 2-22 Café. We'll be looking for people to organize and lead climbs in the Boealps Summer Series (<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/boealps-summer-series/>) . These are BCC grad level climbs and will be organized similar to the winter outing series. See page 5 for details.

The Summer Campout is fast approaching. The Eightmile campground site is reserved for June 11-13<sup>th</sup>. You'll find all the details on page 6 of this issue.

The BCC has completed with some great graduation climbs. The two newest lead instructors took their teams to Eldorado Peak. Read Spidey's write up on page 8. Photos from one of Zack's team can be found on page 10.

ICC was at Squamish last weekend; photos are on page 9. Stay tuned for more trip reports as the Alpine Experience outings start this month.

Happy Climbing!,  
Vicky

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## Board Meeting Minutes

Attendees: Zack Thunemann, Bob Majors, Scott Webb, Marty Jolly, Vicky Larsen

1. Discussion of a new climbing class for teaching some basic rock and doing some more challenging outings than the typical basic class grad does on their own. This class will include instruction on how to top rope, follow and clean pro and other skills that aren't quite intermediate class level, but aren't covered in the basic class. For detailed information on the proposal or to volunteer as an instructor contact Zack Thunemann. Based on the full proposal, it was moved, seconded and a yes vote counted, to go forward with offering this class this year, pending recreation and legal approval.
2. It was moved, seconded and a yes vote was counted to start a Boealps Summer Series, to be run similar to the Winter Outing Series run by Mike Bingle. This new series will be run on a similar Yahoo Group site and will be moderated by Zack Thunemann and Robert Fisher.
3. The one page flier summary of the Echo was discussed, but no decision has been made.



# June

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
		<b>1</b>	<b>2</b> Bag-It	<b>3</b> General Meeting	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b> Summer Series
<b>6</b>	<b>7</b> ICC Lecture	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b> Summer Campout	<b>12</b> ICC Alpine 1, Summer Campout
<b>13</b> ICC Alpine 1, Summer Campout	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b> New moon	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b> Summer Series
<b>20</b> Father's Day	<b>21</b> ICC Lecture	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>26</b> ICC Alpine 2
<b>27</b>	<b>28</b> Echo Deadline	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>			

# 2004



# July

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
				<b>1</b> Photo Contest	<b>2</b> Full Moon	<b>3</b>
<b>4</b> Independence Day	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b> Summer Series
<b>11</b>	<b>12</b> ICC Lecture	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b> ICC Alpine 3
<b>18</b> ICC Alpine 3	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b> Summer Series
<b>25</b>	<b>26</b> ICC Lecture	<b>27</b> Echo Deadline	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>31</b> ICC Ice Full Moon

**2004**

# BAG-IT NIGHT!

**Location:** Bldg 2-22, Café  
**Time:** Starts at 7pm  
**Food:** The club will provide pizza and sodas

***Let's get some summer climbs planned! Know of some peaks you'd like to climb this summer? How about organizing a trip? Or co-organize a trip with a friend?***

Trips will be posted a new yahoo group site.  
This will be run similar to the winter outing series.

## SUMMER CLIMBING SERIES

Join the group today at

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/boealps-summer-series/>

If you have questions about this sign up contact Zack Thunemann or Robert Fisher.

Climbs will be organized every other weekend through September 25, assuming someone volunteers to organize something! If you are interested in organizing a climb, contact Zack Thunemann at [paul.z.thunemann@pss.Boeing.com](mailto:paul.z.thunemann@pss.Boeing.com). Include destination, route, rating, number of days and any limit on the number of climbers.

Required skill level for these outings is Basic class graduate and outing leaders should be club members.

Notification polls will be sent to the group distribution list for climb signup (similar to the BCC Students mail list).  
So join the group today!

Mt Rainier, Glacier Peak, Black Peak, Mt Robinson, Mt Olympus, Silver Mountain... Sooo many mountains....  
Which ones are you going to climb?

## Summer campout!

It's that time of the year again! The summer campout is being held in the group site at Eightmile Campground 8 miles up Icicle Creek, near Leavenworth.

The campsite is reserved for Friday June 11<sup>th</sup> at 3pm through Sunday June 13<sup>th</sup> at 2pm. Saturday night is a potluck dinner.

Come along and meet old and new friends around the campfire, plan a hike or a climb in the area. It's always good fun - look forward to seeing you there!!

Lead seminar on the 12<sup>th</sup>? Contact Patty at [perkily@hotmail.com](mailto:perkily@hotmail.com) if you are interest in teaching or learning about leading on rock.

Please let Robert know if you are intending to come.

Robert Fisher

Home: 206-381-0636

Work: 425-234-7504

[fenderfour@yahoo.com](mailto:fenderfour@yahoo.com)



Thomas Ward Kent, longtime BOEALPS member, died March 11, 2004, in Sun City West, AZ, after a difficult battle with ALS (Lou Gehrig's disease). He was 77.

Tom was a structural engineer and worked for Boeing at Plant 2, Cape Canaveral, New Orleans, Huntsville, Paine Field, and Renton, and for RCC.

Tom always loved the mountains, starting with camping, skiing and hiking with his wife and children. He took the BOEALPS Basic Mountaineering Course in 1970 and assisted as an instructor in the 70's and 80's. Later in life, he enjoyed spending time with his wife Phyllis sailing their boat, "Tenacres", RV traveling all over the US, and spending time with kids and grandkids.

Throughout his life, Tom was always there with that grin. All who knew him know that smile that twinkled in his eyes. Although his last few years were filled with challenges, he never once gave up or gave in. His mind was still absolutely sharp; his dry sense of humor intact. His attitude, as always, was awesome. As we were all struggling to come to terms with his diagnosis, Dad was the one to remain calm and in control. "Could be worse", he wrote.

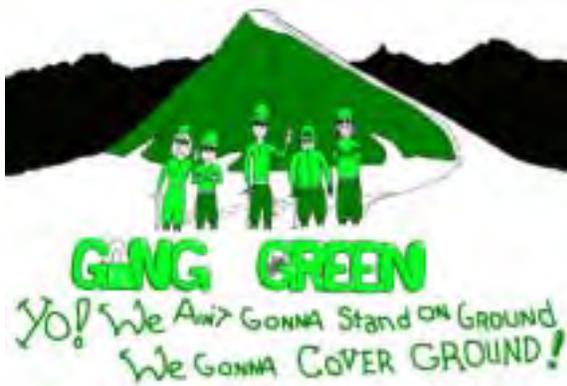
He leaves behind his loving wife, Phyllis, children Susan Martin of Portland, OR, Thomas D. Kent of Phoenix, Calvin Kent of Renton, and Kate Homan of Auburn. Also, eleven grandchildren: Christina, Sarah, and John Martin, Shannon Doughty, Thomas S. and Meghan Kent, Laura, Jessica, and Grace Kent, and Shane and Susie Homan, and one great-grandchild Amberlynn Doughty. Brother Kenneth Kent of Oklahoma, and sister Georgia Perfrement of Phoenix.

*A memorial service in celebration of his life will be held*  
**Saturday, June 5 at 2:30pm**  
**Lodge at Camp Long, 35th & Dawson in West Seattle.**

Guests are encouraged to share pictures, stories, and memories. Donations may be made to ALS research. Please see [www.freewebs.com/tom\\_kent\\_memorial](http://www.freewebs.com/tom_kent_memorial) for driving directions and more.

# GANG GREEN

## eldorado Peak Grad climb



by Terry Hill

- 1 speeding ticket (Prash)
- 1 summit (All)
- 1 birthday cake (Eric's, Vicky carried up)
- 1 sprained ankle (Carol)

For the scout trip last week there were no cars in the parking lot, this weekend when we got there the parking lot was packed. I guess word spreads fast about the incredible bridge that spans the swiftest part of the river, making the

crux of the climb much easier.

We met at the Marblemount ranger station around 7:30-7:45 by the time everyone got there. Left the trailhead around 9. A few of the Denali bound Boealpers passed us going down at the start of the boulder field(4000'), after leaving the car at 11 the previous night. And a few more at 6200' after leaving the car at 6 that morning. We were moving a little slow (it was about 3), with instructors input we decided to descend the short gully then camp at around 6400' instead of on the glacier at 7500'. The faster students wanted to push for the summit the same day, but I didn't think we would make it especially the slower ones. So we made dinner as the clouds swallowed our camp and brought a little snow

Got up at 3 in white out conditions and soft snow, got to the base of the knife edge ridge at 8ish with the perfect amount of wands. There we had on and off blue sky. everyone to the summit at around 8:30. Saw Baker and Glacier and not much else. It was pretty cold and windy so we went down fairly quickly, an found a nice sheltered spot and celebrated one of the students birthday with cake and hot chocolate, and continued on back to camp. Broke camp and left around 11ish.



The lower boulder field is snow free, but the second has some snow and is a bit of a mine field coming down. Carol fell and hurt her foot coming down the last part of the upper boulder field. We took everything out of her pack, and were moving slowly using an ice ax and a stick as crutches, until another climber let us borrow his trekking poles. After that, we made pretty good time. Made it back to the cars around 6ish. After hoping for a late lunch when we left camp, we had dinner at Buffalo Run.

# ICC AT SQUAMISH



Purple Haze

# Eldorado Graduation Climb

May 22, 2004



River Crossing.

No one falls in but the soggy weather keeps us damp on the entire ascent to base camp.



Rock Scramble.  
It's a muddy and wet climb through the boulder field.



It is a steep ascent, fraught with river crossings, a steep climber's trail, and a rock scramble leading to the snowfields near the half way point.





We climb to the top of the ridge, where we walk down a steep gully to the Eldorado Glacier.

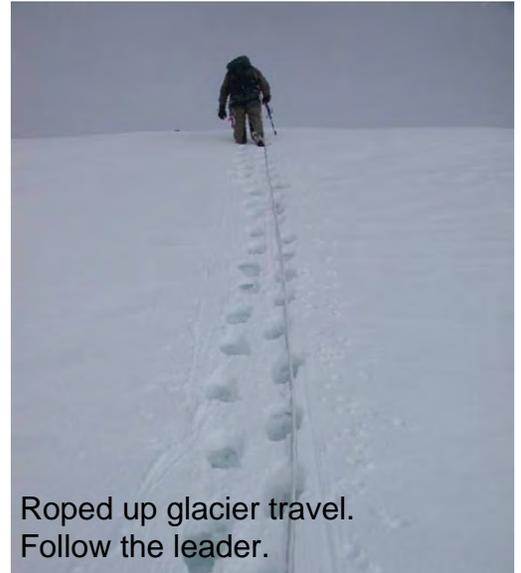
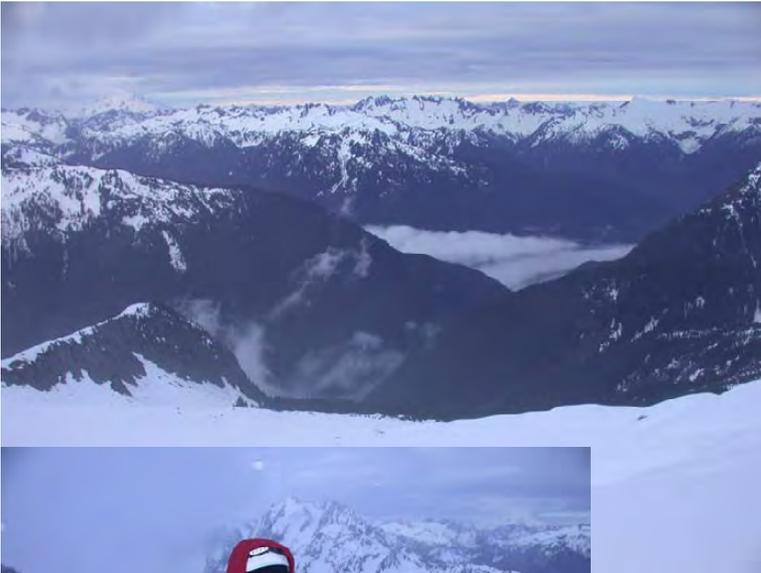


Camping on the Eldorado Glacier.



Our alpine pee area.





Roped up glacier travel.  
Follow the leader.



Our trek to the Eldorado summit starts from base camp around 4:30 AM. It's windy and cold, but the clouds lift and we see the sunrise.



Changing weather on route.

The ridge to the summit of Eldorado (left) just visible in the ever changing weather.



The summit of Mount Eldorado.





Mount Eldorado has a steep summit. As we made it down the mountain the clouds parted and gave us some incredible views of the North Cascades. We all made it to the summit and we graduated. Steven (lower right) stands in his high school graduation cap and gown. "This was an awesome climb," he said. He also lead the push to the summit and set the snow pickets on the knife ridge.





Mountaineering at its best.



The summit of Mount Eldorado



After taking down camp, we climb over the ridge line, and then glissade down the snow fields, scramble over the wet boulders, and stumble down the steep climbers trail...



Before reaching the trailhead around 7:00 PM the climb wont let us forget about the river crossing just before the road. Here is Zack and Kathy hugging a fallen tree as they cross the river.



ALPINE ECHO



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**June Echo staff**

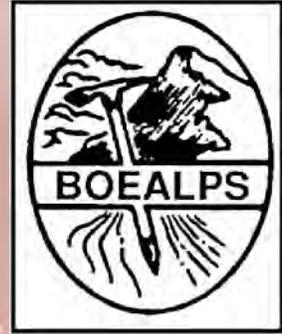
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Vicky Larsen

Contributors: Robert Fisher  
Zack Thunemann  
Terry (Spidey) Hill

*If you have any submissions—anything vaguely mountaineering or outdoors related will do—email them to us at [echoeditor@hotmail.com](mailto:echoeditor@hotmail.com), or give one of us a call (our numbers are on the front cover) and we'll arrange something!*

July 2004

# ALPINE ECHO



[www.boealps.org](http://www.boealps.org)

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## JULY MONTHLY MEETING

THURSDAY, JULY 1  
7PM TO ?  
AT BOEING BLDG. 2-22

ANNUAL PHOTO CONTEST!

(SEE FLYER BELOW)

# BELAY STANCE

Hi, Boealpers—

**Holy trip reports, Batman!** Response was fantastic to the call for trip reports this month—lots of people going to lots of different places—and we've got more than twenty pages of trip reports from as far away as Peru and Denali and as nearby as Rainier and Leavenworth. We're pleased to see that one of the trip reports was contributed by a recent BCC grad, too. Check 'em out and keep 'em coming!

In this issue, you'll also find a call for the annual Boealps Photo Contest, which happens *tonight* at Boeing's Building 2-22. A flyer with complete information is on page 5.

Finally, I'm pleased to report that Julia Lapworth, a fellow *Gold Teamer* in this year's BCC and the rare type that begins mountaineering despite an uneasy relationship with heights, recently completed a graduation climb of Mt. Baker—and we've got the picture to prove it. Congratulations, Julia!



You will of course have guessed that Julia is also Australian...

Happy Climbing!

Sarah



# July

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
				<b>1</b> Photo Contest	<b>2</b> Full Moon	<b>3</b>
<b>4</b> Independence Day	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>11</b>	<b>12</b> ICC Lecture	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b> ICC Alpine 3
<b>18</b> ICC Alpine 3	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>25</b>	<b>26</b> ICC Lecture	<b>27</b> Echo Deadline	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>31</b> ICC Ice Full Moon
					<b>2004</b>	



# August

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
<b>1</b> ICC Ice	<b>2</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>8</b>	<b>9</b> ICC Lecture	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b> ICC Alpine 4
<b>15</b> ICC Alpine 4	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>22</b>	<b>23</b> ICC Lecture	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>26</b> Echo Deadline	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b> ICC Grad Climb
<b>29</b> ICC Grad Climb	<b>30</b> Full Moon	<b>31</b>				

**2004**

**The BOEALPS Annual Photo Contest**  
**Thursday, July 1, 2004**  
7:00 - 9:00 PM (entries should arrive at 6:30)  
**Building 2-22 Cafeteria**

Start rounding up your slides and prints: The Boealps Annual Photo Contest will be held at the July general meeting at the Building 2-22 Cafeteria

Prizes will be given out for the first place winner of the categories listed below. First, second, and third place entries will be displayed in the Alpine Echo (w/ permission of the photographer).

**Categories**

Mountain Scenes  
Climbing  
Nature Scenes  
Sunrises and Sunsets  
People  
Most Humorous  
Boealps Climbing Class

A special category, Echo Cover, will be selected from among the entries by the photography chair. Echo Cover images must have a horizontal orientation. There is no prize awarded for the Echo Cover category. The top four images in this category will be placed on the cover of the Alpine Echo for three months over the course of the year.

We will have separate judging for prints and slides.

**How to enter:**

Show up at 6:30 PM if you plan on entering any slides or prints.

Entry forms will be provided at the meeting.

Your name should appear on each entry. (For slides write or attach a label to the frame, for prints write or attach a label to the back).

Each person may have a maximum of 2 entries per category.

We are not yet ready for projection of digital photos. People with digital photos should make a high quality print.

Larger sizes of prints typically do better in the competition.

**Suggestion:**

Typically images reproduced in larger sizes are more impressive than smaller prints. If you have a great shot, your chances of winning are greater if you enlarge the print.

**Rules:**

Do not enter photos that have won in previous years.

You must be the photographer of your entry.

All entries must be of club interest.

Any final arbitration rests with the club photography chair.

**Surviving Denali: "Up Your Mountain" Denali Expedition 2004**  
**West Buttress Route, May 27-June 21**  
**Climbers: Haldis Baty, Tom Glasenapp, Joyce Holloway, John Gowan (scribe)**

*Note to Mike Jacobsen: About that club tent you loaned us for the Denali trip, it's not quite in the same condition now as you loaned it to us in...*



The tents after abandonment.

The four of us decided to take on the adventure of an expedition to Mt McKinley in the Alaska Range. Many people in the club helped us with advice and loaned us gear (special thanks to Len Kannapell and Mike Jacobsen for the sled poles, many slide shows, and loaned gear). After months of preparation and planning, the day finally came for us to depart for Alaska on May 27. We all boarded an Alaska Airlines flight for Anchorage, and off we went.

We arrived in Anchorage that evening, but Tom's bags did not. After trying to figure out what happened to them at the baggage claim counter, we loaded our heavy duffels and packs in the back of the Denali Overland shuttle van and drove north for Talkeetna, the center for access to the peaks of the Alaska Range including Denali; Tom's luggage would have to catch up with us.

We arrived in Talkeetna and were dropped off at our air service, Talkeetna Air Taxi (TAT). They would fly us onto the Kahiltna Glacier to begin our expedition. The weather had been bad the three days prior to our arrival and we were a little disappointed to learn there was a backlog of people waiting in front of us to fly onto the glacier. We laid out our sleeping bags in the bunkhouse and went to sleep. At 2:00 AM, Tom's bags arrived and all was well again.

That morning we enjoyed a hearty breakfast at the Talkeetna roadhouse. Ordering from the menu is easy as there are only three choices. In some large tents near the TAT hanger we organized our gear and dressed for the glacier. When we weighed our gear, we were quite surprised to learn the combined weight of all our gear and ourselves was five hundred pounds, the exact limit of what we were allowed to bring without having to pay an overweight charge. After loading up the Dehaviland Beaver fitted with skis for the glacier landing, we took off for Denali.

The plane strained to gain altitude after takeoff. Ahead we could see only clouds and endless lakes and marshy areas below. The mountains slowly came into view through the clouds and the pilot pointed out areas like Little Switzerland off to our left. We made our entrance to Denali through One Shot pass. As the pilot banked the airplane to fly through this small notch in the ridge, I could swear we passed so close to the ridge that I could have reached out and touched it as we went by! Climbers with sleds making their way up the Kahiltna came into view as the plane plopped down onto the glacier landing strip and came to a stop. We were now immersed in a world of snow, rock, and ice with spectacular mountains surrounding us, Denali loomed to the north with 14,000 ft Mt Hunter to the west. We dragged our gear out of the plane and cleared the landing strip as quick as we could. The landing strip is a chaotic place with people running here

and there, piles of gear scattered all about and people yelling at each other in several different languages at the same time. Base camp manager Annie has quite a job conducting this three-ring circus.



Unloading the Beaver on Kahiltna Glacier.

We made steady progress up the mountain each day, making caches and then going back down to our camp to bring everything else up the next day and make camp again. After seven days we were at the 14,000 ft camp, the largest of the camps on the mountain. The NPS rangers have a large encampment there with a helicopter landing pad and at any given time there are approximately 100 climbers camped nearby. People socialize and get to know their neighbors; the flags of various countries can be seen flying above tents. We camped near a group of noisy Spaniards who insisted on standing around and talking loudly with each other for hours on end. I wish there were police to call up there and complain about the noise as I found it hard to sleep with all that racket going on! We had negotiated the crux of the lower part of the West Butress route, Windy Corner, the previous day without too much trouble. The heavy sleds swung out around us because of the sloping corner, but no one had too much trouble.

We took a rest day to acclimatize at 14,000 ft; the next day we would be ready to make our way up the 55 degree headwall above and cache at 16,000 ft, but Denali had other things to say about that idea as a storm moved in and shrouded the upper mountain in clouds and wind. The storm lasted for 4 days as we waited in camp for it to pass. Snow piled up on the tent and we would have to go out and periodically brush it off and dig out our camp so things wouldn't get buried and lost. We listened to the CB radio every night for what was going on around the mountain. The rangers were supposed to broadcast the weather forecast at 8:00PM each night, but we found this to be extremely inconsistent. Most nights there was no weather forecast at all. I would listen to my small FM radio to stations from Anchorage and get the weather forecast that way. What was more valuable was the guided parties would talk to each other on the CB about conditions and weather up and down the mountain. During this time a guided party at the 17,000 ft camp reported that they were getting buffeted by constant 35 MPH winds for several days and all their clients were whining to go down. Glad we weren't up there then.

Sleds were stacked nearby for the taking, after assembling the sled poles, shouldering our packs and securing the loads in the sleds, the Kahiltna beckoned and up the trail we went with our 120 lbs of gear and food at 5:00PM. The time of day isn't all that important on Denali, as it is daylight most any hour of the day or night, between 11:00PM and 1:00AM there is kind of twilight but travel is still possible without the need for a headlamp. Not long after heading down Heartbreak Hill, we passed a group heading up to the landing strip. They had spent three weeks on the mountain but didn't even get a chance to make a summit bid as the weather was bad the entire time they were at the 17,000 ft high camp. Such was the fortune of many people we encountered. One guy on the rope team smelled incredibly bad; I thought to myself I would be smelling just as bad as that guy by the time the expedition was over, and before long, bad smells didn't bother me anymore. At 10:00PM we arrived at the first camp, set up our tents, and settled in for our first night on the mountain.



Team "Up Your Mountain" pulling sleds up Squirrel Hill at 12,500ft.

When the weather finally cleared, we went up the headwall for the first time to make our cache at 16,000 ft. The weather was fairly good that day; many people were making the summit higher up, but we were not ready to move up that high yet. The next day we moved our entire camp up to 17,000 ft, the highest of the camps. We were making slow progress that day and did not arrive until late in the day after the sun had disappeared behind the ridge, when that happens it cools off very quickly and the temperature dips below zero. To make matters worse, a strong wind kicked up down Denali Pass and the wind chill was soon way below zero. Having been exhausted from the effort of carrying full packs up the headwall and to the high camp, we were not prepared for this sudden change in temperature. I had not put my windpants on at that point because I was wearing crampons and Tom, Haldis, and Joyce looked just as cold as me. I was shivering and breathing erratically, a kind of panic began to overtake me, as I could not get warm. Someone came out of a tent and asked us if we were OK, we lied and said we were fine. I kicked off my crampons as fast as I could and put on my down jacket and windpants, then I could feel the warmth in the center of my body begin to radiate outward and a sense of relief followed. We decided to set up one tent and the four of us piled into the three-man tent for the night to stay warm.



Denali with small lenticular.

For the next several days we waited for the weather to improve to the point we could make a summit bid. Each day we could see either high winds or clouds up high on the mountain. After four days, we were running out of food and had to either make our summit bid or go down and retrieve our cache of food and fuel at 16,000 ft. We watched three groups try for the summit one day, and two groups turned around at Denali Pass because of high winds. A group of two Belgian climbers that did continue on persevered and made the summit, risking frostbite and hypothermia from the wind chill that must have been in the minus double-digit range. The Belgians returned late that night and we talked to them the next day; their philosophy had been "once you start for the summit you have to keep going." Hats off to those guys.

The next day we heard the weather might be clearing up high and decided that was the day for our summit bid. Haldis was not feeling up to it and decided to remain in camp. The wind was gusting to about 30-40 MPH and the upper mountain was shrouded in a whiteout, but off we went up Denali Pass; it was probably now or never if we were to see the summit. The conditions we encountered as we made our way up were the worst I have ever climbed in. Days of snowfall made it necessary to kick steps up the slope, no easy task at 17,000 ft when you are wearing a mask covering your nose and mouth. I soon had to remove my facemask so I could breathe again. Visibility was very poor; most of the time I could not even see Joyce on the rope behind me. I would make my way to a wand and then have to sit there for several minutes and wait for the blowing snow to clear before I could make out where the next wand was and head off that way. A Polish rope team passed us on the down. I thought to myself if even the Poles are turning around it must be pretty bad ahead. There was a momentary clearing as I was searching for the next wand and I thought I saw a person, or was I just imagining things? No, I wasn't: a solo British climber was coming down behind the Poles. "Can't see a bloody thing up there" he said as he passed. Soon we reached Denali Pass at 18,200 ft. It had taken us four hours to get there and we still had 2,000 ft to go, with our slow progress because of the conditions, we were looking at a 14-hour summit day and decided to turn around. Joyce told me my nose was white and ice had formed all around my mouth. I could not feel my nose nor would the Velcro on my mask stick as it was by this time frozen solid. I looked at the small thermometer on my parka, it said minus 5 degrees F (with the 30-40 MPH wind the wind chill was about 50 degrees below zero). Tom thought about taking a picture, but the conditions were just too cold to do so. Returning to camp we felt exhausted and planned to head down the mountain the next day as it was now day 18 of our expedition and with three days of food remaining our time was almost up. We had a plane to catch in Anchorage in three days and didn't want to miss that. Other groups of climbers were heading down the ridge to 14,000 ft camp and we knew that a storm was approaching and scheduled to arrive the next evening. We had plenty of time to get out of there in the morning before it hit. This would prove to be a significant decision...

The next morning we woke up to a whiteout and strong winds. We were too late, the storm had come early and now we were trapped at 17,000 ft with no food. We talked to the two rangers that were there at high camp; if we decided to make our way down they advised us to use all the running protection we had to avoid being blown off the knife-edge ridge by the winds. There was no choice but to wait until things improved and we could get lower. That day the wind got increasing stronger, the forecast was for winds up to 70 MPH. We tried to light the stove but it would just blow out. Cliff Bars for dinner again and no hot drinks.

About 5:00PM, the gusts of wind were causing the tent to lean over at an alarming angle. I looked over at Joyce, what were we going to do? We both leaned against the wall of the tent to keep it from bending over too much. Each gust of wind was like somebody kicking me in the back and throwing my forward. When a gust of wind was approaching, it sounded like the rumbling of distant thunder or a freight train far off in the distance, when I heard this sound I knew to brace myself as I was about to get hit once again. Spindrift was piling up in the vestibule of the tent, at times it was more than half full. As spindrift was also piling up on the back of the tent, I was concerned that all the ventilation holes would get covered up and leave us with no air to breath. Spindrift was blowing everywhere at this point, it would go between the tent and the rainfly and accumulate on the roof only to slide down into the vestibule. Tom and I went outside in the maelstrom to shore up the tent as best I could. We used ice axes and pickets to anchor the tent so it wouldn't get blown away in the storm and did our best to build up the ice wall around our tent, but the wind was like a sandblaster, blowing away chunks at time, before long parts of the wall were totally obliterated, leaving the tent exposed to the ferocious wind.

As the hours passed, I laid there in my sleeping bag watching for any sign that the tent was starting to rip apart, afraid to go to sleep. I imagined the wind was like a monster, beating away at the tent with its fists, trying to get at the juicy morsels inside and devour them. The tent poles were coming out of the grommets and the rainfly started peeling off, held only in place by the clip-locks. I went outside again to put the poles back in the grommets and reattach the rainfly. But as soon as I would do this it would just come undone again. In the early morning hours the wind began to gradually subside. Maybe, just maybe, we were going to make it through this storm in one piece.

At 6AM, I woke up to the ceiling of the tent near my face; the storm had reawakened with renewed fury and powerful gusts of wind had broken one of the poles and collapsed the tent. (The rangers told us later they thought the wind had been gusting to 90 MPH at this point.) I had to wake Joyce up and tell her that the tent was down and we were now in serious trouble. Being 17,000 ft high on Denali in the middle of a raging blizzard with no tent is not someplace you want to be. Joyce and I crawled out of what was left of the tent and stumbled around in the chaos trying to set it up again, but this was a futile effort. All the pickets and ice axes had held but Denali had decided the tents were going down and they were staying down and nothing we were going to do would change that. Tom and Haldis were also outside as the wind was now tearing the rainfly of their tent to shreds, it had been guaranteed for 100 MPH winds by Sierra Designs, but Denali had proved too much for it. The gusts of wind were so strong I was blown off my feet and onto the glacier several times. Tom and I started trying to rebuild the ice wall; at one point he handed me an ice block and I headed the wrong way because I could not see the camp a mere 10 feet away. He grabbed me and pointed me toward the camp so I knew where to go. Joyce was outside with only her liner gloves on and got frostbite on her finger. It later swelled up, but did not get infected. People all over camp were now outside trying to keep their tents standing and against the blasts of wind. I went over and asked someone if one of us could go in their tent that was still standing. Tents were going down all over high camp now: nine tents went down during this storm out of about fifteen that were there. We went over to the rangers and asked them for help, and they told us to go in a spare three-man tent they had set up. We all piled in and were joined by Carlos, one of the Spaniards whose tent had been ripped apart, making five of us crammed in their like sardines. In broken English we learned that all three of their tents had collapsed and made the 12 of them refugees in the storm.

We waited out the storm until the next day. It began to clear but the winds were still 25-40 MPH. We decided to collect what was left of our tents and gear and make our escape from high camp. We made our way down the ridge behind the British climber who had joined with some of the Spaniards on a rope team, a collection of shattered tent poles fastened to the side of their packs. High camp was now totally deserted except for a group of psycho National Outdoor Leadership School people who decided to stay. The rangers said the forecast for the next three days was winds gusting to 60 MPH. We had definitely had enough of that and needed no convincing it was time to go down—even the rangers decided it was time to bug out.



View from 17,200 Camp looking down to 14,200 Camp and "The Edge of the World." 17,400ft Mt. Foraker to right, and Kahiltna Glacier 10K below.

I looked around high camp and could see the remains of a tent flapping in the wind up towards Denali Pass. The steady wind was blasting the ridge as we made our way down and getting blown off our feet and down onto the Peterson Glacier 2,000 ft below was a real concern. I banged in a picket on a particularly exposed part of the ridge, passed across and looked back at Joyce to a sight I will never forget. The rope between us was flying like a kite in the gale, held aloft by the force of the wind blowing up from the Genet Basin 3,000 ft below. The Spaniards and British climber were now arguing with each other as they made their way down; they were yelling so loud at each other it they could be heard above the roaring wind. The lower we got the more it began to clear. At one point I went lower on the leeward side of the ridge in an attempt to find a better way and saw a helmet that had fallen off someone's pack. I accidentally knocked the helmet loose and watched in both amazement and horror as the helmet rapidly accelerated out of sight, if someone were to fall or get blown off the ridge here it would not be good. The lower we got on the ridge the more the weather improved. By the time we got down to the headwall, the winds had died down considerably.

At the bergschrund below the headwall at 15,000 ft, there was a large crowd gathered. One of the Spaniards was mumbling incoherently and lying on the snow. A rescue had been called for and the rangers were headed up from 14,000ft. When they got there they strapped the nearly unconscious Spaniard in a gurney and dragged him down to 14,000ft camp. Within half an hour a helicopter showed up and flew him off the mountain. The Spaniards get my vote for most disastrous expedition on Denali in 2004. Not only did they get three tents destroyed at high camp and one of their team helicoptered off the mountain, but when they got down to 14,000ft they could not locate the tents they had set up there because they were now buried after the storm. Some RMI guides went around with avalanche probes in an attempt to help them locate their tents, but they could not be found. We also saw Carlos, who had shared the tent with us at high camp in the storm; he looked overjoyed at now being down from high camp and out of the storm.

With no tent or food, we decided to make one continuous push to get down to the landing strip and off Denali. Both my water bottles had frozen solid in the chaos of the storm at high camp. The RMI guides heard about our plight and took pity on us. They gave us some water and food as we sat in their mess tent and told them our story. Windy Corner was particularly nasty, with winds gusting to about 40 MPH. The wind picked up pieces of ice and hurled them against our faces every time we looked behind us. The sleds kept flipping over on the most harrowing part of Windy Corner and we had to stop for them to get righted again. Once we were down Windy Corner, the worst seemed to be over. We just kept moving and taking occasional water breaks. People would ask us if we were coming from 14,000 ft camp and were surprised to learn that we were coming from 17,000 ft camp instead.

By the time we got to Heartbreak Hill, our trek had entered the realm of a death march. We were all totally exhausted dragging our 70 lbs of gear up to the landing strip having not eaten much of anything the previous 48 hours. I was afraid to stop as we had now been on the move for almost 21 hours. If I stopped I was afraid I would not be able to get going again. The journey finally ended when we saw the latrine at the end of the landing strip. Soon we boarded a TAT airplane and were on our way back to the land of pizza, beer, and hot showers, something we had been dreaming about for weeks. Once in Talkeetna, we showered, threw our stuff in the back of the Denali Overland van, and were on our way to Anchorage. We missed our flight and ended up catching the midnight flight back to Seattle. I was awake for 40 hours before I managed to go to sleep on the airplane.

My feet are still sore as I write this 5 days after returning from Denali. Oh, and as for that Boealps tent, well it had a good life with the club anyway.

## Denali Postscript

After some discussion amongst the expedition team members, we all find we are still recovering physically from our time on Denali. Here is a list of ailments still afflicting us, 9 days after coming off the mountain:

John: Got some frostbite on the tip of my nose during summit day, but it is pretty superficial, I am OK now. Feet are still hurting me, but I am the lucky one with the least to complain about

Haldis: Had a big blister underneath the toenail on her big toe. I'm not sure if she is going to keep the toenail or not.

Tom: Cracked a tooth eating a Ritz cracker at 14,000 ft. Good thing he didn't hit a nerve when it happened or the expedition might have ended right then and there. Limped through the rest of the expedition by using dental wax and gum to keep it from getting any worse. Got some frostbite on the tip of one finger during the storm when the tents got ripped up, fingertip was hardened up with no feeling. Just today regained some feeling in it.

Joyce: Just got back to wearing shoes today. Feet were hurting all last week. Still does not have much feeling in her fingers that were frostbitten during the storm at 17,000 ft. Swelling as a result of the frostbite is going down, but still no feeling.

### Memorial Day Weekend: Colchuck Peak (May 29-30, 2004) By Gustavo Unguez

Oriana organized an attempt of Colchuck and Dragontail. Four people showed: Oriana, her two friends Griff and Brad, and myself. We met at 9:30 am in Seattle, arrived in L'worth around 12 pm and at the trailhead soon after.

It was a nice hike to Colchuck Lake—very pleasant views. We got to the lake around 5pm. After getting some nice reports on snow conditions and friendly suggestions on campsites from other climbers/campers, we decided to camp on snow just above the south section of the lake, in the boulder field. It was cloudy and we could not see either summit, we hoped next morning the weather would improve. We found a spot somewhat protected from the wind, had dinner, melted snow, made our plans, and went to sleep around 8 pm. We got up 3:30 am and could see stars—looked promising. Got up, had some breakfast, geared up with crampons, and started out at 5 am.

Snow was almost ice hard most of the way up; fortunately it's a popular route and we could use some steps made the previous day. Man, is Dragontail's face imposing! We followed the standard route, staying away from Dragontail and up to the col (8,010 ft). What glorious sights at 7 am. Took a break and looked for a way across the rock field. The shortest way was a snow ridge, but it seemed a bit dicey—Griff didn't like it—so we descended on the south side and cut across rocks/boulders to the snow patches. It took a bit of time with crampons on. That's quite an experience (climbing over rock with sharp pointy things on your boots).

We made it across a snow patch to the base of the "real" summit. It was a fairly easy scramble of about 30 feet or so to the top. Of course we took off our crampons! Man, what sights!!! 8705 ft elevation. We

enjoyed the view, took pics, and had delicious strawberries there. We didn't stay long because we saw cloud cover rapidly approaching and decided to head down to the col and, much to Oriana's disappointment, cancel the attempt on Dragontail. We didn't know if the clouds would clear or stick like the day before. Also, Brad was a bit leery of going up the very steep-looking gully to Dragontail. We knew that if we made it up Dragontail, we very likely would have to rappel off the other side, and we did not know what to expect. So we decided to head back to camp and try another day.

Made it back safely back to the col. From there, it looked much steeper than when we climbed up! For the return, we decided to leave crampons off. This made it much easier to navigate the rocks, and the snow was a bit softer—not much, but enough that we managed. Back to the col... do we plunge step or glissade? Hmmm... Brad and I opted for the glissade. This was one heck of a ride! It got exciting in some parts—Oriana will attest to this. At one point, I leaned back to use my pack as a brake and my waist buckle came loose, jamming my helmet over my eyes. I was glissading down at about 20 mph blind! I self arrested, got myself put together and zipped down again, except in two sections in which we had to walk a bit: in one, the snow was sticky and we had to literally "row." In another section by the large moraine, we walked to the ledge and glissaded to within 100 feet of our tents. Ultimately, we glissaded for about 2,000 feet! It took us from 5 to 10 am to get to the summit, and we were at camp by 11:30 am!

As luck would have it, when we got back to camp, the skies cleared and remained clear for the rest of the day. Oh, well. We'll come back another day for Dragontail.

## **Mt. Rainier, Fuhrer Finger (June 19-20)**

### **By Tom Johnson**

The alarm begins to chime, but I'm already awake.

Usually I can't sleep before a big climb - the nervousness and anticipation gets the better of me - but this time it's different. We're at 9200 feet on the left side of the Wilson glacier, on Mt. Rainier. It's 12:01 a.m. on June 20<sup>th</sup>, and I've slept well for about five hours. I have a habit of waking two minutes before an alarm clock - any alarm clock, at any time, day or night - and this happened. With me is Jayashree and Monique, and in the other tent we hear Lyn and Larry begin to stir between breaks in the wind. The night before, the storms were swirling around us, and snow flurries did fall for an hour, so we weren't sure what the morning would bring. A cry from Lyn - "Look at all the stars!" meant that we were in for a clear, if cold, morning.

We emerged from the tent, and into the night, under a canopy of the infinite. It was a moonless night, and the stars were crowding out the darkness that surrounded. The outline of the mountain interrupted the Big Dipper as we saw headlamps heading up the Kautz, and a steady glow from Camp Muir let us know that the masses were beginning to stir there as well. We would be the first on the Fuhrer Finger this morning, as there were no lights ahead of us to be seen. We began to get ready.

We called ourselves Team Gimp, because of a rash of injuries leading up to this long-planned climb. Jayashree had managed to sprain not one, but two ankles, leading up to this weekend, and I had managed to get the worst blisters in seven years on both feet the week prior. In spite of all of this, here we were,

ready to climb the other 5000 feet to the summit. We had no business being here, and the only thing that really kept me in the game was the threat of death and dismemberment from Jayashree, were I to bail. Some band-aid blister-patch on both feet and I was good to go.

After flaking out the rope and putting on the crampons, I began to shiver between breaks in the wind. I was just warm enough to not be cold, but movement would soon take care of any lingering chills from the night. As everyone got ready, I stood and stared at the stars, and waited. A ritual of mine, I like to find a satellite in orbit around the earth and point it out to everyone, but none was to be found this morning. Instead, I was able to watch several meteors streak across the sky - grains of dust, flying through space since the dawn of everything, hitting the atmosphere at just the right time, so that I might witness them here, now. It is this moment, standing under the stars, small, cold, after much preparation to get here, that is my favorite. The success has already been achieved in my mind - the experience may lie in front of us, but so much to get here - planning, training! And this moment - standing in place, waiting for a break in the wind - right there! - What is that? Peace? Calm? Contentment? Balance? Filled with anticipation, excitement, the thrill of the unknown, a future that we seek out and prepare for, and choose - we choose this! And here we are, standing before an experience we will share, not knowing what will happen due to or in spite of our plans, on the left side of the Wilson glacier, tied together. Everything - everything, is perfect, now.

We set off into the beauty of the darkness and the unknown.

# **TRIP REPORT: ORBIT**

## **JUNE 11, 2004 - GRADE III, 5.9**

**By Zack Thunemann**

With our sights set on some ambitious projects this summer, Jerry and I thought it was time to start matching and measuring our skills against some classic test-piece climbs. We met in the morning at Crystals to have a go at Orbit, a multi-pitch rock climb on the Snow Creek Wall with several pitches of 5.8 and a single pitch of 5.9. We decided to forgo the alpine start in favor of a good night's sleep and the clarity of thought that comes with it. Our mantra for the climb was "slow and steady". We still a little bit rusty, and we had plenty of time, so just do things right, and conserve energy in the process.

9:30: Breakfast at Crystals. I recommend the steak and eggs.

11:10: Left the Snow Creek Parking lot. We missed the cutoff for the climber's trail, and had to back track a little bit.

12:30: Arrived at base of the route (below the easy slabs) We dropped one pack, and geared up here.

13:10: Arrived at the base of the first pitch, which we decided to climb un-roped.

16:30: Finished our first 4 pitches (including the mostly unroped pitch).

19:50: Finished our last 4 pitches, and reached the top of the wall (total climbing time 6 hours and 40 minutes).

21:15: Back to the base of the wall.

22:00: Back to the parking lot.

Pitch 1 (class 3-4 with a little easy 5).

We climbed this unroped. Jerry soloed the last move, and then belayed me up to the tree ledge.

Pitch 2 (5.8, chimney)

Jerry led past the awkward chimney, and up to the start of the left-tending ramp.

Pitch 3 (4, traverse)

I led across the ramp, and stopped at the base of the 5.9 finger crack... poor pro placement caused some horrible rope drag on this pitch.

Pitch 4 (5.9 finger crack followed by slabs and cracks)

I led the 5.9 finger crack, which was an attractive line that really ate gear well... then, up around the corner to the right onto an exposed slab climb (5.8) around a second corner, up a fist sized crack until I realized I'd run out of slings... set up a hanging belay up around the 2<sup>nd</sup> corner.

Pitch 5 (5.8, open book with a crux move to the right at the top of the crack)

I continued up past some old, rusty bolts and a piton into a left-facing open book. "Where is all this blood coming from?"



Jerry gearing up for the second pitch.



Sausages.

I ripped the cuticle off the back of my pointer finger. Blood, blood everywhere! All over my pants, my shirt, the route... On the bright side, Jerry's rack is now distinctively marked.

At the top of the crack, you have to traverse right, around the corner (the tiny nut placement for that crux move isn't 100% satisfying). I built a second hanging belay in a wide crack under a large bulge... (go directly over this bulge to avoid the huge overhang that dominates the upper-left section of the snow creek wall.)

Pitch 6 (5.5) Jerry led out on the chicken heads. Wow! Monster jugs. In the immortal words of Len Kannapell, "Bawk! ... .. Bawk! Bawk! Bawk! ... .. Chicken Heads! ... .. Bawk!"

Pitch 7 (5.2) Jerry led out on some more easy chicken heads. The steepness was easing up. We went right when the route went left, and got on some moss covered rock at this point.

Pitch 8 (5.8?) We were off-route at this point, on a large sandy ledge that could almost be called a cave. We went around to the right. This was covered in black moss, and had a poorly protected crux move but with a good "fall-zone" if you tumbled from that spot. Jerry led it in fine style.

**Notes:**

1. We took one pack for the second to carry. This seemed to work very well.
2. We did short pitches (something slightly more than half a rope length). This allowed us to communicate well, consult each other on route finding and avoid rope drag (this route winds a bit).
3. We brought a very sizeable rack. In the ICC, there is a lot of stress put on going light, and taking a light rack. This is great in theory, but we wanted some practical comparison... We decided to take a monster rack and see what would happen.

**Our Rack:**

- 10 singles
- 2 doubles
- 30 biners
- Cams from very small up to 3 inches with doubles in the BD Camelot .5, .75, 1.0, and 2.0
- Tricams: pinky and red.
- Chocks: Full set plus doubles of the smaller end of the mid range sizes: 4-8



**Orbit Topo:** The green line for the last two pitches represents where we deviated from the standard route, however, it is **far** from exact. I don't think we actually traversed that far to the right.

Using a large rack was kind of a mixed blessing. It was really nice to have the exact piece for any placement, especially where there was some run-out (there was one pink tricam placement that made me feel soooooo very good). There was also a lot of time lost searching for gear on the rack, and moving the rack out of the way for certain high-steps and stemming moves. I think, in the future, I'll try to take less gear for a route like this (but perhaps not as light as I typically did in the ICC)

4. In hindsight, our start time was a bit late, especially given the rust that we had to shake off as we started the route. It would have been nice to relax a little bit, take some pictures and enjoy the hanging belays 400' off of the deck.

## **Bushwhacking and Bear Dung: A TR from the North Face of Mt. Shuksan**

**Date: June 26-27**

**Scribe: Robert Fisher**



The start of the route.

It's funny. It's funny how we can climb on the weekends, taking on these enormous challenges, and then go back to work, as if nothing had really happened. Inside, something has changed, but externally, little is different. You talk to your coworkers about their weekend spent mowing the lawn or spending time with the family. You can compare their timelines with your own, noting when they were at Red Robin and you were hanging out over a broken glacier. On Friday night, you were sprawled out on a queen size bed at home. Saturday night places you on a rocky ridge in freezing rain bivvied without a sleeping bag. It's an interesting duality.

Sorry, back to the TR.

Saturday started pleasantly enough. Doug, Paul, Jim, and I met at a shopping mall in Bellingham to start our trip. The four of us piled into Jim's Pathfinder and we were on our way. Jim's Pathfinder has a very innovative bump detection

system. This system also doubles as a way to prevent you from falling asleep at the wheel. While I didn't get the specifics on the system, I do know that the truck periodically made chirping and buzzing noises as we drove over bumps. Jim mentioned that it had something to do with a faulty suspension system, but I really do think it was a cover story for a much more cutting edge concept. I'm sure we will hear about Jim's new system being installed in the latest generation Cadillac STS soon.

We arrived at the trailhead at about 10:00 am. We set off down the road to the lower ski run. We could see the entire approach along the White Salmon Creek basin. In a moment of inspiration, Jim exclaimed, "I've never seen so much (slide) alder." We were trying to formulate a plan of attack for what would become an epic bushwhack. After inspecting the lay of the land and debating the merits of various lines, we had finally decided on a route to take.

The road turned into a trail, turned into a bushwhack that alternated between heavy timber and devil's club infested clear cut strips of blighted land. Needless to say, it was an extremely good time, making a slipping, sliding, descending, traversing, scramble/bushwhack down a 40 degree dirt slope. For a little added flavor, there was a couple of dicey creek crossings along the way. According to Doug's Bushwhack-o-meter, this wasn't too bad. Personally, I don't want it to get even that bad again. Yep, then it got worse.

The bottom of the basin wasn't too bad for a while. Heck, it was downright tolerable after the endless bush belay to reach it. From the basin, we could see the saddle near the North Face. After a short break, we decided on our line and shot for it. Back into the bush we went.

We inadvertently did a bit of scientific research on this next stretch of bushwhacking. We answered one of life's great remaining mysteries. Bears do, in fact, shit in the woods. Often. And big.

We were now navigating through the alder that Jim had lamented about 2 hours earlier and 600 feet higher. Through the devil's club and bear shit infested wall of slide alder we pushed, ignoring the scrapes and scratches, the twisted branches clawing at everything, grasping our ice axes, pulling us down. Doug lead on through the tangled mass of vegetable matter. Almost as suddenly as it started, the hellish match of wills that pitted the Homo Sapiens against Alnus Crispa (slide alder) had given way to a glacial tarn.

The views of the mountain were fantastic. Few people make the trek to this side of the mountain to climb the White Salmon Glacier, let alone the North Face. The glaciers are chunky and broken, the waters are clear, the snow is dazzling white, all the archetypes of the North Cascades.

We climbed up a small glacial stream to a col on the North side of the mountain just above Price Lake. Clouds were periodically moving through the area so we only got a glimpse or two of the route. We had dinner and I went to sleep at about 7:00 pm.

Right at sunset I awoke to find gloriously clear skies and a golden glow over everything. Dammit the mountains are cool. I suppose I should have gotten up to take a few pictures of the sight, but frankly, I was too lazy. Jim was

probably wondering what was wrong with me when I emerged from my bivy sack just long enough to say "Jim, That kicks ass." Then I went back to sleep.

At about 2:00 am I woke up pretty cold. I had made a gamble that I could get through the night without a sleeping bag, just my backpack and a down jacket to keep me warm. Since we were getting up at 3:00 am to start the route, I think I did all right. I nodded off and awoke again to Doug's alarm. We packed, roped up and set out.

Jim was leading. Let me tell you what little I know of Jim. He's a laconic fellow and keeps mostly to himself. When he does say something it is worth listening to. He will casually shoot off a comment in a low and even tone that would pass under the radar of most people. It isn't until you start listening closely that you notice the wry wit and sarcastic humor that punctuates most of what he says. The other times that he speaks, it is usually for a vital communication or observation, sometimes a fart joke.

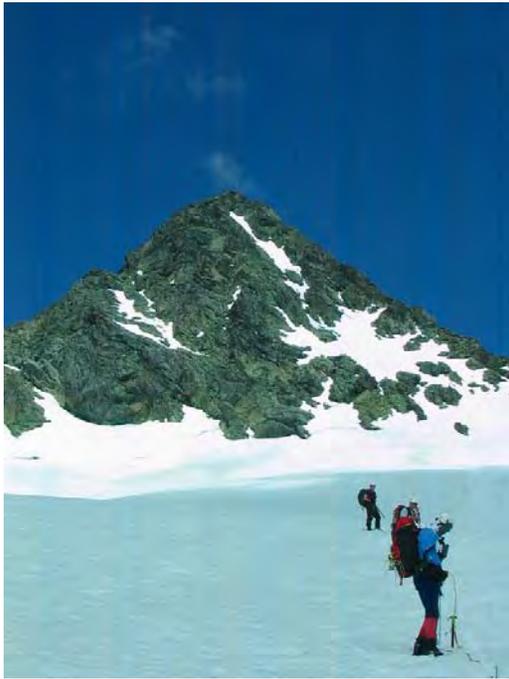


Paul Cook, Doug Sanders, and Jim Schelle ahead of me on a traverse.

As I said, Jim was leading. The snow conditions were great. We encountered Styrofoam snow that was perfect for kicking steps. The early morning hours provided ample light to climb and shielded us from the oppressive heat that we would later face. The first part of the route traversed on fairly easy slopes above a hanging icefall and below a large bulge in the glacier. The route then made a rising traverse to the right along 50 degree snow. We had placed a few pickets for a running belay over a steep traverse, but we were traveling mostly unprotected. Jim led up about 1,100' before he decided to take a break. Now it was my turn.

I led out onto the steep snow. This was my first time on a route that had such sustained steep angles. It really wasn't as bad as I thought. We had all brought along a second tool for an added margin of safety. This made me feel more secure, but I didn't think it was necessary for most of the route. I led about 700 feet before I pooped out and let Jim take over again. What can I say? I suck.

Jim led the final section to the shoulder. The whole route was excellent climbing in excellent conditions. Most definitely a more aesthetic route than the Sulphide Glacier.



A shot of the summit pyramid that my camera added some artistic touches to.

We topped out at the shoulder and weighed our options. We had to go around the summit pyramid to reach the South Gully and the summit. We decided to go around clockwise. Unfortunately, we had to lose elevation to avoid some large crevasses on the Crystal Glacier. As we were walking around, we could hear another party on the summit having a grand old time.



Mt Baker from high on the North Face.

As we rounded the summit pyramid to the gully, there was a fairly large group of Mountaineers coming down. Doug is pretty active with the Mountaineers and knew many of the people. They were down climbing the gully and were looking very shaky about it. They all did great climbing down the steep gully in spite of their apprehension.

After they Mountaineers were down, it was our turn to go up. The climb up the gully was about half snow covered. It made for an entertaining rock climb after the hours of snow.

We met another party at the summit. One guy was from Everett, the other from Portland. We did a double rope rappel off the summit to speed things up. I went down first to straighten out the ropes on the slope. On my way down I scored a BD #6 stopper. It must have been part of a fixed line setup. So uhhh... what's another name for pirate treasure?

We bid farewell to our friends who had climbed the Sulphide Glacier route and set to finding our descent path. None of us had climbed the White Salmon route before. We knew that the topo map had Winnie's Slide mislabeled, as well as Hell's Highway. It was pretty easy to find both and to get down to the White Salmon Glacier. From the lower White Salmon we had a choice to head way right and to exit through the creek and tarn that we came in on, or we could go to the left and down climb what looked like a series of snow fingers threading their way through cliff bands. I successfully argued to go left.

The left route was a big mistake. The snow fingers were not continuous and we had to down climb rock in a few places. We finally descended enough to gain a ridge leading down to the glacier through a nasty scree slope. The lower glacier was pretty broken up and bare. We had to make a few dicey moves on glacial ice with no crampons. Scary? A bit... Dangerous? Not so much.

We had successfully descended the mountain. Now all that was left is a one mile, 4 hour, 600 vertical foot bushwhack sufferfest through slide alder and devil's club to get back to the car. Righteous!!!

We made it back to the cars at 9:00 pm, 17 hours after we started climbing on Sunday. We were all bushed (hah hah hah), but I was especially wrecked from the day's effort. Jim's bump proximity system kept us awake until we got to a mini mart to procure sodas and chips.

In short, I would say that the North Face route is terrific, it's the approach that is terrible. If you can stomach 3 hours of bushwhacking in and 4 hours of bushwhacking out, it's the route for you. The weekend had everything that you would expect to find on a climb in the North Cascades: bushwhacking, choss climbing, talus scrambling, rock climbing, steep snow, chossading, bushwhacking, bushwhacking, bushwhacking... Did I mention bushwhacking?

# TRIP REPORT: E. WILMANS SPIRE

Date: Sunday, June 20, 2004

Climbers: Ken Ford, Sarah Sternau (scribe)

I forget when we arranged this trip. Ken has this way of co-opting my weekends that makes me feel like my plans with him have always been in place and would be sacrilege to break. I have a vague memory of some discussion about Thompson and some comparison of approach distances, but the certainty we'd aim for E. Wilmans Spire this weekend seemed as old as the hills.

Since we were taking bikes for the approach, which is the rocky four-mile trail into Monte Cristo, it was finally Ken's turn to drive somewhere. (I drive a compact Saturn; he drives a gas-guzzling SUV.) He planned to pick me up at 7am, and because I was exhausted the night before, I planned to get up early and pack just before he arrived. (If you're going to look for foreshadowing in this trip report, you'll have to look elsewhere: despite packing at the last minute, I didn't take or leave behind anything I didn't mean to.) Between a 5:30 wake time and Ken's slightly late arrival, it all worked out. I didn't check a clock when we arrived at the trailhead, but the weather was still cool and the skies clear, so with alpine daypacks on our backs, we started peddling in good spirits.

Ken is a fairly bad-ass biker, so he's got a fairly sweet ride. I can't say what it is, per se, but I can tell you it's got seven inches of travel, and it's so massive and oddly arranged that it looks like a stripped-down Harley. My bike, on the other hand, is a Cannondale hybrid, which means it's not very good for roads *or* trails. The way everything on the frame is aligned, I end up in a sit-up-and-beg position, and every bump in the road jars me forward and makes me feel like I'm about to go over the handlebars. So while Ken did wheelies and rode up embankment walls, I picked my way over the more uneven sections of trail and slowed him down considerably.

At the car, I'd asked Ken if he minded if we locked both our bikes with his lock, and while he'd said that was fine, he'd said it so unenthusiastically that I decided to take my lock, too. At that point he admitted that he was pretty protective of his ride and preferred to coil his lock through the frame and both tires, so he was glad I'd be locking mine up independently. When we got to Monte Cristo, though, I realized that I'd brought the lock but the key was still in the car, so Ken not only had to lock my bike, but also my bike lock, with his own. But he was still a good sport about it.

From there we hiked the three unadventurous miles out of the old mining town and into the highest section of Glacier Basin. The bugs were kind of a pain and the weather bordered on sweltering, but the waterfalls were beautiful and we enjoyed the approach.

East Wilmans Spire is a 6120 ft block that rises off a ridgeline directly across Glacier Basin from Monte Cristo. The section from river to the start of class 4 scrambling—which would be rated much higher than class 4 if exposure were taken into consideration—is about 900 ft of talus and snow that feeds through a gully, onto a notch to the right of the spire, and around and up the back to a notch to the left of it. It seems as if going two weeks prior would have given us the perfect snow conditions, with most of the talus well covered and the spire itself bare. As it was, we set off rockslide after rockslide pushing off unstable scree, hopping on and off snow patches until a couple hundred feet below the gully. The snow hardens as it steepens to about 45-50 degrees in the shadowy gully, with wide moats creating a narrow finger of 8' snow separated at the top from the rocky notch by a two-foot gap. We hopped over and wound around to climb the couple hundred feet up to the east-facing notch.

Ken is also a fairly bad-ass rock climber, so while I messed around with shoes and gear, he flaked the rope and started climbing and traversing—off belay—what was described as class 4 rock, but that I wouldn't climb without a rope. He got about 10' higher than the notch and 40' to the left of it, then set up a belay station. This was to be the pattern for the whole of the rock section: climb a few feet, see an obvious belay station, set up a belay, realize you could've made it through the next "pitch" with rope to spare, repeat. As it turned out, we would only need to do this twice more. From the third belay station (second if you don't count the notch at the base of the climb), Ken traversed back around the corner and up a few feet, at which point I heard some cursing and then silence. I shouted up and got no response. Since I also got no tug on the rope, I figured Ken was fine; suspicions were confirmed when he yelled that he was off belay and started taking up rope.

When I traversed around the corner and looked up, I saw bare feet hanging over the edge of the summit about 15' feet above. I yelled up to ask if that's what Ken had been grousing about before, and Ken had to sit up to respond—he'd been belaying me from a supine position. As it turned out, he'd been shouting because I

had both his cordelettes, one he'd used as an anchor and one he'd left behind when he'd used the biner it had been racked on in an anchor, and he was grouchy about having to create an anchor with slings. When I got up to the rock platform, he tied me off and we laid around on the sun for a few minutes, laughing about the perspective (and guidebooks) that made the 70-or-so-foot climb seem longer than it was. We also talked about the pitons and jammed Metolius cam that made a rack almost unnecessary. In addition to a few along the route, there are three pitons (one cracked) on the summit platform, and a wrist-thick bundle of slings at both stops along the rappel route. We rappelled to the slope about 30' below our packs, climbed up, carefully pulled the rope to avoid knocking rocks on it, reracked, packed, and headed down.

Now, if you read the Beckey description of this route, you'll see that he recommends crampons, likely because the sun hardly hits the steep snow in the top gully. Since it was about 80 degrees out and neither of us had felt too ambitious, we decided to leave crampons behind and call it if things got too dicey; Ken had gone so far as to wear battered tennis shoes for the approach. At a couple points on the talus slope I'd felt uncomfortable about how we'd get back down and had explained my reservations to Ken. We discussed them briefly and decided to continue, and our descent was at times better and at times worse than I hoped. The upper part of the slope was good for kicking steps but not for plunge-stepping, and we ended up down-climbing on self-belay for a couple hundred feet. But my fears about

too little snow lower down were not founded, and we were able to plunge-step or glissade down snow patches all the way to the basin bottom. By the time we reached the valley floor, Ken's knee and ankle were bothering him, so we sat for a few minutes before making our way back to Monte Christo.

Having brought minimal food supplies and climbed a little longer than we anticipated, Ken and I were hard at work on post-climb meal planning when we got back to our bikes. Needless to say, this only added to the disappointment of discovering that I had a flat tire and no patch kit, spare tube, or pump. I tried to convince Ken that he should ferry packs, in part because having him pop wheelies and ride circles around my grouchy self all four miles back to the car was an unappealing idea. But he was pretty firm on carrying both packs at once—an idea I didn't like—so I ended up running intervals wearing my alpine daypack and sodden hiking boots, balancing my bike with one hand while I jogged. We made decent time, hitting the car in about an hour, then sped to Glacier Falls to inhale a pizza and salad from Omega. After that I couldn't keep my eyes open, and the intervals became sleeping and trying to make conversation. Ken dropped me at my house around 11pm, and I could barely make it through the shower before falling asleep.

All in all, an excellent day and excellent climb—heavy on the hiking and light on the climbing, but this is an excellent long conditioning climb, and the basin's a great place for staging climbs of other area peaks.

# A Tale of Two Rainiers

*This is the story of two remote classics on The Mountain: the Central Mowich Face and the Tahoma Glacier. The former had its hardships, easily trumped by the rugged beauty and solitude of its endless Northwest face. The latter? It is uncommonly referred to (by me) as the "dog route," as it was first climbed in August 1891 by Alfred Drewry, Philemon Van Trump, Dr. Warren Riley - and Riley's deerhound. After three separate attempts spanning four years, a group of us finally made it up the dog route on a 2-1/2 day sprint June 18-20, 2004. In retrospect, a healthy dose of dog biscuits might have helped in the previous three attempts; nothing else did.*

*This is the first of two parts. The Central Mowich Face is covered in the July issue (assuming this makes it to our editorial staff on time), and Tahoma Glacier route should in the August ECHO.*

## Part 1: Central Mowich Face

July 18-20, 2002

Climbers: Dave Burdick, Victor Yagi, Dan Goering, and Len Kannapell (scribe)

Timing is hopeless when contemplating a Rainier climb. With plans prepared, packs packed, and possibilities pondered, the unexpected invariably morphs into the expected: A software deadline brilliantly floats in from the ether, a stellar forecast collapses to a marine low-pressure system, a family reunion moves one to reluctantly exchange a pair of 12-pt. steel crampons for a pair of Dockers.

By extension, and due to a good lack of options, I invited mayhem to my doorstep: A coveted Bailey Traverse, through the heart of the Olympic Mountains, was plotted the day after returning from a Rainier climb.

The problem: Ambition, same as that which plagued Hamlet. Explanation: I had long anticipated a climb of the Mowich Face, and had conscripted climbers as early as February for the scheduled June ascent. Yet, both the planned weekend and bad weather weekend backup featured, ironically enough, bad weather, leaving a rather full July as the last bastion of hope for the Mowich—yet all weekends in July were already at capacity. Desperate in early July and resorting to weekdays, I carefully perused the calendar, probing for weaknesses in the forthcoming work schedule, and pinpointed a target: A 2-1/2 day span, exactly one day before we departed for the Bailey. There were logistics of small import to contend with, such as abandoning family before they had a chance to be abandoned (eight family members/friends were coming in town for the abbreviated or full Bailey). But Vera (the good wife) and Tuney (the good sister) agreed to be the welcoming committee for said family; in penance for my forthcoming Rainier transgression, I offered the good wife and good sister lattes, weekend housecleaning marathons, home repair, as indulgences. They laughed, keenly aware that desperate times call for unrequited promises.

### Thursday, July 18, 2002

Left Seattle at 3pm, arrived at the Jackson Visitor's Center at 6:30pm (just below Paradise) to register for the climb, dropped one vehicle off, crowded into the other and drove the West Side Road to the road closure at Dry Creek. Began hiking by 8pm. On the trail, we examined, with great wonder, a six-inch-long salamander, still as life, its translucent body blending seamlessly with the grubby roots of the peaty trail. The reptile offered no good report on climbing conditions, so we continued. At 10:45pm, we arrived at the South Puyallup Camp, with all sites taken by a vanguard of Wonderland Trail hikers. We scored a corner of one camp, our newly found friends gracious enough to offer. Dave "Michelin Man" Burdick demonstrated the dual functionality of his sleeping bag/full body vest by putting his arms and legs through the Velcro enclosures and prancing about. *Note: To adequately challenge the Michelin Man, Dave needs to put roughly 100 lbs. on his ectomorphic frame.*

### Friday, July 19, 2002

Up at 6am, off by 7am. As we meandered the switchbacks of the 2000' gain via the Wonderland Trail to a ridge below St. Andrew's Park, nature delivered on its promise of a lush sea of avalanche (white) and glacier (yellow) lilies in the verdant pastures near the 5000'. A diaphanous sheen of fog kept the morning cool and the mountain occluded as we meandered through the meadows of St. Andrew's Park, but it was but a matter of time before the clouds would yield to the marmalade morning. And how magnificent the deliverance: At the 6500' level, the entirety of the Sunset Amphitheater and the Tahoma Headwall lurched silently through the vapor, and a new world emerged, revealed the tortured hulk of the Tahoma Cleaver and its kindred soul, the Tahoma Glacier (more on that next month).

We ascended the north side of the Puyallup Cleaver, briefly visiting the 7500' camp where we bivied on two previous Tahoma Glacier attempts. Glacier Island and Pyramid Peak loomed as nunatoks above the clouds, as we examined the curiosity of a set of stones, stacked in unorthodox columns, surely left by a previous climbing party. I considered this America's Stonehenge, where climbers were offered to propitiate gods.

Leaving Stonehenge, it was time to journey to new lands, heading north from the Puyallup Cleaver: The day's traverse would include the Puyallup Glacier, The Colonnade, the South Mowich Glacier, and finally the Edmunds Glacier, a bit of a sprint for full packs. The glaciers were all in surprisingly good condition for mid-July in a relatively low snow year. We hurried as we ascended the South Mowich Glacier, checking the considerable debris that littered the softened slopes. I looked back to the Puyallup Cleaver, and saw the steady movement of a party of three on the edge of the Puyallup Glacier, heading for the Tahoma Glacier route. I smiled, as they were heading for the dog route. And one of the best parts of the northwest side of Rainier: this group would be the only other climbing party we would see the entire day.

Finally, at 5:30pm, we pulled into the Rock Island camp on the Edmunds Glacier at 9600', a good camp with a comfort of bivy spots. We even located a faint trickle of running water, enough to fill water bottles and slake the thirst. Looking back, it had been a long day: Total elevation gain was 6500', crossing three glaciers, not including a significant amount of cross-country. Weight Watchers would skewer me for my Stove Top stuffing liberally graced with gravy and butter; Smokers Anonymous would feel the same as I drew on a hard-earned Drum cigarette, watching the evening fade slowly to night. How little I cared, for I was right at home, surrounded by three great friends, and the confidence we could negotiate the beast.

### **Saturday, July 20, 2002**

Alpine mornings are reminiscent of the days preceding a wedding. There is a vague recognition that something of great significance shall soon transpire; yet the mind attempts to multi-task under a modicum of available cerebral firepower. Waking at 1:30am on a Saturday is not a tenet of circadian normalcy, so it is to be expected that conversation is muted, hearing is distorted, and humor is generally lacking, despite valiant attempts. Usually by me.

Off at 3am, Dan and Dave on one rope, followed by Victor and me on another, our medieval implements (second ice tools) wielded as necessary. We located a good path across the bergshroud, and up we went, aiming for the darkened sky, excellent 45-degree

cramponing with the occasional use of that marvelously secure second ice tool. Making good time in the darkness of the sun-cupped slopes, I marveled at the first signs of the light on the eastern horizon. Yes, how benevolent Rainier could be on a summer day, her radiant face belying the hideous strength that lay underneath.

All went well until we reached the rock bands at 12,500', where a route-finding decision was incumbent upon us: Continue up and left, taking the original Dee Molenaar 1966 route to hug the southern edge of the Liberty Cap Glacier, or continue the rising traverse to the right, the 1967 variation, harder and possibly longer. Dan wanted to take the latter option, which made good sense using the rock bands as a handrail, but I was more insistent on the original route, all the while wondering if it would dead end. We took a vote, opted to go with my decision, and soon we found ourselves climbing steepening rock bands until we...*dead-ended*. Damn. Moral: When in doubt, take the option most visible. We backtracked; had it been one of my companions who made the errant route-finding choice, I would have hurled vitriolic invectives (read: obscenities) and choice epigrams at them, and perhaps buried my ice tool in their head. My companions were far more considerate. Still, this errant route-finding choice cost us two hours of precious time.

We continued traversing the rock band, an annoying 45-degree rising traverse that continued for many pitches, running belays using a mix of pickets and ice screws, occasional patches of ice but mostly névé snow. As I glanced at the steep slopes below, I spotted a couple of climbers 200' behind us, who bivied at the northern edge of the Rock Island, but having approached via the standard means, Mowich Lake to Ptarmigan Ridge. That approach would have saved us 1000' of hard elevation gain, but it wouldn't have been nearly as spectacular. William Blake: *The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.*

We reached the end of the rock band, and climbed a short 50-55 degree section of soft snow. The difficulties were now behind us, and the sun rising in full fire, yet it was almost another 1000 feet of gain on mottled slopes before we took a break. I had felt strong up to this point, and then imperceptibly, that old, nagging Denali memory of staggering listlessly returned, and I slowed considerably. Perhaps a novice's mistake had been repeated once again: dehydration. Opportunities for water availed themselves, and I greedily drank from what streams I could find on the glacier. It was a painfully slow traverse to Liberty Cap, and once on high, a quick glance over to Columbia Crest revealed the last obstacles: 500' of elevation loss followed by 700' of gain. Christ.

Finally, I staggered to a point where one could simply not rise any more, and it was the summit. It was 5:30pm, a mere 14-1/2 hours after we had began. I gave Timber and the team a big hug, the joy of the ascent together combined with the knowledge that we simply wouldn't have to go uphill any more. And what forgiving conditions: It was calm and warm in a mid-July evening, and on our descent of the Disappointment Cleaver, we passed scores of guided parties, also taking full advantage of the nearly perfect weather and climbing conditions, ascending even as we descended.

It was 9:30pm when we arrived at Camp Muir. After a brief rest, we decided to continue down, the twilight's last gleaming fading in evanescent streams. It was a moderately grim descent by quarter moon, the weariness reaching the core of our bones, but the memory of the ascent sustained us. Poor Dave was having some knee problems and staggered quietly the last hour down. By the time we reached the car, it was

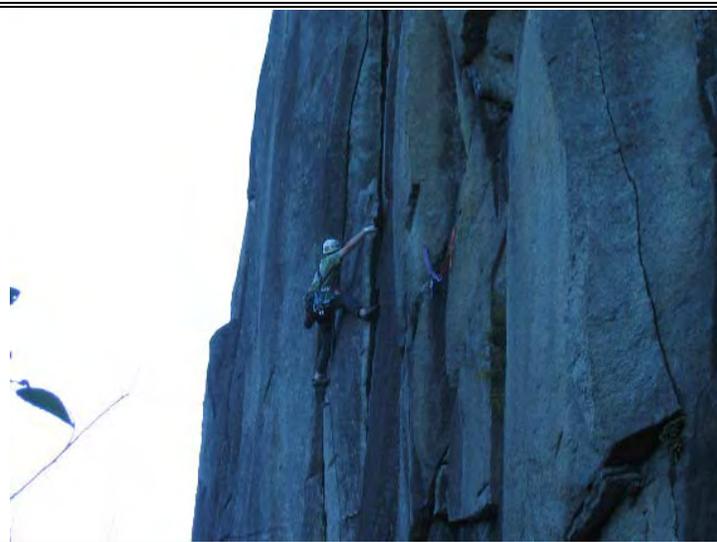
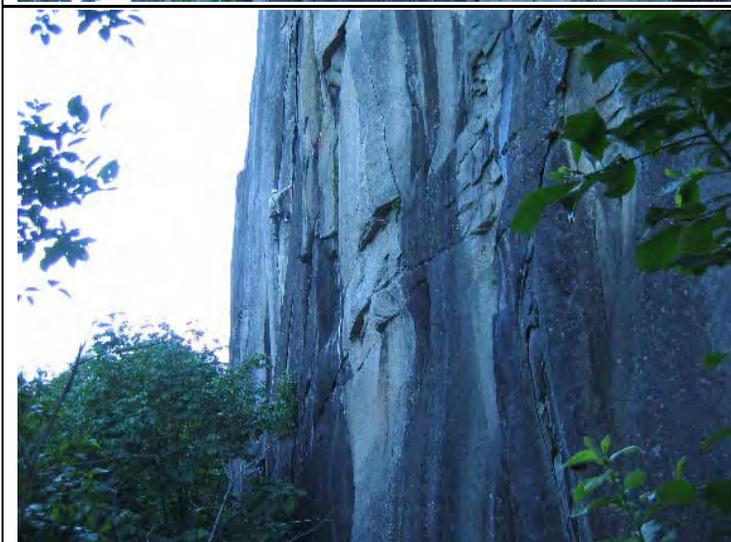
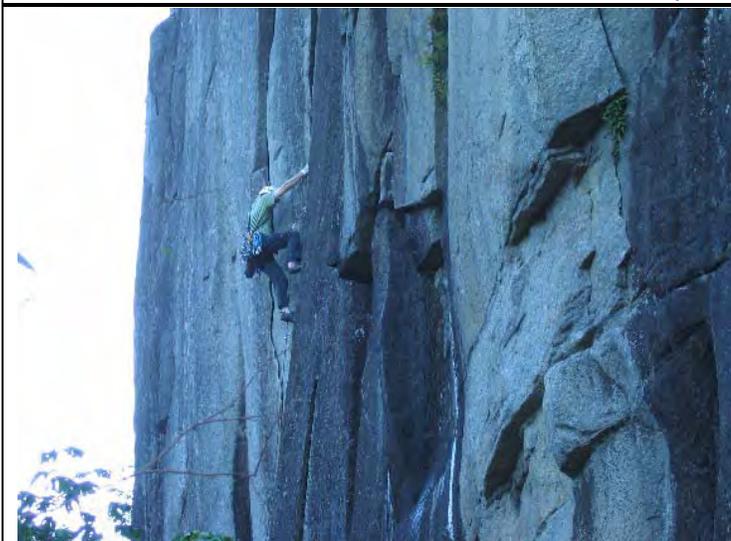
11:30pm; a waiting bottle of pink grapefruit juice in the car was clearly the nectar of the gods.

We drove down to the West Side Road, picked up the second car, and drove mind numbingly, creaking in to Shari's Restaurant (South Hill of Puyallup) at 2am. Still mad with thirst, I consumed four cups of hot chocolate and countless glasses of water. But damn, we were happy. It was now Sunday, and after dropping Dave off at his house in Seward Park, I drove exactly two blocks before I realized the suicidal nature of driving while insanely tired (DWIT), aware that only dazed drunks shared the road with me during the Saturday night-Sunday morning weekly transition. After a solid hour of sleep, I drove on, the ruddy sky of dawn beckoning me, pulling in just at dawn. After a few hours of sleep, I managed to get to church that morning and give thanks for a safe climb—and pray for energy to start the Bailey Traverse.

-Len Kannapell 6/28/04

### PHOTO ESSAY: Tom Ryan leads Godzilla

Photos by Zack Thunemann



# TRIP REPORT: PERU, JUST THE BEGINNING

*Boealper Chris Gronau began an around-the-world trip by joining John Alley's expedition to Peru. Here are his first reports from the road.*

**June 6, 2004**

## **Trekking to Machu Picchu.**

Trekkers: John Alley, Ron Stephenson, Michael Anderson, Victor Yagi and Chris Gronau (scribe)

The trek to Machu Picchu was something of an adventure. We started in a city called Cuzco. I can't really recommend Cuzco as a vacation destination. The center of town is a place called Plaza de Armas. If you go anywhere near there, you won't be able to walk 5 feet without being approached by someone trying to sell you something. They will be very loud and very persistent. If you stop to try to talk to your companions, you can't. You will immediately be swamped by several dozen people trying to sell you everything from postcards to restaurant meals. They will all be so loud and so persistent that you can't hear yourself talk, much less your companions. We quickly learned to avoid the center of town.

About the only thing I can recommend about Cuzco are the Incan ruins in the area. The best is probably a place called Sacsayhuaman (which, when pronounced correctly, sounds amazingly like Sexy Woman—insert your own joke here...). It's a massive Incan temple with spectacular stonework. Unfortunately, most of it was destroyed by the Spanish when they conquered the Incas. They dismantled Sacsayhuaman and used the stones to build churches...

The trek to Machu Picchu itself was managed by a guide. The plan was to have our guide meet us at our hotel at 6:00. He would arrange for a taxi to take us to a place called Cruz Pata. There, we would load our gear onto horses and begin the trek.

To start the trek off on the proper footing, I managed to get sick the night before the trek. I had an upset stomach, was feeling rather weak and was running a mild fever, and still managed to shiver throughout the night even though it wasn't cold in the hotel room...

To top that, the guide was half an hour late. By the time we got all of the gear loaded onto the taxi, we didn't leave until after 7:00. That's when we got our first surprise. The guide had a couple of extra clients he was adding to our trek. We had signed up with the impression we were going to be the only clients there.

At least we were being treated better than the other clients. One of them, a girl named Eline from Holland, had been told to be ready for the taxi at 5:00. She

wasn't picked up until after we were, which meant she had to wait over 2 hours before she was picked up. The other one, a guy named Jorg from Germany, had been told to be ready for the taxi at 4:30. He was the last to be picked up, which meant he had to wait over 3 hours...

On top of that, the taxi driver who was taking us to Cruz Pata didn't seem to know where it was. He had to stop a few times to ask directions. Naturally, these conversations were in Spanish, but we got nervous when the people being asked kept pointing back the direction we came....

The road itself was really bad. So bad that the ruts kept knocking the spare tire off the van. We had to stop several times for emergency repairs to put the spare tire back on. After a while, the spare tire wound up riding in front with the guide. It didn't fall off after that.

Eventually, we got to a place that the taxi driver claimed was Cruz Pata. I'm still not sure if it was or not, but the driver threw out our luggage and made us get out of the taxi anyway.

So there we were, in the middle of nowhere with a few hundred pounds of gear between us, and no horses anywhere in sight. We sat for a while and waited for the horses to show up, but it didn't help. Still no horses.

Eventually, our guide had us get up and start the trek. So, still sick as a dog and weak as a kitten, I got up and started out on our 4 day trek to Machu Picchu. Feeling as bad as I did, I only packed a minimal amount of stuff into my day pack and left the rest for the horses.

We hiked for a hour or two, and stopped in a little field for lunch. Unfortunately, the lunch was on the horses and they still hadn't shown up. So, we waited in the field for the horses. At least the view was spectacular. The field was just below a 19384-foot mountain called Humantay. Humantay had some spectacular hanging glaciers, and the field was close enough that you could feel a cold wind coming off the mountain.

We waited the entire afternoon for the horses to show up with our gear. Once the sun went down, we

really started to feel the wind off the mountain. The horses still hadn't shown up, and they had all our gear including our tents, sleeping bags, cold weather clothing and food. Conditions started getting ugly, so we mutinied and headed back for our gear.

We got about halfway back to where we started, and the horses finally showed up with our gear. So we headed back to the field and camped for the night. That night I managed to really get sick, shivering uncontrollably and not able to eat much.

The next day, we started the most difficult day of the trek. We had to cross a pass between Humantay and Salcantay (20546 feet). The pass itself was at an elevation of 15410 feet. That's 1000 feet taller than Mt. Rainier, and I had to climb it while I was still sick as a dog. The joys of trekking in third world countries...

Anyway, I made it, but it wasn't a pleasant experience. All I really remember was plodding along one step at a time and trying not to stop.

The rest of the trek into Machu Picchu was much nicer. I was mostly over the bug I had by the third day. The trail was much easier and the guides had the problems worked out. The only real annoyance was that the guides were pushing us pretty hard. The trek is normally takes 7 days, and the guides were getting us there in 4. It would have been nice to have more time to stop and explore along the way once I had the strength.

Machu Picchu itself is spectacular. It's one of the few Incan sites that the Spanish never found. As a result, it was never destroyed by them. The temples in Machu Picchu have some really impressive stonework. They have these massive stones that are so precisely carved they can be stacked together to form a wall without using mortar and the joints between the stones are so tight you can't fit a piece of paper between them. If you ever get a chance to go there, I'd recommend it.

Well, now I'm off to catch my flight out of here. Next on the agenda is Huaraz and the Cordillera Blanca. With any luck, we'll manage to climb Huascarón (22,200 feet). More in my next report...

## June 16

### From Machu Picchu to the Cordillera Blanca

Trekkers: Mike Anderson, John Alley, Victor Yagi, Ron Stephenson and Chris Gronau (scribe)

My last report left off with us at Machu Picchu. We had trekked for 4 days from Cruz Pata to Aguas Calientes (the town below Machu Picchu) before finally arriving at our destination. Our trip organizer (a man named Manuel) had not organized things very well. John Alley, in particular, had recurring fantasies about wringing Manuel's neck. But we did reach Aguas Calientes just as he'd promised. The last day of the trek was something of an adventure, however.

The last day of the trek took us to a train station. From there, we would take a train into Aguas Calientes. We had the option of hiking about 12 miles over a pass to reach the train station, or taking the bus. Victor, Mike, Eline and Jorg elected to do the hike. John, Ron and I had all been sick during the trek, so we elected to take the bus with the rest of our gear. Our mistake. We foolishly thought the bus (which was actually closer to a flatbed truck) would take us to the train station. Imagine our surprise when the driver told us to get out when we were in the middle of nowhere. It turned out the bus only took us part of the way to the train station. A few years ago, a major flood washed out a lot of the area. So, we had to walk the last 7 or 8 miles. Bear in mind that this is 7 or 8 miles along a dry, dusty road in the tropics in the heat of the day with no water and no shade. None of us had been expecting this, so we weren't prepared for it.

At least we were better off than our poor cooks. Since the horses couldn't take the bus, they had been sent back to Mollapata the day before. That left our two cooks to lug our couple hundred pounds of gear 7 or 8 miles down a dry, dusty road in the tropics in the heat of the day with no water and no shade. Needless to say, there was a mutiny about a mile or two into the walk. I didn't follow all the details of the mutiny (they were in Spanish), but our guide managed to handle it. But we did have two new porters (picked up from another group that happened to be in the area) after the mutiny....

Eventually we made it to the train station, only to learn that the train wouldn't arrive for another 4 hours. So, we sat in the shade watching avocados fall off the tree while we waited for the train. That's trekking in a third world country. Mike, Victor, Jorg and Eline showed up shortly after we did, and we waited for the train together. At least one of the vendors at the train station sold pop and beer out of a refrigerator. Nice and cold. I think we went through most of his stock....

When the train finally showed up, it only had one car (besides the locomotive). There were a lot of people waiting to get on the train, and it turned into a real madhouse as everyone piled in with their luggage. There were so many people on the train, that I'm surprised the people crushed together standing in the aisle could breathe. At least they were fairly safe. They

were packed together so tightly that none of them could have fallen over....

Our group managed to score the last seats in the back of the train, but that didn't last long. A rather obnoxious group of Israelis halfway down the train insisted we were in their assigned seats. They were probably right, in that the ticket did have something that might have been an assigned seat number, but it was in Spanish and none of us could read it. It didn't make any real difference, because they couldn't get down the train car to where we were and we couldn't get up the car to our assigned seats either.

Eventually, the train stopped and the Israelis solved the problem by climbing up onto the backs of the seats and walking across the seat backs (and people's heads) to get to the back of the train so they could insist we get out of their seats. We were only too happy to oblige because the train had stopped to add another car. We just slipped out the back and had an entire car pretty much to ourselves....

Eventually, we arrived in Aguas Calientes. Part of the package tour Manuel had sold us included hotel accommodations at Aguas Calientes. I don't remember the name of the hotel, but it was pretty much the worst hotel I've ever had the misfortune of being in. We promptly renamed it the Hotel Rata (or Hotel Rat, for those confused by pidgin Spanish).

The hotel was bad enough that Mike and Ron promptly left and booked their own rooms at a different hotel, even though the Hotel Rata had already been paid for. John, Victor and myself were cheap enough that we stayed at the Hotel Rata anyway.

Our guide (who was associated with the people who owned Hotel Rata) steered us towards a restaurant in town owned by the same family. Now, after the debacle with the hotel, you'd expect the restaurant to be pretty bad too. It wasn't. In fact, it was pretty good. Go figure.

By this time, I was running pretty low on cash. I had gone with the theory that I would just use an ATM card to withdraw money whenever I needed to, so I wouldn't have to carry around large amounts of cash. This strategy has worked pretty well everywhere except Aguas Calientes. Aguas Calientes is a tourist trap of a town, somewhat similar to Leavenworth, WA. Every shop there is designed to extract dollars (or Peruvian Soles) from the tourists. So I expected there to be at least one ATM machine somewhere in town. There isn't. Not one. Anywhere. Go figure. I managed to borrow some money from some of my compadres, and we went from there.

The next morning, we got up way too early to climb up to Machu Picchu. Machu Picchu is located about 2000 feet up the hillside from Aguas Calientes. There are two ways to get from Aguas Calientes to Machu Picchu. One involves climbing a \*long\* flight of stairs. The other involves taking a bus. We opted for the stairs because we were told that the first bus wouldn't go up until 9:30. Taking the stairs would get us to Machu Picchu by 6:00, giving us the ruins all to ourselves for a few hours. Lies. We got to Machu Picchu just as the first few busses were pulling up. At least there were relatively few tourists at this early hour, so we managed to get the place pretty much to ourselves anyway.

One of the few things Manuel did right when organizing our tour was getting us a good tour guide for Machu Picchu. Our tour guide spoke excellent English, and gave us a very interesting tour of the place that lasted a couple of hours. After giving us a tour, he let us loose to explore on our own. He spent a few moments himself praying and giving respects to the place before heading down, which I thought was interesting. Mike headed back to town immediately (he wasn't feeling well), but the rest of us stayed there and explored the area for the rest of the day. Very interesting.

After that, it was a train and bus ride back to Cusco to collect our gear at the hotel and catch our flight back to Lima. We got all our stuff to the airport, checked our luggage, and waited for our flight. And waited. And waited. Eventually, we were told our flight was cancelled due to high winds. However, this flight was on an airline called Aero-Continente, which has something of a reputation for canceling flights if they don't sell enough tickets. Welcome to the Third World.

Back to Cusco, a mad dash to find a hotel, get a late dinner, get up way too early (4:00 a.m., which is way too early to be getting up on vacation....) to catch the replacement flight, fly into Lima, and go to our hotel. By this time we were pretty ragged, so we took an extra rest day in Lima. This pretty much killed our plans to climb Huascarón (not enough days left in Peru for Mike, Ron, Victor and John), but Ron and I did spend a fascinating afternoon at the National Museum of Peru. One exhibit that blew me away was a 2000 year old burial cloth. Despite the fact it was 2000 years old, it was in \*perfect\* condition and the colors were still bright and vibrant. Amazing.

From there, it was an 8-hour bus ride to Huaraz. And we're talking a fancy bus. Seats that would rival the best first class seats in any airline, meals served during the ride, and movies as well. All for the whopping price of \$10 American. Of course, the movies were pirated by someone who'd taken a camcorder into a theater and recorded the movie (you could see the heads of people

walking past the screen), but this is the Third World. You can't have everything.

Huaraz is much nicer than Cusco. Not nearly as many pushy people trying to sell you everything you don't want. Much quieter, though quiet is always a relative term in Peru. One thing you quickly realize in Peru is that taxi drivers honk their horn a couple of times whenever they come across a pedestrian walking along the sidewalk. It seems to be a kind of notification that there's a taxi available if you don't want to walk. The only problem is at least half of the cars in Peru are taxis, and there are lots of pedestrians as well. So car horns are pretty much a constant throughout any city in Peru...

Micah gave us a recommendation for a guide in Huaraz. The guide's name is Luis, and he works out of a place called Montana de Cristal. I can heartily back Micah's recommendation for anyone who wants to come down here and do some adventure sports. Luis refuses to call himself a guide (he calls himself a cook), but he can organize a trip anywhere in the Cordillera Blanca (or Cordillera Huayahuash), knows the mountains better than most guides, and can do it all for far less than any guide is going to charge. For example, most guide companies in the states would charge about \$2-3000 per person for a guided trek through the Cordillera Blanca. Luis is taking us on the same trek tomorrow for a whopping \$240 for all of us, including all meals. Again, if you're planning to do something like this, I'd highly recommend him.

Anyway, when we got to Huaraz we went on our first climb. It was a 4-day climb. The plan was for Luis to take us up to a base camp on the first day. On the second day, we would climb a mountain called Urus (which is a little over 17,000 feet tall) and return to base camp. On the third day, we'd climb a mountain called Ishinca (a little over 17,500 feet tall). On the fourth day, we'd hike out. That was the plan.

Things went well the first day, and we were really glad we'd gotten a decent guide this time (as opposed to the fiasco we had with Manuel trekking to Machu Picchu). The second day, Ron decided he didn't want to climb Urus. He didn't have enough energy left to make it a fun climb, so he stayed in camp. John, Mike, Victor and I made the attempt. I made it up to about 15000 feet and started to have problems with my balance. Inner ear infection. I could probably have made it to the summit, but didn't really want to take the chance. John, Mike and Victor offered to take me back down, but I felt I could make it on my own. So I went back down to base camp by myself. I made it down without incident, but I did fall a couple of times. Both times, I was standing still, looking down the mountain, picking out a route, when I

suddenly fell over on my butt. No balance left. So, I'm glad I went down when I did.

John, Mike and Victor continued on and summited, but they reported it was an ugly climb. Lots of loose rock, loose mud, rime ice, scree, etc. Basically, everything you don't want in a climb. The only thing lacking was water...

To top it off, John left his jacket up on the mountain. With his camera in the jacket pocket. So, he had to go back up and retrieve his stuff. That took him an extra 3-4 hours. At least he was lucky enough to find his stuff. Needless to say, he was pretty tired by the time he got back to base camp.

The next day, everyone pretty much decided to forego the attempt on Ishinca. No one had the energy left. Instead, we lounged around all day, then hiked up to a lake on the glacial moraine below Toclaraju. The lake was fairly impressive. A little bit of history: around 1970, there was a major earthquake in the Huaraz region. The earthquake caused a massive landslide that slid into a lake. The lake was separated from the valley below by moraine that acted as a natural dam. The shock from the landslide landing in the lake caused the moraine to burst, spilling the entire contents of the lake into the valley below. 70,000 people died and an entire town was buried in the mud created by the wall of water coming down that valley....

I'm not sure if the lake we hiked to was the same lake, but it was very obvious that the glacial moraine holding back the lake had broken recently and that the level of the lake was much lower than it had been. It's possible the lake we saw was involved in the 1970 disaster, but it's also possible the changes we saw were made after 1970 and intended to prevent a something similar from happening in the future.

We hiked out on the fourth day. Everyone was talking about how this was how a guided trek should go. Even though no one made both of the intended peaks, everyone enjoyed the relaxed pace, there were no hassles, and everyone had fun.

By now, we were heading into Ron's last days in Peru. Ron didn't have as much vacation as we did, so he'd planned to return to Seattle before the rest of us. But we still had time for one more day excursion. Ron, John and I found out about a bus ride to a set of ruins in a place called Chavin, and decided to go there. Mike decided to stay in town an nurse a sore throat. Victor opted for a 30 mile (each way) mountain bike ride. The animal.

The bus ride into Chavin was interesting. About half of the bus ride was along a road that was still under construction. Not only was it still under construction, but the roadway was still being carved out of the cliff side. I was amazed the construction equipment could make it across these roadbeds, let alone tour busses...

The Chavin ruins were very interesting. They were built around 2000 years ago by the first major civilization in Peru. A lot of the ruins were dressed stone passages winding their way underground through the temple complex. It was kind of spooky, thinking of how these passages would have looked 2000 years ago, lit only by torchlight...

The only real problem was that the tour guide only spoke Spanish. This was somewhat understandable, as Ron, John and I were the only non-Spanish speakers there. We did luck out a little, in that there was a girl there with her parents. She had taken a year of English in college. She translated for us while taking the tour herself. All in all, a worthwhile outing.

That brings us up to today. Ron has left to head back home. Victor has decided to leave us to spend a few days exploring the Amazon Jungle. Mike, John and I are leaving on another 4-day trek through the Cordillera Blanca tomorrow. We'll be doing a trek called the Santa Cruz trek. It's supposed to be the classic trek in the Cordillera Blanca.

# ALPINE ECHO



## ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

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OR: prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com

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COMMENTS IN THIS PUBLICATION  
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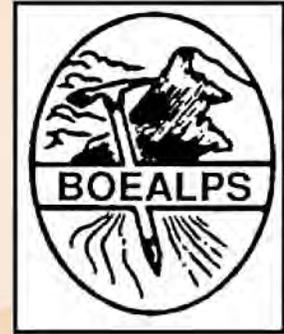
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*If you have any submissions—anything  
vaguely mountaineering or outdoors*

# ALPINE ECHO

AUGUST 2004



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Annual Boealps Summer Picnic at the Marymoor climbing structure! This will be a potluck event and everyone should bring something to share. John will bring the usual snacks, drinks, plates, cups, forks, knives, and spoons. Club members should bring their bouldering gear, and if they want, ropes and climbing gear to set up a few top ropes.

See the flyer on page 6 for more details

## AUGUST MONTHLY MEETING

THURSDAY,  
AUGUST 5TH  
5PM TO DARK

AT MARYMOOR PARK  
CLIMBING STRUCTURE

# BELAY STANCE

Hi Boealpers!

Hope your summer is going great! Coming up in August, as the ICC completes the final outings, some climbs are being offered to entice you into the mountains. This issue is a really big file, so it would be good to download it from a location with high speed internet access.

**Marymoor Picnic - Details on the August General Meeting**

**Hikes/Climb List - Climbs are being offered through September. Sign up today.**

**Photo Contest Winners - The turn out for the photo contest was small, but those that showed had some great photos, so you are in for a treat.**

**Great job on the trip reports! If you missed the deadline, I'm sure Sarah would love to get your write-up to put in the next issue. Just send it to [editor@boealps.org](mailto:editor@boealps.org) whenever you are ready, and we will get it in the next issue.**

*Wet Dream* by Rick Wire

*What to do with a One Day Kitchen Pass* by Steve Edgar

*North Pickets Traverse* by Prash Bhat

*Fuji-san is Ichiban* by Jonathan Paul

*Mt Daniels/Cathedral* by Bernie Knoll (photos by Terry Hill and Chris Ajemian)

*Mt Rainier* by Morten Hensen (photo essay)

*Ruth Mountain* by Morten Hensen (photo essay)

**There is a class for High Altitude Medicine/Climbing Course in Pico de Orizaba, Mexico being offered by Brook Alongi's Ogawa Mountain Adventures. Sound fun? Check out the details in the flyer following the trip reports.**

**Dave Stevens from Boealps "Hot Pink" team of 1990 has completed the 100 Highest Peaks in Washington. He finished it off with Buck Mountain. Congratulations! I have finished off this issue with a reprinting of Jerry's listing the 100 Highest organized by location.**

**Happy Climbing!**

**Your Editor,**

**Vicky**



# August

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
<b>1</b> ICC Ice	<b>2</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b> Marymoor Picnic	<b>6</b> Mt Olympus	<b>7</b> Mt Olympus
<b>8</b> Mt Olympus	<b>9</b> ICC Lecture	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b> ICC Alpine 4 Black Peak
<b>15</b> ICC Alpine 4 Black Peak	<b>16</b> New Moon	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>22</b>	<b>23</b> ICC Lecture	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>26</b> Echo Deadline	<b>27</b> Snowfield Peak +	<b>28</b> ICC Grad Snowfield Peak +
<b>29</b> ICC Grad Snowfield Peak +	<b>30</b> Snowfield Peak + Full Moon	<b>31</b>				

**2004**



# September

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
			1	2 Elections @ Blue Star	3 Mt Rimmel	4 Mt Rimmel
5 Mt Rimmel	6 Mt Rimmel Labor Day	7	8	9	10	11
12	13 ICC Wrapup	14 New Moon	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24 Echo Deadline	25 Fall Campout
26 Fall Campout	27	28 Full Moon	29	30		

**2004**

# hikes ● scrambles ● ski trips ● climbs ● other

PD: Physical Difficulty SR: Skills Required GR: Gear Required

## Mt Olympus

August 6-8

Get out in the Olympics, hike through a rainforest and climb Mt Olympus. What better way to spend a weekend?

Mountain: **Mt Olympus**  
Route:  
Max: **12 people**

PD: **Long Approach**  
SR: **BCC**  
GR: **Glacier Gear**

Contact: **Joel - Big Guy, Tan Shirt** 425-503-3315 [russjt@myuw.net](mailto:russjt@myuw.net)

## Black Peak

August 14-15

Hike in to Wing Lake on Saturday and climb to the summit on Sunday.

Mountain: **Black Peak**  
Route: **South Scramble**  
Max: **12 people**

PD: **Easy**  
SR: **BCC**  
GR: **Helmet & maybe Ice Axe**

Contact: **Lisa Manhart** 206-731-3646 [lmanhart@u.washington.edu](mailto:lmanhart@u.washington.edu)

## Snowfield Peak +

August 27-29 or 28-30

Three days in the spectacular North Cascades. Up a steep climbers trail to glaciers and 3-4 class rock. Pyramid Pk, Pinnacle Pk and Paul Bunyan's Stump added on as time allows.

Mountain: **Snowfield Peak**  
& possibly other destinations  
Route: **Neve Glacier**  
Max: **12 people**

PD: **Mostly Mental**  
SR: **BCC**  
GR: **Glacier Gear**

Contact: **Terry "Spidey" Hill** (206)-310-7207 [terence.a.hill@boeing.com](mailto:terence.a.hill@boeing.com)

## Mt Rimmel

September 3-6

A fun, relaxing climb/hike. One of the 100 highest peaks in WA. Friday: 6-8 mile hike, Saturday: 8-10 miles, Sunday: 1000' to summit and 6-8 mile hike, Monday: 5-7 mile hike.

Mountain: **Mt Rimmel**  
Route: **Standard**  
Max: **12 people**

PD: **13 mile approach, trail head to summit**  
SR: **BCC**  
GR: **Fishing Gear and a Good Attitude**

Contact: **Laurie Varner** 253-639-2461 [laurievarner@hotmail.com](mailto:laurievarner@hotmail.com)

# BOEALPS PICNIC AT MARYMOOR PARK

## August 5<sup>th</sup>, After work 'til dark

### What to bring:

- chalk bag and rock shoes  
(but even that's not necessary as tennis shoes work fine)
- something to share at the picnic
- We will set up some top ropes on the structure. If a few club members could bring ropes and gear to set them up that would be appreciated.  
Kids welcome!

### Directions:

From I-5 or I-405, take State Route 520 east to the West Lake Sammamish Parkway exit. At the bottom of the ramp, go right (southbound) on W. Lake Sammamish Parkway NE. The park entrance is the next left at the traffic light. Marymoor is also accessible by foot, bicycle or roller blades via the Burke-Gilman/Sammamish River Trail.

### Parking Fee:

There is a \$1.00 fee to park in the parking lot.

### About the Marymoor climbing structure:

Located next to the velodrome is the Marymoor Climbing Rock. Standing 45 feet high, the climbing rock is one of the tallest freestanding climbing structures in the United States. The climbing rock has built-in protection for lead rope climbing on routes ranging from a relatively easy 5.5 to a difficult 5.12.

### For more info on Marymoor Park:

<http://www.metrokc.gov/parks/rentals/pomjun99.htm>

## Mountain Scenes



1<sup>st</sup>: Hut in Val Verzasca, Mandy Thomas



2<sup>nd</sup>, Floating Baker, Mandy Thomas

## Mountain Scenes



3<sup>rd</sup>, Edge of the World, Haldis Baty

## Nature Scenes



1<sup>st</sup>, Starburst & Clouds, Mandy Thomas

Nature Scenes



2<sup>nd</sup>, Marmie, Mandy Thomas



3<sup>rd</sup>, Winter Wonderland, Jonathan Paul

## Climbing



2nd, Piz Palu Crevasse Field, Jonathan Paul



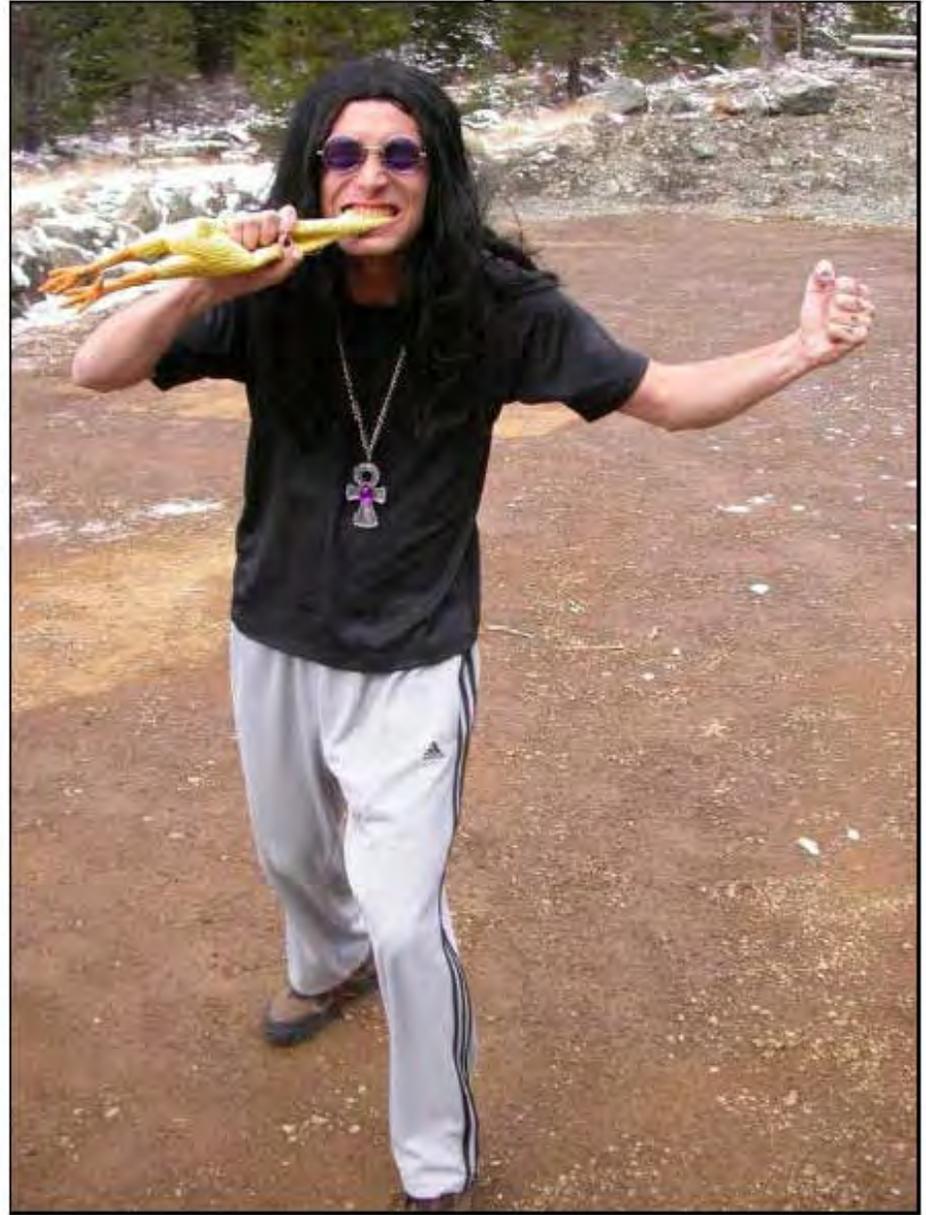
3rd, Solitary Sojourn, Tom Glasenapp

## Climbing



1st, N Face Couloir – Buckner, Jonathan Paul

## People



1<sup>st</sup>, Ozzy (Vlad Popa) on Pumpkin Peak, Jonathan Paul

## People



2nd, 1st Annual Pumpkin Peak Campout, Jonathan Paul



3rd, Shotgun, Tom Glasenapp

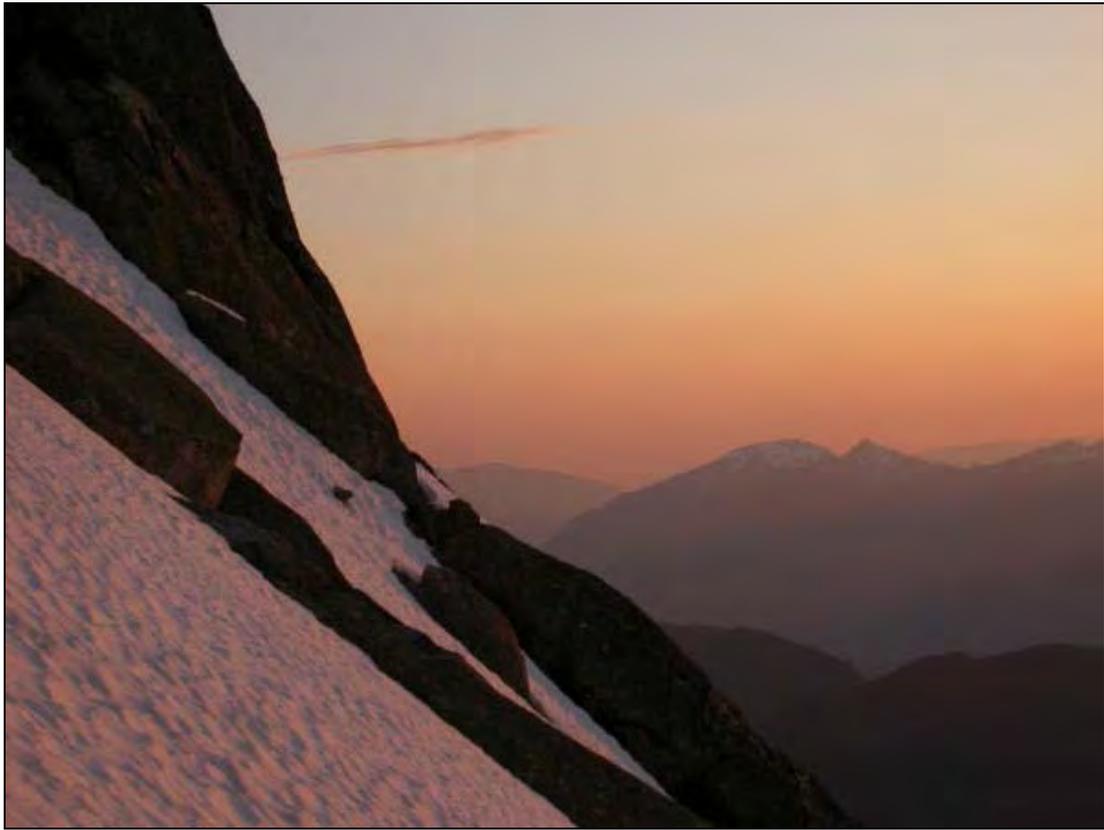
## Sunrise and Sunset



1st, Sunrise on Fuji-san, Jonathan Paul



2nd, Denali Rapture, Tom Glasenapp



3rd, N Cascades Sunset, Mandy Thomas



**Most Humorous:** 1<sup>st</sup>, Warning Do not Self-Apply SPF-50, Jonathan Paul

**Most Humorous**



2nd, Scream, Haldis Baty



3rd, On Denali no One Can Hear You Scream, Tom Glasenapp

**Wet Dream, By Rick Wire  
Alberta, Canada**

*This write-up is part of a large write-up I put together documenting the week of climbing we had in the Canadian Rockies this last winter. Writing it provided a good release and memories of my friends for me. I will submit sections from time to time and eventually an accident report.*

Climbers: Micah Lambeth, Mike Mixon, Kenny Downs and Rick Wire

Wet Dream is about 10 miles south of Saskatchewan Crossing, In the Banff/Jasper National Park. This was the Fifth consecutive day of climbing for Mike and Micah and the fourth for Kenny and me. After an approach of about 30 minutes we were at the base of the climb. The trail had already been broken the previous week by John and Russ, who were part of our group on another climb with our friend Jim. The weather was crystal clear and a little warmer than the previous days; I figured this was because the route was in the direct sun. The other routes we had climbed were in the shade most of the day.

After gearing up I lead up the right hand side of the first pitch, which is about 35 meters of WI 3. I climbed onto the route and up a 5 meter 60 degree ramp. Standing at the top of the ramp I placed a screw a few feet up a 10 meter step. I continued climbing up the 80 plus degree step. After another 3 meters I placed another screw to prevent me from bottoming out. The ice was in pretty good condition and accepted my tools with only minimal effort and ice fall. Near the top of the step I placed another screw to protect me as I crested onto the lower angled top of the step. While removing my tools I noticed one of the picks was coming loose. I had forgotten to check them before I started climbing. Once on top of the first step I stopped at a ledge and tightened my ice tool pick. In the mean time Micah started leading up the left hand side of the first pitch. I started up from the ledge to the crux of the pitch. This section contained a short 70-degree slope followed by about 10 meters of near vertical ice. The ice was perfect plastic and my tools were generally sticking on the first swing. I felt the best I had all week and was able to climb and place pro without sitting on my tools. Usually on steep ice I find it necessary to clip into a daisy chain on my tools to sit on, while placing ice screws, but after 3 days of climbing I was feeling strong enough to climb clean. Besides the Black Diamond turbo express screws were easy to place.



Micah Leading the First Pitch of Wet Dream



Mike Following the First Pitch of Wet Dream



Mike Leading the Second Pitch of Wet Dream



Micah Belaying Mike  
on the Second Pitch of Wet Dream

At the next ledge I stopped and set up an ice screw belay. Kenny started to follow and clean the screws I had placed. Micah was at the first ledge, he headed farther to the left and continued up to where I was. I watched him climb; for being a relatively new waterfall ice climber, Micah was smooth, climbing with little wasted effort. He placed his tools methodically, not using brute force. I was also admiring his mono point Gravels; I still climb with an old pair of Lowe Footfangs. I think this was his first WI 3 lead.

When he got to the ledge, he set up a separate belay. Shortly after Micah arrived Kenny arrived at the belay. We transferred gear and he headed up the second pitch. The second pitch was about 30 meters of WI 2. As Kenny climbed above us he was knocking off large chunks of ice. He was having trouble with the conditions of the ice. Most of it was heading towards Mike who was starting to follow Micah up his lead. I was thinking we should have only two climbers on the route at one time. It would have taken a lot longer for all of us to climb the route, but would have been safer. Kenny moved to the right, which kept us mostly out of the line of fire, but continued to knock stuff down. Once Kenny got off to the side, Mike started leading up. He was able to climb without knocking as much stuff down. Micah and I talked a bit while we were belaying. The weather was perfect, warm with no wind. We looked out over the valley towards Bow Summit. Soon Kenny was at the top of the climb. I waited until Mike finished his lead before I headed up. After climbing the second pitch, the reason for the ice falling became apparent. The second pitch is lower angle and had accumulated snow in spots. The snow later was covered with an inch of ice, which shattered when hit with an ice tool. After Kenny had knocked most of the stuff down, the rest of us could come up without as much debris.

After admiring the scenery, we set up a double rope rappel and all descended the route. We were back at our packs by early afternoon and decided to get out of there and hike the beautiful canyon approach to a climb called End of the Line.



Mike and Micah Packing with Bow Summit in the Background

As we descended we noted that the snow was not showing signs of the warm weather. The first slope we went down had an angle of about 40 degrees with sparse trees. Even with the slope angle it didn't seem like there was much avalanche danger. The snow was about 30 inches deep and even in the warmth of the day it was not forming snowballs as we went down, which is a typical sign of avalanche potential due to warming. We reached the car at about 2:00pm and headed for End of the Line.

*The memory of this climb brings up mixed emotions. We had a great climb with great conditions, but sometime while we were climbing this route our friends John, Jim, and Russ, who were on a climb called Midnight Rambler on Mt. Wilson were swept away by an avalanche. We discovered the accident after they didn't show up for dinner and we hiked in that night and found the avalanche debris and some of their gear at the bottom of their climb.*

## What To Do With A One-Day Kitchen Pass

Climbers: Dan Goering  
Steve Edgar (Scribe)

Priorities and responsibilities seem to change with the addition of kids into a climber's life. You know your leash/noose has gotten pretty tight when you get a one-day kitchen pass as a Christmas present from your wife.

Choosing a partner is easy. Someone with whom I have climbed for years and always seems to be thinking the same thing.

Now for the route. Finding a route that will be challenging and enjoyable for him and remotely doable for me took some effort. Although we were once close to the same skill level, over the last several years his skills have continued to improve, as he has done the peaks that are still on my to-do list and many more beyond that. Meanwhile, my couple of climbs per year and running Queen Anne hill with a dog and double jog stroller has only slowed the deterioration of my own skills. Finally inspiration struck. We both love the Pickets and I've been foiled on two previous attempts on West McMillian Spire. A one-day ascent will add just the right ingredient we need to make it sporting.

My suggestion of a 2:00am departure from his house resulted in a wry smile and an offer to pick me up on his way home from a party. In the end, he got almost 2 hours of sleep before I showed up. As for me, it was a nice fantasy to go to sleep at 8:00pm for a semi-full night's sleep. Anticipation of the climb, hot night temperatures and kids added a dose of reality to that plan.

A fast and non-eventful drive put us at the trailhead in 2 hours, a full hour ahead of schedule. Happy miscalculation . . . good omen . . . whatever it is, I'll take an extra hour of daylight on the other end. There was a single vehicle in the small pullout. We jokingly wondered if we would see them.

We were going light. Depending on solid weather, we carried minimal gear. I'll leave the details out in order to not encourage irresponsible behavior and to be spared the boy scout lecture about

always being prepared. I will say that we had enough. . .based on the forecast.

We found two tents in the standard camp at 9:00am and soon spotted three climbers on a rock above Terror Lake. Based on the time they spent there and the time of day, we surmised that they would be on the West Ridge of West McMillian Spire. Pressing on, we spotted them below us as we approached the top of the glacier.

The route description of 40 degree snow was more like 25 degrees or so, topped by a short, loose gully of course. We cashed glacier gear and headed up the ~3<sup>rd</sup> class rock to the top.

After a half hour of circus cookies and peak spotting, we decided we'd better return to our quest. When we met the party of three midway back down the rock, one climber was short-roped and looked beat. They talked about climbing the North Face of Terror on this trip. Hmm. . . maybe they are guides practicing working with a beginner climber and really are up for that route . . . Or conversely, maybe this is their fantasy . . . like the fantasy that I had of skipping up and down from W. McMillian Spire in a day. Either way, they are REALLY nice fantasies. Reality is, they're both a long #\$%@ing way.

Down we go. Down climbing, glissading, climbing back over the rubble to and above the camp, transition back to running shoes, traverse to the ridge, food's not going down as well anymore, down the ridge, out the road to the car. Aaaahhhhh. 8:00pm.

Onion rings at Good Food in Marblemount, long sleepy drive home. It's just too much to bear to think of carrying my pack in, emptying out the wet stuff so it will dry and taking a shower. . . So I lean back in my seat . . . 'just for a minute'. "Hey! What are you doing out there?!" is what I wake up to not long after. "If you're too tired to walk inside then you're too tired to drive . . . I can't believe you drove home like that . . ." Coming up with some feeble story about why I was awake enough to drive, I smile as I fall asleep in my bed.

## North Pickets Traverse July 11-17, 2004

*A week of alpine fun in the North Cascades*

Terry Hill, Micah Lambeth, Tom Johnson (from Whatcom Pass), Prash Bhat (scribe)

I have been interested in climbing Mount Challenger for some time, so earlier in the year I asked Terry if he would be interested. He said yes, and then mentioned that if we were going to go that far we might as well spend a few more days in there and try and climb Luna Peak and Mount Fury as well. So we decided to turn in into a week long adventure, starting at the Big Beaver trailhead on Ross Lake and ending at the Hannegan Pass trailhead. In the meantime we recruited Micah and Tom to come with us. As the date neared, Tom had to reluctantly stay in town for a few extra days to help out his folks who were returning from a trip from Europe. So the grand plan was that Terry, Micah, and I start at Ross Lake on Sunday, and by Wednesday night arrive at Perfect Pass where Tom would be waiting for us (after approaching from the Hannegan Pass side). This solved the car shuttle problem as well. Tom gave us a little Motorola radio to contact him once we were in range on Wednesday.

**Day 1:** Terry, Micah and I drive up Route 20 to the Ross Lake Resort Trailhead. After a quick hike down to the lake we take the ferry boat to the Big Beaver trail. The ferry ride was \$25 for the three of us and saved us about 6 miles of extra hiking. Shortly after starting up the trail we hear a rustling in the trees next to us, and a large black bear drops to the ground, takes one look at us, and runs off. Cool. This area is also all old growth forest, so there are plenty of big trees to look at and be amazed. That was about the extent of the excitement on Day 1, as the hike was pretty much flat for the ~10 miles to Luna Camp where we spent the night with plenty of mosquitoes and biting flies for company. It was uncomfortably hot in the zipped up bivy bag, but vastly better than being swarmed by insects.

**Day 2:** The Nelson guide says continue up the trail for about 1.5 miles until you get to the Access Creek/Big Beaver Creek junction, at which point you are supposed to leave the trail, ford/cross Big Beaver Creek, and bushwhack up the Access Creek gully. Not having an odometer, we estimated that about a half hour of hiking should get us to this point.

The creek is also some distance away from the trail and obscured by trees and brush, making it difficult to guess where the junction is. At one point about 15 minutes into it we hear water rushing. Could this be the creek junction? Nah...its way too early. Another 15 minutes and we begin a bushwhack down to the creek to explore. We end up in a swamp. But the swamp provides us a view and we see a gully to our left – that has to be it. We backtrack and sure enough – there's the creek junction – right where we heard the rushing water. There's a log jam right at this point as well – how convenient – and we cross the creek.

Let the bushwhack begin. The guide says stay to the right of Access Creek until about 3800 ft and then cross to the left and continue bushwhacking until 4300 ft where it opens up. We're at about 2300 ft. This shouldn't be so bad, should it? Wrong. The bushwhack starts easy enough, through light brush under big trees in the shade – this is nice because it was hot outside. But as we ascend, the devil's club begins to appear, along with the slide alder. Eventually it becomes so thick that our progress is slowed to sub-crawl speed. I couldn't see my feet. We get to 3800 ft after what seems like days, and cross Access Creek. The guidebook suggests this, saying that the brush is thinner on this side of the creek. Wrong. Now, in addition to being in ultra-thick brush, there were no longer any trees, so we have the added pleasure of the sun beating down on us. Horrible. This sucks more than anything that has ever sucked before. Finally we break out into talus and boulders, where we take an extended break by the creek. By our calculations, it took us a mere **7 hours** to ascend ~1800 ft through the brush. Ridiculous.

We're at 4300 ft. Our plan is to camp at 7200 feet. Fabulous – only 2900 ft to go – at this point we're all pretty wasted after the effort of the previous 7 hours. We climb up the boulder and snow filled gully – thankfully its easy climbing- and top out on the ridge at 6100 ft. The plan was to get to Luna col on this day and climb Mt. Fury tomorrow. We make a decision to skip Mt. Fury the next day and climb Luna. We also decide to call it a day at the next place that looks adequate for a bivy. Micah finds an absolute choice spot a little later, on a big flat rock ledge that has expansive views of the southern Pickets on one side and a 1000 ft cliff on the other. As he puts it, it's a 'climbing magazine bivy'. We eat dinner and go to sleep. Tomorrow's plan is to continue the short distance to Luna col, climb Luna, and then figure out what to do. We have pretty much decided that a climb of Fury is unfortunately not going to happen this week due to our schedule to be at Perfect Pass on Wednesday.



**Day 3:** We wake up to a smoky haze (presumably from the Pasayten fire), pack up camp, and in a little less than an hour we're at Luna col. We drop our packs and scramble up Luna peak – 3<sup>rd</sup> class, slightly loose. Great views of the whole Picket range. Some clouds roll in and spit a little on us, but nothing too bad. We decide to descend quickly to avoid being caught on wet rocks if it rains. On the descent we hear voices, and we get back to Luna col to find two other climbers, a guy from Bend, and his friend from Fort Collins. Both expressed the same sentiment – “Fancy seeing you here.” It turns out they are doing the exact same trip in the opposite direction. We exchange route info. The backside of Challenger Peak looks impossibly steep from Luna col, but Mr. Fort Collins assures us it is no big deal. He says the trickier part is getting down to Luna Lake, and that we should go down there now as it will take some time. We wish each other good luck and continue on. These are the only two people we encountered in the 4 days that we were off trail during the trip. As described, the Pickets truly are a wild and remote range.



The descent to Luna Lake seems straight forward until we run into a cliff. We continue along the cliff until we find a steep, dirty, loose gully which descends to the lake. This will work. After sliding down the dirt on my butt for about 20 ft, I get to some rocks. Down we go, arriving at Luna Lake in the early afternoon just as the clouds clear up and the sun comes up. Luna Lake is a great place, sitting in the Luna cirque at about 4900 ft underneath Luna, Fury and Challenger. From here you can look at all the rugged peaks and broken glaciers and seracs that line the cirque. We spend a leisurely day in the sun at La Playa de Luna, dipping our feet in the ice cold lake (still had snow in it) and napping in the sun. A fabulous dinner of cous cous burritos finishes our day. Knowing tomorrow is going to be a long day (we have to descend almost 1000ft from Luna Lake, and then climb 3000 ft to the Challenger glacier, and then cross the 1.5 mile glacier to Perfect Pass at 6000 ft) we go to bed with the intent of waking early.

**Day 4:** We wake early, pack up camp and start the descent from Luna Lake. The scree gets steeper and steeper, and we get to a gully. The gully looks good, until Terry points out that it sits directly under a gigantic serac on Mt. Fury. So that's where the gully came from. We continue down the scree into.....*slide alder*....hooray! We descend though the slide alder until it gets even steeper. At this point

we exit the slide alder on the left side onto the edge of the scree gully. We descend the edge of the gully until we hit the snowfield/glacier at the base. We cross the snowfield and more talus/scree until we get to the slopes on the backside of Challenger. Hmm...above us is another big serac. Up more talus and then a quick traverse to get out from under the serac. More talus/scree/heather leads us to a snow slope where we encounter the alpine tarantula, a large hairy spider which seemed quite out of place.

We get to the Challenger glacier. Here we rope up and head towards Perfect Pass, where we are supposed to meet Tom. At this point we are maybe an hour from the summit, but per the plan we will come back tomorrow as a group of 4. Terry asks for a belay at one point for a heavily crevassed area. I say 'OK' and before I know it he's moving. I make a feeble attempt at some type of boot axe belay which would hold absolutely nothing – it doesn't matter as Terry is beyond the danger already. Micah asks later – "What kind of belay was that?" My response – "It wasn't." Micah is not able to contact Tom on the radio. Hmmmm..... An hour or two later we arrive below Perfect Pass.

Above us is a short section of rock and then a steep (~70 degrees) snow wall. Micah leads out (here I actually take the time to wedge myself in a slot between two rocks and do a hip belay) and reaches the top in fine style, puts in a picket for an anchor and belays up Terry and me. This made for fun climbing in crampons at the end of a long, hot day. Still no sign of Tom. We set up camp and watch the thunderstorms pass over Mount Baker and Shuksan, complete with thunder and lightning. Luckily, none of this stuff comes our way. Where the heck is Tom?!?! Looks like he's not going to make it. It sure would have been nice to climb Challenger earlier today on the way over. Oh well. I guess we'll head back across the glacier again tomorrow.



**Day 5:** We wake up and rope up. Not wanting to descend the steep snow and rock down to the glacier we opt to do the high traverse around the top of the glacier, which turns out to be a much easier route. Having already traversed the glacier yesterday, we know the locations of the crevasses and make good time to the Challenger Arm. From here we head up the glacier to the rock outcropping which is the summit. The final 100 ft of the glacier ascends steeply up a ridge and ends in a 3<sup>rd</sup>/4<sup>th</sup> class exposed ridge which puts us at the final pitch, somewhere in the mid-5<sup>th</sup> class range. There are 4 really old pins wedged in the crack for protection. We had a small rack which turned out to be overkill, but were glad to have some nuts and tricams to supplement the lowest piton for an anchor. (This piton is cracked halfway through.)

Micah leads the short and fun pitch which puts us at the summit. It's a great place to be, with beautiful weather and spectacular views of the Pickets and surrounding areas. The summit of Mt. Challenger provides a great place to appreciate that the North Cascades are still a wild and remote place. A quick check of the summit register finds the name of fellow Boealper Bill Frans. We eat Terry's summit brownies – he hauled a whole tray of brownies for 5 days so we could eat them there – and descend back to our packs at the snow.



As a final check, Micah calls Tom on the radio – he answers!! Good – at least he’s not lost or hurt somewhere. Turns out he got delayed a day, so he’s a day behind schedule. He tells us he’ll wait at Whatcom Pass for us. We descend the glacier back to Perfect Pass and pack up camp. Fog and clouds are quickly approaching, making a quick exit from camp even more important.

We need to get up and over Whatcom Peak, described as ‘3<sup>rd</sup> class, very loose, and extremely exposed.’ Not a good place to be when its wet and there’s a whiteout. Terry finds a reserve of energy and kicks most of the steps up the snowfield in record time on the backside of Whatcom Peak. Once on top we are in the fog. A radio call to Tom helps us figure out which direction we need to descend. Looking at the steep, loose, exposed ridge, I think ‘You gotta be kidding me.’ It looks quite harrowing. A brief discussion/argument about possibly doing a traverse around the mountain (I vote for this – but Micah reminds me about the two guys we saw 2 days ago who said they did this and encountered bulletproof ice and treacherous terrain – they had suggested going over the peak, unless it was wet) – ends in us descending the ridge. A few more questions to Tom (I had the radio at this point) and we begin the descent. Tom obviously hears the concern in my voice when he says “It sounds pretty intense up there.”

The descent is indeed intense, with very, very loose rock and huge exposure. As Micah pointed out, the exposure is not as bad when its foggy because you can’t see the bottom – it just looks like you’re going to fall into infinity. It takes us about an hour to descend maybe 200 ft of the ridge until we get to the snow. Near the snow I try to kill Terry by kicking down some rocks on him, but he will have none of it, instead making a daredevil head first leap towards the snow while simultaneously pulling his ice axe out from behind his back and executing a brilliant self arrest – I think he learned this after watching *Cliffhanger*, or maybe it was *Vertical Limit*. I wish we could have filmed it to show Hollywood how its really done.

We’re at the snow - finally. The steep slope combined with the small runout means the crampons go on again and we end up downclimbing several hundred feet until the ridge eases. From here a quick jaunt across the snow and rock covered ridge puts us at Whatcom Pass where Tom is waiting. We go down to Whatcom Camp (maybe 10 minutes down the trail) where Tom has already set up camp. Being the nice guy that he is he cooks us all dinner.

**Day 6:** A largely uneventful ~10 mile hike (except for the cable car crossing across the creek/river – way cool) puts us at Copper Creek Campground. Absolutely *nobody* else is there so we figure we’re ok to camp, but a couple hours later when a ranger walks through he reminds us of the importance of being specific about your campsites on your permit. We had asked to stay at Graybeal camp on the permit, but since Graybeal camp was only about 5 miles from Whatcom Camp we kept going. In the end he doesn’t care since the camp isn’t busy, and sticks around to chat for a while about the Canadian grizzly bears that cross illegally into the USA just north of where we are.

**Day 7:** Up and over Hannegan Pass to the car. We celebrate by eating a bag of Doritos Terry has had since his birthday (in April). A quick diversion on the way out for a swim in the Nooksack River leaves us feeling clean and refreshed. Back over to Ross Lake where we pick up Terry’s car, play some Frisbee in the road (while waiting for the road crew to clear some rockfall on Route 20), sign out at the ranger station, eat at the Skagit River Brewery in Mount Vernon, and we’re home. Done. A great end to a spectacular week.

## Fuji-san is Ichiban -- by Jonathan Paul

This past June, Mandy Thomas and I took a two week trip to Japan to visit family and tour the country. One of the highlights of our trip was reaching the summit of Mt Fuji. At 12,388 ft (3,776m), it is Japan's tallest and most admired mountain – roughly 60 miles from Tokyo.

Mt Fuji is a very commercialized mountain. The months of July and August are the official climbing season, so we figured that by climbing in late June, we'd miss the hoards of people that put the DC Route on Rainier to shame and encounter relatively snow free conditions. Unfortunately, off-season climbing also means transportation to and from the mountain is very limited.

We woke up Friday morning in our "hotel" room at 7:45am and decided we didn't have enough time to catch the bus to from Tokyo to Kawaguchico (city north of Fuji). I say "hotel" because \$80 a night in Tokyo gets you a room roughly the size of two cubicles at Boeing. By 8:30am, after already making plans to go to Nagano that day, we had changed our minds about Fuji and rushed to pack and get ready – dashing off to the Minowa subway station at 8:45am.

A couple subway changes and many awkward moments standing shoulder to shoulder, with our packs and trekking poles, next to Japanese businessmen carrying briefcases and we were in Shinjuku, on the west side of Tokyo. We ended up catching our bus with about two minutes to spare, despite losing precious time due to an incident involving Mandy's purse spilling its contents on the busy Shinjuku sidewalk as we were running around trying to find the bus terminal.

We changed buses in Kawaguchico and arrived at the fifth station, 6,500 feet up on the north side of Mt Fuji, around 1pm. This particular fifth station is one of four starting points for climbers on Mt Fuji. It is also a tourist destination – where you can bring your folks to get a glimpse of this beloved mountain, buy Fuji-shaped candies, and send a post card to your grandmother back home. There are shops, restaurants, a post office, and supposedly a hotel.

During the course of lunch, the weather had turned to shite... pouring rain, strong winds, and low visibility. What information we could find on Fuji pointed out that most people start climbing at night in order to reach the summit by sunrise. We decided to inquire about a hotel room in order to rest until nightfall – maybe then the weather would be better. I went up to the man at the desk with a sign above that said "Hotel". I asked the hotel man about a room for the night, and he responded in a very firm voice "No Hotel." Further inquiries yielded the same response, "No Hotel." I then asked about information, pointing to the sign on his desk that said "Information" – "No information.... Post-a Office" he responded, pointing me to the Post Office desk. So I went to talk to the girl at the Post Office desk – maybe she was the information and hotel person for the day. However, she proved to be no better, "Ohhhh... information. Hotel." she said, pointing back at the hotel guy. You can picture the scene now... I went back and forth between the two about three times until the post office girl finally found a co-worker who spoke some English, who was quick to point out to us that there was no hotel here (I didn't want to argue at this point) and that we'd have to hike 20 minutes up the road to the Sato hut where we could rest for a few hours or the night.

The rain had stopped, but it was still very windy when we set off for the Sato Hut at 2:30pm. Ten minutes later, we reached an information board with the "Rules for Climbing Mt Fuji" and a fork in the trail. Having climbed in worse conditions before (ie. Devils Peak and Mt Baker to name a few), and not wanting to lose any elevation to get to the Sato Hut, we decided to see how far up the mountain we could get before dark. We were breaking only three of the seven rules, and besides, Mt Fuji is supposed to be a walk up – how hard could it be?





After about an hour, and just passing 8,000', it started to rain again. The climbing trail was really out in the open and we could see up as far as the clouds would let us. There are big steel and concrete walls, backfilled with lava rock, that switchback up the mountain. At first, Mandy and I made a lot of fun of these walls. What wimps! They need walls - ha ha ha. Not too long after, though, we were respecting the walls like everyone else. The only way we were going to make it up the mountain, with the high winds presently blowing rock and ash down the mountain, was to hike close to the wall.

By the time we reached the seventh step at 8,800 feet, our visibility was about 10 feet and the wind gusts were strong enough to knock us off our feet. Luckily, the trail is so well marked with signs, rails and chains that you can easily navigate without your map and compass in any conditions. Between 8,800 feet and the crater rim on the Fuji Subaru-Line, there are 14 huts, not all of which were open this time of year.

At around 9,500', we stopped outside the Toriiso hut to take shelter from the wind, when a Japanese man named Tak stuck his head out to say hello. He gave us some information on the mountain - how far to the top, which huts might be open, and which ones might speak English. He also offered us a hot meal and a bed for the night (for a fee of course). We thanked him, and continued to discuss our options... now noticing that everyone inside was staring at us - two fools, standing out in the blowing rain and cold. We opted to stay the night in the hut, and it turned out to be a great decision.

The hut seemed small, but they said in peak season it could hold 400 to 500 climbers. I'm sure that's shoulder to shoulder and not giving anyone any privacy. They had a small fire pit where we could sit and warm our feet while chatting with the others. There was an old man who was the owner of the hut, and he had about five or six young folk (in their late teens or 20s I'd say) helping him that summer.

The old man discovered our Uno cards (those who know us know we play Uno everywhere), which we had set out with the intention to play after eating dinner. "Oooooohh... UNO," he said, proceeding to show the others. They had a long conversation about Uno in Japanese. Tak, our gracious host, asked if he and his friends could play Uno until we were ready to join them. "Of course!" we said. It was such a great moment... watching a group of Japanese strangers play Uno. While stereotypes aren't cool, the sounds they made during said Uno game was like something out of a bad ninja movie. Mandy and I couldn't stop laughing, but we were really happy that they were having fun.



We had a really enjoyable evening playing Uno and conversing with everyone. The two other guests were from Osaka, one of whom was a German physicist who was making his second attempt on Fuji. It was interesting to talk to them and get their views on Japanese culture, German culture, and their thoughts on America. Tak has lived in Banff the last four years and prior to returning to Japan for the summer, made an attempt on Aconcagua and spent time climbing in Patagonia, so it was fun to share climbing stories with him. Before we went to bed, there was a quick reminder of how non-rustic this hut was when they

pulled out a huge propane furnace that blasted out heat to help guests warm up, and dry out their gear, before everyone went off to bed. That and the laptop computer they had hooked up... I guess that's pretty non-rustic too.



Sleeping through the night was tough. The winds were \*crazy\* and every time a gust came along it felt like the roof of the hut was going to rip off and fly away. I woke up at 4:30am and went outside to take a few pictures and evaluate the climbing scene. The sky was ominous - Lenticulars all around like I had never seen before! But unfortunately, no view of the summit :(

When we left the hut at 6:30am, we had not yet decided what we wanted to do. Go up, and face crappy weather and the all but certain prospect of new views from the summit, or start our way down and get back to Tokyo early. As we stepped out of the hut, we took two steps in the direction of up... and never looked back.

We were pros now at knowing when to brace ourselves for an oncoming wind gust and shield our faces from flying rock and ash. It took us about three hours from hut to summit, with all our stops for wind gusts and pictures. We worst we had ever crater rim – even Typhoon Dianmu Being the have to climb Fuji along the west side inside to get us out small shrine where water under a pile disturbed some anything (or leave now I wish I cache. Hell, it sure it'd save some poor soul stranded up there. We made our way over to tag the summit, then got the heck out of there. Total climbing time was 5.5 hours up and 3 hours down.



agreed that the winds were the experienced when we crested the stronger than the winds of Super we had witnessed in Okinawa. peakbaggers we are, not wanting to again, we forged on, finding a trail of the crater rim that dipped partially of the high winds. We stopped at a we found a small cache of bottled of stones. I'm not sure if we just ancient site or not... we didn't take anything) if you're curious. Though would've left my Whoop Ass in the restores faith in mankind, so I'm





Where else but on Mt Fuji can you find a vending machine at 11,000 feet?!  
And not just any vending machine... one that serves cold BEER!

Exhausted, our journey over, we got back on the bus to Tokyo. And as we were pulling away, we looked back up to see the summit clear of all cloud cover <sigh> That's mountaineering for ya! We wouldn't have traded our experience for anything though, and we will always have great stories from the time we climbed Fuji-san.

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## Mt Danial/Cathedral

By Bernie Knoll

Photos provided by Terry and Chris.

Climbers: Chris Ajemian, Jerry and Kathy Baillie, Eric Bultemeier, Jesse Crisostomo, Catherine Hawkins, Terry Hill, Bernie Knoll, Deborah Kuznitz, Lisa Manhart, and Charlie Soncrant

We met at the Eastgate (Bellevue) park-n-ride at 7:00 AM on June 26, 2004 to sort gear and arrange carpools to the trailhead. After 9:30, we arrived at the Cathedral Pass trailhead (Elev. 2000), prepared our packs, and ascended the dirt and rock covered trail to the ridgeline leading to Cathedral Rock. On the way to the pass (Elev. 4000), the ridge was filled with many lakes and meadows and offered repeated views of the magnificent looking Cathedral Rock. The trail around the north side of Cathedral was part scramble until the final short climb past a small, unnamed pond to Peggy's Pond (Elev. 4000) where we set up our four tents on snow overlooking the pond and Cathedral Rock (Elev. 6724). Mount Daniel (Elev. 7899) was behind us.

After setting camp and Jerrys' gentle urges to get going, we headed up Cathedral Rock, beginning on

the northwest side. The first third of the climb was steep snow separated by a rock and tree section that Kathy navigated us through. We soon stepped off snow and onto the loose soil and rock along the west ridge. A route description in "100 Hikes" provided a detailed enough description that we were able to find our way over rock and through gully to the "chockstone" and final set of ravines leading to the summit. The chockstone was a large boulder wedged between the narrow ravine sidewalls, creating a tall tunnel we had to climb through. Below the chockstone, several smaller boulders had created a dam across the ravine, resulting in a 10-foot high vertical face to climb over. Kathy belayed Terry as he climbed over the vertical dam, under the chockstone, and up to a point just below the summit where he set a

three-point anchor system for the top of the static line. We prusiked up the line one at a time, climbing the sides of the ravine, desperately trying not to step on the loose rock spanning the ravine floor.

We reached the summit one by one, took pictures, paid our respects and set up a rappel line with the second rope down a gully adjacent the upper half of the one we just prusiked up. Terry rappelled first and found the double rope rappel ended in a 10-foot down climb to the chockstone. He explained the down climb was not too bad and after the static line was removed, he used it to set up a second rappel under the chockstone and over the vertical rock dam. He removed a recently used black sling from around a large, oven-sized boulder lying across the ravine floor and wrapped a new sling around it for the top anchor of the second rappel.

Lisa was first and I followed. Stepping out onto the ledge of the first rappel, I noticed it was basically comprised of loose medium sized rocks wedged together. I mentioned my observation to a couple of people and then proceeded to rappel down. Near the bottom of the rope, at the beginning of the down climb, I heard rock fall above. One or two small rocks had caused several other small rocks to come tumbling down. The sound I heard was well above me so I afforded myself a glance up before reacting. I noticed the rock fall was sparse and small diameter so I tucked my chin down and moved my brake hand up above my rappel device so my body could fit into a convenient depression in the rock wall next to me. All of the rocks missed me. Whew! I down climbed from there to the second rappel point, hooked in and finished the decent. Lisa had moved to a flatter area beyond the end of the rappels so I followed after seeing Chris Rappelling down behind me.

I was lying on my back with my eyes closed, enjoying the warm sun when I heard the oh-so-familiar sound of rock fall. However, this was big! I jumped up focused on the noise in time to see the anchor rock plummet over the ledge at the bottom of the second rappel. The boulder bounced out from the ledge and into a freefall before continuing down the mountain. I remember looking at the anchor rock when I rappelled off of it, and it looked pretty big, but hearing and seeing it crash off the edge of the ledge... it looked huge!

I heard radio chatter of 'climber down' and saw Terry react instantly, running up the path leading to the ledge where Jesse was. I could not see the accident area but Chris had a radio and we heard Jesse was moving and intact. Apparently he was positioned with his legs 90 degrees to the top of the vertical rock dam when the anchor rock overturned enough for the sling to slip off and send him tumbling backward down the narrow ravine. The anchor rock and gathering landslide

came down after him. Jesse initially flipped onto his back, but quickly and subconsciously rolled towards the wall of the ravine where he said he thought he glanced a flatter spot. Somehow the anchor rock missed him. I saw that ravine before and after he fell into it. I cannot believe he didn't continue tumbling or at least slide down and off the cliff below the second rappel! Eventually, Lisa helped guide Jesse from Terry and the ledge down to where Chris and I were staged. Chris took charge and Lisa and I gladly provided support while he proceeded through to a very thorough step 5. Jesse was a good patient and even though he probably new he was O.K., went through the evaluation with class.

While attending to Jesse, we again heard substantial rock fall. Apparently, the loose ledge I had noticed at the top of the first rappel had given way under Deborah's feet. The resulting rock fall had cut the rappel rope in one spot. In hindsight, I should have spoken up about the location of the upper rappel station. I felt very strongly that someone would eventually step on this ledge and send it down.

Several of the team members recounted the events of the incident. Charlie Soncrant wrote, "I was positioned at the top of the second rappel on a very comfortable platform and was tasked with talking people through the down climb from the first rappel and moving over to the second rappel. Jesse made it down to the second rappel and began to go down. The second rappel was very short, but necessary because of a 12 ft vertical drop in an area full of loose rock and dirt. In going over the edge, one could use the sidewalls (of the chimney) to easily control the rappel. I was watching Jesse go over the edge when suddenly he dropped and to the side I could hear a big rock moving. I glanced to the side to see what was going on and was petrified to see a BIG rock (as big as a microwave oven?) quickly rolling down the ramp. Glancing back at Jesse, I saw him land on his back, and continue somersaulting backwards. Dust quickly obscured everything, but I could hear the rock crashing it's way down the mountain. All the time, I yelled "Rock! Rock!" in hopes that no one was in the way. After a few seconds, the dust cleared and I could see Jesse laying with his head towards the mountain, half on the narrow path and his legs downhill on a 45 degree scree slope. I yelled to him to stay there til we could get help. I didn't hear any acknowledgment from him so I had no idea how badly he might be hurt. I got on the radio telling Jerry up above and Chris down below what had happened (no one else could see any of what happened). As it turns out, the BIG rock was the anchor for the second rappel and it had completely pulled free. It must have tipped forward, allowing the sling to pop free and thus began

Jesse's fall. Terry was finally able to get to Jesse and check him out, secure him, and help him to a safe place. I continued to tell everyone what was going on since I couldn't get down to help since the rappel was gone. It was a big relief to see Jesse up and moving.

Now we had to figure out what to do. We wound up tying off the first rappel and did the entire length on a single strand even though this meant negotiating a 90 degree turn at the top of the former second rappel. This got complicated further when rock fall damaged the rope, cutting the sheath. The core looked fine so we continued to use the rope to get everyone down. Given the damage to the rope and the risk and difficulty of retrieving it, after a lot of discussion, we decided to leave it (of course it was nearly a new rope).

In retrospect, we had a lot of luck on our side . . . well, not when the anchor pulled out, but afterwards. We had packs on . . . that provided some padding for Jesse's impact with the ground. The BIG rock missed Jesse. And we were lucky the sling detached from the rock . . . if that hadn't happened, it could have pulled Jesse down the hill.

Preparation also paid off. MOFA was critical in controlling the situation and determining if Jesse could move on his own. Pads, the 10 Essentials, and all those other "precautions" (that sometimes seem unnecessary) were all critical in dealing with the situation."

Reflecting on the incident, Chris Ajemian wrote, "Having rappelled down the wrong route and having expended considerable energy in crossing unstable terrain to meet back up with the group, I was shocked and disoriented to hear the anchor stone come loose. We were very surprised to see Jesse walking under his own power toward us later after Terry had reached him. We focused on doing what we could in our position while the rest of the group continued with a modified rappel. With the help of Bernie Knoll and Lisa Manhart, I administered Jesse MOFA first aid, which consisted of a thorough search for injuries, bandaging his left hand and putting it in a glove for additional protection and several Band-Aids on his right. Jesse complained of substantial pain in his left elbow, but it did not appear to be broken, cut or crushed, so we gave him two Advil tablets and encouraged him to drink as much as possible. We still had about an hour to wait for the rest of the group to get off the summit, so after determining that Jesse was basically fine we tried to make him and ourselves comfortable until the rest of the group was ready to descend. Jesse was a very cooperative patient and, like most in his position, wanted to take part in his care. His resiliency and positive attitude made the job of the rest of the group much easier. We descended as a

group just as it became dark and reached camp around 9 pm."

We spent the evening making dinner, arranging sleeping details and discussing the events of the day. We all woke at various times, and after breakfast, again discussed the events of the previous day, taking a poll on who wanted to stay and climb Mount Daniel and who wanted to head out to the cars. After a good discussion with everyone contributing, Terry, Eric, Charlie and myself (Bernie) decided to stay and climb Mount Daniel while the rest of the group headed back to the trailhead. Jesse was OK hiking out, sore and bruised, happy and satisfied to be heading back to civilization with all body parts intact.

Afterwards, Jesse wrote, "After my incident, the team went out of their way to make it comfortable for me. I appreciate everything that was done. I would hike with any of you again." I believe the feeling is mutual for all of us.

Jerry Baillie added, "Trip went well, with a bit of luck. My primary memories were of this large group climbing up to the base of the chute on Cathedral Rock without kicking rocks on each other. The gully was a bit nasty, but thankfully short (one rope length). The first rappel went fine except for the rock fall and hence cut rope. The second rappel did not. We should have spent more time on the anchor. Remember what I always say about hurrying. We were very, very lucky. The lord was looking out for us. The descent went well with folks being careful on the descent and again no rocks or tumbles on some steep terrain. Back to camp for the last rays of sunlight. The Tiramisu was great. I will do this one again, but climb Daniel the next time. As for Kathy's right foot, it was pounding by the time met the Crest Trail and much worse when we did reach the cars. It was a good choice for her to forgo Mt. Daniel for another day."

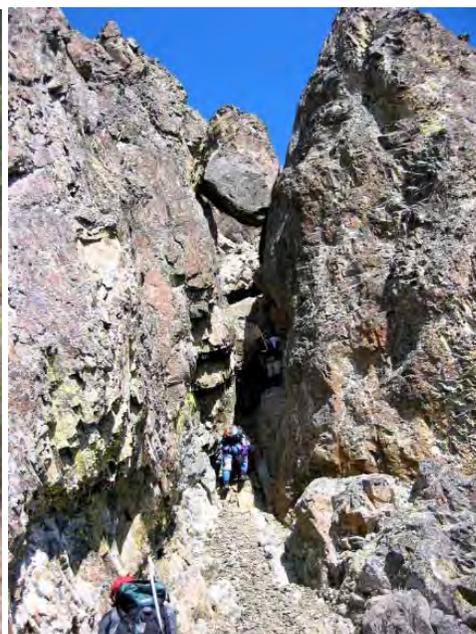
As for the four of us, we left camp at 11:00 AM and headed west for Mount Daniel. We climbed on snow up to the glacier basin leading to the summit. The glacier along the basin floor was snowed covered and had pulled down and away from the headwall, exposing mostly near-vertical rock with occasional narrow snow/ice chutes along the headwall (to the west) and along the north side of the basin. Finding the snow soft enough to gain solid footing, we decided to side hill the south side of the basin to gain access to the saddle below the east summit by 12:30 PM. The side slopes were more gradual along the south side of the basin with only occasional areas having cornices of snow overhanging them from the ridge above. Immediately before cresting the final steep snow slope to the saddle, a small group of Mountaineers peeked over the lip at Terry and I, somewhat surprising me.

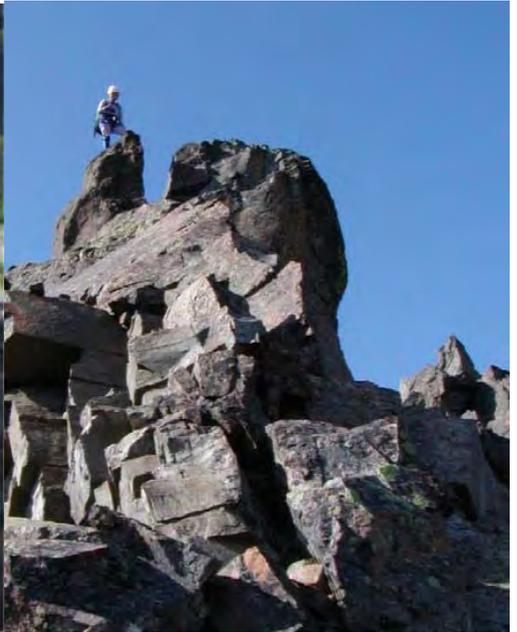
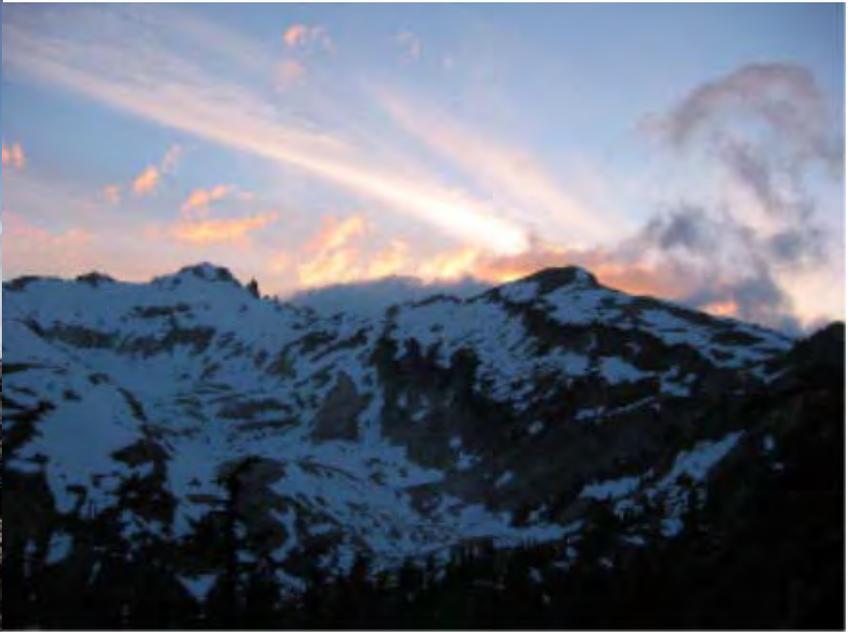
We talked briefly with the friendly group and then headed to the actual highest point on Mount Daniel, which I found out is the West Summit, west of the West Pyramid and past that other unnamed false summit... way over there! The hike was very cool. Part firm talus trail, mostly snow, over the unnamed false summit, past the West Pyramid to the West Summits, class 3, rock outcrop representing the highest point on Mount Daniel (Elev. 7899). We arrived at 1:30 PM, had lunch, and added a new page to the existing brass encased summit register.

We made it back to camp by 3:30, broke down the tent, stowed our gear and headed out. Each of us were allowed long stretches of solitude as our group

accordioned down the ridgeline and eventually the switchback down to the trailhead. We compressed our group occasionally to make sure we were all on the right trail, but mostly we were far enough apart that we couldn't hear each others footsteps. The semblance of isolation I felt was beautiful and oddly comforting. We spend most of our lives inundated in population, rarely finding moments of true comfortable peace. That feeling of isolation is the main reason I seek the freedom of the hills.

We reached the cars at 7:00 PM and quickly decided on hot food and beer at The Old #3 in Ronald, WA. What a blast!





# Ruth Mountain

July 3, 2004



The 3-4 mile trail that leads to the base of Ruth Mountain meanders through a steep valley covered in wild flowers and capped by glaciers.

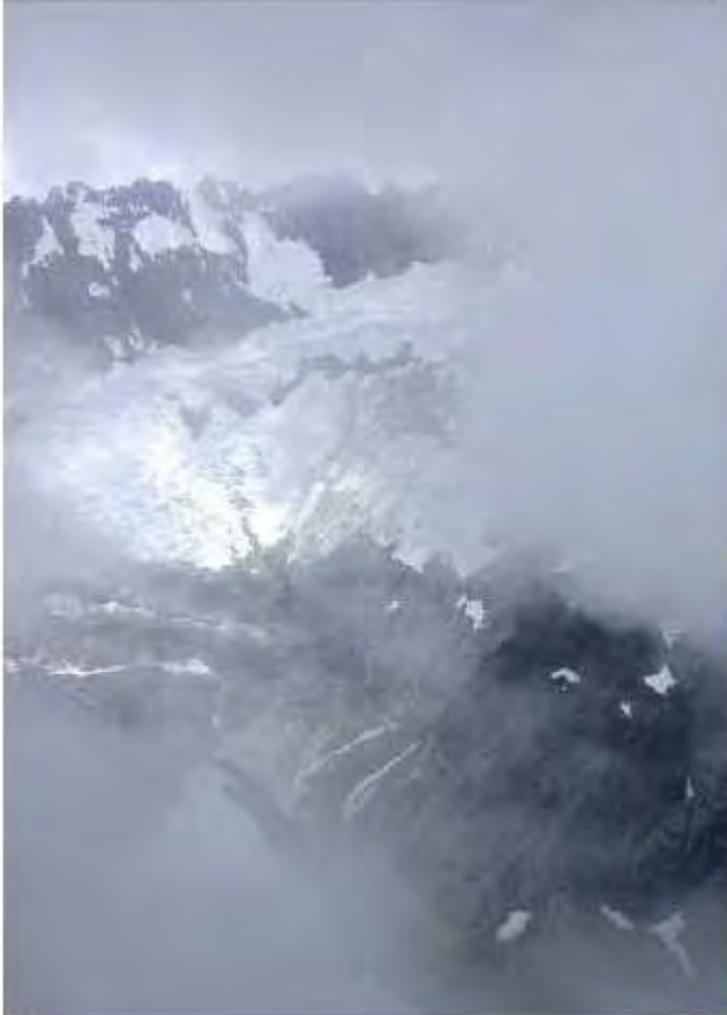


A steep ascent of a rocky and muddy climbers trail, leads to the snow covered base of Ruth Mountain.



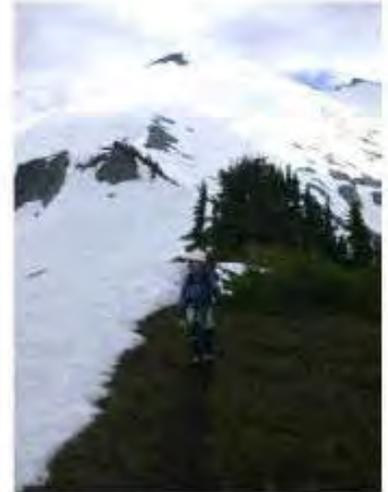


When we reached the summit, it was shrouded in clouds, only granting us brief views of the adjacent Nooksack Glacier (lower left), and the green valleys 4000 feet below.





The views are out of this world.



← A fellow BOEALPER leads across the glacier.



Nooksack Tower (Over 8200 feet).



Ruth Mountain (7114 feet).



# Mount Rainier

July 8-10, 2004



## Camp Muir

It took us 3 hours and 40 minutes to hike from Paradise to Camp Muir at 10,000 feet. The 2 mile hike across the Muir Snowfield will always be known as the endless march.



Muir Snowfield



Many of the climbers in our group were somewhat affected by altitude sickness at Camp Muir, so our plan to spend an extra day at Ingraham Flats to acclimatize and rest before the climb to the summit was well worth our time.



Cathedral Rocks



Camping at Camp Muir with Cathedral Rocks in the background



Camp Muir guide shack and refrigeration station



Toilets at Camp Muir



Camp Muir seen from the Cowitz Glacier



Camp Muir

Cowitz Glacier

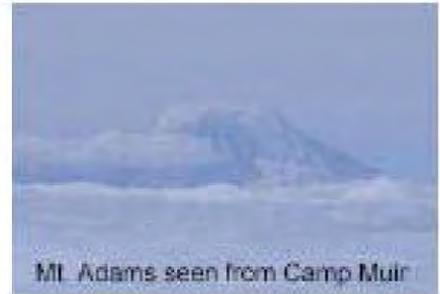
Beehive



Crevasses on the lower Ingraham Glacier



Little Tahoma (11,138 feet)



Mt. Adams seen from Camp Muir



Little Tahoma Mt. Rainier

Mt. Adams

Disappointment Cleaver



Ingraham Glacier

## Ingraham Flats

This is our base camp for our ascent of Mt. Rainier at 11,150 feet. Luckily, the cloud cover was mostly below our camp, so Mt. Rainier and Little Tahoma were the only mountains tall enough to poke through the cloud cover.



Little Tahoma



Base camp on Ingraham Flats

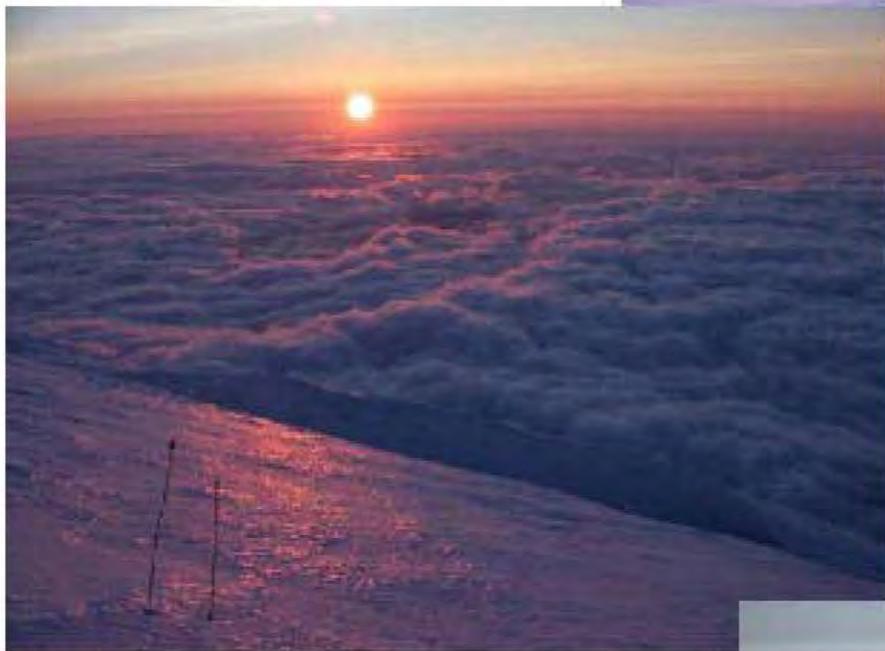


Camp at Ingraham Flats





We woke up at midnight and left base camp just after 1:15 AM. We climbed up the disappointment cleaver in the dark, and saw the sunrise from just below the summit.



# The Summit of Mt Rainier

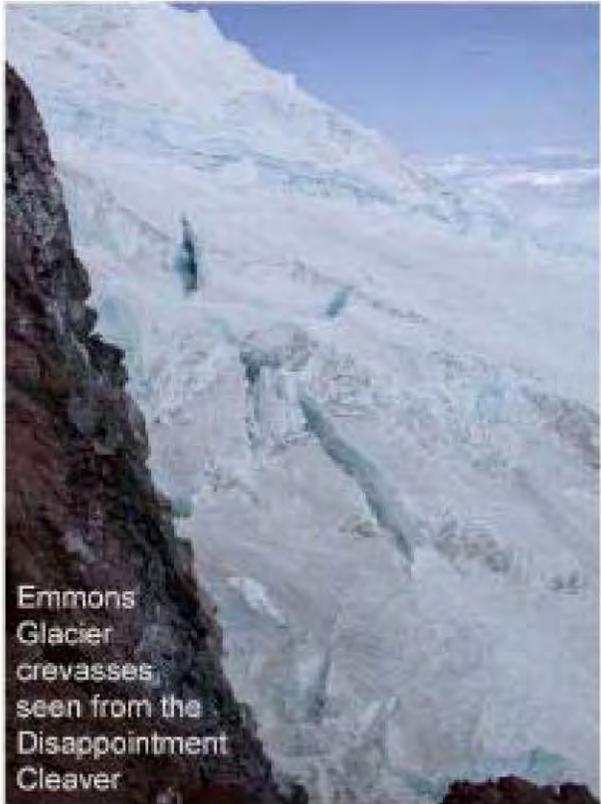


The summit crater



The crater rim (above) as seen from the summit of Mt Rainier at 14,410 feet. This view made all the treacherous crevasse crossings (upper right) on the way to the summit worth the risk.





# High Altitude Medicine/Climbing Course

Location: Pico de Orizaba, Mexico (snow)

Learn how to avoid and treat: Acute Mountain Sickness, HAPE, and HACE!

Join us in sunny Mexico and climb Pico de Orizaba during our unique high altitude climbing course. Learn important expedition skills and high altitude medicine in the environment they're actually used in. Our 9 day course combines formal classroom instruction with a climb of the third highest mountain in North America!

Course topics include:

- Expedition style climbing strategies
- High altitude medicine
- Extended critical patient care
- Nutrition



Tuition: \$2150 USD (\$750 deposit due at time of application)

Cost includes:

- Meals (Dinner in Mexico City is not included)
- Lodging and tents
- Course materials
- Ground transportation
- Group climbing/cooking gear

Cost does not include:

- International airfare
- Medical/Rescue insurance
- Personal Climbing equipment
- Expenses of personal nature

Dates: Dec 12-20

Head instructor: Brook Alongi NREMT/WEMT

## Itinerary:

Day 1: Arrive Mexico City

Day 2: Drive to Tlachichuca (8630ft). First high altitude medicine class

Day 3: Morning class session. Afternoon off to rest/prepare gear. Then move to 1st camp (11,300ft).

Day 4: Move to Piedra Grande (13,950ft) rest and re-hydrate

Day 5-7: This is when we focus on the "climb high, sleep low" mentality. We'll cache equipment, establish a high camp at the base of the Jamapa Glacier, move to high camp, then attempt the summit (one reserve day)

Day 8-9: Final class. Return to Mexico City and fly home!



For information contact us at:  
Internet: [www.ogawa-mtnadv.com](http://www.ogawa-mtnadv.com)  
E-mail: [info@ogawa-mtnadv.com](mailto:info@ogawa-mtnadv.com)  
Phone: 425-299-7168



# 100 Highest Peak "Groupings" by Jerry Baillie

## Volcanos (7)

1	RAINIER	14,410
2	ADAMS	12,276
3	LITTLE TAHOMA	11,138
4	BAKER	10,775
5	GLACIER	10,541
10	SHUKSAN*	9127
86	MT ST HELENS	8365

## Stuart Range (10)

7	STUART	9415
26	DRAGONTAIL	8840
32	COLCHUCK	8705
38	CANNON	8638
41	SHERPA	8605
52	ENCHANTMENT	8520
57	CASHMERE	8501
66	ARGONAUT	8453
70	LITTLE ANNAPURNA	844
87	McCLELLAN	836

## Ptarmigan Traverse (3)

21	DOME	8920
71	SINISTER	8440
95	FORMIDABLE	8325

## Chelan Crest (9)

53	REYNOLDS	8512
29	OVAL	8795
33	STAR	8690
80	BUTTERMILK	8392
48	LIBBY	8580
63	HOODOO	8464
68	BIGELOW	8444
82	MARTIN	8375
97	COONEY	8321

## Chelan Mountains (4)

44	CARDINAL	8595
72	EMERALD	8422
75	SASKA	8404
76	PINNACLE	840

## Eldorado (11)

25	ELDORADO	8868
58	KLAWATTI	8485
55	PRIMUS	8508
91	AUSTERA	8334
69	DORADO NEEDLE	8440
27	FORBIDDEN	8815
11	BUCKNER	9112
59	HORSESHOE	8480
23	BOSTON	8894
36	SAHALE	8680
90	SNOWFIELD	8347

## Washington Pass (10)

15	JACK	9066
19	N.GARDNER	8956
22	GARDNER	8897
24	SILVER STAR	8876
31	ROBINSON	8726
67	TOWER	8444
77	AZURITE	8400
84	GOLDEN HORN	8366
94	BIG SNAGTOOTH	8330
96	ABERNATHY	8321

## Chiwawa River (10)

14	7 FING. JACK	9077
13	MAUDE	9082
81	S SPEC BUTTE,	8392
73	DUMBELL	8421
74	GREENWOOD	8415
37	FORTRESS	8674
50	BUCK	8573
65	CHIWAHA	8459
49	CLARK	8576
78	LUAHNA	8400

## Holden (5)

6	BONANZA	9511
54	MARTIN	8511
8	FERNOW	9249
18	COPPER	8966
100	FLORA	8320

## Ragged Ridge (5)

17	BLACK	8970
28	MESAHCHIE	8795
35	KATSUK	8680
43	TAH	8600
93	COSHO	8332

## Shellrock Pass (8)

30	LAGO	8745
40	PTARMIGAN	8614
45	CARRU	8595
46	MONUMENT	8592
47	OSCEOLA	8587
64	LOST	8464
79	BLACKCAP	8397
83	LAKE	8371

## Paysayten (6)

92	WINDY	8334
34	REMMEL	8685
42	CATHEDRAL	8601
89	AMPHITHEATRE	8358
62	BIG CRAGGY	8470
85	WEST CRAGGY	8366

## Chilliwacks (6)

16	SPICKARD	8979
20	REDOUBT	8956
39	CUSTER	8630
60	MOX PEAK, SE	8480
61	RAHM	8480
98	MOX PEAK, NW	8320

## Stehekin (6)

9	GOODE	9200
12	LOGAN	9087
51	STORM KING	8520
56	DARK	8504
88	DEVORE	8360
99	TUPSHIN	8320

ALPINE ECHO



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OR: prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com

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THE BOEING COMPANY**

August Echo staff

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Vicky Larsen

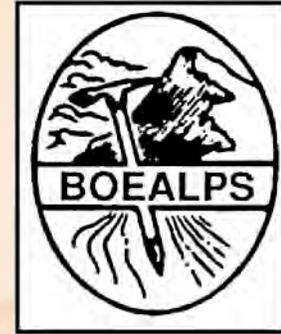
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*If you have any submissions—anything vaguely mountaineering or outdoors related will do—email them to us at [echoeditor@hotmail.com](mailto:echoeditor@hotmail.com), or give one of us a call (our numbers are on the front cover) and we'll arrange something!*

SEPTEMBER 2004

# ALPINE ECHO

[www.boealps.org](http://www.boealps.org)



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## GET OUT AND VOTE! (NO, I DON'T MEAN THE PRIMARY) BOEALPS ELECTIONS

If your are interested in filling a position on the Boealps Board, come to the elections or send an e-mail to Zack ([paul.z.thunemann@boeing.com](mailto:paul.z.thunemann@boeing.com)).

Even if you don't want a position, come out and make your voice Heard! The future of the club is in your hands.

### AT THE BLUE STAR

4512 STONWAY AVE NORTH,  
SEATTLE WA 98102  
206-548-0133

[WWW.3DHOSPITALITY.COM/BLUESTAR](http://WWW.3DHOSPITALITY.COM/BLUESTAR)

SEPTEMBER  
MONTHLY MEETING  
THURSDAY,  
SEPT 2<sup>ND</sup>,  
7PM

# BELAY STANCE

Hi Boealpers!

It's a really short Echo this month. A great way to use some of the rainy days is writing trip reports! Send them to [www.editor.org](http://www.editor.org) whenever you get them done. We'll happily add them to the next edition of the Alpine Echo, and you'll be a published writer! For this issue Rick Wire sent in a write up titled "Kerdeslin Falls and Sunwapta Right Hand".

*BOEALPS Elections start at 7pm, at the Blue Star Café, on September 2<sup>nd</sup>.* That's this Thursday!

Voting board members are President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary and Past President. They need to be filled by Boeing Employees. The other chair positions that make up the board are Activities, Conservation, Echo Editors, Education, Membership, Equipment, Librarian, Photography, Programs, and Web Master. Member involvement is what keeps the club going! Come volunteer for a position or just cast your vote!

The Fall Campout is going to Squamish this year! Details are on page 6.

Len is organizing a bicycle ride from Newhalem to Winthrop the first weekend in October. Details are in the activities section.

Happy Climbing!  
Your Editor,

Vicky



Inspiration Lake



# September

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
			1	2 Elections @ Blue Star	3 Mt Rimmel	4 Mt Rimmel
5 Mt Rimmel	6 Mt Rimmel Labor Day	7	8	9	10	11
12	13 ICC Wrapup	14 New Moon	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24 Echo Deadline	25 Fall Campout
26 Fall Campout	27	28 Full Moon	29	30		

**2004**



# October

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
					<b>1</b>	<b>2</b> Winthrop Bike Ride
<b>3</b> Winthrop Bike Ride	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b> General Meeting	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>10</b>	<b>11</b> Columbus Day	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b> New Moon	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>24</b>	<b>25</b> Echo Deadline	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b> New Moon	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>31</b> Halloween						

**2004**

# hikes ● scrambles ● ski trips ● climbs ● other

PD: Physical Difficulty SR: Skills Required GR: Gear Required

## Snowfield Peak +

September 3-6

Three days in the spectacular North Cascades. Up a steep climbers trail to glaciers and 3-4 class rock. Pyramid Pk, Pinnacle Pk and Paul Bunyan's Stump added on as time allows.

Mountain: **Snowfield Peak**  
& possibly other destinations  
Route: **Neve Glacier**  
Max: **12 people**

PD: **Mostly Mental**  
SR: **BCC**  
GR: **Glacier Gear**

Contact: **Terry "Spidey" Hill** (206)-310-7207 [terence.a.hill@boeing.com](mailto:terence.a.hill@boeing.com)

## Mt Rimmel

September 3-6

A fun, relaxing climb/hike. One of the 100 highest peaks in WA. Friday: 6-8 mile hike, Saturday: 8-10 miles, Sunday: 1000' to summit and 6-8 mile hike, Monday: 5-7 mile hike.

Mountain: **Mt Rimmel**  
Route: **Standard**  
Max: **12 people**

PD: **13 mile approach, trail head to summit**  
SR: **BCC**  
GR: **Fishing Gear and a Good Attitude**

Contact: **Laurie Varner** 253-639-2461 [laurievarner@hotmail.com](mailto:laurievarner@hotmail.com)

## North Cascades Bicycle Ride

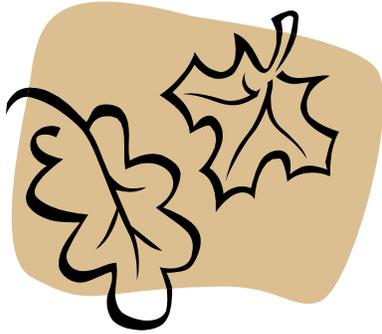
October 2-3

Ride your bicycle from Newhalem to Winthrop on the North Cascades Hwy. This is 60+ miles, 5000' gain over some spectacular terrain. The idea is to bike to the Mountain Bike festival in Winthrop, have a celebratory beer at the Winthrop Brewing Co., and bivy at a nearby campground. Enjoy the festival on Sunday, bike/Drive home.

We'll need some SAG wagon support, so let me know if interested. Less traffic, great fall colors at this time (and pre-monsoon)!

Winthrop Bike Festival info: [www.mvsta.com/bikefest.html](http://www.mvsta.com/bikefest.html)

Contact: **Len Kannapell** [kannapell@yahoo.com](mailto:kannapell@yahoo.com)



# BOEALPS FALL CAMPOUT

What: Boealps Fall Campout

When: Friday, Sept. 24- Sunday, Sept.26

Where: Squamish, B.C.

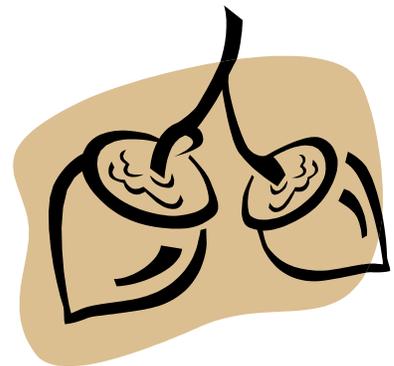
Campground: Alice Lake Provincial Park  
(10 minutes north of Squamish Chief)

<http://www.bcadventure.com/adventure/explore/vancouver/parks/>

Description: Tired of Leavenworth and looking for something new? Let's go Canadian, and enjoy a good exchange rate, stellar granite climbing, and Saturday night potluck. Drive up Friday or Saturday, leave Sunday morning/afternoon. There is a group campsite at Alice Lake, and we'll leave a note where we are. You're on your own for breakfast and lunches, but plenty of places to go to in Squamish.

Let me know if you are planning on coming, how many with you, and if you want to help instruct newbie climbers by leading/setting up top ropes for a day.

Contact: Len Kannapell  
[kannapell@yahoo.com](mailto:kannapell@yahoo.com)



## **Kerkeslin Falls and Sunwapta Right Hand** **By Rick Wire**

*This write-up is part of a large write-up I put together documenting the week of climbing we had in the Canadian Rockies this last winter. Previously I submitted report was on "Wet Dream. I will submit sections from time to time and eventually an accident report.*

Climbers: Jim Andruess, Kenney Downs, Russ Howard, John Miner, and Rick Wire

On Monday, after driving all day Sunday and spending the night at Hans and Helens Bed and Breakfast in Jasper, we headed out to climb Kerkeslin Falls. Kenny, John, Jim and I had climbed it with some others the previous year. We started up the trail with John in the lead. John, Russ and another friend of theirs had broken trail through two feet of new snow and climbed it the previous week. After about an hour we reached a small ice step that led to the base of the climb. We put our harnesses and crampons on and soloed up to the base of the first pitch. When we reached the base of the route John asked Jim if he brought jellybeans for him. Jim dutifully reached into his pack and pulled out a bag and handed it to John who handed it to the rest of us. Jim always brought jellybeans for John. John complained about the black ones and Jim volunteered to pick them out next time. We all laughed knowing Jim probably would pick them out. Russ led the first pitch, which was about 70 feet of WI 2. I watched as he placed his first screw. He was able to put the screw in without using a hammer. I had never seen this before. I had been schooled in placing screws that had to be pre-hammered before they would screw in by hand. This new method looked a bit challenging, but could be done with one hand, which had the advantage of being able to be set without clipping into your tools, assuming your calves weren't fried. He easily led to the end of the pitch and a bolt anchor. Russ belayed up John, and then John belayed me up. After a short communication problem, John belayed up Kenny and Jim at the same time. Climbing with five is a little slow and difficult.



*Russ Leading the First Pitch of Kerkeslin Falls*



*Rick Leading the Second Pitch of Kerkeslin Falls*



*Jim Topping out on the First Pitch of Kerkeslin Falls*



*Rick Belaying Kenny up the Second Pitch of Kerkeslin Falls*

John offered me the next lead. I was feeling a little shaky, but was ready to scrape my teeth a little on the sharp end of the rope. The second pitch started out a little steeper than the first pitch, but then angled into easy ground and was rated WI 2. I started out and put my first screw in before I really started climbing. I headed up a steep 10-foot step. Just before topping out I put in another screw, most falls happen when transitioning from steep to shallow angle. I set my tools and clipped into them, but my position was very awkward. I felt off balanced and fumbled around with the screws, carabineers, my hammer, and all the junk associated with ice climbing. After what seemed like forever I finally got the screw in and continued climbing. Everything I did felt off balance. In a short while with burning calves I topped out and belayed up the others. It felt good to get the first lead out of the way.

*John asked who wanted the third and crux pitch of WI 3. Russ said he wanted it. I was a little disappointed, I kind of wanted to lead it, but knew it was his turn and I hadn't gotten my ice legs back yet. He led up to the base of the climb and re-racked his screws. Then he started up. He was climbing very meticulous, not wasting any energy and was knocking very little ice down. I watched him climb; unlike me, he would place his screws without sitting on his ice tools. I knew I had to learn how to place screws like he was, so I watched trying to learn. Russ wasted little energy and time and appeared not to be taking any risks. Soon we heard him holler as he reached the top. John quickly followed and cleaned the route. I was getting cold so followed next. Since I was top roped I chose a different line. I knew if I got some steep climbing behind me my calves would hurt less and my tool placements would improve for the following days. Next Kenny climbed up and then Jim. I noticed Jim had removed his helmet shield. The previous year he had been hit by a chunk of ice in the face and had required stitches, so he had purchased a special helmet with a clear shield. Apparently it kept falling off and getting in his way. We all celebrated Russ's great lead and repelled the route.*



*Jim and Russ at the Base of the Third Pitch of Kerkeslin Falls*



*John Belaying Russ up the Third Pitch of Kerkeslin Falls, Jim Watching*



Russ Leading the Third Pitch of Kerkeslin Falls



John Following and Cleaning the Third Pitch of Kerkeslin Falls

When we reached the bottom of the climb, Kenny and I decided to re-climb the first pitch. Kenny led, he was a little shaky, but soon warmed up and climbed much more easily than the year before. I followed and cleaned the screws, while John, Jim and Russ headed down to the where we had put on our crampons. Kenny and I rapped the route and headed down to meet up with the others. Then we all hiked out and drove to Beauty Creek to meet up with Mike and Micah.

## Sunwapta Right Hand

Climbers: Jim Andruess, Kenney Downs, Russ Howard, John Miner, and Rick Wire

That night Mike and Micah who had climbed Melt Out up near Sunwapta Pass told us about some crazy Ravens that had unzipped pockets in their packs and stolen all their food. It sounded a bit far-fetched, but they seemed serious. The next day John, Jim, Russ, Kenny and I climbed Sunwapta Right Hand, while Mike and Micah went to Kerkeslin Falls. John broke trail the entire hour plus into the base of the climb. Since John and Jim had done the climb before they let me lead the first pitch. It was short with blue plastic ice. It was at a comfortable angle, but was over too quickly leading to an easy ice ramp. I belayed the others up, and then we walked about 100 yards up to the base of the second pitch. This was the crux pitch of WI 3. John asked who wanted the lead looking at Russ and me. Since I lead the first pitch I deferred to Russ. Russ was still excited from his spectacular WI 3 lead the previous day and must have sensed I was itching to have a go at it so told me to take it. The pitch was short but steep. It consisted of about 40 feet of near vertical ice followed by about another 30 feet of 70-degree ice and then an easy low angle section. I led up it using my clip into the tool method for placing screws. I felt I was getting my climbing legs back. The first section felt very steep, but solid. The ice allowed for relatively easy tool placements and had some small mushroom formations on it, which made for good foot holds. After I reached the top, I belayed up John, who came up and gave me a big high five. John told me when he followed he checked to see if the screws spacing was good. I asked what he thought, and he told me they were placed with the same spacing he would have used. This was a great confidence booster for me.



*Jim and Russ on the Approach to Sunwapta Right Hand*



*Rick Preparing to Lead the First Pitch of Sunwapta Right Hand Russ Belaying, Jim taking a Photo and Kenny Watching*



*Kenny and Russ Soloing to the Base of the Second Pitch of Sunwapta Right Hand*



*Russ Near the Base of Sunwapta Right Hand*



*Russ, John and Jim Watching Kenny Playing behind the Second Pitch of Sunwapta Right Hand*



*Rick Leading the Second Pitch of Sunwapta Right Hand*

John continued belaying the others up. When Kenny arrived, the two of us hiked another couple hundred yards to the base of the third pitch. We soloed up a little ways to where the ice was detached from the wall. There was enough room so we went behind and pretended to climb the backside. There we took some hero shots. I told Kenny not to show them to my wife, since I had promised in our wedding vows not to climb any freestanding ice. Soon after we climbed down as the other three arrived. John took the final lead on the third pitch. It started with an easy 60-degree step then a short near vertical section. It looked easy from the ground, but turned out to be steep. John belayed Kenny up next then I followed. While at the top, I watched John belay the others up. He was in his element; I had never seen him smiling so much. We chatted about the great weather and scenery. While John belayed up the others Kenny and I cleared some rocks for the others to sit on while we had something to eat.



*Jim, Russ and John in Between the Second and Third Pitch of Sunwapta Right Hand*



*The Third Pitch of Sunwapta Right Hand*



*Kenny Climbing Behind the Third Pitch of Sunwapta Right Hand*



*Kenny Following the Third Pitch of Sunwapta Right Hand*



*John Belaying at the top of Sunwapta Right Hand*

After the others arrived, we ate and drank a little then headed down. The descent consisted of a ridge walk down to a steep narrow gully. Kenny was first down and I was second. Jim was right behind me. When we got to the bottom of the gully we saw our stuff scattered all over the place. Everything was torn out of our packs. Every zipper was open on our packs and there were food dye stains and wrappers all over the snow. The zipper opening ravens had stolen every ounce of food out of our packs, even Kenny's whole lunch bag! While putting stuff back together John found his wallet outside his pack. He started wondering out loud how he would have explained to the credit card company. "How would I respond when they ask me if my card was stolen? Well, yes. Kind of, by a bird."

As we put our packs back together and got ready to head down we began devising our revenge. Some of the suggestions were to lace our packs with rat poison, alka seltzer, pop rocks, or ex-lax. At this point Kenny discovered the birds had defecated on his pack. Russ sat somewhat quietly since he had brought his pack on the climb and it had

escaped the Ravens, although I think pop rocks were his idea. Suddenly John said “Jim did they get the jellybeans”. Jim thought for a second and he said, “Nope I had them with me”. We all ate some jellybeans and began the hike out.

### **SARS on Ice**

Climbers: Jim Andruess, Russ Howard and John Miner, Micah Lambeth and Mike Mixon, Rick Wire and Kenny Downs,

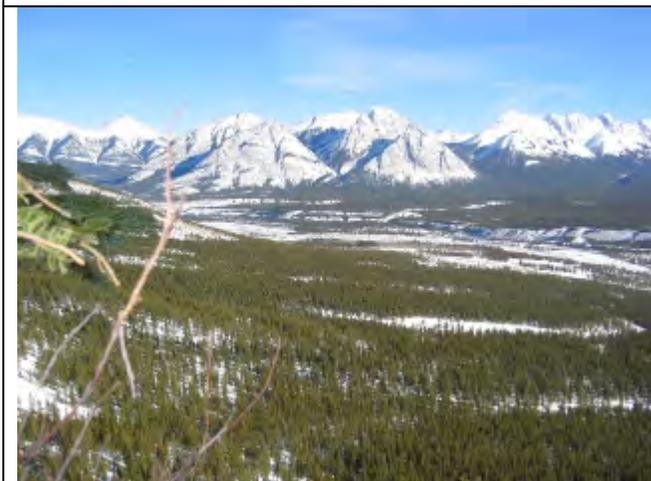
*SARS on Ice is a wide ice seep a couple hundred feet below Five-Seven-Zero near Whirlpool Point on the David Thompson Highway. The route was wide enough that all seven of us could climb together. It was a great area with lots of options for leading and top roping. Kenny and I chose to climb on the right center of the ice. Kenny led a WI 2 pitch. This was his second lead of the trip and he was starting to look more comfortable on the sharp end of the rope. The route had lots of short steps with an overall grade of about 60 degrees. The ice was pretty brittle. I tried to take pictures while he was climbing, but had chosen a poor belay location and had to keep dodging falling ice. When we topped out John had just finished his lead and was sitting at the top of his pitch preparing to belay up either Jim or Russ. I went over to him and we discussed the beautiful warm weather and the views. He told me he counted 48 summits from that location. He had climbed on the left side of the ice and said the ice hadn't been in very good shape. I asked if he still wanted to try and climb Five Seven Zero, but it was too late in the day for that long of a climb. We agreed staying here offered the most climbing for the time we had left. The day had been shortened because we had spent the morning packing up and driving from the Beauty Creek Youth Hostel. That night we were to stay at the DTR (David Thompson Resort).*



Kenny, Jim, John, Micah and Mike during the Approach to SARS on Ice



Kenny Leading the Left-hand Side of SARS on Ice



48 Summits from SARS on Ice

I returned to where Kenny had finished setting up for a rappel and we descended to the base of the ice. The ice where we descended was flowing pretty well from the sun and the warm temperatures. Mike and Micah were just finishing their pitch. They had climbed the far right hand side. Next it was my turn to lead.

I picked a line between Kenny and Micah's. It contained a short vertical section followed by an 80-degree section (or so it looked from the ground) then eased off. I started out and was immediately climbing on steep ground. Since it was the third day climbing I felt good. As it turned out it stayed near vertical for about 50 feet. I was at the max of my climbing ability and since there were no places to rest I had to stop three or four times to clip into my tools and place an ice screw. This isn't considered clean climbing style, but I'm too old, out of shape and don't climb enough to care about that and this was by far the hardest climb I had ever lead. I was having a great time and felt strong and safe. When Kenny got up to the top he told me John, Jim and Russ were heading back to DTR. He also told me John said the pitch we just climbed was probably a WI4. Coming from John, who ice climbed 3 weeks every year in the area, it meant a lot to me. Mike, Micah, Kenny and I stayed and climbed a few more routes. Mike and Micah top roped a very steep and long section, while Kenny and I led another pitch. Then we packed up and headed to the DTR.

ALPINE ECHO



ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW WORK PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW HOME PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW MAIL STOP: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW EMAIL: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW HOME ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO PRASH BHAT, M/S 14-MC  
OR: 4712 Fremont Ave N, Seattle, WA 98103  
OR: prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com

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COMMENTS IN THIS PUBLICATION  
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THE BOEING COMPANY**

September Echo staff

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Vicky Larsen

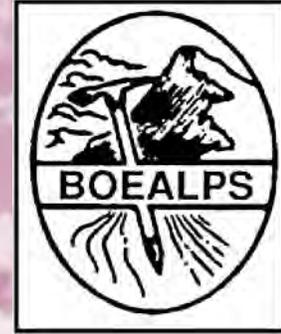
Contributors: Len Kannapell

*If you have any submissions—anything  
vaguely mountaineering or outdoors  
related will do—email them to us at  
echoeditor@hotmail.com, or give one of us  
a call (our numbers are  
on the front cover)  
and we'll arrange something!*

OCTOBER 2004

# ALPINE ECHO

[www.boealps.org](http://www.boealps.org)



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**OCTOBER MONTHLY MEETING**  
**THURSDAY,**  
**OCTOBER 7TH, 7PM**  
**AT BOEING 2-22**

The October Boealps Club meeting will feature a slideshow by Tom Glasenapp and the rest of the "Up Your Mountain" Denali Expedition members. The meeting will be held in the Boeing Theater (2-22 building). Come hear Tom's account of tents getting ripped apart in ferocious winds 3.5 miles high on the West Buttress, frostbitten extremities, and a death march back to the landing strip. Yikes! Sounds like a real Boealps Epic.



# BELAY STANCE

Hello, Boealpers-

Thanks for all the great contributions this month! We've got a number of trip reports, covering Shuksan, Sahale, Rainier, Three Fingers, and Ingalls—the latter currently in great climbing shape, it sounds like!—plus Orizaba in Mexico, Pike's Peak in Colorado, the flagship REI store, and an environmental fair at Greenlake. There's also a short piece about taking a leader fall and an open letter by a 2004 Basic Climbing Class (BCC) student.

Lots of good stuff to read this time around, and there's already a bit of content lined up for the November issue, as well: a photo essay on an Alta Mountain attempt and, if I get my act together, a report on my recent trip to Iceland and England.

September was elections month for the Boealps board, and you can see the results in the contact information on the Echo cover. (If you don't see your contact information in the grid, please email it to [editor@boealps.org](mailto:editor@boealps.org) and we'll update with the next issue.) Of particular relevance to the Echo is Vicky Larsen's new appointment to the position of Boealps President. Because of her new responsibilities, Vicky is stepping down as Echo co-editor and John Gowan will be taking her place. Congratulations, Vicky, and welcome, John!

A big welcome (to the world!) also goes out to Emily Jean Lindblom, new daughter of Jerry and Deirdre Lindblom. Emily was born on August 31, 2004, at 5:40pm at the Providence Everett Medical Center. At 7 lbs 9 oz and 20.25 inches, Emily has a bit of growing to do before she fills out a harness, but we look forward to climbing with her a few years down the line.

There are a number of other announcements and events listed in the following pages, including a Boealps Annual Banquet registration form that includes details about the recently confirmed featured speaker, the renowned and accomplished Ed Viesturs. Viesturs is one summit away from successfully climbing the world's 14 8000-meter peaks. His feats have also attracted the notice of Hollywood, and he had a cameo in and was a trainer for the mountaineering-themed action film "Vertical Limit." (If you've seen "Vertical Limit," feel free to move those quotation marks to wherever they seem most appropriate—around "mountaineering" or "film," perhaps. If you haven't seen it, stop off at the video store on your way back from mailing in your banquet registration. It's a hoot!)

But seriously, folks, Ed Viesturs is a stellar climber and it's a great honor to have him as a speaker at our banquet. (You can find out more about his accomplishments at [www.edviesturs.com](http://www.edviesturs.com).) Please help us continue getting such top-notch guests at our annual celebration by packing the house at this one. Register early, and we'll see you there.

As always, please send trip reports, announcements of climbs or other activities, and questions, comments, or suggestions to the Echo editors at [editor@boealps.org](mailto:editor@boealps.org).

Happy climbing!

Your Editor,  
Sarah



# October

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
					<b>1</b>	<b>2</b> Winthrop Bike Ride
<b>3</b> Winthrop Bike Ride	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b> General Meeting	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>10</b>	<b>11</b> Columbus Day	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b> New Moon	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>24</b>	<b>25</b> Echo Deadline	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b> Deadline for Boealps Banquet Registration Full Moon	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b> Access Fund Adopt-a-Crag
<b>31</b>						

# 2004



# November

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
	<b>1</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b> General Meeting	<b>5</b> Boealps Banquet w/ Ed Viesturs	<b>6</b>
<b>7</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b> Veterans Day	<b>12</b> New Moon	<b>13</b>
<b>14</b> Eid al-Fitr	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>137</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b> Echo Deadline	<b>25</b> Thanksgiving Day	<b>26</b> Full Moon	<b>27</b>
<b>28</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>				

**2004**

# hikes ● scrambles ● ski trips ● climbs ● other

PD: Physical Difficulty SR: Skills Required GR: Gear Required

## North Cascades Bicycle Ride

October 2-3

Ride your bicycle from Newhalem to Winthrop on the North Cascades Hwy. This is 60+ miles, 5000' gain over some spectacular terrain. The idea is to bike to the Mountain Bike festival in Winthrop, have a celebratory beer at the Winthrop Brewing Co., and bivy at a nearby campground. Enjoy the festival on Sunday, bike/Drive home.

We'll need some SAG wagon support, so let me know if interested. Less traffic, great fall colors at this time (and pre-monsoon)!

Winthrop Bike Festival info: [www.mvsta.com/bikefest.html](http://www.mvsta.com/bikefest.html)

Contact: Len Kannapell [kannapell@yahoo.com](mailto:kannapell@yahoo.com)

## Frenchman Coulee Clean-Up and meeting of Frenchman Coulee Climbers Coalition (FCCC)

October 30

As part of the Access Fund's Adopt-a-Crag program, there will be a clean-up party at Frenchman Coulee (Vantage, WA) on October 30. This is not a Boealps-sponsored event, but it would be a great way to meet other climber while giving back to the climbing community and supporting the maintenance of climbing areas.

**Contact:** Kevin Dwight, [kdwight@wonders.eburg.wednet.edu](mailto:kdwight@wonders.eburg.wednet.edu)

More information, from [http://www.accessfund.com/events/events\\_events\\_adopt.html](http://www.accessfund.com/events/events_events_adopt.html):

### WHAT IS ADOPT-A-CRAG?

In the Fall 2004, the Access Fund will sponsor the Fifth Annual Adopt-a-Crag, a national initiative devoted to natural resource stewardship and volunteerism. This year, the Access Fund anticipates over 100 Adopt-a-Crag events at climbing and bouldering areas around the country.

### Why is Adopt-a-Crag important?

Adopt-a-Crag is about giving back to the climbing areas we use on a regular basis. From the signs in the parking areas, to the established trail systems, to the rocks and boulders where we devote endless hours, climbers are frequent land-users, and it is important that we make an effort to maintain and care for that land. Adopt-a-Crag encourages climbing communities to engage local land managers, landowners, park service employees and forest rangers in conversation about ways to preserve and protect their climbing areas and environments.

### What are the Goals of Adopt-a-Crag?

- \* Preserving climbing resources and maintaining climbing areas.
- \* Uniting the national climbing community.
- \* Promoting public awareness and appreciation of America's diverse climbing resources.
- \* Encouraging cooperative efforts and building partnerships between climbers and public land managers.
- \* Providing a venue for thousands of individuals to give back to the environment.

**Boealps Banquet 2004**  
with featured speaker  
**ED VIESTURS**



**Ed Viesturs** will be the featured speaker at this year's Boealps Annual Banquet. Ed is the only American to climb the six highest mountains in the world, all without the use of supplemental oxygen. This past May he completed his sixth ascent of Mt Everest and is on a quest to climb all fourteen of the world's highest mountains; he has climbed thirteen of them to date, and he is doing it all without the use of supplemental oxygen! Come hear Ed speak about his climbing experiences and show pictures of the world's most challenging alpine routes. This is not an event to be missed!

Please submit your reservations for the banquet in advance. If you show up at the door without reserving a spot in advance, **YOU MAY NOT GET IN!** Sorry, but we cannot accommodate a large number of people at the door expecting to get in.

**Date:** **Friday, November 5, 2004**  
Social hour begins at 5:30pm with a no-host bar  
Buffet begins at 6:30pm

**Place:** The Mountaineers  
300 Third Ave. W.  
Seattle, WA 98119

**Price:** \$40 Boealps member / \$45 non-Boealps member

**PLEASE RETURN YOUR RESERVATION  
NO LATER THAN THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28.  
Use the sign-up form on the next page.**

**BOEALPS BANQUET 2004**

PLEASE RETURN THIS FORM WITH PAYMENT

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Contact e-mail or phone number: \_\_\_\_\_

Number of Boealps members \_\_\_\_\_ x \$40 = \_\_\_\_\_

Number of non-Boealps members \_\_\_\_\_ x \$45 = \_\_\_\_\_

TOTAL PAYMENT ENCLOSED = \_\_\_\_\_  
(make checks payable to Boealps)

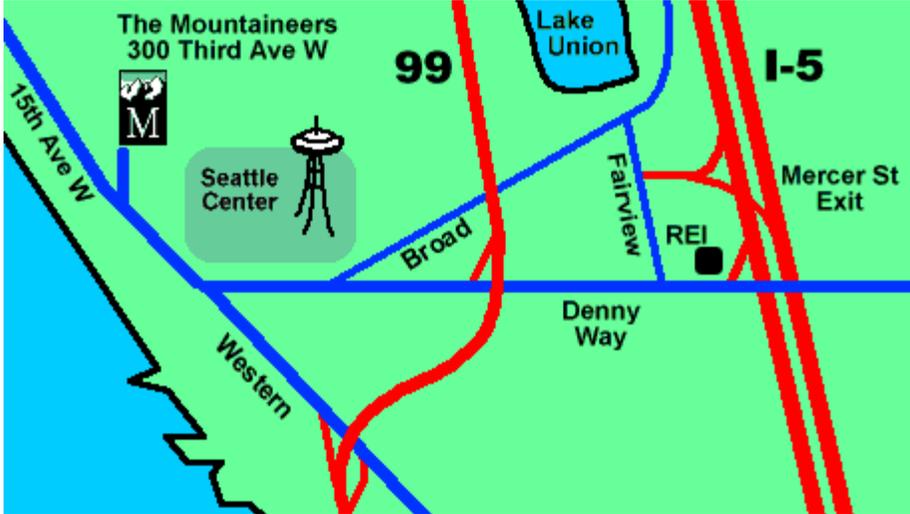
Send payment before October 28 to:

Bob Magers  
M/S 03-88

or

Bob Magers  
8912 52nd Dr. NE  
Marysville, WA 98270

Map to the Mountaineers:





**BE PREPARED**

**BE SAFE**



**MOFA, MOFA REFRESHER, and MOFA INSTRUCTOR CLASS  
2004/2005**

MOFA is designed to prepare you to deal effectively with accidents that can occur in remote areas where professional medical help is not readily available. The refresher class consists of four classroom sessions, including hands-on scenarios held outdoor. MOFA instructor classes are also offered through the Mountaineers.

NOTE: The MOFA curriculum has been modified this year. CPR will not be taught and the practical exam at Camp Long has been removed from the schedule.

This course is recommended for all Boealps members and is required for all first-time Boealps Basic Class Instructors.

Location: Boeing Theater (2-22 building).

<b>MOFA</b>	<p>Seven classroom sessions, including hands-on scenarios held outdoors. Graduates will receive American Red Cross Standard First Aid and a MOFA card. The class start in January. The usual class format is to meet two evenings a week from 6:30 to 9:30pm. Monday and Wednesday nights starting in mid January is the proposed schedule. Students cannot miss class sessions. E-mail <a href="mailto:joyce@solarhacker.com">joyce@solarhacker.com</a> to get on the class roster and to find out more about the class. The size of the class depends on instructor availability. When more information is available you will be asked to send a check to secure your place in the class. The cost of the class is \$50.</p> <p>A weekend class is being offered in October 23-24 in Seattle and continues November 6-7 at Snoqualmie Pass. Contact <a href="mailto:joyce@solarhacker.com">joyce@solarhacker.com</a> for more information on this class being offered by the Washington Alpine Club.</p>
<b>MOFA Refresher</b>	<p>Four class sessions in February meeting twice a week from 6:30 to 9:30pm. The class will only be offered if there are enough students. Your MOFA card cannot be more than 3 years old. If it is, other counties may allow you to take their refresher class. Contact <a href="mailto:joyce@solarhacker.com">joyce@solarhacker.com</a>.</p> <p>Doug Sanders is putting together a MOFA class in Snohomish County that may allow a longer expiration date for your card. E-mail Doug to find out more about this refresher class (<a href="mailto:dougsander@aol.com">dougsander@aol.com</a>—yes, it's "dougsander," not "dougsanders").</p>

**Texts:** Mountaineering First Aid (MFA) (Fourth Edition)  
Community First Aid and Safety (2002)

**Action:** Send an e-mail to Joyce Holloway at [joyce@solarhacker.com](mailto:joyce@solarhacker.com) to have your name put on the class roster. If you have more questions, you can contact Joyce at 425-888-4434.



## Send-off Party

### Seattle Vertical World Sat, Oct 2<sup>nd</sup>

5:00 – 7:00 pm See the boat

7:00 – 9:00 pm Presentation Q&A

**BYOB – suggested \$5 for pizza**

*NOTE: Donation of \$20 gets a T-shirt, \$30 also gets web site listing as a sponsor, \$50 also gets entered in the boat register to circumnavigate the world by human power.*

<http://www.AROUND-N-OVER.org>

## Aconcagua by Human Power

On October 3<sup>rd</sup>, Erden Eruç will leave Seattle on his bicycle towing a trailer loaded with his climbing gear to reach the summit of Aconcagua in Argentina. His first milestone will be Miami 3,400 miles away.

In March 2005, Erden will row from Miami around Cuba toward Panama Canal. When he reaches Ecuador, he will transition back to his bicycle and ride to Argentina. With his friends he will climb Aconcagua in January 2006, having arrived there all by human power.

This effort is part of the **Six Summits Project** by Around-n-Over, a non-profit that will create educational material for children based on the journey. We have **already reached the summit of Denali**, and will reach Carstenz, Everest, Kilimanjaro and Elbrus in the same manner:



à la Göran Kropp

Join Outward Bound West for an evening with renowned climber

## Peter Hillary

Thursday, November 4, 2004

8:00 pm

Benaroya Hall

Third Avenue & Union Street

Seattle, Washington

This exciting event delivers a sample of the spirit and excitement of Outward Bound West. Guests will be treated to an enchanting evening, hosted by well-known, accomplished mountaineer Peter Hillary. Peter Hillary is a mountaineer whose most noteworthy accomplishments include forging a new route across Antarctica to the South Pole and being the first to traverse the length of the Himalayas. The evening includes a captivating presentation of his outdoor experiences as well as inspirational student recollections, all in a first-class venue: the Illsley Ball Nordstrom Recital Hall at Benaroya Hall.

**Tickets:**

\$30 General Admission

\$15 Student Admission with current student ID

To purchase, contact Outward Bound West at 800-733-8549

Proceeds will be used for ongoing activities, programs, and scholarships for deserving young people with economic need. Outward Bound® West is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit educational organization. They provide students with wilderness challenges designed to give them the tools to be better team players, to reach their leadership potential, and to make better decisions leading them to become better citizens within their community.

More information on this event and Outward Bound West is available at [http://www.outwardboundwest.org/about/events/Washington\\_speaker.html](http://www.outwardboundwest.org/about/events/Washington_speaker.html).

## ***Biodiesel: Automotive Fuel for Thought***

Bathed in ermine white, it rumbled down the street, demanding to be noticed. Then it screeched to a halt, turned, and parked where no parking spaces existed.

It was Sunday, September 12, 2004, and my sister Tuney, son Roberto (aka Fuss Budget), and I were leaving My Friends Café by Green Lake. The day was routinely hideous, akin to any Sunday we had experienced this September; post-church, pre-monsoon, and an opportunity to run a gamut of ideas past my unsuspecting sister. But then came “it.”

“It” was some annoying automotive concoction of Jeep-meets-Hummer, and its juvenescent plea for attention reached its manifest destiny in milliseconds by raising the hackles of at least one ardent anti-SUV vigilante (read: me). I left the café with Fuss in arm, keenly interested in the motives of the owner of said vehicle, but keenly aware of The Path: To converse with, and to criticize not, the enemy. I took a deep breath and approached.

But my attention was drawn to the periphery, where a quick glance of my environs compelled me to stop and assess. A rock band was warming up in the beatness of the Baskin-Robbins parking lot, and a slew of booths, sandwich boarders, and banners promoting environmental awareness were everywhere. It was Green Day, a Sunday designated to showcase and embrace all that is environmentally friendly, with more than a faint specter of politics softly riding the mid-September breeze. I looked down the street at what I initially thought was Hedonistic Vehicle (the Jeep-Hummer synthesis), and was taken aback; this vehicle turned out to be a Mercedes Unimog, and a sign next to it spoke volumes: “This vehicle runs on 100% biodiesel.” Biodiesel? A short course:

Biodiesel is a mono-alkyd ester-based oxygenated fuel, produced from a variety of renewable resources, including waste vegetable oils, cooking oil, soybean oil, and animal fats. Biodiesel can be used in virtually any diesel engine, with no or few considerations to be addressed. Biodiesel acts like petroleum diesel, but produces significantly less air pollution, is renewable, is biodegradable, and is safe for the environment.<sup>1</sup>

### Pros:

- Virtually any diesel engine can run on biodiesel fuel. 100% biodiesel (B100) or an 80% petroleum diesel/20% biodiesel (B20) are popular options, the latter for enhanced cold-weather functionality.
- Increased lubricity. Ultra-low sulfur diesel fuels (to reduced sulfur levels) result in reduced lubricity, but adding even small amounts of biodiesel (roughly 2%) is sufficient to cure this problem.
- Engine performance generally unaffected. Some users of B100 claim a loss in high-end performance, but generally the performance seems quite similar to that of diesel.
- Significantly lower emissions of carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, and particulate matter compared to regular diesel. Only trace amounts of sulfur dioxide (SO<sub>2</sub>) in biodiesel.
- Renewable, non-toxic, and biodegradable.
- Higher flash point than gasoline and regular diesel, making it safer to handle and store.
- Available in Seattle. Dr. Dan’s Alternative Fuel Werks is located in Ballard: [www.fuelwerks.com/](http://www.fuelwerks.com/)

### Cons:

- Currently selling at \$3/gallon.
- Can gel at low temps. Insulation, fuel heaters, and other storage measures may be required.
- Solvent effect may release deposits on tank walls and pipes. Reduced problem if blends (e.g., B20) are used.
- Natural rubbers can be degraded by B100, so older engines may require replacement of fuel system seals. Again, a reduced problem with B20.

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<sup>1</sup> Puget Sound Clean Cities Coalition

The owner of the Unimog was dressed like any typical chap in his 30s, but armed with one powerful weapon: a vehicle that resembled any U.S.-made SUV but one that ran on biodiesel. By its quirky appearance as an SUV-wannabe, the Unimog served literally as the “vehicle” that enabled him to talk to the SUV folks – and enlighten them, one by one, to the potential of biodiesel. How positively cunning, I thought.

Next to the Unimog was a more conventional Volkswagen Jetta TDI (turbo diesel injection), but its owner made his own biodiesel. The cookbook: Go to Chinese restaurants in Renton, ask for permission to pump used vegetable oil from barrels, hook his pump to his car battery for power, fill up a 10-gallon barrel, process it at home, put into his tank. Total equipment expenditure: \$800. Mileage: 40-45 mpg highway.

I wouldn't expect the U.S. to stop importing oil if we all bought Volkswagen Jetta or Passat TDI models (or any diesel) tomorrow. One looming problem is the volume limitations of soybeans or source material present; there simply isn't enough to produce the amount of fuel necessary to meet nation-wide automotive demand. But this is an excellent start, and yours truly is seriously considering one of the two vehicles above as his next automotive purchase, anticipated in 2005 or 2006. The diesel engines are only getting more refined as a function of time, and expect the major auto manufacturers to produce more robust diesel engines in upcoming years.

Resources:

NW Biodiesel Network

[www.nwbiodiesel.org](http://www.nwbiodiesel.org)

Puget Sound Clean Cities Coalition

[www.pugetsoundcleancities.org](http://www.pugetsoundcleancities.org)

Biodiesel fueling information

[www.pugetsoundcleancities.org/FuelingBiodiesel.htm#public](http://www.pugetsoundcleancities.org/FuelingBiodiesel.htm#public)

All commentary welcome. And think big. Thanks.

**From:** Gustavo Unguez  
**To:** BCC 2004 Black Team  
**Date:** Wed, 14 Jul 2004  
**Subject:** Dumbell Mountain

Hi, team:

Congratulations on all who have been out climbing, and especially to you who have summited Rainier. Chris, Deborah, Marty, and I hope to make it to the summit this weekend. Wish us good weather and a safe and enjoyable climb. ...

Back a few ages, nay, eons ago—at the beginning of BCC 2004—Robert [Fisher] sent out a page of his ruminations on what it was for him during parts of his BCC. Now, I feel compelled to write something along those lines.

BCC 2004 was, for the most part, a grueling, odious, and humiliating experience. To this day I detest and abhor moats of any size/shape/kind. The only "fun" outings I can remember ended with Mt. Erie—oh, and the glissade on Mt. Ellinor. From Stevens Pass (where I practically found every hole in the route) through Guye Peak (where a very personal and close acquaintance was made between Mr. Moat and my knee ligaments); through Shuksan (where all—and especially Robert, Oriana, and Chris—heard me wail at the snow), BCC 2004 was a hellish gauntlet. And yet...and yet...an experience I will treasure forever. Just the number of "war" stories to tell my kids, friends, and family was worth it.

But seriously, the skills, aplomb, confidence, friends, and expanded enjoyment of our huge "back yard" gained through this course are invaluable.

Last weekend's outing to Dumbell Mountain is a prime example. Prior to the BCC, it would have been another nice camping trip. We would have walked to the camp site, set up tents, prepare food, eat and sleep, get up the next morning and do it again or pack it out. The experience would have been at that level of ho-hum, or just above it. Nothing bad or wrong about it, as most campers basically do the same and receive the same experience. It's a nice outing—and I'm sure I'll have several more of those in months and years to come.

However, this time we were not only going to camp, we were going to climb. To test our skills and physical and mental abilities against a mountain. One which none of the group had ever seen up close, only in guide books and descriptions from people who had been there before. But these only talk about the routes; nowhere do they mention the beauty that is there.

That slightly altered attitude made the difference for me on this trip. We never shouted in excitement at any time (sorry, no "Color Check" or "Team Black" shouts were ever uttered). I was keenly aware of the nature surrounding us—the brooks, streams, and creeks gurgling by; the short waterfalls we scrambled up; the seemingly endless fields of wild flowers; the imposing mountains and ridges that surrounded us. That was overwhelming. The climbing itself was not easy in some areas prior to reaching the "base" of the summit. From there it got only more difficult... : )

Once there, and looking at possible routes to take to the summit, I realized that the rope we were carrying would not be used at all. It would be a free climb, and some of it exposed.

Here is where I realized the change that had taken place in me since that first BCC orientation. Instead of cold sweat coursing my forehead and hands or the desire to run back into the womb for safety, a cool serenity and calm appraisal of the options at hand took place. Acting on a combination of "gut feeling" or instinct and a matter-of-fact request to my climbing companions for suggestions I climbed up to the summit where we all took time to enjoy the views not veiled by the clouds. On the way down, I took my time, and a similar approach as on the way up. Until we reached the upper meadow.

Throughout the climb up and down, there were sections where inattention or loss of concentration would have proven painful at best. I noticed that although I had a healthy respect for the possible consequences of a fall, fear never had a grip on me. I was able to move securely from hold to hold with a confidence that would have been lacking in February of this year.

The change is not only evident on the mountain, but in my everyday life as well. My ability to remain calm and cool in stressful situations at work has improved by leaps and bounds. Do I get frustrated? disappointed? want to send someone down a drain? You bet I do. But the feeling doesn't stay as long as before.

Maybe being faced with the possibility of serious injury and even death has given me a different perspective on life. Life is more precious to me now. It is not worth getting aggravated over something that will have no impact on my family or myself a few minutes later—much less a few years down the line.

I fell in love with the meadow we walked through last weekend, with the mountains overlooking us, and the good people who invited me along. I look forward to more climbs, more meadows, more streams to cross, gaining new friends, and strengthening ties with the ones I have.

I'm including just one picture of this past weekend. I believe it pretty much captures my experience there. It is a small red flower, growing out of a crack in the rock, with its petals somewhat facing down. I can see in it a climber—delicate and ephemeral by comparison to the mountain, yet vibrant and full of life, looking down humbly and respectfully at the rock he/she has just conquered. If only for that instant.

Have a great summer, my friends.

Gustavo



## **Mt. Rainier, July 8-11, 2004**

**Climbers: Angela (Bultemeier, scribe), Eric, Morten, Bernie, Steve, Terry, Peter, and Chris**

After finishing the Basic Climbing Class (BCC) this spring, I was hopeful, but not expecting, to climb Rainier this year. When fellow BCC grad Bernie sent an email with a notice of extra climbing permits for his planned Rainier summit, Eric and I jumped at the opportunity. Thanks to Bernie's organization, there were 8 of us that made it to the summit of Mt. Rainier on July 10, 2004, including myself, Eric, Morten, Bernie, Steve, Terry, Peter, and Chris.

Our trip started on Thursday, July 8, 2004, as seven of us hiked up to Camp Muir in two groups to camp for the first night. Although my group wasn't able to get an early start in the day to hike to Camp Muir, we were able to hike up from Paradise in 3 hours, 40 minutes, which left plenty of time to set up camp, cook dinner, and enjoy the spectacular views of Mt. Adams, Mt. Hood, and St. Helens. Although queasy when first reaching Muir despite being on altitude meds for two days, I felt fit and dandy after eating dinner and taking my altitude pill.

Friday morning we woke up in lazy intervals, knowing that this day only held a 1000-foot elevation gain hike up to our next campsite at Ingraham Flats. While initially dismayed at the prospect of reserving an entire day to hike what seemed a miniscule amount, I was grateful for the foresight of my peers in scheduling a day of acclimatizing, since my body clearly appreciated the acclimatization on Friday. Steve, the eighth member of our group, hiked into Muir early in the afternoon on Friday, while the more anxious of us left camp Muir and headed to Ingraham Flats in the late morning in a group of three. Our hike to Ingraham Flats took about 1 hour, 15 minutes, while we successfully avoided being immersed in the oncoming clouds. Although the clouds were weaving in and out of the Flats, the blue skies were clearly dominant, unlike at Muir, which was eventually covered in clouds by late afternoon. With our short hike to the Flats, we had several hours to enjoy the views, take pictures, and set up a proper camp. The second group of five people showed up in the late afternoon, completing our troupe of eight. After dinner, we retired to an early sleep with the goal of being on the trail at 1am to avoid being behind the RMI climbers also camped at Ingraham Flats.

At approximately 1:15am, the first rope team of four started the long hike up to the summit. The trail began with a short hike on snow that detoured slightly from a direct route to Disappointment Cleaver to avoid a large crevasse. After reaching the Cleaver, our team shortly ran

into some navigational challenges in finding the flags set out on the trail due to a combination of the flag placement and the dark, though clear, skies. After veering too far left, we eventually found the trail again and stayed relatively on course to the top of the Cleaver. We used our walkie-talkies to let the following team know about the misguided notion to go left and advised them to stay right. Later we found out that the second team, however, stayed too far right, and also lost the trail for a short time. After reaching the top of Disappointment Cleaver, the trail to the summit was pretty clear with a stamped out path that had been trekked by many people before us (mostly on previous days, we assume). Our second piece of advice to the following rope team was to layer up at the top of the Cleaver, as this was one of the few flat and less windy spots when the cold from the summit started to become prevalent.

Although the exact time of summit is debatable, the journey to the summit from Ingraham Flats took much longer than I expected, totaling approximately six hours. After a rest in the crater and some thoughtful care to the colder members of our team, we made it to the summit of Mt. Rainier with blue skies and smiles. We took the obligatory pictures and signed the notebook with excitement and awe, all the while carrying a strong desire to be out of the cold wind. As we started our descent at approximately 8:30am, we met group two of our team in the crater with high fives and enthusiasm. At 1:30pm, our tired and happy rope team made it back to camp for a nap and nourishment. The second rope team headed down shortly thereafter, and we all congratulated each other on our good luck and adventure.

The hike from Ingraham Flats back to Paradise, with a small rest at Camp Muir as we took off harnesses and packed up the rope, took approximately 4.5 hours, getting us to the car at approximately 7pm on Saturday night.

Exhausted and utterly delighted with ourselves, we all made it safely home.

The End.

Or, rather, The Beginning, as we all began to think about other climbs & potential future routes up Rainier in the future...

## MY REI EXPERIENCE

by Tom Johnson

It seemed fitting that the new Seattle REI flagship store was opening on a Friday the 13th. I've never found those particular Fridays to be any weirder than the other Fridays in my lifetime, but then I've never attended a grand opening like this one. Actually, I don't think that I've ever attended a grand opening of a store before, or at least one that I will never forget—try as I might. This one will certainly remain etched in a corner deep inside the recesses of my brain, right next to the time that I shook Bill Clinton's hand in 1992, or the time I knelt before a toilet in a Hungarian bathroom, drunk on East German beer, and threw up. I think I was the only cynical person present, or at least it felt that way, what with the manufactured enthusiasm of the crowd, documented by every major TV and radio station in the city (a few minor ones as well, I'm sure) and maintained by a sense of some impending retailing cataclysm we were all about to become a part of, forever. I chose to not camp out the night before, which as it turns out was a terrible mistake on my part, for those people who did camp out will forever be able to say, "I camped out the night before REI opened," to which some will hopefully respond, "Get a life. It's a store."

It started with the requisite speeches by local politicians, including King County Executive Gary Locke and Seattle Mayor Norm Rice. Both warmed up the crowd with short speeches on the importance of REI and their own qualifications for being present (the fact that both happen to be running for Governor of the state of Washington was conspicuously not mentioned—I'd have appreciated a little spontaneous debate on the issues. "I'm for trees." "I'm for trees and squirrels."), and the ribbon cutting, followed by the dividing of the crowd into two streams entering the store, one shaking Gary Locke's hand, and one shaking Norm Rice's hand. I shook Gary Locke's hand. It was a firm handshake, and quite satisfying. Not like Bill Clinton, who didn't even go to the trouble of grasping my hand at all, as if the contact of skin were enough to vote for him. It wasn't; I voted for Perot.

After filing past the politicians and the green-shirted enthusiasts ("Salespeople" doesn't seem appropriate, nor does the Wal-Mart inspired "Associates") I got my tickets to the free talks of Todd Skinner, Tim Cahill, and Magda King. My

main mission accomplished, I went inside. It took a while for it all to sink in, but I must say, it is pretty cool.

Wood and rock textures abound, filling up the stairwell was almost identical to the experience of climbing Mt. Si, only less crowded. You could test boots on a test track of simulated rock (or maybe it was real rock, I didn't check), you could test drive a mountain bike on a simulated trail, and, my personal favorite, test a Gore-Tex jacket in a booth of simulated rain. I think I was the first customer to get in the booth, a distinction I will claim for the rest of my life, whether or not it is true. I asked the sales-guy if anyone had been in there yet, and he indicated that yes, there was a good chance that I would be the first customer inside. I jumped at the chance for my own little piece of REI history, and requested entry to the booth of simulated (OK, I didn't check) plant life, and simulated (I'm certain of this) rain, and simulated rock (see above re: plant life and simulation and stuff). This moment did require me cutting in line ahead of a KIRO radio reporter who was donning a new Gore-Tex jacket. I, of course, was already wearing my own REI jacket with Gore-Tex lining, four years old and counting, and after convincing the salesman that I was aware that yes, I might get a little wet, I stepped inside.

There wasn't much room to do anything inside the booth, and it felt like a shower, only I was fully clothed and there were people looking at me. I think I had that dream once, only I was naked in the dream. My jacket kept most of the rain off, and even though I was wearing pants of cotton, I remained relatively dry, because I wasn't moving around much, and the water dribbled off of me to the ground without hitting the pants. Turning around I noticed that a crowd of approximately 18 people were all watching me standing in this simulated rainstorm, doing nothing. I waved. Some waved back. I waved again. My point made, I exited the booth. That KIRO radio reporter asked me how it was. I answered, "It was just like outside, but better. No bugs." Imagine how popular outdoor activities would be if there were no bugs. My feet were dry thanks to my Gore-Tex Timberlands, bought at Nordstrom, and my torso was dry thanks to my Gore-Tex parka, bought at REI. It was raining outside, but when I was standing in the real rain, no

one was looking at me, or at least not because I was standing in the rain. One would be about as likely to predict the performance of a Gore-Tex jacket by standing in this booth-o-rain as one would be predicting the position of the sun by analyzing the light patterns of the spotlights on the climbing pinnacle.

Wait a minute. I'm getting ahead of myself.

We then moved on to the climbing pinnacle, where novices can climb to the top of a 65-foot structure and see the Olympics. It is encased in glass, visible from outside the store and is fully climate controlled. Spotlights light it, and these lights mimic the path of the sun throughout the day. Did I mention that this thing is encased in glass, and the sun is visible from the structure for most of the day?

I suppose on those days when the sun does not shine in Seattle and you cannot tell whether it is 9 in the morning or 4 in the afternoon, you can hold up a sundial in the climbing room and tell what time it is. Either that, or those who decided to put the structure in a glass room did not tell those in charge of lighting. The concrete is cast in such a way as to simulate real rock.

Then I left, met with a cheery "goodbye" from every green-shirted enthusiast I saw on the way to the door, and Dave paid for his webbing and his video. There was this really cute enthusiast who checked out Dave, but she did not notice me. I'm not sure what all of this means for the future of Seattle outdoor retailing, but it was clear by the level of excitement and attention of the crowd that this was a watershed event in Seattle retailing history.

## Sahale in a Day

September 19, 2004

Participants: Sarah Sternau (scribe, step-kicker), Tom Johnson (photographer)

So. Ryan Allen was interested in having some new climb scoped out for the Intermediate Climbing Class, and he recommended that Robert Fisher climb some peak near Squamish that Robert couldn't remember the name of or details about. I told Robert that sounded like fun, and we got some more information from Ryan about Mount Habrich, a 1700 meter climb with a long approach (due in part to a blocked road) and a six-pitch finish that maxes out around 5.7. Robert and I decided that rather than attempt the climb on the fall campout weekend and miss all the group fun, we'd give it a try the weekend before.

The weather had other ideas, though, and as the days approached, we found that everywhere from Squamish to Bend, OR, and one side of Washington to the other was expected to get rain. While that wasn't enough to deter us from climbing, it was enough to deter us from six pitches of 5.7, so we made a short list of other possible climbs and began to discuss them. Robert invited Chris Meter to join the climb, and I invited Tom Johnson. Then Robert bowed out due to the onset of an illness-related not-so-good feeling. Ultimately, Robert (feeling better) and Chris decided that their hearts belonged to Cannon peak, and I got a voicemail the afternoon before the climb saying as much. A little perplexed by the last-minute switcheroo but excited about the climb and the slightly improved weather forecast, I picked up Tom at 5:30am on Sunday and we headed for the hills.

The forecast was for discouraging weather in the morning, giving way to general crappiness in the afternoon, but when we arrived at the trailhead, the views of Johannesburg were really stunning. Tom snapped a few pictures, I took forever to get my backpack in order, and we left the trailhead at 9:05. We made pretty good time on the 35 (!) switchbacks over the 3.7 to Cascade Pass (total elevation gain to that point: 1800 feet), then wrapped around to the far side of a massive ridge to catch the Sahale Arm trail that took us back in line with the peak's summit. The weather forecast placed the snow level at 5000 feet, and at that elevation precisely we began to see little patches of snow on trees and grass. A couple hundred feet higher and we were in a winter wonderland, with a dusting of snow over everything, which in turn became a thick blanket—a winter-weight duvet, perhaps—as we gained altitude.



View of Mixup Peak from Cascade Pass.

While we climbed, the vague outlines of a single set of boot prints helped keep us on target, but as I continued kicking steps, I realized I'd begun following a set of fresher, smaller tracks—and that they belonged to a bear. After reviewing proper etiquette for a bear encounter, we continued up the Arm, where the snow became really deep, and aimed for what we saw of the Sahale Glacier during breaks in the white-out. It was around this point, with one eye on the weather, that we set a turnaround time of 2:30pm, with a 2pm option if we were clearly not going to make it. With about 2.5 hours to hit the summit and 2000 feet to go, we thought we had a good chance, but a couple hundred feet of thigh-deep post-holing later, we were singing a different tune. Something a little grimmer. Like "No Rest for the Wicked" performed by the Twelve Girls Band.

We'd expected snow (or Tom did, anyway), and we'd left a cushion in the day's schedule for some serious slogging, but this was the sort of snow cover that was firm enough to kick a solid step in but powdery enough to give way as soon as you shifted your weight into it. It was also thick enough to obscure the terrain below, but thin enough that we could slip on the flora beneath, easily make contact with a hidden rock slab, or wrench an ankle on the boulders buried below. We covered about a thousand more feet in a little over an hour, stopping just below the glacier. We looked at it; it, I think, looked back. But with no confidence in the snow cover and concerns about the crevasses it shielded from view but not from the possibility of our falling in them, we decided to turn back. A couple "high point" photos later, we were slip-sliding back down the Arm.

We'd seen no one and no evidence of anyone preceding us up the trail that day, but on the way down, we ran into two pairs of climbers and talked with one about the bear tracks. They started up, and we started down, and soon Tom realized that he was following a downward-facing set of bear tracks that seemed to have been made minutes before. He ran to where they veered down a steep hillside (finding a fresh bear "care package" at the top of the hill) and was sad to see the tracks disappear into the woods.

After a bit more picture taking and chattering, we started down again, noticing that a lot of snow had melted during the day. Starting somewhere in the single digits of the lower trail's switches, Tom began coming up with some number-related idea to toss out at each switch, and we counted the rest of the way by saying things like "Fourteen—fourteeners!" and "Seventeen—a prime number!" In general, this became more difficult as the numbers got higher, and we ended up having to get creative: 33 was (erroneously) the Prime Meridian and 34 was a number in the Fibonacci Series.

We reached the car at 4pm, and on the drive home, we reviewed the stats of the day: We were rained on, snowed on, and got some direct sun, too. We climbed about 4000' over 5.7 miles and saw ptarmigan, deer, and bear tracks, as well as an actual ptarmigan (Tom did), a deer, some little chipmunky things (including a mousey-rabbity creature), a marmot from about two feet away, and four rainbows. On the drive we also saw cows and a llama, and Tom scored eight ears of fresh corn for \$1, so all in all it was a good day.

## Pike's Peak July 18, 2004 – Hey, It's Over 14,000 Feet--It Counts

Climbers: Michael Hawkins, Melanie Kimsey (scribe), and Dennis Lin

Since most of my earlier climbing attempts in Washington had been thwarted by interference from my job, I decided the only way to get into the mountains was to leave town, so I made plans to visit my old home state—Colorado. I was joined by Dennis Lin (2004 Clear Team) and Michael Hawkins (my brother-in-law).

Traveling from sea-level to more than 14,000 feet can be dangerous, so in order to avoid contracting altitude sickness Dennis and I spent four days acclimating at 6,800 feet. Okay, we stayed at my sister's house in Colorado Springs barbecuing in the backyard, swimming in the pool, and cranking up the adrenaline at Six Flags.

As our departure date approached, weather was a big concern; you can set your watch by the afternoon thunderstorms, a phenomenon Michael got to experience firsthand on his last Peak climb (hiding under a rock outcropping at 12,700 feet during a hailstorm). The night before our departure for the mountain, my brother-in-law discovered that the Barr Trail Race was being conducted the next day. Over 400 people had registered to run up the trail to Barr Camp (10,200 feet) and back, a 13.6 mile round trip with a 3,400 ft elevation gain. The race is run every year in preparation for the Pike's Peak Marathon, where insane individuals RUN to the summit and back (26.21 miles, 7,700 ft elevation gain).

We adjusted our schedule to avoid the 7:00am race start, planning to hit the trailhead at 6:00am. Unfortunately we got a bit of a late start, leaving the house at 6:00am and making an obligatory stop at Starbucks. We reached the trailhead at 7:00am just in time to see the start of the race and decided it was for the best, now we wouldn't be constantly interrupted by runners. After gathering our equipment and making use of the facilities, we finally started climbing at 7:30am. After an hour we reached the first aide station for the runners, and the volunteers there warned us that the race leaders were on the way back down. Luckily (???), the aide station was located where the Barr Trail intersects with another trail known as The Incline. To call The



*The Incline, an alternate "trail"*

Incline a trail is misleading, it's actually an old cable railway—they just pulled out the rails and the cable drive, but left the railroad ties. My brother-in-law refers to it as the "StairMaster from Hell" and it resembles the stone staircases you find in Asia used by the Buddhist monks to reach the tops of holy mountains—definitely not a "trail." The Incline rises 2,000 feet in just over one mile, with the upper half containing some of the steepest grades at 68% (that's right, 68% it's not a typo). Knowing all of this, we still decided to take The Incline in order to bypass the returning runners. An hour later we reached the top of The Incline and took a well-deserved break.



*Me and Mike ready to conquer The Incline*

After The Incline, we enjoyed (and I mean really enjoyed) a short jaunt on a nice even path to rejoin the Barr Trail. The rest of the climb to Barr Camp was uneventful, passing the occasional runner and putting many miles and vertical feet behind us. We reached Barr Camp before noon and stopped to enjoy a Coke (which can be purchased from the rangers at Barr Camp, along with candy bars and other goodies). Barr Camp is the main stopping point for climbers interested in a two-day experience. The camp is equipped with composting toilets, tent



*A refreshing Coke break at Barr Camp (elev. 10,200*

sites, and picnic tables. Unfortunately, they are no longer allowed to dispense water to climbers, which means packing lots of extra water or a pump. Michael made a quick call to my sister to let her know our current position and estimated time of arrival since we were meeting her after the climb—ironically, we got better cell reception on the mountain than at my sister’s house—then we were off.

It was only six more miles to the summit, past what my brother-in-law referred to as the “chick-line” (apparently women become scarce above Barr Camp). The trail continued its ascent through the trees and we had many close encounters with wildlife: birds, chipmunks, marmots, and mule deer. After three miles we reached the timberline and the A-frame cabin, which is another popular overnight camp. It’s also the last opportunity for shelter on the mountain and we were getting close to prime thunderstorm time. Although the temperature had dropped significantly and thin clouds were gathering, we decided to continue. After all, my brother-in-law knew of a great rock outcropping a little further up the trail that could be used for shelter in the event of an emergency.

Luckily the clouds were just passing. Throughout the day, thin, isolated clouds passed over the mountain, keeping us cool and sometimes in a fog but never threatening any rain. We continued above the timberline, through large boulder fields that eventually gave way to smaller stones followed by a whole lot of nothing. About 1,000 feet below the summit, my sister called to let us know that she was waiting; we told her we were almost to the summit and we were going to continue to the top.

We could see the summit getting closer, and knew where the



*One of our fellow travelers*

trail should be according to the map, but for the life of me, I could not see how to get around the sheer rock face just below the summit. The Barr Trail is the most common ascent route on Pike’s Peak. It was established by Frank Barr in the early 1900’s as a sick joke—at least that’s my opinion after looking at the topo map and realizing that the most obvious route is on the opposite side of the mountain. My opinion was further reinforced as we



*Mike on the trail*

neared the top, the last 500 vertical feet is known as The 16 Golden Steps, which refers to a series of steep switchbacks leading up the rock face to the summit. By this time we had covered 12 miles and ascended more 6,800 feet. I was beat . . . and almost out of water, despite bringing twice my normal amount. Thankfully, Dennis was there pushing me onward and upward until we reached the summit.

My sister and niece came running out of the gift shop to greet us. Luckily, we arrived just as the summit railway was leaving, so there was no line for the restroom. We treated ourselves to some celebratory gifts and then made our descent—in my sister’s car. Sure, some purists may scoff, but they’ve never ridden in a car with my sister; the ride down way just as exciting as the climb up.

Although not difficult in the technical sense, Pike’s Peak turned out to be a challenging climb, where elevation and the elements are your primary adversaries. As a day trip it’s easy to go light,



*Looking down the 16 Golden Steps*

packing only the basics, lots of water, plenty of food, lots of water, rain gear, and of course, lots of water. Did I mention lots of water? I would suggest making alternate arrangements for the descent; a road and a railway lead to the summit, but if you plan to descend via the train, be warned: tickets can only be purchased at the base of the mountain. However, if you have your heart set on completing the descent, I would suggest making it a two-day adventure—unless of course you're training for the Pike's Peak Marathon.



*At the summit*

## ***Ingalls Peak East Ridge (September 25, 2004)***

*Climbers: Tony Olejnicki (scribe) and Gary Mull*

Early fall is a great time to experience nature in full color and enjoy the last alpine rock climbs in comfort of summer warmth and sun before winter sets in and we change to skiing, snowshoeing, and glacier and snow climbs. The fall colors are changing now, with larch trees starting to turn their bright golden yellow and other bushes like blueberries taking on scarlet.

Ingalls peak is one of those peaks you must do. The access is easy, the views are spectacular, and the rock is solid class 4 and low class 5, with 5 60m climbing pitches and 3 rappel sections to bring sheer pleasure and challenges to those who finished the BCC earlier in the year.



We went over on Friday night to the Teanaway River Valley northwest of Cle Elum. There are lots of camp spots along the North Fork of the Teanaway River just before reaching the Beverly Creek Campground. This time of year there were not many folks camped even when we arrived late that evening.



*This is obvious— it's Mt. Stuart*

The Esmeralda trailhead is just a couple more miles at the road's end and we reached the trailhead the next morning about 8am. It was initially a little cool as we began up the trail, but we quickly warmed up. Just prior to reaching Ingalls pass the sun had risen high enough to bathe us in its sunshine and the air quickly lost its chill from the previous night.

We stopped and took some pictures from the pass looking directly over onto Mt. Stuart and the Ingalls basin 200ft below. We quickly moved on through the brightly colored basin to Ingalls Lake, anxious to reach the start of the climb.



*The access gully*

Near the lake we left the trail and began our scramble over solid red rock that has been scraped smooth by glaciers that no longer exist, though the scratch marks are readily apparent on the rock everywhere. Scrambling on solid rock quickly turned into boulder hopping and finally to ascending loose rock as we reached the gully that would take us to the base of the climb. We carefully made our way up this gully, staying close so if a rock was dislodged, we could quickly get out of harm's way before the speeding bullet came crashing down. We finally came to the base of a very narrow and steep gully, but don't be fooled—the true start of the climb is reached by traversing the gully's left side and climbing up through a small notch. We setup an anchor at the base of this small notch for our belay station. There was a two-man team in front of us, so we took the opportunity to grab a bite of a sandwich, prepare our gear, and put on our harnesses. The time was quietly slipping by and was now noon. We still had five pitches of climbing to accomplish with a 60-meter rope, various sized cams, and single slings to give rope extension from the cam placements.

The first pitch was very easy climbing that led us to the notch between Ingalls East Peak and the East Ridge. This ridge would lead us to the North Peak, the highest of Ingalls' three summits. As we approached the notch, the route changed directions and we climbed to the left to begin the ascent up the ridge. Each successive pitch became noticeably more challenging, being both more vertical and requiring us to traverse and change sides of the ridgeline

Several spots required what I would call very airy steps, traversing across the top of rock faces some of which were only a foot wide. Another spot required carefully down climbing almost 20 feet over a rock knife-edge with vertical drops off both sides. The climb was definitely getting interesting.

As we reached the third pitch the rock was solid, handholds plentiful, and the views spectacular. Every pitch seemed to offer something new and exciting. Numerous places along the route enabled the setup of anchors for our belay points. As we began the fourth pitch, we reached the hardest move of the entire climb. We faced a crack on the right large enough to swallow your arm up to your shoulder. However, the left side was smooth with only finger nail holds. The top of this rock section offered great handholds but they were 3 feet above us and out of reach.

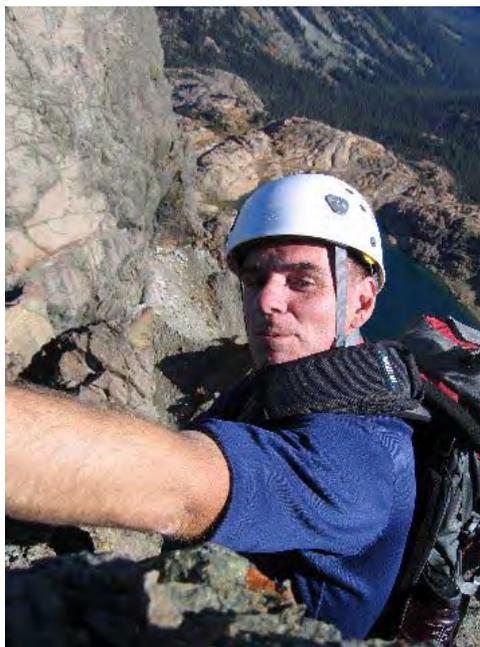


With packs on, we felt constricted with trying to make our way up this short section. We had little choice except to force the right side of our bodies up to the shoulder into the crack to provide the required friction. Slowly moving up the rock face by inching along, we tried keeping our feet under us and our left hands grasping for any small holds that were available.

Finally within reach of the handholds, we finally pulled ourselves up. Crossing over this knife-edge of rock, we finally gained sight of the true summit. But the last 50 feet would present more challenges. More lofty steps are required to cross this narrow knifed rock edge. With exposure on both sides we carefully took balanced steps crossing over to the other side and the safety of the summit itself.



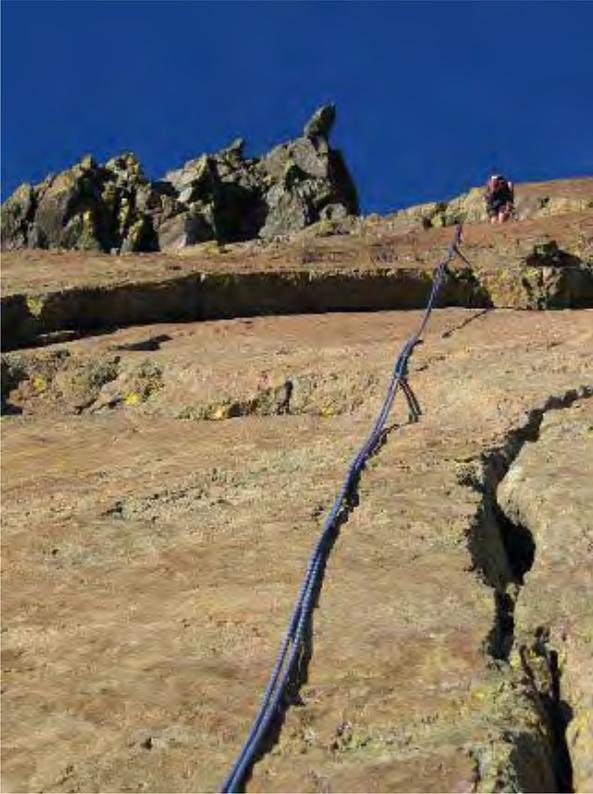
**Tony**



**Gary**

***Intrepid climbers***

We spent some time there enjoying the views, eating lunch, and trying to take the perfect picture to capture the moment! From there an easy scramble leads to the southern side of the summit. With it now 5pm we realized the need to begin moving if we were to get down to the trail before dark. At the top on the south side are bolted anchors, and slings left from previous rappels should make it easy to spot. The south side has a crack climb leading directly to the summit so these bolted anchors are also used for belay stations. With it being this late in the day, no one else was climbing so we were free to use the anchors for the rappels down.



With a 60m rope the first rappel easily reached the bolted anchor point below. We set up for the second rappel and the 60m rope took us to within 10 feet of the starting point of this climb. We were forced to stop short of the rope ends and transition into the crack to finish the last little bit with easy down climbing. The third and last rappel could be downclimbed but was faster for us to set up and continue rappelling down small rock ledges and through a gully that is used to approach this climbing route. The last rappel left us short in the gully by 8 feet, which was easily down climbed.

We traversed around the dog tooth and quickly began moving down rock slabs making our way back to Ingalls basin without going completely down to the lake. As we reached the basin the alpenglow began to light up Mt. Stuart and again we paused to take in the beauty and try to capture the moment with some pictures. Crossing Ingalls Pass, the sun quickly was dropping against the skyline, back-lighting the distant mountains with Mt. Rainier and Mt. Adams still visible to the south.

*Rappelling*

We made all haste down the trail but ran out of daylight about 1/2 hour before reaching the trailhead. We decided to let our eyes adjust to the darkness and try the trail with only the aid of starlight and our night vision. We found we could easily see rocks and tree roots on the trail and continued to make good progress. Near the valley bottom and in the starlit darkness, we quickly passed another group using lights to illuminate their way down the trail. As we passed them, we luckily avoided looking into their lights so we would not lose our night vision. Managing to do that we quickly reached the trailhead and the cars at 8pm.

The adventure lasted a full 12 hours in some incredibly beautiful country and perfect weather. The Ingalls lake day hike is well worth the effort, especially now with the fall colors but it won't last long. If you decide to go climb it, it should be within the next 2-3 weeks. It won't be long before snows will start and the beginning of winter will bury the high country in snow again until next year.

*Sunset*



## *On moisture and the fine art of the lead fall*

by Tom Johnson

First let me say that this was typed using the Franklin Gothic Book font. The topic of lead falls is a serious one, and requires a sans-serif font to adequately reflect that seriousness. If this were read in Times Roman or even Garamond, the whole point would be missed. If you see serifs, stop reading now.

The crack was wet. The rope was wet. My feet were wet, although I don't know how I would have known by touch, because my hands, having touched both the rock and the rope, were wet.

Odd, as it hadn't rained for a few days up in Squamish. My theory is that the top of the Chief had accumulated some snow, and the melt had run down the rock making everything, well, wet.

If you are planning on falling on lead, I recommend doing it when the rock is wet. You will then have a convenient excuse when it comes time to explain later what happened - "I fell - it was wet." This is much better than the standard "I fell - I suck."

Don't worry - I didn't fall far - maybe 3 or 4 feet including rope stretch - it was wet, so I was placing quite a bit of gear on Deidre. Come to think of it, I ran out of gear on the pitch and was slinging together gear and cams, and cams and biners, and at one point considered weaving on the left side of a tree for added protection.

I didn't because the rock over there was wet.

Plus, my shoes were slick. I had these high-top rock shoes, board lasted, full-on lace up jobs, and the rubber on the bottom was worn from a season of climbing. Plus, it's difficult to stick on rock when there is no tread, and it is wet. Which it was.

Not that I'm making any excuses up for my fall - just like G.W. Bush, the buck stops here. We had no idea that the route would be so wet - we relied on the intelligence we had gathered beforehand in the parking lot - "Boy, it looks wet up there - yeah, it's going to be wet." Or

maybe we overlooked the intelligence and went in anyway, but someone has to stand up to these Canadians and their "aboots" and free health care for everyone. We never actually saw it rain, but I know that the Canadians have the capacity to create rain, and judging by the satellite photos, clearly they have the intent to do so. It is our god given right to climb wherever we want, rain or no rain, wet or no wet.

Which it was.

It was actually anti-climactic - more of a slump than a fall, really. It was a slab, after all, so it wasn't so much falling as sliding. It really depends on what your definition of the word "is" is.

Did I mention it was wet?

Plus I was tired. As it hadn't rained, I was sleeping outside of my bivi sack, and at some point in the night I was startled awake by what sounded like very loud footsteps. I spoke into the night - "Hello? Hello?" and this stopped the footsteps in their tracks. I grabbed my headlamp, and directed the beam in the direction of the noise.

The beam lit up two eyes staring back at me.

Needless to say, I did what any prey, or potential prey does in this situation - I calculated my escape odds (slim to none) and froze in place, hoping that whatever it was could only see motion. After what seemed like 20 or 30 seconds, this creature turned and walked 20 yards away, looked back at me, and left.

It might have been a short bear - I think it was probably a raccoon.

I still didn't sleep very well; there is nothing like a pissed-off raccoon-bear to ruin your night. That's part of the reason for my leader fall. That, and the rock was wet.

At least that's what I'm telling people.

# PICO ORIZABA CLIMB REPORT

24-29 May 2004

Tony Olejnicki, BOEALPS

## INTRODUCTION



Pico Orizaba is a 5600m (18,360ft) high volcano located in Veracruz state some 300km east of Mexico City. It is the third highest peak within both American continents, exceeded only by the highest peak of Anconagua (in Argentina's Andes near Mendoza) and McKinley in Alaska.

The peak is tall enough to present challenge of high-altitude climbing. The climb requires a basic technical skill of climbing steep snow fields and it is a real calf burner. It is kind of similar to climbing Roman Wall on Baker but for 2500ft rather than 1000ft only, and at considerably higher elevation with the trailhead at 4200m (13,770ft) almost as high as Rainier's summit, where most of us experience some degree of altitude discomfort.

The climbing experience, though, is totally different to Rainier or Baker. Both of these peaks, although being much lower, present more challenge from technical and weather aspects.

The weather is usually pleasant on Pico Orizaba, however at this elevation it can turn nasty with strong winds, low temperatures and severe tropical storms with complete whiteout. Numerous crosses and commemorative plates for people who died there are clear certification of potential danger, so by no means the climb should be taken for granted no matter how easy it looks.

Surprisingly there is large proportion of climbers who do not reach the summit due to altitude complications. The fact is that lots of climbers are not prepared, writing about lack of basic equipment, such as an ice ax, stopping them from reaching the summit. It is very difficult to judge their experience just from reading entries in the guest-book in Hotel Gerard in Tlachachuca, but most of failed climbers come from places far away from the mountains, places like London, Amsterdam, Paris, or Warsaw. Entries from Seattle, Denver, Mexico City, and the like are generally successful.

Secondly, the visual aspects of the mountain are different. The edge of the rim is visible all along the climb. The mountain is surrounded by numerous villages, which make climb really eerie with starry sky and lights of the villages forming 'imaginary galaxies' of lights below. The night sky is clear from clouds, which build up in the afternoon and early evening. During rainy season, cloud buildup culminates with a rain early evening followed by sky clearing at night. It is a typical weather pattern for tropical region. Pico Orizaba is located at the latitude of 12°N.

The temperature in Tlachachuca is very stable all year round in the range of 20-30°C (70-90°F) and being located in tropical region the day/night ratio is very much 1:1 all year round. Coming from Seattle in the middle of winter, it is a very nice experience of a long 12-hour day and a surprise in summer where we are used to a 17-hour day.

The peak is covered by permanent snow and a glacier of varying grade and quality. The south and southeast slopes are more difficult and dangerous to approach, as they form hanging glaciers with broken ice and crevasses. The north approach from Piedra Grande leads along a benign glacier and snowfield. There are some small crevasses near the top and one can sink a foot with similar effect as falling into a posthole. These are near the rock outcrop sticking from the snow near the rim, but traversing west and heading straight for the summit leads along the snowfield, hence avoiding any crevasses; following this path on return one gets rewarded with 2000-foot-long glissade 'of a lifetime,' when snow softens around 10am or so.

As far as climbing information is concerned, there is a book written by J. Sicor titled *Mexico's Volcanos*. I have wasted US\$16 for it and I have found it very badly written, giving inaccurate and vague information and being misleading in some places—in particularly in case of Ixta volcano.

# The Climbing Epic

## May 24, 2004 - Monday

I have arrived to Puebla Bus Terminal from Amecameca at about 12:30 after two-hour bus-ride (U\$6). Bus terminals are very impressive in Mexico and generally throughout most of Latin America. The bus is a main mean of transportation there and the buses are generally very good and outright luxurious on routes between major cities. I took a taxi (U\$3.50) to the hotel Puebla Plaza (U\$30/room). Hotel Puebla Plaza is a small, centrally located, clean, newly renovated, colonial style lodging (hotelpueblaplaza.com). Around the hotel here are many nice restaurants for breakfast (el desayuno) and diner (la cena) offering tasty, healthy Mexican food from simple to sophisticated. The prices are very reasonable, ranging from U\$3-10/pp for a dish including beer or glass of wine.

Taxis are available at the bus terminal and as a 'gringo,' one must always pick up a taxi 'autorizado' by buying a ticket in the office located at the bus terminal to ensure a fair price and safety. Taxis do not have meters and price depends on the distance; the driver will always give a quotation.



## May 25, 2004 - Tuesday

Bus to Talachachuca (elev 2800m/9180ft) directly from Puebla is operated jointly by AU and Valle companies. Buses leave the terminal every 60-90 minutes and take two hours to reach the destination. The fare is U\$5. To reach Tlachachuca from Mexico City, one should take a bus from terminal 'Central Norte' to Puebla (first-class fare - U\$10) and connect from Puebla to Tlachachuca. Bus trip takes two hours from Mexico to Puebla; All bus trips seem to take two hours.

Tlachachuca is a small town on the NW side of Pico Orizaba. There are two hotels, Gerard and San Juan, charging U\$15 and U\$12 respectively, and both are very friendly, clean, and comfortable. I have stayed one night in each of them. Hotel Gerard operated by Señor Gerard (pronounced 'HERARD') provides also breakfast for U\$3 and snacks like tostadas, hamburguesas, and fries. He is geared up to service individual climbers and small groups. Señor Gerard provides transportation to San Piedra Refugio for U\$100 return for two passengers, and he supplies white gasoline for your MSR stove.

The service is very friendly and reliable; Señor Gerard does not speak English but he is very easy to communicate with, especially when one makes an effort to learn some basic words and expressions in Spanish. There is also equipment rental in Tlachachuca.

There is also a full outfitter service for large groups provided by Servimont, operated by very well known Señor Reyes company. They provide large dormitory accommodation located in renovated stables, transportation to the trailhead, and dinner for U\$135/pp. They are also local Search and Rescue service and speak English.

I have elected to stay in the hotel rather than in Señor Reyes stable with 10 or 20 people in one room.



*Piedra Grande Refugio*

## May 26, 2004 - Wednesday

We have left Tlachachuca with Señor Gerard at 11 am heading for Piedra Grande Refugio. There is paved road first for about 5km, which turns unpaved for another 10km until Villa Hidalgo, the highest village in Mexico (3400m/11148ft). This road is reasonable and it can be negotiated in a sedan. However, past Villa Hidalgo the road turns to 4WD standard. It goes up for 10km, reaching Piedra Grande Refugio at 4200m (13770ft) winding through grassy hills covered with sparse giant pines.

The road surface is a volcanic ash, which washes out with any heavy rain, making the road impassable after rain season (June-August). The road is not sign-posted either, so unless one knows the way it is not recommended to venture there in a rental car.

Pico Orizaba, being located at tropical latitude, experiences a tropical rainy season with the morning usually being sunny; there is a build-up of clouds in the afternoon, and it rains heavily for a couple of hours late in the afternoon, followed usually by a clear night sky.

We have arrived to Piedra Grande after two hours at 1pm. Senior Gerard has dropped off an American couple at Piedra Grande a previous day.



*Arriving at Piedra Grande*



*Campsite 1000 feet above Piedra Grande*

They were doing three-day climb, acclimatizing at 15000ft. I have unloaded my climbing gear and settled in the Refugo, had some lunch, and decided to do a reconnaissance climb of 2000 feet to the edge of the glacier and check the path through the couloirs for the night climb. I felt so well. It took me three hours to climb 1800 feet to where the American couple camped (Jim and Michelle from New Hampshire). We discussed arrangements for summiting on Thursday morning. The cloud came over and I started heading down to the Refugo. I still felt great.

On the way down I got really cold. My legs got badly burned by the sun (I have ignored sun-block) and I became dehydrated.

I changed in the Refugo and had my dinner. A headache started to develop. It intensified around 6pm. I kept drinking water hoping to hydrate but to no avail. I started shivering and could not warm up for a couple of hours despite wearing down jacket and lying inside the down bag. This lasted to about 1am. There is no way I could have started climbing this night. I have decided to rest and try again the next day.

#### **May 27, 2004 - Thursday**

Jim and Michelle summited and returned to the Refugo at 2pm. Senior Gerard arrived at 3pm and I have decided to come down to Tlachachuca, recover overnight, return to Refugo on Friday and try to climb on Saturday morning. In hindsight it was a good idea. We got to Tlachachuca at 5pm, had nice diner in Casa Blanca Restaurant (US\$3) and I had a good rest.

#### **May 28, 2004 - Friday**

Senior Gerard dropped me off at Piedra Grande around 2pm. I had a dinner and went to bed at 5pm feeling well. There were no other climbers, so I had peace and quiet and slept well until almost midnight



*Inside the Refugo*



*Start of the trail into the gully*

### May 29, 2004 Saturday

I got up at 11:30pm (Friday), and after having some food, I took off for the climb at midnight with the path being illuminated by the moonlight. It took me 4 hours to get to the edge of the glacier. It was very pleasant climb through the couloirs until the moon set below the horizon, when the wind picked up and turned to a blowing snow. It became cold, dark, and miserable, with my toes and fingers getting cold. The views were stunning, though, with a starry sky, millions of stars and the milky way, and the shooting stars. Down below the lights of dozens of villages shimmering, suspended in the black background of the night. This was the most difficult part of the climb due to difficulty of picking up the path through the rock in the darkness. It is crucial to keep away from Sarcophagus, a prominent rock outcrop of loose moraine-dropping rocks and rock avalanching almost continuously. Normally it is easily avoidable by keeping as far left as possible, but in the night one may take wrong path easily. Fortunately I had a moon until 3am, making my navigation much easier.

I stopped at 4am and sheltered behind the rock trying to keep warm; I put on my down jacket now.

Here I forced down the 'Oriental Chicken Freeze Dried Dinner' from Mountain Kitchen, which at this stage got really cold. It was really disgusting but I had no choice. I could not remember eating something so bad before; I could hardly stomach it. After resting for 15 minutes or so, I put on my crampons and entered the glacier for the summit approach along the glacier with the elevation to gain of 900 meters. It was approximately 4:30am, and dark, cold, and windy but no clouds on the sky, only millions of stars. I knew I had another two hours of this ahead of me.



*Beginning of the glacier*

I decided to follow the route wanded by Jim and Michelle, as they marked a couple of small slots along the way, making it a very safe route. The route went basically straight up the glacier to the rim and up to the summit skirting the rim. The last 500 feet was really through the frozen ash and lava flows and was really unpleasant. In hindsight I should have traversed towards western side of the northern slope and push up directly for the summit. I took this route on the way back.

The sunrise was tremendously colorful, opening totally different view from millions of stars and towns' lights to majestic carpet of surrounding hills. Also, the wind stopped and the sky turned blue. In the tropics, sunrise is really lazy and does not happened until 6:30am—such a contrast to summer in the Cascades. I reached the summit at 9am, somewhat longer then the expected eight hours, but I was still feeling weak from over-training and had minor high-altitude effects. I stayed on the summit for an hour, as I had plenty of time; it was so nice up there with the sun and tremendous views.

I started climbing down at 10am. The snow conditions were perfect for glissading about 100 feet below the summit. An almost 2000-foot glissading path is the best reward for the Cascade climber—it was awesome! Certainly it qualifies for the list of 10 best glissades. It took me few minutes to drop 2000 feet, then an easy traverse to the rocks and two hours of slogging through rocks, mud, and a multitude of streams flowing everywhere. It was much more pleasant at night on a frozen ground. Now I could really appreciate the name ‘Sarcophagus,’ for the rock to my left was dropping loose stones almost continuously now.

Señor Gerard arrived at 2pm and we were back in Tlachachuca at 4pm. After shower, repacking, and putting entry to the guest book, I left on the bus at 5:30pm back to Puebla.



*Summit rim*



### *Physiology and protocol of high-altitude climbing*

Pico Orizaba (5600m/18,360ft high) is considered a bottom level of high-altitude climbing and it is just above the upper limit of permanent residence. The atmospheric pressure at this elevation is approximately 350mmHg (sea level pressure is 760mmHg). The human body responds to the high elevation by increased heart rate and blood pressure to allow a required amount of oxygen to be delivered to all body tissues to perform physiological functions.

The second line of defense is adaptation of the body by increased production of hemoglobin. However, this adaptation response is not immediate and it requires a number of days for the body systems to respond. Usually, increased hemoglobin production starts after three days of living at the elevation and usually peaks within six days for both men and women.

Standard protocol for climbing high altitude is to spend several nights at 2500m-3000m and limit the elevation gain by 600m-900m per day followed by one night resting at new elevation. This is called a staged ascent.

There are three major medical conditions associated with ascent to high altitudes:

1. Acute Mountain Sickness (AMS), which is most common—usually a 300-meter descent alleviates the symptoms;
2. High Altitude Pulmonary Edema (HAPE); and
3. High Altitude Cerebral Edema (HACE), which is a potentially fatal neurological syndrome that develops within hours or days in individuals with AMS.

Dehydration is also very severe at high altitudes, mainly due to breathing in very dry air and expelling lots of moisture during breathing. Drinking larger than normal water quantities prevents dehydration.

In practical terms, the climb of Orizaba can be achieved by spending a couple of days in Puebla and Tlachachuca and at least one day at Piedra Grande. This time can be used doing a familiarization climb along the gully to the beginning of the glacier climb (approximately 15,000ft).

Some people are doing acclimatization by climbing a small (14,000ft) volcano La Malinche near Puebla. This is a National Park and there is accommodation available there. However, in season and on weekends the place is very busy and booking is recommended.

### *Costs and logistics*

I did the whole trip within my budget of US\$1000, including airfare from Seattle and all land costs. I flew with Continental Airlines, which has an extensive network within South America and it runs commuter flights from Houston to many places in Mexico, including Mexico City and Puebla. They use the Brazilian aircraft Embrae, a small but comfortable aircraft for short distances and small people. I am 5'7 145lb. If you are bigger, it may not be that comfortable, however they have surprisingly lots of leg space.

The best way to approach the climb is to fly to Puebla rather than Mexico City. The Puebla airport is small and friendly and landing there and departing has very nice, laid back feeling with no stress. The taxi to Puebla (20km away) costs \$200 (US\$18) and takes 30 minutes. The traffic is reasonable in Puebla in comparison to Mexico City. If you fly to Mexico City, you must take a bus from bus terminal 'Central Norte' to Puebla; \$100 (US\$8) for first-class service, comparable only to European luxurious busses.

There are lots of accommodations in Puebla; they can be found and booked on the internet.

One should stay one night in Puebla for acclimatization purpose. From Puebla there is a bus to Tlachchuca (see report for detail). It departs from the bus terminal. Take a taxi for about \$40 (US\$3.5) and book it through the hotel.

A warm-up climb of La Malinche (14,600ft high volcano near Puebla) can be a good way of acclimatizing. The access is by bus leaving Puebla every hour to Apizaco (60km), and then there is a park bus from there going to the park three times a day. There are cabins and camping in the park; however, cabins may be difficult to get on weekends, where a number of Mexico City climbers descend on the park. The peak is very easy to climb in few hours and gives one a good feel for personal altitude handling.

Tlachchuca is a small place and everything is within walking distance. To get to Hotel Gerard, walk back 100 yards from the bus terminal and turn left into Av 20 de Noviembre and follow it for 500 yards. The hotel is on the left side with a big sign—you cannot miss it. I had good experience with Señor Gerard and recommend his service and hotel, so say hello from me when you get there.

#### **Hotel details:**

Phone/Fax: 01-245-150 75

Email: [hotel\\_gerar@hotmail.com](mailto:hotel_gerar@hotmail.com)

To get to Señor Rayes, ask at the bus station and they will direct you, as everyone in town knows him.

I recommend that you provision all food for the climb from the USA. One can buy food there for lunch or dinner and it can be delicious, but it is not suitable for climbing the way we are used to in the USA. It is a good idea to buy 20L of bottled drinking water in Tlachchuca to take it to the Refugio.

Most people spend one night in Tlachchuca, one day and night in Refugio, and climb the following night starting at 1-3am.

The best way to climb is to follow the climber's path to the start of the glacier and traverse west on the glacier and then climb directly to the summit rather than going straight up to the rim and then traversing. This path avoids crevasses. There are many other routes, but there is no a good reason to take them.

The equipment required is appropriate boots and clothing for glacier travel, as it will be both very cold and very hot during the climb, ice axe, and crampons.

Maps are an issue in Mexico. They are difficult to obtain and they are grossly overpriced in the USA. One can obtain some of them in INEGI office in Mexico City. There is also INEGI shop at the airport in Mexico City. However, to climb Orizaba via the standard route, the map is really unnecessary. There is a climber's path through the access gully, and once on the glacier, the peak is visible all the time. One cannot get lost and if one does, one should not be there in the first place.

# Three Fingers Attempt

August 22, 2004

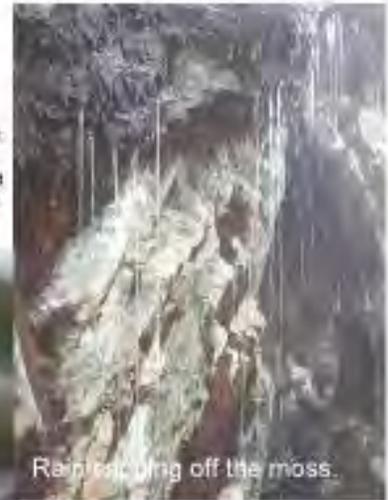


Eric stands next to the trail that doubled as a creek.

We left the trail head at 8:30 that morning. We should have realized that we would get really wet when the first mile of the trail was a 4-8" deep creek. We were hoping that we would walk above the clouds to the lookout, but it was cloudy for the whole 10 hour trip. As the day wore on the misty clouds turned to a light rain and visibility decreased significantly. The trail meanders through the woods for over five miles, until it breaks out above the tree line at the base of a long ridge traverse. After traversing the ridgeline, we started to lose the trail in the rocks and the patches of snow. The trail itself is not that steep except for a few short scrambles, but the trail borders steep cliffs and (in the fog) seemingly endless drop-offs. With the help of our map and compass we managed to find the trail each time we lost it, at least until we reached the foot of the glacier. This is where the trail disappeared in the snowfields.

We looked for the trail, but given the snow and the numerous cliffs shown on the map we decided to be safe and return home.

After talking with Ron Fleck about the trip, we discovered that we stopped about 15 minutes from the Lookout. We'll be back.



Rain running off the moss.



Kirsten scrambles down the gully.



Even with the clouds and fog it's pretty scenic, as long as you are not in the clouds.

ALPINE ECHO



ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW WORK PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW HOME PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW MAIL STOP: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW EMAIL: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW HOME ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO PRASH BHAT, M/S 14-MC  
OR: 1208 10th Ave. W., B4, Seattle, WA 98119  
OR: prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com

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COMMENTS IN THIS PUBLICATION  
DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT  
THE VIEWS AND OPINIONS OF  
THE BOEING COMPANY**

**October Echo staff**

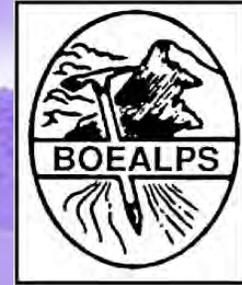
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Tom Johnson  
Len Kannapell  
Melanie Kimsey  
Tony Olejnicki  
Sarah Sternau  
Gustavo Unguez

*If you have any submissions—anything  
vaguely mountaineering or outdoors  
related will do—email them to us at  
editor@boealps.org, or give one of us a  
call (our numbers are  
on the front cover)  
and we'll arrange something!*

# ALPINE ECHO

DECEMBER 2004



[www.boealps.org](http://www.boealps.org)

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## DECEMBER PRESENTATIONS

### Treks and Climbs in Peru 2004

A presentation and slideshow by Michael Anderson on the group of Boealpers [John Alley, Michael Anderson, Chris Gronau, Ron Stephenson, and Victor Yagi] who trekked to Machu Picchu via the Mollepata route, trekked into the Santa Cruz region of the Cordillera Blanca, and climbed Mt. Urus (17,782 ft/3478m). Victor Yagi will discuss a side trip to Iquitos in the jungle. If you have thought of experiencing Peru and Machu Picchu this is a presentation you will want to see.

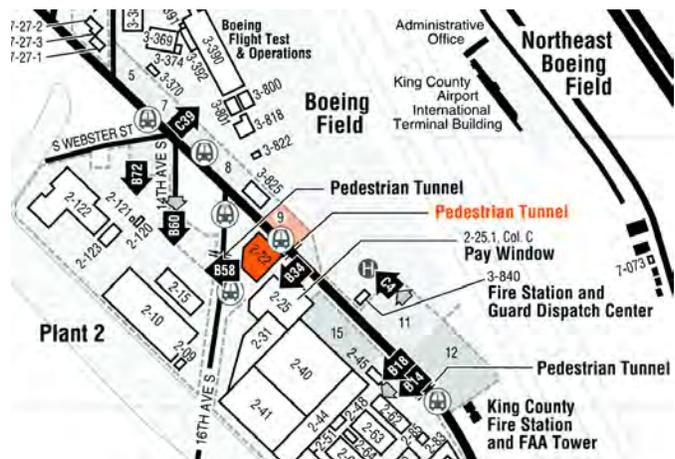
### Hikes with Tykes (by Len Kannapel)

Len Kannapel will have a 15-20 minute slide presentation sharing some of the joys and a lot of the horrors experienced when you take children (<2 years old) on hiking trips.

### Brook Alongi: Cho Oyu

Brook has been added to the program to present a short slide show about his recent successful ascent of Cho Oyu and upcoming expedition to Mt. Everest. On September 28th, Brook and six other members of Team Cho Oyu 2004 stood atop the world's sixth highest mountain. Views of Everest, Lhotse, Makalu and many other great peaks were as wondrous as one could imagine.

## DECEMBER MONTHLY MEETING THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 7PM AT BOEING 2-22



# BELAY STANCE

Hello, Boealpers-

It's so hard—so very, very hard—to motivate during the change of seasons. You'll see, for example, that the Echo's a little thinner than it's been the last few months. Not so many trip reports coming in at this time of year. Astute readers will also notice that there is no report on my trip to Iceland. I was four pages into it and still hadn't come to the part where I leave Reykjavik for Skaftafell National Park (and that would be at the end of Day 1), so I decided to spare everyone and just put some pictures from my trip at the top of the December and January calendar pages. I hope you enjoy them.

Another thing I'd wanted to do but didn't get to but didn't is create a round-up of good climbing-related books. I've been reading a lot of them lately, and I suspect that a number of other Boealpers have excellent recommendations for many more. So please be thinking about it, and be ready in coming months to submit a paragraph or two on whatever's struck you. To get you thinking, here's one of my favorite sections from the essay "A Short Walk with Whillans" by Tom Patey, which appears in the book *One Man's Mountains* and is also collected in *Points Unknown: The Greatest Adventure Writing of the Twentieth Century*. In this excerpt, Tom Patey and Don Whillans are climbing the Eiger when weather sets in and begins to loosen rock high above them.

Down at the foot of the Second Ice-field, it was suddenly very cold and lonely. Away across to the left was the Ramp; a possible hideaway to sit out the storm. It seemed little more than a stone's throw, but I knew as well as Don did that we had almost 1,500 feet of steep snow-ice to cross before we could get any sort of shelter from the stones.

There was no question of finding adequate cover in the immediate vicinity. On either side of us steep ice slopes, peppered with fallen debris, dropped away into the void. Simultaneously with Whillans' arrival at the stance the first flash of lightning struck the White Spider.

"That settles it," said he, clipping the spare rope through my belay karabiner.

"What's going on?" I demanded, finding it hard to credit that such a crucial decision could be reached on the spur of the moment.

"I'm going down," he said. "That's what's going on."

"Wait a minute! Let's discuss this whole situation calmly." I stretched out one hand to flick the ash off my cigarette. Then a most unusual thing happened. There was a higher pitched "WROUFF" than usual and the end of my cigarette disappeared! It was the sort of subtle touch that Hollywood film directors dream about.

"I see what you mean," I said. "I'm going down too."

And with that, I'll let you enjoy the rest of this month's Echo. Happy reading, happy holidays, and as always, happy climbing!

Your Editor,  
Sarah



# December

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
			<b>1</b>	<b>2</b> General Meeting	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>4</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b> Hanukkah	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b> New Moon	<b>11</b>
<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>19</b>	<b>20</b> Echo Deadline	<b>21</b> Winter Soltice	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b> Boeing Holiday begins	<b>25</b> Christmas
<b>26</b> Kwanzaa Full Moon	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>31</b> New Years Eve	

# 2004



# January

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
						<b>1</b>
<b>2</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b> General Meeting	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>9</b>	<b>10</b> New Moon	<b>11</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>16</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>19</b> Echo Deadline	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b> Full Moon	<b>26</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b>
<b>30</b>	<b>31</b>					

**2005**

# 2005 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 (First, MI, Last)

\_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address City State Zip Code

\_\_\_\_\_  
Mail Stop ( ) Work Phone ( ) Home Phone

\_\_\_\_\_  
e-mail Age

New Member: \_\_\_yes \_\_\_no

## **EMPLOYEE MEMBERSHIP**

Boeing employees or contractors and their dependents.

\_\_\_\_\_ INDIVIDUAL (\$20.00)

\_\_\_\_\_ FAMILY (\$25.00)

\_\_\_\_\_ RETIRED (\$10.00)

## **NON - EMPLOYEE MEMBERSHIP**

\_\_\_\_\_ INDIVIDUAL (\$25.00)

\_\_\_\_\_ FAMILY (\$30.00)

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

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

Prashantha Bhat M/C: 14-MC  
or: 1208 10<sup>th</sup> Ave W Apt B4  
Seattle, WA 98119

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 responsibility for 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, assignees, personal representatives, 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)

Additional Family:

\_\_\_\_\_  
(Print Name) \_\_\_\_\_ (Signature) \_\_\_\_\_ (Date)

# hikes ● scrambles ● ski trips ● climbs ● other

PD: Physical Difficulty SR: Skills Required GR: Gear Required

## Winter Outing Series

Dec, Jan, Feb

Winter Outing Series

December 5, 19

January 2, 16, 30

February 13, 27

SR: Basic Class or equivalent

GR: Snowshoes and avalanche beacons, but you can borrow these from the club

PD: These outings are intended to be available to all club members

Climb all winter long!

These are snowshoe climbs of nearby peaks. In the past we've climbed peaks such as: N Ridge of Granite, Persis, Silver, Dickerman, Windy, Townsend, Surprise, Pratt, Defiance, McClellans Butte, Lichtenberg, Lewis, Long and Beckler.

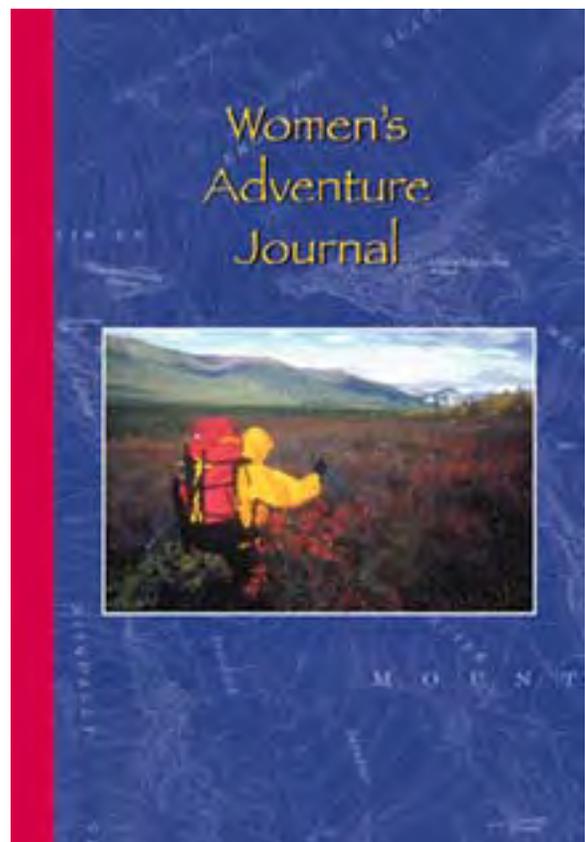
Arrangements are made via email, so drop Mike Bingle (mbingle@comcast.net) a note and he'll add you to the list.

## New Climbing Journal

Would you like to see great photos of women climbing Mt. Everest, doing a Tyrolean Traverse in Yosemite, or kayaking/hiking/skiing in the Northwest?

Check out the website

[www.womenclimbersnw.org](http://www.womenclimbersnw.org) and take a look at the Women's Adventure Journal. The Journal was produced with an all-volunteer effort, and is being sold to generate funds to donate to other women's and girls organizations.



# **DECEMBER GENERAL MEETING**

**December 2, 2004  
Boeing Theater Bldg. 2-22  
7:00 PM**

**OPEN TO THE PUBLIC**

## **Treks and Climbs in Peru 2004**

**plus**

### **Hikes with Tykes (by Len Kannapell)**

**A presentation and slideshow by Michael Anderson on the group of Boealpers [John Alley, Michael Anderson, Chris Gronau, Ron Stephenson and Victor Yagi] who trekked to Machu Picchu via the Mollepata route, trekked into the Santa Cruz region of the Cordillera Blanca, and climbed Mt. Urus (17,782 ft/3478m). From this base camp at 14,000ft there are three other notable accessible peaks: Toclarahu (19,790ft.) which involves some ice climbing, Ishinca (18,1430ft.) and Ranrapalca (20,217ft.).**

**Victor Yagi will discuss a side trip to Iquitos in the jungle: A short trip on the Peruvian Amazon via a dugout canoe, featuring three toed sloths, piranhas, birds, mosquitoes, amazing sounds, and a muddy walk.**

**If you have thought of experiencing Peru and Machu Picchu this is a presentation you will want to see. The members of the group will share the experience gained in traveling in the Andes and the caveats of dealing with the locals, especially in Cusco.**

**Len Kannapell will have a 15-20 minute slide presentation sharing some of the joys and a lot of the horrors experienced when you take children (<2 years old) on hiking trips. Fear not: he will also provide tips gleaned from personal experience to make this fun for all.**

**The slides will be from a three-day backpacking trip on Labor Day weekend 2004 dubbed the Hot Springs Traverse (Olympic to Sol Duc, in Olympic National Park). Not to be missed if you're a parent and feeling trapped.**



**BE PREPARED**

**BE SAFE**



**MOFA, MOFA REFRESHER, and MOFA INSTRUCTOR CLASS  
2004/2005**

MOFA is designed to prepare you to deal effectively with accidents that can occur in remote areas where professional medical help is not readily available. The refresher class consists of four classroom sessions, including hands-on scenarios held outdoor. MOFA instructor classes are also offered through the Mountaineers.

NOTE: The MOFA curriculum has been modified this year. CPR will not be taught and the practical exam at Camp Long has been removed from the schedule.

This course is recommended for all Boealps members and is required for all first-time Boealps Basic Class Instructors.

Location: Boeing Theater (2-22 building).

<b>MOFA</b>	Seven classroom sessions, including hands-on scenarios held outdoors. Graduates will receive American Red Cross Standard First Aid and a MOFA card. The class start in January. The usual class format is to meet two evenings a week from 6:30 to 9:30pm. Monday and Wednesday nights starting in mid January is the proposed schedule. Students cannot miss class sessions. E-mail <a href="mailto:joyce@solarhacker.com">joyce@solarhacker.com</a> to get on the class roster and to find out more about the class. The size of the class depends on instructor availability. When more information is available you will be asked to send a check to secure your place in the class. The cost of the class is \$50.
<b>MOFA Refresher</b>	Four class sessions in February meeting twice a week from 6:30 to 9:30pm. The class will only be offered if there are enough students. Your MOFA card cannot be more than 3 years old. If it is, other counties may allow you to take their refresher class. Contact <a href="mailto:joyce@solarhacker.com">joyce@solarhacker.com</a> .  Doug Sanders is putting together a MOFA class in Snohomish County that may allow a longer expiration date for your card. E-mail Doug to find out more about this refresher class ( <a href="mailto:dougsander@aol.com">dougsander@aol.com</a> —yes, it's "dougsander," not "douganders").

**Texts:** Mountaineering First Aid (MFA) (Fourth Edition)  
Community First Aid and Safety (2002)

**Action:** Send an e-mail to Joyce Holloway at [joyce@solarhacker.com](mailto:joyce@solarhacker.com) to have your name put on the class roster. If you have more questions, you can contact Joyce at 425-888-4434.

**BOEALPS EDUCATION • BOEALPS EDUCATION • BOEALPS EDUCATION • BOEALPS EDUCATION**

Hello, fellow Boealpers,

I encourage you all to take Gary Brill's upcoming avalanche education class. There's a whole world of winter climbing out there and the skills you will learn in this class will allow you to make informed decisions when analyzing avalanche conditions and risk.

The approximate cost of the class will be \$100 (the exact amount will depend on the number of participants)

The class consists of three evening lectures at the Oxbow from 6:30-9:00pm:  
Wednesdays, December 15 \* Wednesday, January 5 \* Monday, January 10

There is also a one-day field trip that can be completed on either Saturday, January 8 OR Sunday January 9.

To register for the class, contact Zack Thunemann @ 425-865-6046 or [thezacktrip@hotmail.com](mailto:thezacktrip@hotmail.com).

Thanks, all!

-Zack

Here is an excerpt from Gary Brill's Website (<http://geocities.com/garyabrill/avalanche>)

## GARY BRILL AVALANCHE EDUCATION

This practical and popular class familiarizes the winter backcountry enthusiast with hazard recognition and techniques for safe travel in avalanche terrain. Classroom sessions include safe travel, terrain and route finding, mountain weather, emphasizing the Cascade and Olympic Mountains, and snowpack factors that affect both stability and evaluation.

The Avalanche Awareness program includes one full day of field work which stresses safe travel techniques, terrain, snowpack observation and testing, and the effective use of new generation avalanche transceivers.

Created by [Gary Brill](#) and now in its 19th season, the Avalanche Awareness course, revised in 2003, reflects more than 35 years of backcountry skiing experience, 25 years of guiding and professional avalanche training. Professional member AAA, Affiliate member CAA.



The **Avalanche Awareness** Course includes three easy to follow evening Power Point lectures, a one-day field session, and a comprehensive text written to accompany the course.

The courses' originator, Gary Brill, is an avid and active backcountry skier and alpine climber. He honed his skiing skills as a former downhill skier and heli-guide but for the past 23 years has skied almost exclusively in the backcountry. Gary has climbed and skied extensively throughout western North America and has remained an active mountain guide since 1980. He received formal training by successfully passing both summer and winter assistant guide training with the Association of Canadian Mountain Guides in 1981. His avalanche training includes British Columbia Institute of Technology Level I and II avalanche courses for ski guides in 1981 and 1982. (BCIT courses were predecessors of Canadian

Avalanche Center's programs and have equivalent curriculum to American Avalanche Association level II and III courses). He also has attended several seminars, most recently the 2000 and 2002 ISSW conferences. Gary is a Professional Member of the American Avalanche Association and an Affiliate of the Canadian Avalanche Association. He is WFR certified. A northwest native and lifelong resident, Gary's 35 years of backcountry skiing and considerable knowledge of the terrain, micro-climatology and snowpack of the northwest's mountains is reflected in the continual evolution of these courses, presented since 1985.

Mt. Adams Ski Trip and White Salmon River Rafting  
(AKA Plum Fierce Trip 2004)  
July 4<sup>th</sup> weekend, 2004  
By Prashantha Bhat

Participants: Patty Michaud, Anastasia Dunn, Kelly Donahue (rafting only), myself

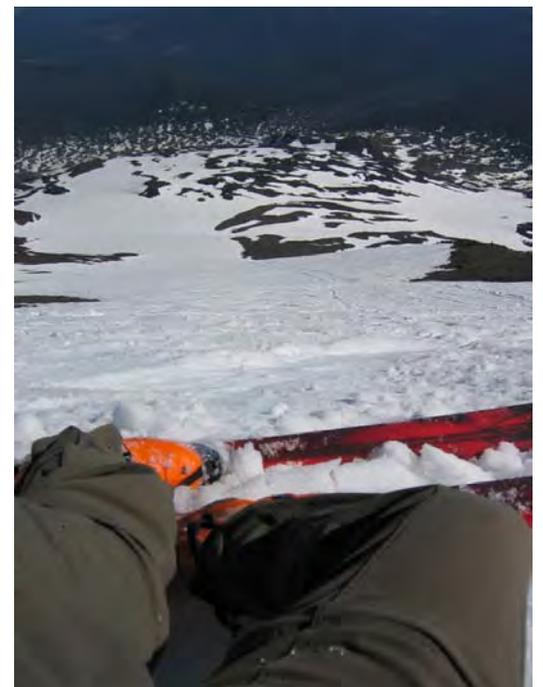
So once again it was time for the yearly Plum Fierce mountaineering/rafting trip. The itinerary for this annual 4<sup>th</sup> of July adventure was a one-day ski ascent/descent of Mt. Adams followed by rafting on the White Salmon River with Reverend Al Erie. The plan was to meet at Patty's house and head out from there. As usual, the chaos started early....

I arrive at the house and promptly back my car into a low post, very efficiently crushing the hatch and breaking the rear window. This presented a small problem as I was supposed to drive and neither Patty nor Annie had a car large enough to haul all our gear. Unbeknownst to me while I was cleaning up all the broken glass (and enjoying the tasty raspberries growing in the backyard), Anastasia had already initiated a clever plan to procure a suitable vehicle for our journey. A little while later Anastasia arrived back at the house with Len and Vera's car. Apparently they were on vacation and left Anastasia with their keys to watch over their house. This of course means she has access to the car keys. We decide that they won't mind (not like they have a choice in the matter, anyway) and pack up the car. Finally we leave Seattle, only a few hours delayed. We meet up with the rafting crew at the county campground and call it a night, wanting to arise semi-early the next day for the Mt. Adams ascent.



We wake up to clear skies and head out to Mt. Adams. We ascend using the standard route to the lunch counter, where Anastasia had earlier planned on ending her journey due to a nagging knee injury. After a nice break in the sun, Patty and I head up, leaving Anastasia with her huge book she brought along to read. Not long after I start feeling like crap and Patty pulls away...I mean she looks like a tiny little dot to me as she crests the false summit. I arrive waaaaay later (like 45 minutes) and tell her that I am done but will wait for her here while she summits. She convinces me to take a little break and continue. I eat some food and we set off across the big flat bit until we reach the final slope to the top. Once again I state my intention to wait here while she summits. So I sit down while Patty continues. After sitting for about 15 minutes I notice I am feeling remarkably better and decide I should tag the top since it's so close. I get within a couple hundred yards or so of the summit where I run into Patty who is skiing down. We'll meet up at the false summit and head down from there. Finally I am at the top. Off come the skins--let the fun begin.

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The downhill goes by way quicker than the uphill and Patty and I have an enjoyable time skiing down, although at times the snow was very thick and slushy, requiring a lot of energy to ski in our tired state. We arrive at the car to find Anastasia crashed out in the back with the hatch open, reading a book and drinking beer. Looks like she had a very enjoyable day as well. We pack up and head out to the campground, stopping at the 'Trout Lake Big Tree' to get a photo of Len and Vera's car.

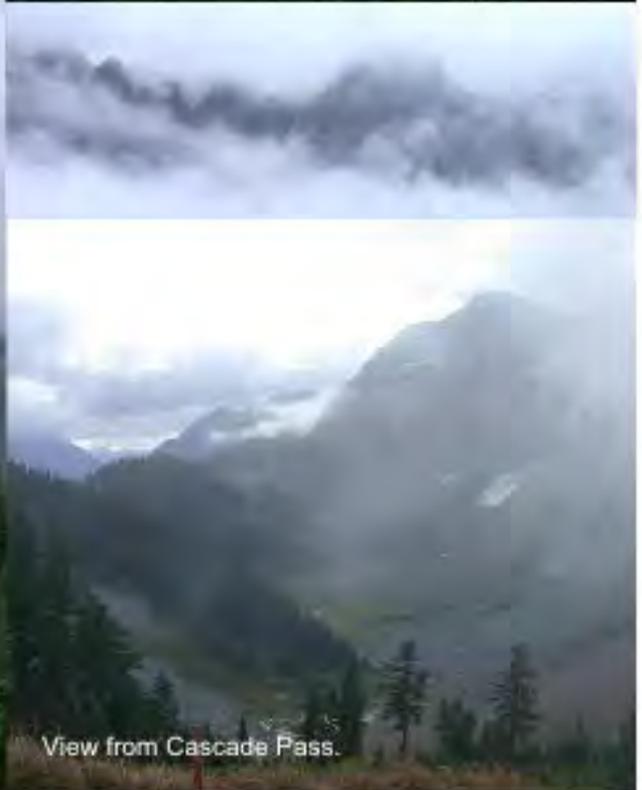
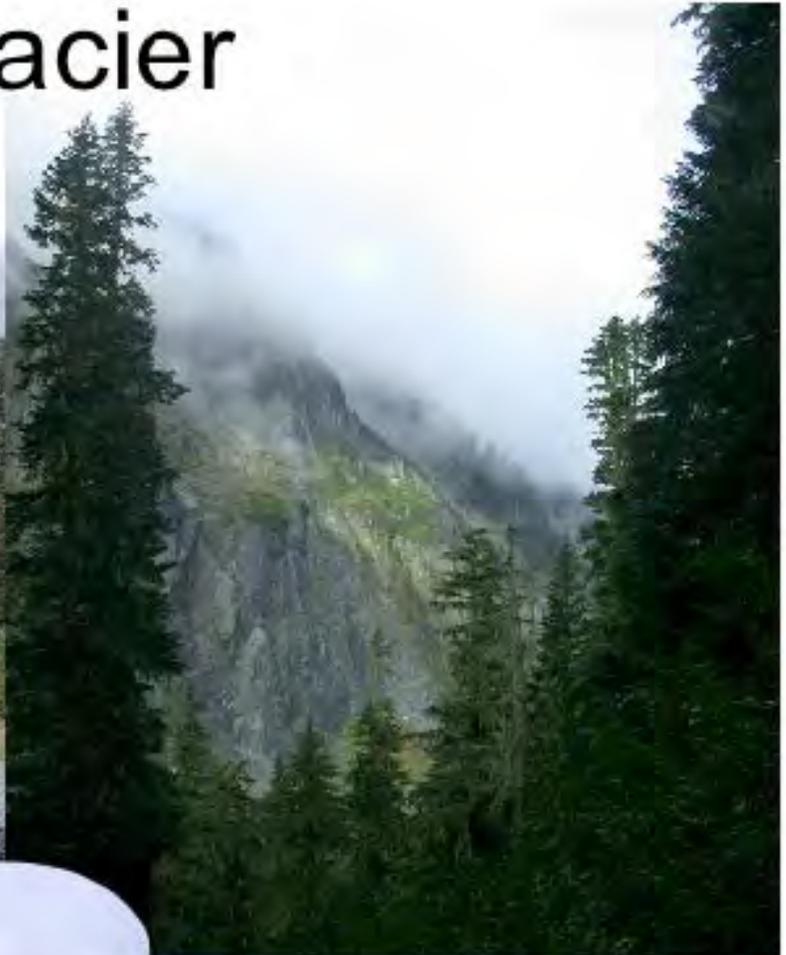
After the late night carousing in camp we wake up at a leisurely time and head out to the White Salmon River for some rafting fun. Having rafted this stretch of the river



with Reverend Al twice before he decides it will be fun to take the raft over the Class V waterfall which we had portaged in the past. It is indeed fun and is a great way to finish off the weekend. The next day we pack up and head out. As we get closer to Patty's house I realize that I will have to deal with getting my car fixed the next day. Oh well, at least the weekend was fun.

# Sahale Glacier

September 12, 2004



ALPINE ECHO



ADDRESS CHANGE FORM

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW WORK PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW HOME PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW MAIL STOP: \_\_\_\_\_ NEW EMAIL: \_\_\_\_\_

NEW HOME ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO PRASH BHAT, M/S 14-MC  
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OR: prashantha.b.bhat@boeing.com

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vaguely mountaineering or outdoors  
related will do—email them to us at  
editor@boealps.org, or give one of us a  
call (our numbers are  
on the front cover)  
and we'll arrange something!*