

Echo January 1983

WARRIOR PEAK (7300')

By Mark Dale

The time was 1:00 pm Sunday, Nov 21st, as I belayed George to my stance on the highest (SE) summit of Warrior Peak in the Olympic Mts. We had less than 4 hours of daylight to descend the difficult terrain of the upper summit, then over 9 miles of ground to reach the cars. What events led to this point?

Our group of 8 had left the cars at the Dungeness River trailhead at 8:00 am on Saturday. We were Dave and Roger Bowlin, Grant Coleman, Ed Davis, Jeff Hunt, Dave Larson, George Meyer, and myself. The "rain shadow effect" in this part of the Olympics is no myth and we enjoyed a beautiful cloudless, though cold, day. Several miles up the trail near Camp Handy, we inadvertently picked up a primitive path following close to the river. As soon as we realized our mistake we bushwhacked straight up through fir and rhododendrons and intersected the main trail about 1000' above. We reached Boulder Shelter early in the afternoon, 6.5 miles from the trailhead.

After setting up camp Dave L., Jeff and I proceeded to break trail toward Warrior Peak to find the critical spot where the route begins to ascend from the trail. This would save valuable time the next day. The remainder of the group followed our tracks sometime later. We picked out what appeared to be the best way up from the trail, about 2 miles from camp. Since Warrior Peak itself was not in view we were still uncertain of our choice. We arrived back in camp after dark.

Dry wood that was found in the shelter was used to build a fire that seemed to provide more smoke than warmth. After devouring our supper (or choking on it, depending on what one had) and telling a few racey jokes, everyone retired for the night. The temperature hovered around 10-15' F that evening.

We were up by 4:15 the next morning and left camp by 6:00. Steering by headlamp, I was glad we had packed down the trail the previous day. By the time we regrouped and left the trail towards the summit it was light enough to see. Ascending higher, vistas of the surrounding area increased in range and beauty. Across the deep valley of the upper Dungeness River rose snowbound Mt. Fricaba, Mt. Deception, and Mt. Mystery. To the south the spectacular spires of Inner Constance pierced the deep blue sky. After a few hours of traversing and climbing snow and snow covered rock we reached the cirque between Warrior and Inner Constance peaks. The ridges bristled with spires and rocky summits. To the north we had our first views of Warrior Peak. The 2 summits were split by steep couloirs which we then proceeded to climb, reaching the saddle between the peaks at 11:30 am. By this time clouds had closed in and visibility was reduced. Snow fell lightly at times during the remainder of the day.

It was bitterly cold (12" F) at the saddle and a slight wind chilled the air even more. Looking up from here one could see steep snow leading to the icy rock of the summit structure. At this point 3 of the party (Dave B., Roger, and Grant) decided to descend the couloirs and wait for the others at the bottom (2 of the 3 had forgotten an ice axe and crampons). The remainder of the group climbed up to where the rock began. The guidebook describes a difficult 20' vertical section of rock which seemed to be the one in front of us. When Dave L. asked who was up to leading this I heard my own voice replying "I'll try it", even though I can't remember making a conscious decision to say that. One of these days I must learn to control myself.

I started up the rock with a good belay. The section was indeed vertical and the snow and ice had to be knocked off what holds' there were. About half of the way up as I was straining to reach a hold, my left foot slipped off an icy nubbin and I tumbled down to the snow. Somewhat shaken, I climbed up again, this time getting in a couple of pieces of solid protection. By now my fingers felt like numb stumps. I reached quickly for a hold while making an off-balance move. Damn!! The hold pulled loose and a 20 lb. rock fell, narrowly missing Jeff. I came down a couple of microseconds later but was caught by my protection and the belay (thanks, Dave). My knee throbbed painfully from contact with the rock. Angry this time, again headed up and finally surmounted the difficult section and set up a solid belay.

I now belayed George up. He fell once and swung lazily from side to side at the end of the rope. By the time George reached my stance we had spent almost an hour on this section. At this point it was decided that there was not sufficient time for all to go to the summit, so George and I continued alone. George led down and across steep exposed snow and rock to a major gully which was the key to the climb. I climbed to the belay at the top of the gully which proved to be somewhat insidious with a high angle and unconsolidated snow over icy rock. One final pitch over snow to a tricky section of rock put us on the summit. Views were limited to the NW summit of Warrior.

As I pointed out earlier in this article, we hadn't much time so we stayed on top less than 1 minute. We down climbed quickly to the previous belay spot, from where we did 2 rappels and rejoined the others below. At 1:45 pm the 5 of us down climbed and glissaded the couloirs. Soon the whole group was reunited and we quickly descended with the help of some long glissades back to the trail. We reached camp about 3:45 pm and were ready to leave by 4:30 pm.

The hike out was mostly in the dark and the trail was very icy, resulting in several spills. Finally, at 7:15 pm, we hobbled out to the cars, tired and cold.

I would recommend this climb highly to anyone. Under better conditions (i.e., summer) it would be much easier and more enjoyable. As it was, I found it a fulfilling trip to a seldom visited peak in a spectacular alpine setting.

Echo February 1983

Snoqualmie Mt. (6278')

Dec. 31, 1982

Climbers Craig Anderson and Sam Grubenhoff left Sahale Ski slope at 7:00 am (on snowshoes), following ski-snowshoe tracks NE around Guye peak. It was lightly snowing as we hiked through a cloud layer.

At 9:00 we broke into sunshine approx. 4200 ft and continued until we crested Cave Ridge at approx. 4800 ft. We then descended to reach the lower slope of Mt. Snoqualmie's steep south slope. Some step-kicking was required to combat the steep wind crusted ridge but by 11:30 we found ourselves on the summit. We ate our lunches in the warm sun and enjoyed views of the rugged summits to the north and east. Snoqualmie Pass Valley remained cloud shrouded which was great because it removed the sight and sound of 1-90 and ski areas.

We carefully descended the SE slope to the gully just north of Cave Ridge, back into the cold and cloud-filled Commonwealth Basin, to reach the car by 2:30 pm. Very goo weather and snow conditions. An exciting ski or snowshoe climb.

Florence Peak (5501')

Dec. 29, 1982

Our party of four left the Carbon River Ranger Station at 8:30 am. We ascended the Boundary Trail to the ridge top (4200') and only 6 inches of snow. We left the trail and headed east along the ridge crest, never tracking in more than a foot of snow. The 5500' summit was easily gained although our out of shape party took 5 hours to reach it. We ate lunch in the sun and enjoyed clear views from Mt. Baker to St. Helens and especially of Mt. Rainier. The descent took 2 hours and we reached the cars at 4:30 pm.

Climbers: Greg, Sam and Dick Grubenhoff and Craig Anderson

IN SEARCH OF CRATER LAKE

December 26-30, 1982)

A close watch on weather and avalanche conditions at Crater Lake, Oregon prior to our scheduled departure time were not very promising. We all met early Sunday morning, the day after Christmas, to call down to Crater Lake one last time and give them another chance. The Ranger said avalanche conditions were still extreme, no rim trips were permitted, and it was still snowing. Given that information, we decided to look for Crater Lake over by Winthrop.

Since the North Cascades Highway is closed, it takes most of the day to drive to Winthrop. (The total round trip plus miscellaneous driving was slightly over 500 miles.) After dinner, we did a little scouting and found our alternate destination, Spanish Camp, at the head of the Chewack River (Snow Trails, pg 125) would not be feasible to do since Chewack road was not plowed within 14 miles of the Andrews Creek trailhead. Later we learned that the public cabin had made a nice bonfire for someone and no longer existed anyway. We skied along a road a couple of hours that evening by moonlight and then headed back to "3 Fingered Jacks" for refreshments.

Monday morning, the Ranger helped us choose an alternate destination: Sweetgrass Butte via the Cub Creek road which is located just outside the Pasayten Wilderness boundaries. We picked up some maps in town and then spent the rest of the morning trying to locate a Sno-Park sticker. Hint: Get one before you leave Seattle.

We skied in a couple miles Monday and camped. Tuesday we skied the rest of the way to Sweetgrass Butte (6100' elevation) and nestled our tents in among some trees. Although it never got windy, the area is fairly exposed. The total trip in to Sweetgrass Butte is about 10 miles (3500' elevation gain) and could be done in one day by a strong party with an early start. (It only took 2 1/2 hours to get back out.)

There is plenty of great touring in this area on mild to moderate slopes. We had unbelievably sunny, clear weather for five consecutive days with temperatures in the teens. In fact, the days just didn't seem to last long enough. Gorgeous sunsets over Silver Star, Snagtooth Ridge, Liberty Bell and the Early Winter Spires quieted the complaints though.

After dinner and a few hands of UNO, we capped off the evening by telemarking down beautiful, untouched powder slopes glistening in the moonlight. It may not have been Crater Lake, but it was a great way to spend the holidays nevertheless.

Skiers were Steve Mason, Alan Baal. Marge Ferstil, Jan Nelson and Greg Cox.

Mt. Rainier -Gibraltar Route

December 29, 1982.

Our trip began with a rendezvous at the Federal Way VIPs at 6:00 am. After a rapid shuffling of cars and gear, 11 people drove off into the sunrise. Six of us, Jeff Hunt, Dee Urbick, Ed Davis, Kai Bune, Jerry Baillie and Dave Larson had food for 7 days and hopes of reaching the summit. Among us were members of an aspiring McKinley team, anxious to test cold weather equipment, methods of transporting extra gear, potential meals, stoves, new tents and compatibility. Also along were Diane, Elwood and Steve Hunt who planned to travel with us as far as Camp Muir before returning home on the third day. And finally, traveling light and providing levity were Jack Leicester and Lorna Willard who planned to ski up to Muir and back.

At Paradise we distributed group gear and food and, with packs and sleds heavily laden we started up the slope. But before long it became obvious the task was more difficult than anyone expected. Some weight was off-loaded from sleds to packs and again we bent to task. It was slow going as various members took turns at the sleds. The uncooperative bundle/sleds were particularly troublesome on the steep section below Panorama Point, so we tried a rope-and-pulley system which resulted in two mishaps. First, an anchor failed leaving Dave Larson arresting the sled from a peculiar position of lying on his back, head downhill. Kai and Jeff didn't realize his situation until a verbal assault reached their ears. The second mishap occurred when a sled was pulled into the pulley, which came apart like a snapped rubber band and sent the sled hurtling downhill after the haulers who scattered frantically to get out of the way. Again, Dave rescued it from going all the way down the mountain by grabbing the haul rope and providing a dynamic arrest. Brute force finally got the sleds to the top of Panorama Point.

Up to this point, Jack and Lorna had been skiing circles around us while we toiled, but now they decided to take their leave and we waved good-bye as they skied off down Mazama Ridge.

At 4:30 pm we called a halt and set up camp just above Pebble Creek (7600') on a moderate slope. We dug a deep kitchen which allowed us to cook out of the wind. Everyone was tired but in good spirits with the exception of Dee who was feeling weak and had no appetite, which caused us some concern. By 8:30 pm, we were all sacked-out.

Thursday dawned another clear, cold day with full-moon fleeing a brilliant sunrise. Larson's intended 5:00 am alarm sounded at 4:00 am, but it still took 2 1/2 hrs to get packed up and moving. We rigged the sleds so that two people could pull in line on the same sled; but it was difficult to get a good rhythm. At around 8500' Jeff decided it would be easier to ferry loads so he threw the fixed line (600' of 5/16" poly) on his pack and headed for Camp Muir. Kai and Ed were soon

to follow, leaving Dee, Jerry and Dave with the two sleds. Dee was feeling much better so she and Jerry worked on one sled while Dave worked the other. At around 9000', Dave L. decided to quit ferrying loads and haul his pack and sled at the same time: a combination that weighed close to his own weight! A lot of work, but perhaps faster(?).

After emptying their packs at Muir, Jeff and Kai headed down again to assist the 4 climbers who had left Paradise that morning with yet another sled. That group consisted of Dave Bowlin, Ann Blake, Grant Coleman and Sam Spitzbart.

Dee, Ed, Jerry and Dave, now at Camp Muir, began preparations to carry a load to a point higher up on our route called Camp-of-the-Stars. Due to our heavy loads, Larson cut steps up a 150' section of 50" hard snow. We made our cache in a level area below a prow-shaped rock. Though it was dark when we headed down, no problems developed. We reached Camp Muir again at 5:15 pm just after Jeff and Kai. The other 4 had not yet arrived so Dave L. descended to Anvil Rock to meet them and offer assistance. Grant was still recovering from an illness and was moving very slowly but would not relinquish his pack. Dave was able to take only a rope and a couple pairs of snowshoes from the determined crew, and soon we were all happily reunited at Muir.

Dinner preparation provided some entertainment when two MSR stoves erupted in flames. Leaking O-Rings had gone unnoticed in the dark of the hut, until accumulated fuel suddenly flared (a sure disaster had we been in a tent!). Dave was able to make one of the stove5 usable again by sealing it with Neosporin, and dinner continued.

The hut was rather crowded with our 13 people, plus another group of 9 (Jeff & Diane Hunt chose to put up their tent and avoid the inevitable snorers.) But it was a cheerful group that finally sacked out by 10:00 pm after wishing Karla Larson a Happy Birthday.

By 6:30 am, Friday morning, the hut was alive with activity as everyone scrambled in their tight spaces to prepare for the day. The day broke clear and cool again, though the far horizon was laced with high clouds. We made plans to ferry loads to our cache, then see how everyone felt, and possibly move on to Camp Comfort. Everyone loaded up as heavily as they felt capable, which left only about one load at Camp Muir. We headed out about 9:00 am and reached our cache (11,000') at about 10:30 am after Jerry & Dave L. fixed a line up the steep section. Since everyone was feeling strong, we decided to push on to Camp Comfort. Jerry and Ed returned to Muir for the last load and later caught up with the group. As we climbed toward our goal, Jack Leicester flew over several times, but our attempts to reach him on the CB were unsuccessful--we learned later that he was busily trying to control the plane in the clear, turbulent air.

We had planned to make a ferry between Camp-of-the-Stars & Camp Comfort, but our progress was so slow this never came about. Due to heavy loads and lack of snow in places we had to do a 15' rappel and decided also to lower packs separately. This took much more time than

planned. Snow conditions on the ledge were not very secure--soft and shallow over rock, so belays were used which were difficult to protect and were handled inefficiently so that a lot of time was lost. We finally reached the fixed line, put in by Kai and Jeff, at about 7:30 pm. It ended about 300' short of the crest but we fixed a climbing rope with a fluke and climbed the last gentle slope un-roped. Though there was no real good spot for a camp, the first ones to arrive began hacking out platforms along the ridge. But when everyone finally arrived we realized that only two of our five tents had made it. Everyone was tired and no one had eaten properly. Many were cold and getting colder as a chilling wind came up and taunted our efforts to put up the tents. We also discovered at this point that most of our food also remained in the cache below.

Thoroughly discouraged, Dave Larson dug a bivy trench and crawled in. Jerry Baillie followed suit, while the rest of the group crammed totally-exhausted bodies into the two Pole-sleeve Oval tents. Shortly thereafter, the Bowlin tent began the countdown that welcomed in the New Year!

Saturday we awoke to increasing winds and a sky-full of cirrus clouds. Grant's recording thermometer registered -12" F. Someone started a stove and heated water while enough soup, cocoa and Wylers mix were collected for everyone to have a hot drink or two. After water bottles were filled for the day we discussed the remainder of our trip. The summit attempt, now out of the question, was mourned briefly as we turned our attention to getting off the mountain safely. Our steep and icy ascent route seemed far too long and hazardous to descend with heavy packs. Besides we would have to reset the lines we had pulled up the night before. After much talk it was decided that we should descend via the standard route in case the weather caught us. This meant we would have to ascend another 500' or so on the steep, snowy glacier above Camp Comfort and then traverse over to the Disappointment Cleaver Route. By the time we broke camp and roped up to leave, the blowing snow was seriously restricting visibility. At times it was not possible to see more than half a rope-length.

Jeff, Jerry and Kai led off, snaking a route through cracks and ice-cliffs. We climbed into the lenticular cloud where high winds threatened to blow us off balance. Progress was painfully slow in the flat whiteness but at last we began to descend again. Tossing their rope out ahead of them to check terrain, Jerry and Jeff slowly guided us around several crevasses (although at one point a crack opened up right before them as they guided others through a t icky spot.) Finally we reached the lower levels of the cloud and visibility improved, allowing us to pick out recognizable features (Disappointment Cleaver and Little Tahoma). Dave Larson, now in the lead quickly stomped down the slope, leaping cracks, to find a reasonably well-defined route down the cleaver. We regrouped briefly, beneath a serac, but decided to continue on to Ingraham Flats to seek a safer spot for a break. Dark fell as we reached that spot but at last we broke the pace in the shelter of a rock face and took a few minutes to breathe and brew-up. Hot Wylers drink was never so appreciated!

Snow was still falling, and with the ever-increasing avalanche danger, we all agreed to push on to Muir in spite of our fatigue. We all took a start as the first team left the haven of our rest stop. Stepping out of the glow of headlamps onto steep, wind-packed snow, Jerry suddenly discovered his inability to see (his headlamp had given out and the moon could offer no light through the thick clouds). Two steps and he was sliding rapidly down into the darkness. Jeff and Kai both dropped into arrest and the belay took hold simultaneously. We all breathed a thankful sigh as Jerry slowly punched his way back up the slope.

High winds continued to batter us as we crossed the broad snow flats, causing us to stagger drunkenly or find ourselves sprawling in the snow. We were short several headlamps, due to mishaps and burnouts, so travel was slow. Finally we reached Cathedral Rocks, and one team at a time, worked our way across the ridge. The wind screamed up from below with even more force, pelting our faces with rock, dirt and ice. The rock and scree slope was slippery and treacherous and broke loose to foil the most cautiously placed steps. With Camp Muir now in site we summoned all reserves of strength and concentration, and crouching into the nasty blast, snaked our way to the security of the snow-covered glacier below. Camp was now just a slog away--we stumbled happily to the hut and hurried in, still roped and cramponed at about 9:00 pm.

Elated to find ourselves safely off the upper mountain we gave little thought to what lay in store for tomorrow, and talked of sleeping-in. Some found strength to brew up hot drinks while others crashed immediately.

The morning dawned on a raging blizzard and 10 weary climbers who found unprotected water bottles frozen and haphazardly discarded ropes and gear buried in spindrift. Considerable snow had fallen during the night and the strong winds were building dangerous slabs. With no food left we decided to descend in spite of near zero visibility (you couldn't see the latrine from the hut!) We packed-up, lined-up, roped-up and secured the sleds, all in the tight shelter of the hut. Then carefully-clothed against the driving snow, we took our bearings and headed out, with Jeff and Dave Bowlin leading the way. Behind us followed one lone climber who had come in early that morning after spending the night in a cave. Roped, all ten climbers and sleds together, we could check for wandering off course, though it made for slow progress as the sleds had to be maneuvered and any fall would stop the whole line. But the total white-out conditions required a cautious and fool-proof method of staying together.

We finally reached Panorama Point where we stopped for a drink and commended our navigators. The wind had lessened considerably and snow was falling softly now. We un-roped to muscle the sleds down the slope. Two guides came by and offered to show us the best way down with our sleds. But, before we could get our packs back on, they vanished into the white. Oh well, we made it this far, the rest is cake! So again we struggled on-- keeping to ridge tops and treed slopes as much as possible, -we finally reached gentle terrain. Soon after, we heard the happy crowds at Paradise--aptly named. The scene

near the lodge seemed worlds away from the harsh one we had just escaped.

Climbers: Dave Larson, Dee Urbick, Jeff Hunt, Kai Hune, Jerry Baillie, Ed Davis, Dave Bowlin, Ann Blake, Grant Coleman, Sam Spitzbart

Others along for part of the trip:

Diane, Elwood and Steve Hunt, Jack Leicester, and Lorna Willard

Echo March 1983

MOTHER MOUNTAINS

February 5-6, 1983

The weekend weather forecast was promising, the snow was stable, and Donna had a bad case summit fever, so early Saturday morning we headed off toward Mt. Rainier intending to mix a little skiing and climbing in the Mowich Lake area. We were able to drive the van well into the park before the risk of getting stuck became too great. We turned around, and while trying to park it off to one side, managed to get stuck anyway. After an hour of snow shovel practice, it was free again. We unloaded packs and skis and took the van back to solid ground.

It was a short trip to the lake and the party felt strong so we decided to ascend to Knapsack pass and possibly descend into Mist Park or Spray Park for our campsite. Heading up through the trees above the lake, we soon had to take off the skis and walk. The terrain eventually leveled out a bit and revealed a nice open area for ski touring, telemarking, and general frolicking in the snow. We crossed this area and started climbing up through more trees. It was steeper and icy there so the crampons had to go on. (On our way down the next day we found that a better route existed which followed drainage up through the trees). We discovered another nice ski area beyond these trees just below Fey Peak. It looked like we'd need crampons to get to the pass, however, so we just left them on and carried our skis a while longer.

Sure enough, the slopes up to the pass were icy so we decided not to descend the other side. It didn't look any better there and it didn't make sense to haul full packs down there only to carry them out again the next day. In fact, it didn't make much sense to haul them as far as we already had! We started setting up the camp just above the pass on the ridge. Already 4 o'clock, we had just enough daylight left to climb a couple of Mothers. The Mothers nearest the pass are considered scrambles or walk-ups by many; but one of those Mothers was just steep and icy enough to get the adrenaline flowing.

We enjoyed the sunset and views of Rainier from the pass that evening. The next morning we would start our descent, drop our packs halfway down, climbed Fay Peak, and finish off the day skiing. Unfortunately the wind came up that night and by morning it was starting to dismantle one of the tents. The new plan consisted of just getting out of there so we packed up and headed for the lake. A little time was spent telemarking on the slopes above the lake before attempting to ski down through the trees with our full packs. We only broke one ski before hitting the lake. Not bad. The rest of the trip turned out uneventful.

Climbers: John Peter, Alan Baal, Ed Davis, Donna and Greg Cox.

KOMA KULSHAN ON SKINNY SKIS?

By Greg Kesselring

After getting warnings from Jack Leicester about possible wind-blasted snow conditions, from the ranger about the extra 4 1/2 miles of road we had to walk, and from the weather man about the front that was to move in Saturday night, we left Renton before dawn on Sat., Feb. 5, looking forward to what we hoped would be a ski ascent of Mount Baker. We checked in at the Glacier Ranger Station, and then headed up the road to the Kulshan Cabin trailhead. The road turned out to be drivable to the 7 mile marker leaving only a mile and a half to walk instead of the 4 1/2 we were warned about. A good omen, we thought. So under clear blue skies we hoisted packs (with skis attached) and headed up the road at 10:15. We arrived at the cabin about 12:30 still carrying skis as the trail in the woods was very crusty and icy in spots. Because we'd been in shadows all morning, we didn't linger at the cabin so we could get into the sunshine as soon as possible. We found a fairly sheltered spot for lunch about 1,000 ft. above the cabin in the sunshine. However, the wind gusted occasionally and it felt very cold even with the sun out. As we ate our lunch, we decided on a change of plans. We were hesitant to camp on the glacier with the wind as strong as it seemed to be, so we decided to stay at the cabin. Then if Sunday dawned bright and clear, we'd head out with day packs and ski as far as the 9,000ft saddle and perhaps climb to the summit in the time permitted. Each of us had been on the summit before so we weren't completely crazed with summit fever, although it's difficult to approach Baker without getting a little of it.

So with this plan in mind, Mark descended to the cabin while Martin and I headed up (on skis finally) toward a 7200 ft. point on Heliotrope Ridge. As we climbed, the scenery became more and more impressive: vast whiteness all around us, blue sky above, peaks stretching far into Canada behind us, and of course, to our left, Mt. Baker. I think the view of Baker from the west and northwest is perhaps its best. The icefall just below the summit was particularly impressive. If I had to list my favorite mountains in order of their beauty, Baker would be one of a half dozen or so that would tie for first place.

Our chosen objective was one of those summits that never seem to get any closer. However, finally at 4:15 pm we were standing on top admiring all the previous scenery as well as Rainier, Whitehorse and Three Fingers to the south; and the reflection of the sun on Puget Sound to the southwest. The summit however was not very hospitable: lots of little jagged rocks poking through glazed ice, and very strong winds. As we were leaving the summit, Martin looked it over and commented, "What a hell-blasted place." Once below the summit ice we found out what "hell-blasting" means to skiers. Yep, every skier's favorite: breakable crust. I found it extremely difficult to do any Telemark turns without eating snow. Martin was doing

considerably better on his Trek Bushwhackers. 45 minutes and countless falls later we found ourselves back at our packs. We quickly descended to the cabin arriving there just before dark. We spent a fairly comfortable evening in the cabin and had it all to ourselves. That night every time I'd wake up and hear the howl of the wind above us, I'd roll over and go back to sleep grateful for the security of the cabin and content we'd done the right thing. It's nice to learn a lesson some other way besides the hard way.

The next morning we talked to two climbers passing through on their way down. They'd spent the last two nights in a snow cave and said the winds were very bad. It wasn't snowing most of the night but they still had to dig themselves out of the drifted snow at the entrance to the cave. Sunday's weather was lousy as forecast so we decided against any climbing and packed up and headed back to the car.

Koma Kulshrn on skinny skis? You bet. But next time we'll do it in April or May when the warm spring weather has turned the wind-blasted crud to corn snow, making the skiing much easier. The entire 4,000 vertical feet from the 9,000 foot saddle talk cabin looks easily ski-able provided the snow conditions are good.

CLIMBERS: Martin Shetter, Mark Columbine, Greg Kesselring

Echo April 1983

KENDALL - Southeast Peak (5411 ft)

March 5, 1983

What began as an ambitious attempt on Chikamin Peak resulted in an enjoyable climb of Kendall's SE Peak. Plans to leave at 5 am were thwarted by a faulty alarm clock; operator error? After a short delay we were underway at 5:30 am, and arrived at the Gold Creek trailhead, one climber short, at 6:30 am.

Chikamin Peak seemed a long way off as we left the car and followed ski tracks up the valley. An hour later we found ourselves up the creek without a snowshoe--Jerry had broken one in a leap across a stream bank. The half-hour delay repairing the snowshoe resulted in a change of objectives. A 2000 ft gulley across the valley offered an interesting route up Kendall Peak.

Jeff led the way across Gold Creek--his plastic boots squirting water the whole way. Soon we were punching steps up the gulley. The first 1000 ft of the ever-narrowing gulley held constant reminders of the avalanche danger, even though today was a "low" hazard day.

As the sun's first rays began to warm the air, trees began dropping their heavy loads of snow causing small slough's to slide down our gulley. These were disconcerting and so we headed for the "safety" of the trees. It was noted however, that no brush or low branches existed in the woods. We continued up through the woods and at noon stopped at a small flat spot. Dee had measured the slope in the woods to be upwards of 45 degrees. We continued up through thigh deep snow. In a short while, we came to a small basin just above Kendall Peak Lakes. We climbed to a notch just east of the summit where we surveyed the last 200 ft to the summit ridge. A small tree, halfway up the exposed ridge, looked good so Jeff punched up to the tree. The runout on the lower ridge was good but above the tree there was none--so out came the rope. A snow-fluke came in handy just below the last 20 ft which steepened to vertical, beneath a summit cornice. We climbed the pitch and broke through the edge of the cornice with little difficulty. The small summit was sunny, and we enjoyed the great views in spite of a chilly breeze.

After lounging on top for several minutes, we started down, belaying the summit ridge. Dee measured the slope low on the ridge at approximately 60 degrees! Long glissades made short work of the rest of the descent and a half hour later we arrived at the valley floor. Crossing the creek was easy due to the already wet boots. We then followed ski tracks through the woods to the road and walked through heavy, wet snow to the car, reaching it just after sunset to end a very enjoyable climb.

Climbers: Dee Urbick, Jeff Hunt, Jerry Baillie

SNOW KEGGER

Feb 19, 20 1983

It seemed an unlikely time of Year to hold a kegger, but Dave Larson assured me that it would be a lot of fun. AS the big day approached however, both Dave and Brad Mccarrell (champion beer drinkers) were on the injured list. The weatherman promised us another miserable weekend and people began to cancel out.

Due to the failure of Roy Ratliff to show up, efforts to get Dave and Brad to camp were abandoned at the trailhead. Ten hearty skiers and snowshoers set out for the lake (which shall remain nameless just in case someone disapproves). In one sled was a pony keg and in another lay eighteen heavy presto logs. Each person had at least two opportunities to haul the sleds and after 3 hours or so we finally arrived at our destination. It was snowing, we were cold, and nobody really wanted to drink any beer then.

After setting up camp and building a nice windbreak, the presto logs were ignited and the keg tapped. On into the night we talked, told jokes, laughed and had a great time. No one guessed it would be that much fun when we first arrived. A group of three from Tacoma couldn't believe they'd run into a kegger up there! They joined the party for a while but the beer was just about gone. (Whose idea was it to only bring a pony keg for 10 people anyway!?) We watched the last presto log die out and reluctantly headed for the tents.

Dave and Brad need not despair as there will undoubtedly be more snow keggers. The party consisted of:

John Kokes, Ray Carini, Sam Grubenhoff, Bonnie Knoop, Jack Longacre, Mark Sweeny, Dave Girts, Alan Baal, Donna and Greg Cox.

MT. ELLINOR (?) or a RAINY DAY BOONDOGGLE!

Sat 3/12/83

When storms threatened Rainier hopefuls, an alternate trip to Mt. Ellinor and/or Mt. Washington became a last minute objective. The group grew to 10 in anticipation of an early season climb.

We met at Southcenter about 5:15 am and drove to Hoodsport where we collided full-force with torrents of rain. (Funny how no one questioned the sanity of going to the Olympic Peninsula in the face of an oncoming storm!) A little pep-talk would be needed now, so we stopped at the Hoodsport Cafe for a bit of breakfast and a lot of coffee. Some time later we decided to give it a go anyway and drove out to the trailhead.

While changing into slickers and goulashes, another car or two drove up, surveyed the scene and left. Still undaunted, we slogged up the trail. Lush green mosses and oversized trees poured and dripped tremendous quantities of water on us and soon everyone was thoroughly soaked in spite of the claims of Mr. Gore. "Walk faster, you'll keep warm." We finally hit snow and began punching steps up the slope. It was tiring as the crust broke and steps sank through to thigh-deep fluff. At one point several antsy step-kickers broke out of line to race one another up about 75' of steep snow.

Once on top of the ridge, we could see that the summit was obscured in fog. The rain had turned to mushy snowflakes as we traversed right to the snow gully which would lead to the summit ridge. An unsettling amount of avalanche debris was piled near the bottom.

Jeff, Ed and Dave went to work digging a snow pit to examine the layers of snow. As we waited, the chill began to creep in through the wet clothing, which may have had some bearing on our decision to turn back. But the large snow slab over a deep weak layer cinched it.

As we raced back toward the cars we recalled a small winery in Hoodsport that probably would welcome some rainy-day tourists. Indeed they did, with a varied array of interesting fruit wines. We left feeling the cheerful glow and continued on our way toward Seattle. By the time we reached Olympia though a real thirst was setting in and all three cars pulled in at the brewery for the tour. A relaxing afternoon was spent making plans for more trips to the Olympics!

Climbers: Jeff & Diane Hunt, Ann Blake, Ed Davis, Dee Urbick, Jerry Baillie, Dave & Jan Curran, Bob Mondrzyk, Grant Coleman.

Echo May 1983

THE BROTHERS (6866')

March 19, 20

The second annual Brothers Climb was a big success. There were 27 BoeAlpers who turned up Sat. morning for the trip. It began with a rendezvous at Southcenter at 7 am where carpools were formed as people introduced themselves. Soon we were off, making a quick stop in Belfair to pick up one more climbers. We arrived in Hoodspport where a reservation for DO was confirmed at the Hoodspport Cafe, then stopped by the ranger station to register the trip. Since we planned to camp outside the park there was no official group size limit (whew!). We arrived at the trailhead by 9:00 am where tents and ropes were divided. The group was off up the trail by 9:30 and due to the excellent condition of the trail we' arrived at Lena Lake by 11:30 am.

Two older, wool-clad climbers noted that eighteen of the first 20 climbers to arrive at the lake work Navy Blue Lifa shirts! A good lunch at Lena Lake in the sunshine was enjoyed by all before moving on. As the last climbers arrived at the lake, the gunners were off up the "Valley of the Silent Men". At 12:30 the last group left the lake. The trail is good for most stretches up the valley; nevertheless a good number lost the trail, hut not for long. There several opportunities to test one's balance while crossing creeks on logs. Only one climber fell in--fortunately her warm clothing was still in her pack--but this lead to the suggestion that all creeks should be crossed while holding one's clothes over one's head.

The fork in the valley where we were to camp is located just beyond the point where the trail goes around a knoll and is separated from the main creek. Thanks for this tip go to a previous expedition, since the year before the group completely missed the key fork. We made camp by 3 pm.

Since it was still early, groups were sent to explore the routes on the north and south peaks. Those going to the north peak punched steps up the valley to a point where the entrance into the great basin was obvious. The group headed to the south peak punched steps into the first avalanche gulley and decided that the class three gulley was the route. All returned to camp for a welcome dinner. After dinner a party commenced around a fire of presto logs. It's not easy to fit 28 people around a small campfire but it made a cozy group. Several jokes, songs and beverages later the group broke up to retreat to the tents. The 5:00 am wake up was fast approaching and the clear, cold night promised fine Sunday weather.

Most climbers were up and going by 6 am, though a few had conveniently overslept their alarms. This North Peak group punched out their route and were on top without incident early. 'Their return was not so smooth. Ruth McLaughlin fell while descending off the summit, and leaving dropped her axe plunged headlong about 500 ft down the slope. Fortunately the slope had a good run out and the snow was soft.

She emerged shaken but uninjured except for a nasty bang on the hip. The remainder of the trip consisted of several 500 ft glissades under a hot sun. Eighteen climbers summited on the North Peak.

The South Peak group followed the previous day's steps to the base of the Class 3 gully, but decided to look for a better route at this point. A second avalanche gully was located about 100yds to the left. This gulley leads to a large basin. By this time the group was split up due to stragglers leaving camp late and the need to direct them away from the original gulley with its class 3 rock. Above the center of the basin a narrow, but ever widening couloir stretched up to the skyline; this is the wrong route. The correct route is to exit the basin on the extreme right and climb: I narrow-at-first gulley into a much larger pulley which then leads to the base of the summit rocks.

A wrong choice of galleys had the group moving up the steep couloir where crampons became the desired mode. Upon nearing the skyline, we could see the summit block--and the correct route. But initial attempts to traverse the steep slope and get back on route were discouraged by unpredictable and insecure footing, and the possibility of having to descend over a cornice.

Although the sky was clear, the wind was cold and the first climbers had been waiting sometime for the slower members to catch up. They decided to descend since the summit appeared out of reach for that day.

Meanwhile, another BoeAlps group who had left the trailhead about 3:00am was happily punching steps below us. They had followed our steps to the original class 3 gulley, which they climbed and eventually joined the correct route. (The gulley had been tricky--slabby rock partially covered in snow--and determined not to be a good descent route.)

Seeing them below, we shouted to them, and let them know our predicament.

They could see that below us was in fact not a cornice but just a steep snow slope with a good run-out. That was all it took for Bob Gray, who bounded over the edge and started down the slope. Those who had not decided to return via our ascent route were close behind, and within 45 min had joined the others on the summit.

The return was easy as we glissaded the proper route and then dropped to the South into the large basin to follow our steps back to camp. By 3 pm everyone was back at camp and by 4:00 were packed up for the walk out. Everyone reached the cars by nightfall, and we retreated to the Hoodspout Cafe for a big dinner.

Climbers:

***Donna Cox
Dick Stewart
Mike Fox
Dee Urbick
Bob Gray
Sam Grubenhoff
Janet Oliver***

***Steve Mason
John Bartella
John Kokes
Tim Olcott
Jim Fortier
Al Wainwright
Diane Hunt***

***(Sunday marathoners)
Kai Bune
Jeff Hunt
Bill
Ed Davis (in spirit)***

*Janice McCants
Patti Vodapest
Al Baal
Jack Longacre
Dave Larson
Karla Larson
Jeff Skinner*

*Mark Sweeney
Ruth McLaughlin
Dan Buehler
Chuck Sheldon
John Peters
Robbie Lass
Jerry Baillie (trip leader)*

Editors note: In spite of the good time, it is undesirable to travel in such a large group. The eager response of BOEALPS members however indicates a real need for climb/trip organizers.

Echo June 1983

MT FERNOW (6196')

MAY 8, 1983

On Mother's Day morning, Dave Borgens, Tim Olcott, Al Wainwright, and I met at 5:38am at Totem Lake shopping center. The Weather did not look promising as the clouds were low, dark, and threatening.

But, we persevered and drove to Skykomish passing through numerous rain squalls on the way.

As we drove up the Forest Service road to the starting point, we came out of the clouds into the early-morning sunshine. We reached the snow line at 3600' at about 7:30.

In a good mood, we started up the snow-covered road, through the clear cuts onto the ridge leading to Alpine Baldy. The snow was firm and we made it to the top in no time. We then began the long traverse over to Fernow.

Pluch time was spent finding our way around the small cliffs along the way and crossing the wide avalanche slopes. About noon we were at the base of the mountain having a little snack in the sunshine.

The weather promptly deteriorated as we kicked steps in the soft snow up and around the base of the mountain. A cliffy section forced us to drop a few hundred feet before we could enter the main gully leading to the summit.

At 1:30 we made it to the top and found the register, in which the last entry was August, 1982. Since the wind was blowing we only stayed on top long enough to eat lunch.

The snow was firming up as we plunge-stepped down the mountain. With a cool breeze blowing and some snow flurries falling, we leisurely followed our steps back and enjoyed the views into the basin below us and of the fir tress around us. We arrived back at the car at 5:30, pleasantly tired, but satisfied.

Climbers: Mike Fitzpatrick, Dave Borgens, Tim Olcott, and Al Wainwright

Big Four -Dry Creek Route

An excellent climb for North End climbers. It combines a good workout, steep snow, long glissades, and relatively good accessibility. It is only an hour from the Denny's at 128th Street in South Everett, but an early start is still suggested (4300 vertical feet, 6-8 Becky hours).

Two problems we had can be easily circumvented. First, the approach can be shortened by following the route description and understanding Becky's reasoning. Drive exactly 1.4 miles east of the Big Four campground and then head due south until the river is reached (est. 150 yards). Follow the river upstream (east) to find a log jam (150 yards) or wade across in low flow periods. After gaining the south side of the river continues south (100 yards) to get out of the bog and then head due west until the boulder field is gained. This boulder field (Dry Creek) heads all the way up to the lower basin and it may be covered with snow and/or avalanche debris. The alternative to this route is bush whacking through alder and devils club. The other preventable problem is in using the photo of the route on page 43 of the green Becky book. Apparently, in the printing, the stencil for the line identifying the route became misaligned with the stencil for the photo. The result is that the line is about 1/4 inch lower than the actual route. For example, the route ascends on snow gullies low and high, not along ridge crests or in the trees.

Despite our route finding problems resulting from the previous problems, we made the summit in less than 7 hours. Our descent took about 3 hours. Technically, the route was basic with some very steep snow/ice near the summit (50° and 200 vertical feet). We didn't use rope, pickets, or flukes but we would not have ascended without them. A pre-warning of rock fall in the gully was unsubstantiated in our early season climb.

Climbers: Ed Davis, Jeff Hunt, Scott Leathley

BAKER-Coleman Headwall

April 23,24 (and part of 25!)

Our caravan of two Hondas set out from Denny's close to 6 a.m. Saturday morning. One Honda, which shall remain anonymous, (except to say that it is white and driven by a very tall person) took a slight detour toward Darrington before its occupants realized that this route would not go...and they would have to turn around. Indeed things were not going well for them: they couldn't get the thermos of coffee open either without the help of a trusty Chouard ice axe!

Slightly behind schedule now, our intrepid heroes finally started hiking the road to the trailhead about 10:30 (slightly less than a mile of road). Once past Kulshan cabin, it wasn't long before we broke off from the masses and headed across the Coleman to the base of the wall. Taking no chances, we roped up early (2 teams of 2) and put Alpine Eddy out in front. In a matter of minutes he was up to his waist in a crevasse. "Quit playin' around and get out of there Ed!" After rescuing himself, off Ed goes again ...and down Ed goes again, and again, and again. Soon it got to the point where the rest of us were thinking, "oh look, Ed's in a crevasse again, ho hum." We switched leads, put on our snowshoes, and had no further crevasse problems (that day). We stopped at the 7500 ft. level to camp about 4 p.m. The base of the wall is about 8500 ft.

The weather? Overcast with intermittent dark clouds breaking through the white clouds. At least tomorrow's route was visible.

The wake up call came at 3:30 a.m. Sunday. The snow was falling lightly on the tent and visibility down the glacier was poor. The snow had accumulated less than two inches but we wouldn't want it snowing all day on a route like this. We decided that the least we could do is get a little exercise so we wanded our way to the base of the wall "just to take a look." Visibility had improved by then and we found ourselves climbing. No sooner had we started than we ran into some ice. We put the crampons on, Jerry gave me a quick ice climbing lesson and we were off again. Our route was somewhat to the right of that shown in Beckey's Red book. There was enough snow on a portion of the rock to kick steps up through it. It's hard to describe; and it probably doesn't exist anymore anyway. The snow conditions were acceptable: It seemed a little deeper than desirable for a speedy ascent yet made for large, secure steps which lessened that feeling of exposure.

We had a magnificent view of the clouds above us all day as well as some fairly good views of clouds below us too. The sun managed to burn us nevertheless. During a break in the clouds, we saw three climbers on the standard route. That relieved a bit of anxiety since it meant there would be tracks to follow for our planned descent via the standard route.

We had about 7 pickets and 4 flukes between us and were using running belays to afford some protection and still keep things moving as swiftly as possible. Things were going fairly smoothly

now, "just kicking steps" as Jeff put it. We stopped for a rest at lovely picnic site just below a beautiful display of ice artwork, complete with cave. What a cozy bivy site it would make if it just wouldn't cave in.

Jerry led off around a corner but was stopped shortly by another wall of ice. The route lay above that ice pitch and the ice screws had been conveniently left in camp. Jeff volunteered to take the two ice hammers and lead the pitch. He fixed the line above us with a couple of pickets and a fluke for good measure. The rest of us were to follow tied in with a ratchet knot. Another ice climbing lesson from Jerry plus the thought of going back down what we'd come up finally got me over that ice. We had been climbing for eight hours now and were definitely committed.

The two schrunds we had worried about from camp the day before gave us some tense moments but no real difficulties. Later in the season, they could present a real problem, however. Four more hours of climbing and we reached the summit dome; a total of 12 hours for the ascent.

A quick poll was taken: We'd all been to the summit before and there was nothing to see that day so we decided to forego the stroll across the crater and make use of the remaining daylight to get down. Remember those three guys on the standard route? They never made it; so much for our tracks. We headed down toward the saddle in a white-out. I don't think we ever found the saddle but at least we were descending. After correcting a few wrong turns, we headed toward the base of the Roman Nose with the plan of contouring just below it until we picked up the wands leading back to camp. We spotted the tent first, however, so Jeff is out some wands.

Eight P.M. in camp now-dark and snowing lightly. The vote is split two for packing up and leaving that night and two for spending the night in a nice, warm, secure, safe, cozy tent. (Guess which way I voted!) The thought of two people alone on the glacier at night didn't set too well so the two wimps decided to head out that night also. Finding wands in the dark in a whiteout is a real treat. It was very slow going. "Oh look, Ed's in a crevasse again." This time Ed was not so fortunate, the glacier decided to keep one of his snowshoes.

We un-roped inside Kulshan cabin and took a short rest. Four tired little boys arrived at the cars about 4:30 a.m. Monday morning after a good, solid 24 hours of climbing. The weather had cleared by now, of course, and the entire mountain was clear. We were finally down and safe, but Jeff still had the most dangerous part of the climb ahead of him (riding home with a sleepy Ed at the wheel!)

Animals were: Jeff Hunt, Jerry Baillie, Ed Davis and Greg Cox

Echo July 1983

THE TOOTH

May 22, 1983

On Sunday morning Dave Jones and myself, Gary Gorremans, met at the Eastgate Albertsons', compressed ourselves into one vehicle, and continued towards Alpentals and our objective, The Tooth.

We were hopeful of completing a route that we had partially climbed the previous week in the company of Dick Gilbert. By 7:30 we were hiking through Alpentals' parking lots and up the left side of Source Creek. One and a half hours later we were in the basin beneath The Tooth.

From there we crossed over the notch to the South of Pineapple Pass and skirted northward until we reached the first face on the South-west side of The Tooth. Breaking out the rack; Dave led off.

Alternating leads, we kept to the left of the Open Book until the route was forced up a crack (old piton in place to protect the move) and around a little corner, coming out on a small ledge which we named the "Crow's Nest," It's a good belay spot and also has a piton in place which, along with a rock horn, served as a rappel anchor when we were forced to retreat from our previous attempt.

Snow, lightening, and thunder had given us sufficient cause to head for home the week before. We intended to reclaim our rappel slings and a *10 chock still in place partway up the next lead.

Dave lead this next part, A fine place of work which brought us out on the South Face route smack in the middle of an eight person party (Mountaineers?) that was descending.

Easing on up to the summit via the Direct Up, we enjoyed the solitude and beautiful weather as we now had The Tooth to ourselves. The route was mixed Class 4 and 5, a nice mixture which was both comfortable and exhilarating.

After a summit lunch, five rappels and a glissade brought us down into the basin and on our way home.

GLACIER PEAK -FROSTBITE RIDGE

Play 28,29,30 1983

Our attempt to climb Glacier via this route last memorial day was not successful due to a combination of poor trail conditions, bad route- finding, and a late start. Our memories of the attempt had mellowed somewhat over the intervening year and we decided it was time to accept the challenge again.

After a pit stop in the Darrington Timberline Cafe, we continued up the Suiattle River road to its end. We sacked out under the stars for the evening.

A 5:30am wake-up on Saturday had us on the trail by 6:30; under clear skies. The Milk Creek Trail is a scenic one and affords easy walking, when snow free, up to its junction with the Crest Trail at 7.5 miles.

From here the Crest Trail switchbacks 2000 feet to the top of Milk Creek Ridge in about four miles. We lost the trail under snow about half way up the ridge, but easily punched steps up to the crest where we reached camp by 3:30pm.

An early wake-up had us out of camp and moving by 4:00am Sunday morning. The first three miles of the route are generally a long traverse across the upper slopes of the Ptarmigan, Vista, and Kennedy Glaciers with only about 2080 feet of elevation gained. From here, Frostbite Ridge rises in almost a direct line to the rabbit tears at about 10,000 feet.

The snow was great and I was able to kick steps all the way up to the rock. Upon clambering up the rock directly between the rabbit ears (per Becky) we got our first view of the true summit. It is about a half mile from this point.

We unroped briefly to scramble down the loose volcanic rock on the south side and then roped up again to ascend the steep snow to the crater rim. After descending into the crater we had to stop and put on crampons for the first time today to climb a short stretch of ice to the summit.

At the summit, we met a number of other parties coming up the standard route. We made the summit at 2:00pm, for 10 hours total from our high camp. Old Fred B, estimates 5-7 hours for this route, but everyone knows by now that he uses a snowmobile and a jet pack.

After a short stay on the summit due to high winds (40mph) we made an uneventful, but long descent back to camp. Watch out for a mountain goat on the ridge above Ptarmigan Glacier -Kevin was almost beamed by a couple of rocks it knocked loose. Our success gave us fleet legs and had us out to the trailhead before noon on Monday.

Climbers were: Jerry Kiltz, Kevin Tessmer, and Tom Groves.

MOUNT RAINIER -SUCCESS CLEAVER

We had all agreed that the best training that we could do would be to get as much altitude as possible. This meant Rainier, but the prospects of a sunny Memorial Day weekend meant we would have to carefully choose a route to stay away from the crowds. Success Cleaver fit the bill so the plans were made and the times set.

Our first stop Saturday was at the Log Cabin in Elbe, where we shoveled down the grits to the amazement of the onlookers. Then it was on to Longmire to register and back down to Tacoma Creek Trailhead.

By 9:30 we were on the trail as the mercury started to rise above 70 degrees. Reaching the snow on the other side of the suspension bridge was a cooling relief. A quick noontime snack at Indian Henry's got us set for the long hot trudge ahead. Seven o'clock that evening we set up camp at the 8900 foot level of the cleaver.

We left camp at 4:30 the next morning as the temperature dipped down to 40 degrees. The route above was without major problems. We climbed on snow all the way to Point Success, arriving at the summit around 4:30pm. We had donned crampons at about 11,000 feet, but found it unnecessary to rope up.

There was a stiff 40mph breeze which threatened to blow us over the West face. We found a sheltered area to set up camp just below Columbia Crest. A long, painful night (throb city) finally ended to the rise of another glorious day; with temperatures finally down in the twenties.

As the cloud cap started to form, we left our high abode, descending the standard route down to the heat, crowds, and Paradise. Conning a ride back to the West Side Road, we re-stuffed the car and proceeded to the Log Cabin to re-stuff ourselves.

Participants were 2/3 of the Seattle Pamirs'83 Expedition: Don Goodman, Roger Pates, Paul Huffman, and Scott Leathley

MT DECEPTION (7788')

4-5 June 1983

by Rick Jali

References:

1. Climbers Guide to the Olympic Mountains, ppg. 109 and 114-116
2. Topo Map, Tyler Peak quadrangle, USGS 15 minute or Greentrail series

Those who were deceived by the clouds and drizzle in the Seattle area missed a good, exciting snow climb of Mt. Deception, the highest peak in the eastern Olympics. This was intended as an experience climb for graduates of the BoeAlps Climbing Class; some had even signed up. Rut, one by one, they dropped out, leaving my co-leader Willie Hepler and myself.

In deceptive weather we drove over deceptively marked, or unmarked, roads to the trailhead (see description in reference for approach). We chose the upper approach, at the last switchback of Road 295 (deceptively marked "Limited Maintenance" and without a number) high above the Dungeness River at about 3250' (I bought one of the cheapie altimeters mentioned in a recent issue of the Echo and it worked unreceptively fine). From this point, a deceptively obvious trail leads steeply down a couple of hundred feet to the Royal Creek Trail, while another trail, deceptively hidden a bit further on but marked with red fluorescent ribbons, allows you to traverse west to the Royal Creek trail at the National Park Boundary, with very little elevation loss.

The Royal Creek Trail is unreceptively superb, except for the last 1 1/2 miles or so, where it was deceptively hidden by snow. We reached Royal Basin and made camp near Shelter Rock, about 5 hours from the road-head.

The weather continued its deception, alternating between sunshine and cloud. The next morning we set out early, climbed up near a water-fall just to the west of camp, then moved directly towards and up the Northeast Face (between routes 4 and 5 in reference). Abundant snow kept the route simple, no deception at Mt. Deception! The snow was soft; no crampons needed, but was quite steep (45 -50) in places near the summit. Sometimes we moved onto the rocks to avoid very steep spots and cornices. The summit was in cloud and fog when it was reached about 5 1/2 hours from camp.

We placed a new summit register (an amazingly heavy, solid thing provided by the Mountaineers) and had lunch. On the way down we looked for an easier route, and were deceived. In the fog we dropped into the wrong drainage (onto the top of Deception Glacier, route 3 in reference) and when we came out of the fog, we didn't recognize a thing! Deception on Mt. Deception! But we were able to move over to the correct divide with very little gain and cross

over to the correct side with about only 1/2 hour loss of time.

Some steep down climbing got us back on route and the remainder of the decent was made without further deception. Even the weather, which looked deceptively bad, remained unreceptively good. So, without deception, it was a good weekend on Mt. Deception!

Echo August 1983

NORTHFACE (EAST CORNER) OF MOUNT BARING

May 28 & 29, 1983

During a nine year period from 1951 to 1959, seven attempts were made to climb the north face of Mt. Baring by various parties of Northwest climbers.

In July of 1960, Ed Cooper and Don Claunch finally succeeded after five continuous days on the face. The climb, according to Cooper, took the first ascenders "from the depths of depression to the heights of sublimity" (1961AAJ).

Fred Beckey, who spent a good deal of time and effort on the route, said that the ascent of this face was "one of the most arduous climbing projects in the (Cascade) range" (Cascade Alpine Guide).

In the weeks preceding the successful ascent, Beckey, Cooper, and Claunch each spent between four and six days cutting brush and fixing various lengths of rope on the lower 2300 feet of the route. Heavy loads of equipment and food were hauled beyond here to Dolomite Camp further up the face.

A few weeks later the 3-man team of Beckey, Cooper, and Claunch returned for the final assault. After two days of climbing and many hours spent placing a questionable bolt at the high point, Beckey descended the face alone, leaving Cooper and Claunch to continue.

On the third day 20 additional feet of hard aid was accomplished. On the fourth day 40 more feet of equally hard aid. Slow progress indeed. On the fifth day, after a moderate aid pitch and a little scrambling, they were on top.

The North Face route has an interesting history. It is an awesome sight when viewed from Barclay Lake. Neither Terry nor I knew of anyone who had repeated the coveted the route for a number of years.

On May 21st, we climbed the first 2300 feet of the route to Rockfall Point in about 3 1/2 hours. Because of low clouds and mist, much of the rock was wet and slippery. We encountered many of the fixed lines left by the first ascent party 23 years ago. The ropes are now rotten and unusable.

We deposited most of our equipment on a ledge at Rockfall Point and headed back down, intending to return in sunnier weather. We left our two climbing ropes fixed at two of the more steepish sections, hoping that the fuzzy little mountain beasts and any falling rocks would not bother them in our absence.

One week later we were back. The weather was beautiful and our ropes were still intact, although a critter did nibble one of our slings.

We picked up our gear at Rockfall Point and climbed a few rope lengths on snow and then traversed right a few hundred feet to the

bottom of the First Step. Go t off route a bit here and lost a little time, but no real problems.

The Second Step, 400 feet high, consists of three pitches. The first pitch is easy (class 4), the second pitch is the hardest free pitch on the route, about 5.8, an interesting crack system and small face holds. The third pitch is easier, with adequate protection (Friends are handy) and lots of exposure.

We now stood on a roomy ledge at the base of the Third Step, 230 feet high and the crux of the climb.

Terry shouldered our two racks of hardware (pins, Friends, rurps, hooks, crack-n-ups, hexes, stoppers, grappling hook, and suction pads) and commenced climbing up a vertical crack and onto the "Traverse of the Pioneers,"

The traverse goes 50 or 60 feet left under a big roof. Terry negotiated this formidable looking obstacle in short order, climbing mostly free. At the end of the roof and up a few feet he found a shaky bolt pl aced with great effort by our predecessors) and a little higher a fixed pin and he was also able to place a questionable blade. Threading the rope through these dubious anchors, he climbed the traverse in the opposite direction, cleaning the pitch as he went.

So at 6:00 p.m. of the first day we had our ropes fixed through the bolt and pins 75 vertical feet above our bivouac ledge. A pleasantly warm, if windy, night was spent on this spectacular ledge. There was plenty of snow on the ledge to melt for drinking.

With the wind still blowing the next morning, Terry jumared the rope and started the crux aid pitch which had taken Cooper and Claunch two days to complete.

After about 21/2 hours of nerve-wracking suspense, Terry had levitated himself up the 40 or 50 feet of very thin aid climbing. At the top of this he had to tension traverse left from an old fixed pin. But first he had to chop an old rotten piece of cord from the eye of the piton before he could insert a karabiner. Conclusion: this route doesn't see much activity, if any at all.

We praised the first ascent team, noting their less sophisticated equipment and the psychological burden they faced of not knowing that the route would go or what difficulties lay ahead.

The next aid pitch was a wet dihedral, maybe A2, which led to a huge ledge. From here one strolls contentedly about 300 vertical feet to the summit.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, we stood on the summit.

Climbers: Terry Miller and Bob Packer

COLCHUCK (8705') / DRAGONTAIL (8840')

Rain at the annual BOEALFS picnic was the last straw--time to head for the east side. Donna and I left the clouds behind at Steven's Pass and were making our way up to Colchuck Lake by early afternoon. It doesn't take long to get to the lake (3 hours?) but it is very crowded this time of year. An earlier start could mean a better choice in campsites; however, we were able to find a decent camp near the snow and talus slopes leading up to Colchuck Col.

Sunday morning (about 6) we trudged up toward the col to a small basin. At most, it would take another hour with full packs to reach this basin from the lake. If the lake was too crowded, this would be a reasonable high camp. From here, we donned crampons to get up to the col. Remove crampons at the col, turn right, and follow what is practically a trail to the summit of Colchuck. (On the summit was the largest marmot I've ever seen; fortunately it didn't charge us. Beware!)

The clouds had started rolling in on us at the col and it became cold and windy. Just our luck. Stuart was privately obscured by a cloud: but even more disconcerting were the cloudless skies we could see around Adams and Rainier.

Down at the col again, we put the crampons back on and went up the gully (not too steep) to the summit ridge of Dragontail and through a notch (real steep for 30 ft.) and down to a Snowfield for a long traverse to the summit. Most of the clouds had disappeared by now and the view into the Upper Enchantments was great. We descended via the Snow Creek Glacier to the upper lakes and then down Asgard Pass to Colchuck Lake. We were back at the car about 6 pm so the whole ordeal took about 12 hours at our Comfortable pace.

This trip came to us highly recommended as an enjoyable bad weather alternate--We agree

Greg and Donna Cox

MT. SHUKSAN, No. Face (9127)

April 30 -May 1 1983

We left the car at 8 am after the long, early morning drive to Mt. Baker. The start point is a logging road which leaves the Mt. Baker Hwy at 3400 ft, about 2 miles before the lodge. The logging road traverses around a low ridge to enter the White Salmon Drainage where it drops to within 500 ft of the creek. It took us a full hour to walk the road and drop to the creek thru the old clear-cut. Then the work began: we had to climb 2000 ft straight up the hillside to gain the Northwest Ridge of Shuksan. It took 3 hours. Once on the crest, we leisurely snow shod for 1 1/2 hours to our camp (5400 ft.) It was 70". The Location was ideal--directly above was the North Face Route. The hanging glacier was a few hundred yards to our right; the fringes of the Price Glacier, a mile to our left. Price Lake was 1/2 mile below us to the north, and Shuksan Arm, with its heavily corniced cliffs, to the south.

The route up the face called for a steep traverse below the North Face until an obvious gully led thru the lower cliff band. The rest of the route appeared to be direct step kicking up 50 degree slopes. The snow was continuous to the North Shoulder.

On Sunday we arose at 5 am and were moving by 6 am. The traverse left, underneath the north face, took over an hour. Finally we arrived at the gully. It looked more like a bowling alley with the tremendous mass of ice clinging to the cliffs above it. We hustled up this section to a rest spot on a small rib at the top of the gully. This turned out to be the only "safe" spot on the 3000 ft route between camp and the North Shoulder.

We were now on the North Face, but the weather was moving in fast. It was clear blue ahead, a solid grey behind--so we only looked ahead. At 11 am we reached the North Shoulder and stopped for lunch. The summit was farther than we had anticipated. A full 2 1/2 hours were required to traverse the Crystal and Sulphide glaciers and climb the standard South Side Gully.

We reached the summit at 1:30 pm. By 2 pm the summit was in a whiteout so we headed down. By 3 pm we were at the North Shoulder and at 4 pm we entered the bowling alley. Junk was coming down everywhere. To make matters worse, the snow had softened to snowshoe conditions, but in many places the sloughs had scoured the surface to ice. After much discussion we sat down to remove the crampons. Less than 50 ft behind Mark, at a potential rest spot which we had just passed up, a 500 lb ice block went tumbling down the slope. When we had moved another hundred yards out on the traverse, a slough of unknown size poured off the cliffs directly above us. While the slough came over my head, Mark made himself into a human deadman to keep me from being swept away since we were roped. The slough turned out to be small. Next, I backed down the slope to get off the steeper section and stepped into a moat with both feet. Fortunately my axe was securely planted. At this point Mark took the lead and we were quickly back to

camp by 6 pm.

We packed up camp quickly and headed down the ridge. We had not marked the route below the snowline so we were rushing to find the route before dark. We reached the creek at twilight, and after nearly taking the wrong direction, we crossed and beat brush to the road. We reached the car at 9:50 pm Sunday night.

Author's Note: In June 1983 two climbers were swept to their death by all avalanches during their traverse towards the "bowling alley"^u-- the same place Mark and I experienced the snow slough.

Climbers: Mark Dale and Jerry Baillie

Echo September 1983

MT. OLYMPUS (7965')

July 30-August 1, 1983

Not even 8000 feet tall! Why bother?

Determined to find out what the big attraction to Mt. Olympus is, Tom and I headed for the peninsula early Saturday morning. Now whenever you head for the Olympics, there's always some discussion as to whether it would be faster to hassle with the ferries or just drive around. We decided to put an end to this mystery by driving around to begin with and taking the ferries on our return for comparison. Four and one-half hours later (including stops for breakfast and gas) and we were at the trailhead. Two hundred forty miles down and only 18 to go. We left the visitors center at 10 a.m. in our tenny-runners at a good pace, taking very few rests. It was hot and humid in the rain forest that morning (2 liters of water would have been nice) and by the time we arrived at Elk Lake, (4:15 p.m., 15 1/2miles?) we were ready for a swim. The water was great. We had only gained 2000 feet of elevation so far that day and we still had 2300 ft. to do in the next 2.3 miles to Glacier Meadows. Refreshed by our swim, we managed to stagger to the Meadows by about 6:30 p.m.

Glacier Meadows is not exactly known for having the most breathtaking views in the world and we had no intention of sleeping amongst the trees after walking 18 miles so we pushed on toward the Blue Glacier. Within 10 minutes we were close to snow and looking for a flat place to sleep. The wind off the glacier was chilly and we had left non-essentials such as sleeping bags behind to save weight. We quickly retreated to the warmth of the trees.

By 7 a.m. Sunday we were headed for the West Peak of Mt. Olympus. Just above camp, the trail divides and heads either to the "Upper Blue Glacier" or the "Glacier Terminus." Early in the season, when the crevasses are no problem, the standard route is to take the terminus trail and get on the glaciers early. The late season route, which we took, follows the moraine for awhile and eventually drops onto the glacier. There are a couple of places large enough to camp on the moraine but they would be exposed to the wind and besides, after 18 miles, carrying the packs any further is discouraged.

After crossing the Blue Glacier, Tom started kicking steps up the steepest part of the Snow Dome he could find and we soon bypassed a large party ahead of us. From there we headed up toward the false summit and tried to find our way around a couple of cavernous crevasses. The snow was very soft already and the snow bridges looked quite small in comparison to the fall potential so we again took the late season route. This led around the backside and over the false summit. Up the steep snow (just like on the cover of the "Climbers Guide to the Olympic Mountains") and a

scramble to the top and we were there. Between the two of us ascending and descending, we covered 3 possible routes without needing a rope. So much for the hardware we hauled in. Total time camp to summit was 5 hours; the guide book was conservative for once. We spent 2 hours on the summit enjoying the views. The big attraction to Mt. Olympus was obvious now.

It was a beautiful day for climbing, sunny but breezy; slightly hazy but hardly a cloud in the sky. A beautiful day for a traverse of the 3 summits of Olympus perhaps. Once on the glacier again, it took about an hour to the summit of the Middle Peak (7930'). Send your party up one at a time, the rock is terribly rotten and even the most careful person can't help but to kick one down. I saw my life pass before me as a football size rock came crashing down, clipping me on the hip as it passed. I didn't stop shaking until we had gone over the top and were halfway to the East Peak. Same holds true of the East Peak; easy climbing but awfully rotten rock. It takes another hour to the summit of the East Peak (7780t).

From the summit of the East Peak, one can almost see Blizzard Pass. Don't head directly for the pass like we did; however, or you'll run into cliffs of the rock and ice variety like we did. Head out into the middle of the Hoh Glacier and take the easy way down to Blizzard Pass. The Blue Glacier seemed like a giant white treadmill. Step after step it seemed like we were making no headway. We finally arrived back in camp after a 12 1/2 hour day.

Seven uneventful hours out on Monday and it was time to answer that burning question:

Are the ferries faster? The drive home covered 160 miles on the odometer and took 5.5 hours. Time includes stops for gas, food and a 40 minute wait for the ferry. Believe it or not, it was faster to drive around.

Extremely tired and not interested in going back again climbers were Tom Groves and Greg Cox.

ELDORADO PEAK (8868'), West Arete

August 6-8, 1983

The West Arete of Eldorado Peak rises steeply from the Marble Creek drainage in the North Cascades to the summit of the major peak in the area, gaining 2800 feet. This ridge provides one of the classic technical climbing routes in the North Cascades and includes challenging climbing, route finding, and glacier travel in a beautiful remote area. Best of all, the approach and climbing are almost entirely above timberline (no bushwhacking) .

Our party of 4 met in Everett at 3:00 a.m. Saturday morning. An early start is necessary for the long approach. We also hoped to climb the lower part of the arete the first day. To stay light everyone carried a minimum of gear and food for 3 days.

Route finding is not too difficult on the approach if the guidebook description is followed closely. From Sibley Creek Pass, a beautiful ridge walk led towards the Triad, where we descended a steep gully on the south and began a long traverse of the Hidden Creek drainage. After several ups and downs we reached the Triad col where a short rock climb led us over to the Triad glacier. Here we descended about 1000 feet and traversed the Marble Creek drainage towards the foot of the West Arête. The scenery here is spectacular. Towering above are the summits of the Triad, Early Morning Spire, the Dorado Needle, and the massive west side of Eldorado Peak. The spires of Backbone Ridge rise in the distance.

There was a lot of rock fall and ice activity when we reached this point, including a stupendous ice avalanche from a hanging glacier on Eldorado Peak. Due to this and the time (4:00 p.m.), not to mention the uncertainty of bivouac sites on the arête, we decided to stop for the day on the moraine near the arête.

Early Sunday morning we began to tackle the problems of the route. A tricky crossing of the glacier moat and slabs got us onto the arête. Several leads on somewhat unpleasant rock brought us to the crest of the ridge. Here the rock was excellent and remained so for most of the route, except the final summit headwall. The next several leads were the most spectacular of the climb, being right on the crest of the airy, knife-edged arête. This led to the infamous towers, a series of high needle-like pinnacles on the crest. The first tower was bypassed by a very exposed lead involving a step down and steep traverse on small holds (5.7). After some route finding problems, we overcame the second tower by climbing to it's top and then rappelling to a notch.

The day had been cloudless and very hot. Everyone was uncomfortably dehydrated and out of water. Below the notch was a snow patch, the first we had seen on the route. Rather than pushing on and taking a chance on not finding a water source we decided to bivouac at the notch. A pot was relayed down to the snow patch and back up enough times to give us a good supply of melting snow. Everyone drank a lot of liquids that evening.

The weather became unsettled and about 3:00 a.m. Monday it began raining lightly. This was bad news indeed, for there were still many leads of technical climbing ahead and retreat down the arête was out of the question due to the blank face of the last tower we had rappelled.

Needless to say, no one slept well after the first patter of rain. Luck was with us, however, and the rain subsided by daylight. We began climbing in earnest, knowing we had a very long day ahead of us.

Three leads took us to a giant step in the arête. Here there was some confusion as to where to go. Eventually we found a route which climbed the right skyline of the step, then worked left to the north side of the arête. This involved 4 leads, one of which was 5.7. At this point we gained a steep snowfield and col which led to the summit headwall. The climbing took us up the right side of the headwall, working left towards the summit. This was mostly class 4 on large broken blocks using running belays.

We arrived at the summit at 3:00 p.m. Time was not on our side so we descended the north arête after a half-hour rest. A traverse of the Inspiration and Eldorado glaciers soon connected us with our approach route, below the Triad col. There were no other difficulties other than aching bodies on the descent. We arrived at the trailhead at 9:00 p.m.

This proved to be a challenging, satisfying climb. Due to the long approach and the amount of climbing involved, 3 days should be planned for the route. Our travel time during the 3 days was 10 hours the first day, 14 hours the second, and 14 hours the third. We found about 20 leads of easy to moderate class 5 climbing, with 2 leads being 5.7. The rest of the route was class 4. Grade IV, 5.7.

The climbers were Jerry Baillie, Mark Dale, Jeff Hunt, and Dee Urbick.

BONANZA (9511')

June 1982)

Bonanza is the highest non-volcanic peak in the state. Only Rainier, Adams, Baker, and Glacier Peak are higher. It wasn't climbed until 1937 as early climb teams were repeatedly turned back by faulty weather and false summits. The climb combines glacier and some rock to make Bonanza, as Fred Becky writes, "an ascent of character".

Probably the major reason why a climb of Bonanza is atypical is its isolated location. The only reasonable access point is via an old mining town called Holden. Holden in turn is only accessible by the Lake Chelan ferry to the Port of Lucerne and then a bus ride from Lucerne to Holden. But this same trip, that is both time consuming and costly, runs through some of the most rugged and interesting terrain in the North Cascades.

The route we decided upon was the Mary Green Glacier route. This consisted of traveling the Mary Green to its headwall on the southwest face and then ascending the last 1000' of rock to the summit. The glacial travel was accented with views of seracs and crevasses on the lower Mary Green Glacier. The only difficulty with the glacier travel was on the upper Mary Green where a schrund had to be passed. It was easy to see why late season climbs could be a disappointment as the schrund can become impassable with late season melt.

The ensuing rock climb was more involved than what was expected. It was anticipated that the rock would be moderate and Class 3, but route-finding problems directed our team to ascend the wrong rock gully. Care should be taken after passing the schrund to examine the Becky description and, by using the landmarks Becky notes, climb the proper rock gully to the summit. Still, it is likely that climbers will have similar route-finding problems experienced by our team and, therefore, some rock climbing equipment is strongly recommended. For instance, party-inflicted rock fall makes helmets a necessity. It is also suggested to make an early start from camp for a successful summit attempt as route-finding problems can lead to a more technical and time consuming climb.

Once the summit is obtained, views of other seldom climbed 9000' peaks were possible (Fernow, Maude, Seven Finger Jack). Glacier Peak and other peaks to the west were hidden in the Cascade mist. The feeling of accomplishment was accented while one read the summit register as only a handful of teams are successful in any one year. Our team of four made the first ascent of 1982.

A climb of Bonanza is a chance to make a not-highly-technical but challenging ascent. It is the kind of climb that combines all the aspects of mountaineering -rock, glacier, route-finding, preparation, and organization.

Climbers: Diane Oliver, Dave Gloger, Ed Davis, Gary Cook

Echo October 1983

BOX TOP (MT. TEMPLE RIDGE)

Sept. 3-5, 1983

Saturday's long grueling mission took us around Nada Lake, past Snow Lakes and up to Naiad Lake (or Temple Lake). The 6 ½ hour trip was relentless and took its toll on muscles, feet and attitudes. However, by the time camp was set and food prepared the tranquil beauty of the Enchantments soothed out aches and pains.

Sunday morning, after 14 hours of sleep, we sauntered up the south slope of Mt. Temple Ridge. Just below the notch, we roped up for the climb. A short lead (due to rope friction) ended just prior to the broad ledge. Across the ledge and "Red Lichen" traverse, up a chimney to a small platform at the notch between little Box Top and Box Top.

Leading the "hard free or aid" move brought a lot of noisy breathing from Jeff and then he was off to the base of the tunnel. Diane's follow wasn't quite so clean. A short "falling!" and a second attempt were required to reach the tunnel's edge.

A slab of friction before winding through the tunnel and up a choice of four chimneys to a beautiful platform summed up the fourth lead.

The last (but not the least) lead, found chimneys of all shapes and sizes (one size does not fit all!). One of us, wearing a pack, discovered immobility (and a whole new vocabulary) about 10 feet from the ledge with 5 feet left to go. ARRRRRRGHHHHH

The cold, windy summit held an enchanting view. Two 80 foot rappels dropped us off the north side of the ridge and home we went. Monday was Saturday's reverse in 4 1/2 hours and much better moods. Class 5.7+

Box Top Climbing Times: 4 relaxed hours. 1 long, 4 short leads.

Box Toppers: Jeff and Diane Hunt

MT. ADAMS. SOUTH SLOPE (12.276 ft)

Sept. 10-11, 1983

The group met at Southcenter on Saturday at 7:00 am. It was raining hard but only one person failed to show up! We chose to drive via the Columbia River because the roads are better. It took us a total of six hours to get to the trailhead including stops at the ranger station and at the Camas bakery.

The rain was still coming down hard at the trailhead so we piled back into the cars and drove back down the road five miles to the Wickey Creek shelter. A beer run was made and soon we were settled into rousing game of hearts for the rest of the afternoon. We set the alarm clocks for 4:00 am for the possibility of good weather.

When 4:00 am arrived, the sky was clear with the stars shining bright. Now we were pumped! By 5:30 am we were heading up the trail to timberline and the south slope.

At 8:00 am we hit our first snow: It was hard as ice. The altitude was 8200 ft.

Crampons were donned by those who had them while the rest could now do nothing but watch. At the ranger station it was implied strongly that crampons would not be required after early summer but that was not the case.

Five of us now remained in the group. We made good progress and the route offered no difficulties other than the hard snow. We made a rest stop at 10,000 ft. to apply sun cream. We were above the clouds and it was very bright. It was now 9:30 am. We continued to the false summit arriving at 11:30 am.

After a long nap we continued to the summit arriving at 1:00 pm. The final 600 foot slope to the summit was as steep as any we had encountered. The small building on the summit was filled with snow. A thermometer tacked to it read 31 degrees. The wind was blowing hard and even with the sun it was bitter cold. We all huddled out of the wind for warmth. The final slope had taken its toll on our group as one climber decided he had reached the limit. He turned back to the false summit, not realizing he was within 100 ft of the true summit. A passing climber told the rest of us how close he was when he turned back. Upon hearing this we hustled back to the false summit. Now there was a steady stream of climbers coming up the south slope and a glissade track all the way down the slope.

It took two hours to reach the end of the snow. There were many fine glissades. One in particular had at least a thousand foot drop. We arrived at the cars at 4:30 pm. The remainder of the group had been able to climb to 9600 ft. on the lunch counter by noon, but it was too late for a summit attempt. The snow had softened up about 10:00 am for them to proceed safely.

We stopped at the ranger station to check out and in Camas

(the bakery was closed) for dinner. We arrived in Seattle at 11:30 pm tired, happy and sun burnt.

Climbers were Bob Anderson, Brian Bocksch, Carl Knowlen, Mike Shultz and Jerry Baillie.

Echo November 1983

GUYE PEAK -THE IMPROBABLE TRAVERSE

October, 8 1983

This route ascends the West Face of Guye Peak in a zigzag fashion to the summit. The noteworthy portion of the route is a very steep, exposed traverse across the top of the 'Triangle', a great slab of vertical to overhanging rock. The climbing before and after the traverse is somewhat messy and at times unpleasant.

Steve Nittendorf and I began the long trudge up the rockslide below the face about 7:45 a.m. Saturday. At the top of this talus slope we gained a major left-trending ramp which we scrambled to its midway point. Here we roped and climbed up mossy, slabby rock to a large tree-covered ledge at the ramp's end. 2 more pitches led us back right to 'Lunch Ledge'. This variation on the route avoids the several pitches directly to the 'Lunch Ledge' from the initial ramp, which are reported as being rotten and hard to protect.

From 'Lunch Ledge' the normal route climbs right and up to a ledge which is the beginning of the Improbable Traverse. I actually dropped down a bit and traversed about 30 feet below this ledge, then up and right to a shallow gully. This gully was followed up to meet the normal route at the first of 3 fixed pins. The climbing to this point involved several difficult sections, up to 5.8. Now 'on route', I completed the pitch on friction ledges to a belay at a large ledge. From here Steve led straight up and then right over a difficult piece of unprotected rock (5.6-5.7). This put us in the upper ramp which led left and UP for about 730 feet. The ramp is not hard but is messy with a lot of loose rock higher up. Hard hats are welcome here due to leader and rope inflicted rock fall. From the top of this ramp easy climbing through trees and broken rock led up and rightward to the summit, where we arrived about 7:15 p.m.

The descent was easy once we got off of the rocky summit area. A hoot path led us all the way back down to the Commonwealth Creek trail, which we followed to the car (descent time -1.5 hours). Grade II-III, 5.7-5.3.

Mark Dale

GRAND TETON (13,770 FT)

September 11-13, 1983

The Grand Teton is familiar to almost everyone. The tallest of the Teton Range and rising a sheer 7,000 feet above the flat plains of Jackson Hole, it is an impressive sight. Our objective was the historic Owen-Spalding route used by the first ascent party in 1898. It is amazing that the Grand wasn't climbed a second time by this or any other route for another 25 years!

Our driving times probably won't be very helpful since we visited Yellowstone first.

At any rate, it is 800 miles or 14 hours, whichever comes first, to the North entrance of Yellowstone. Allow another 3 or 4 hours (preferably a week) to reach the Tetons. You must register for the climb at the Jenny Lake Ranger Station, but don't plan on staying there because the campground is almost always filled. A climbers' camp (bunks and showers for \$3/person/day) is located nearby but they close soon after Labor Day.

We left the Lupine Meadows Parking Area headed for Garnet Canyon on a sunny Sunday morning. This good weather was predicted to last only one more day and it had already snowed up there once in the last week; September is considered late season to them. Climbers returning from the mountain gave us very little encouragement. Although sunny below, there was a cloud cap on the Grand and high winds were literally blowing people off the rock. One party had their tent obliterated by winds at the Lower Saddle (11,700 FT) where we were also supposed to camp. The hike in was long (6 or 7 hours) and boring. There are really no views to speak of until you reach the meadows below the Lower Saddle. We were loaded down with gear, including two ropes for either the Standard rappel on descent or, if needed, a hasty retreat. The moraine below the saddle seemed like a better place to camp since it was out of the wind so we stopped there. I decided to walk up to the saddle to check out this so-called wind. A fixed line on the headwall of the saddle helps to get up the wet, slimy rock. There was wind at the saddle alright; I could barely walk. Water is scarce on the moraine. I managed to locate the year-round water supply (a hard to find pipe) before heading back to camp. We finally sacked out, thoroughly depressed with the prospect of not being able to climb the next day.

When we awoke the next morning however, it was severe clear and very calm. Thirty minutes later we were greeted by some wind at the Lower Saddle but it wasn't near as bad as the previous day. We pushed on past the "Black Dike" (band of black rocks) and up to the base of the "Needle" (rock outcropping on the ridge). The Needle is passed on the left by locating the first break in the wall, a chimney, and ascending a steep slab just to the left of it until one can get into the chimney itself. Next, crawl through a small tunnel formed by large boulders. This is called the "Eye of the Needle". It was a tight squeeze for me although one can climb over the top without much

trouble. It is often filled with snow in early season anyway. The "Belly-Roll-Almost" follows. This is a short traverse which is awkward and a bit exposed. We roped up for this on the ascent; however, after scrambling around all day, it presented no problem at all on the way down. The rest of the trip to the Upper Saddle was mostly scree and a bit a scrambling.

A quick 75 foot rappel, plus a bit of down climbing brought us to a rainbow of slings marking the spectacular 120 FT rappel to the Upper Saddle. This rappel is great because it bypasses all the problems of the ascent and takes you directly to the Upper Saddle. It does require two ropes, but we were prepared. (At the anchor, we met two guys from Bellingham who were only half prepared.) We had a blast on this rappel since over half of it is free and the views are great. After watching the sunset at the Lower Saddle, we returned to camp by headlamp and walked out the next morning. The weather turned bad that evening.

There are no walk-up routes on the Grand Teton. This route was the easiest and it was still 4th class. If you are heading that way, consider the Exum route as it is in the sun all day and is a bit sheltered from the wind. We had to wear fingerless gloves all day whereas word had it that the Exum was perfectly dry. Nevertheless, the Owen-Spalding route has a lot to offer and (forgive me for saying this)a grand time was had by all!

Greg and Donna Cox

Echo December 1983

BLACK PEAK-ME ANNUAL PRESIDENTS' CLIMB

October 1-2, 1983

Tom, Dave, Donna and I met at Denny's early Saturday morning to fuel up for the drive to Marblemount. The sunrise was very pretty and the weather was supposed to be great this weekend. Things were looking good, not like a couple of our previous attempts on Black Peak. While registering at the Ranger Station in Marblemount, we ran into Mark Dale and Elaine. They were looking forward to a nice hike in the sunshine too.

Now at the trailhead, we packed up and headed off under partly cloudy skies. By the time we arrived at Wing Lake, about 3 hours later, the partly cloudy had turned to all cloudy and partly snowy. Well, what can you expect? It was the annual presidents' climb after all. A couple hours later, the clouds went away, the sun came out, and we spent the remainder of the afternoon admiring the beautiful golden Larches. It wasn't too long after the sun came out that Don, Bob a different Mark arrived in camp.

It was still dark the next morning when we awoke, but by the time we got out of camp, the sun was shining. Heading up to the saddle, we decided to put on crampons (I hate to carry'em and then not use'em) and ascend snow to the saddle instead of making our way up the scree slopes to the right. An hour or two of scrambling and we were on the summit with breathtaking views everywhere. It was only 9:30 or 10 a.m. now and we hadn't even had to drag out the rope. We unfurled the BOEALPS Pennant, took a few pictures, and were back in camp by noon. The trip back out on this gorgeous autumn day also seemed to go quickly, and we even got back into town before dark.

All the President's men (and woman) were: Tom Groves, Dave Gloger, Mark Sweeney, Bob Carlson, Don Stimson and Donna Cox.

Thanks for joining me on what is definitely my last trip over that @\$%6&* Talus!

GARFIELD

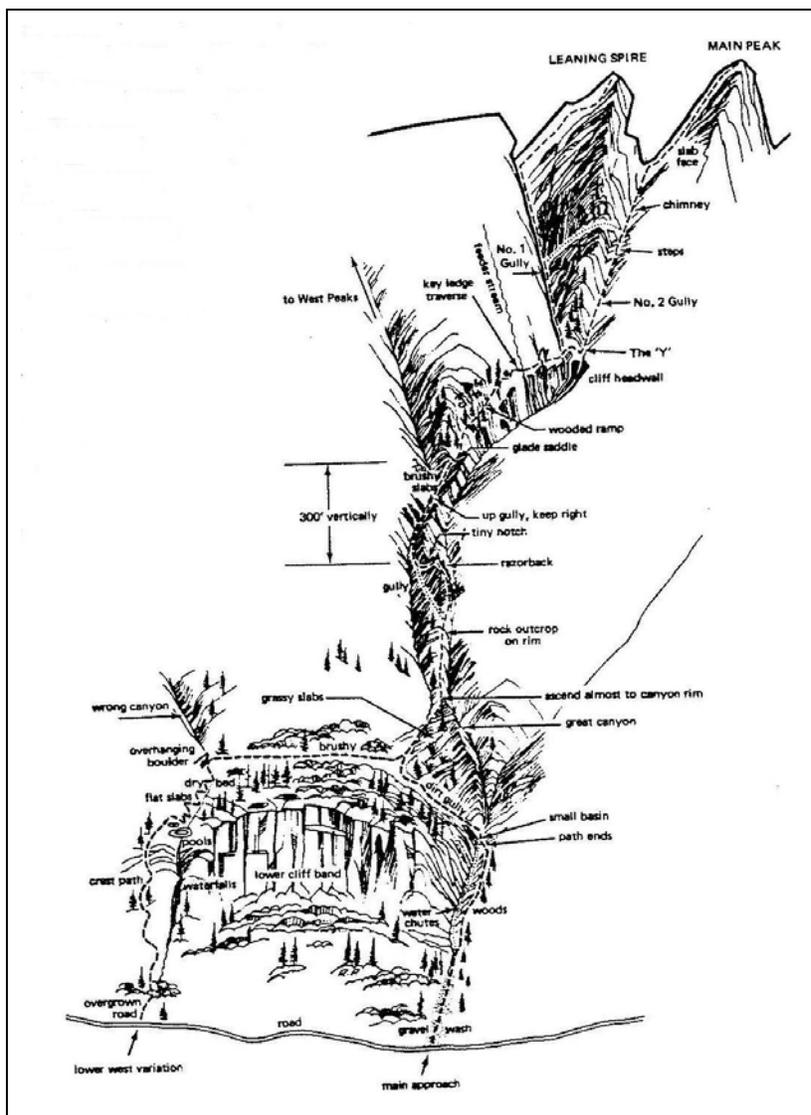
Garfield is a magnificent peak located up the Middle Fork of the Snoqualmie River. Although it has a somewhat modest elevation of 5519 feet, it has great relief as it rises from river to summit, 4500 vertical feet, in only two miles. Garfield offers the mountaineer with more than a climb; it is a physical and orienteering challenge.

Garfield has a history of tragic accidents. Early this year two climbers limped out as they both sustained significant leg injuries in a fall. In spring 1972, there was a double fatality on the steep snow of gully #1. And back in April 1965, a climber slipped from the "key" ledge traverse and is now remembered in a memorial at the summit.

In attempting Garfield, one is well advised to get a very early start. Fred Becky suggests an eight hour ascent and 4 hour decent, but only the long days of summer yield sufficient daylight. Mid summer also allows for a snow free ascent of the upper gullies but rock fall (helmets a must) and lack of water (no water after the small basin, 45 minutes in! can be a deterrent. A few pieces of protection for the 4th class chimney and plenty of webbing for rappels (about eight) make the climb more expedient and safe.

Because of the isolation of the peak and route and because of the long day necessary to make the summit, we took bivy gear and would advise the same to others. As it turned out, $\frac{3}{4}$ of our gear never left our pack.

The only technical part of the entire climb is three leads in the class 4 chimney of upper gully #2. But the ascent is continuously steep with some very exposed areas. The route was class 4 and grade



II.

The sketch of the route from the "Becky Alpine Guide" shows our route up the south face for our climb of the Main Peak. From the Leaning Spire and Main Peak col, one could look up to the 120 foot free rappel from the summit of Leaning Spire. The class 5.2 route up the Spire and insuring free rappel looked very appealing.

Ed Davis and Kai Bune

Devils Tower and Smith Rocks

August 1984

We met at Duane's at 5 am on Thursday, August 18. As we drove to Paine Field, Tom our pilot was hoping we would be in the air before the expected fog rolled-in. The next four days, a Cessna 172 was to be our only transportation. We clocked in over 20 hours of flight time with 9 stops along the way. Takeoffs and landings were soon to become as common as parking a car.

After a three hour delay, we were off and flying by 9:30. It was fun trying to name as many peaks as possible as we followed Highway 2 over the Cascades.

After gassing up at Missoula and Sheridan, we ended our day's flight at Sundance by 5:30 pm Sundance is about 30 miles from Devils Tower, so we had to talk a local pilot into giving us a ride out to the tower.

The next morning we woke to weather that reminded us of Seattle, overcast with a good chance of rain. It did rain, but not enough to wet the rocks. So with summer storms threatening, we decided to take extra clothes as we headed off for the tower. Our objective was the Endurance Route, the most popular route on Devils Tower which is rated 5.6, but to most people feels like 5.7. During the climb, we found ourselves in between two other climbing parties. The party behind us was a husband-wife team from Boulder, Colorado. The woman had a strange climbing technique-every time she had to make a difficult move, she would let out a blood-curdling scream (I wonder if she rates her climb by the number of screams she lets out).

Duane led the way through 8 pitches and 6 hours of climbing followed by Tom, who on his 7th pitch made a spectacular traverse leap (I decided to use aid on it). The last 50 feet was easy, but the rock was crumbly. After signing the register and taking some pictures, we headed down; which consisted of a few long rappels.

The next day, we had a hard time hitching a ride back to the plane but by noon we were in the air; on our way to Smith Rocks State Park near Redmond, Oregon. We wanted to spend the third night in a motel to enjoy a much needed shower, but the airfield was miles from nowhere, it was late, and we were tired so we camped in a grass field between the runway and an anthill.

On day four, we rented a car and spent a half day at Smith Rocks on a climb called Cinnamon (rated 5.6). Tom tried his hand at leading and did great. The view from on top included Bachelor, The Sisters, and Hood, with the desert in the foreground.

On our flight home, we checked out all the routes on St. Helens and the skiers on Mt. Hood.

Climbers: Tom Kent, Duane Siefertson, and Al Baal

SILVER PEAK (5605')

December 4, 1983

At 7:30 AM., five climbers assembled at the Annette Lake trailhead, west of Snoqualmie Pass. Our goal for the day was Silver Peak, over 3200 feet above us. We sauntered up the trail, went past the power lines and railroad tracks, and soon after made a left turn up the west side of the hill. We alternated the lead through the thick slippery forest growth so that everyone had a chance to get cold snow down their backs. Near 10:00, we reached the ridge crest overlooking the ugly clear-cuts near Olallie Meadows. From here we gained the ridge heading south toward Silver. The ridge proved tough going, so we descended from the ridge for a while and gained it again past the difficult sections. On the ridge again, some challenging snowshoe work over the alternating deep powder and wind-packed ice, and through the ice encrusted fir trees led us to the summit. Once on top, the views were limited by the clouds to only the nearby Snoqualmie peaks. After a few pictures, the decision was made to descend to the lake and head out the trail. The upper slopes heading down from the summit were packed ice, so care was taken, while thoughts drifted to the crampons left in the cars. By 2:00, we were eating lunch at the lake and by 3:15, we were back at the cars, content at another satisfying trip.

Climbers: Mike Fitzpatrick, Tim Hudson, Dale Ott, Bill Shewchuck, Jeff Skinner.

MT PERSIS (5452')

January, 1984

On a bleak overcast Saturday morning in January, nine climbers met at the Gold Bar Grill on the Stevens Pass highway, planning to climb to the 5500 ft summit of nearby Mt. Persis. Since it wasn't raining at the time, we took off up the No Name Creek road toward the west ridge of the mountain, parked at about 2500 ft and walked up the abandoned logging road to about 2800 ft. From the road end, we bashed our way through the wet brush and over some slippery fallen trees until, after about a half hour, we came upon a fine climber's trail neatly marked with blue ribbon. The going was easy the rest of the way up; snow was finally reached at about 3800 ft. In the misty damp fog we continued up and reached the false summit. After a short drop to a small basin, we continued up toward the main summit. The wind was blowing strongly and the mist turned to rain as we finally reached the main summit, where the visibility was limited to less than 100 ft. The only views were of the short ice and rime encrusted fir trees and the cold wet members of our group. A few pictures were taken and we retreated to the relative comfort of the forest for our lunch break. The descent was quick and uneventful, and we made it back to the cars by 3:15; thoroughly soaked but content at a good day in the mountains.

Climbers: Dave Beedon, Dan Buehler, Teri Chandler, Allison Odd, Mike Fitzpatrick, Joyce Mrakovich, Dale Ott, Tom Walker, Eric Wetzel

1984 ANNUAL SKI KEGGER -SIX PACKER

Four die-hards met at Eastgate Saturday morning looking for a party (well, at least one was anyway). Rumor had it that that there was to be a rowdy crew and a keg of beer heading out this weekend but apparently the prospect of poor weather, or drinking at Gustav's in Leavenworth, changed some minds. Undaunted, these true believers packed up skis, a half rack of beer, and Presto logs and made for Blewett Pass. After a missed turn at Cle Elm (be sure to take State Rt. 970 from I5 to Wenatchee) route finding problems were overcome and the search began for snow. The telltale sign of RV's and snowmobiles at the top of the pass was both encouraging - indicating ample snow; and discouraging - indicating air, noise, and mind pollution. Nevertheless up Swauk Meadows road we went breathing only a few noxious exhausts for about 4 miles to about 5000 feet. The weather was clear and beautiful and the thought of a warm fire and beer spurred us along. Soon after we were fed, the beer was opened, and then Mark demonstrated the ancient Indian technique of fire starting with only a Bic and a Presto log. After a few more beers, disgusting jokes filled the air. Fresh ones from Arizona, courtesy of Mark and Tami, were a welcome relief.

The next day dawned to reveal about 4 inches of new, gusting snow. Despite the wind we broke camp and skied to a pass and then over to the other side of Diamond Head. There we encountered an untracked slope and we proceeded to leave our mark (telemark and sitz) before heading back to our packs at about noon. The slough out, which should have been a pleasant glide, was made difficult by wet, sticky snow below camp. Finally reaching the car we made new tracks for home (without injury).

It should be noted that the novice skiers and backpackers in the bunch did well and had a great time despite cold feet from REI rental boots. Hopefully more people will be encouraged to turn out next time based on our experience.

The skiers/ drinkers were Mark Dickenson, Tami Dow, Sue Scarseth, and Steve Mason,

The Brothers (South Peak)

March 10-11, 1984

The bright sunshine that we had come to expect from previous years couldn't be seen through the rain at the meeting spot on Saturday morning. Since nobody was willing to be the first to call it quits, we loaded up the cars and were soon on our way. After a brief stop in Tacoma to pick up the last member of the group, we arrived at the trailhead and were heading up the trail toward Lena Lake by 10:30. During a lunch stop at the snow-covered lake, the sucker clouds which had already pulled us in this far began a steady downpour. Gore-Tex became the fashionable trail attire, followed closely by gaiters as we hit the snowline a mile from the lake. Near the campsite (at the Lena Creek fork) the wet snow was several feet deep and floundering through it was something less than a good time. But by the time we arrived there at 3:00 the rain had quit and the skies cleared, and we settled in for a long, pleasant evening, hoping for more clear skies and cool weather to freeze the wet slush we had hiked in through. Sunday morning we were on our way toward the South Brother by 6:00 a.m. The snow had frozen hard enough to hold our weight as we climbed up out of the trees, following the left fork of the creek up until it came out into a meadow strewn with avalanche debris. We crossed this meadow, and then traversed a tree-covered ridge which put us into another avalanche gully, which was climbed until it broadened out into a larger meadow. At the head of the meadow, the route turns right to ascend a snow and rock-covered ridge, where we stopped to put on our crampons. We climbed the ridge another 200 feet, then bore left to stay in the main couloir. After another 300 feet, the couloir broadens out below the summit rocks to the right. From the base of the summit rocks, we climbed into the first gully to the right of the main ridge. This steep snow-and-rock filled gully led to the summit where we were standing by 12:30. A cold wind and new falling snow there made things very unpleasant, so we paused just long enough for a few quick pictures before descending to a more sheltered spot below the summit rocks where a lunch break was declared. While at this spot, we were entertained by a small airplane which circled closely several times around the mountain. After much speculation as to the identity of the pilot (no, it wasn't Jack) we waved farewell to it and began the decent to camp through the heavy snowfall. The snow turned into rain as we descended, so we eagerly anticipated the hike out through the rain with all our gear soaking wet and much heavier than the day before.

By the 10th switchback below the lake, all the veterans

were remembering why they don't go back there more often. During the trip out, we met another BOEALPS group which had climbed the North Brother in one day from the trailhead (we had felt them breathing down our necks all day long). Dry clothes, warm cars, and another fine pig-out at the Hoodspout Cafe (where one member of the group (who shall remain nameless) was heard to mutter over and over "Thank God I Don't Have To Do THAT Again") were welcome additions to the weekend.

Climbers: Gayle Olcott, Sam Spitzbart, Mike Fitzpatrick, Tan Walker, Steve Mason, Erich Koehler, A 1 Wainwright, Bob Dryden, John Kokes

Glacier Peak (10,528')-Sitkum Glacier Route

June 8-11, 1984

After talking to two groups who decided against attempting to climb Glacier Peak until later in the season, and the Darrington Ranger Station, who told us only one other group had been successful this year, due to great amounts of soft snow and avalanche danger, we were a little less optimistic of making the summit. On Friday night, we drove to Darrington, signed the climbing register, and headed-on out the White Chuck River Road.

We got to Owl Creek campground and the White Chuck River trailhead at 12:00 midnight. We camped there in the light rain and mist. Saturday morning; due to more rain and lack of motivation, we didn't get started for Kennedy Hot Springs until 10:30. The trail to Kennedy Hot Springs is quite easy, and we made it there in 2 and 1/2 hours, mountaineering no snow to that point. From Kennedy Hot Springs, we began the march up to the Pacific Crest Trail. Soon after we started up from the springs, we hit the infamous hollow-snow-with-the-creeks-underneath part of the trail. Phil was the thirst to 'locate' one of these water hazards, closely followed by the rest of the group.

Shortly after we hit the Crest Trail, we turned right, and headed up the steep, muddy Sitkum Ridge and followed the Boulder Basin Path. This part of the trip proved to be the steepest part of the whole climb. We entertained the idea of donning crampons, but decided against it. About 500 feet below Boulder Basin, we hit continuous snow, and I might add continuous white-out. We arrived at Boulder Basin (5500 feet) at about 6:00, set up a tent, and caught some zzz's. Sunday morning brought us more white-out. We rolled out of the sack at about 5:00, and by 7:00, we were plunging on up towards

the Sitkum Glacier. Just above Boulder Basin, at 5700 feet, we came to the end of the only tracks in the snow, made by a snow show who had told us Saturday that he had made it above 7000 feet. We figured the guy had a defective altimeter along with a defective brain! Phil and Pat were gung-ho for plunging on up through the white-out, so up we went, breaking fresh trail, and sinking in above our knees. At about 6800 feet we broke out into the sunshine. It felt mighty good! But, we still could not see the summit. With renewed energy, we plowed on up through a corridor around the base of Sitkum Spire (9300 ft), and for the first time, saw the summit. Only we didn't realize we were looking at the summit rocks, because they were so rimed with ice and snow, that they looked just like more glacier! At about 4:00, we stumbled onto the summit. The views were limited to any peaks sticking up above 9000 feet, but it looked great to us! Though we broke through the white-out down at 6500 feet, the cloud level had been rising behind us, and was now nipping at our heels at 10,500 feet. We made a quick slog back down to Boulder Basin in 2 and 1/2 hours, where we fell dead for the night. On Monday, we made a leisurely hike out, with the obligatory long soak in Kennedy Hot Springs. The Springs were, indeed, very therapeutic.

Climbers: Bob Brogden, Pat Engle, Phil Dore

Mt. Rainier (14,410')-Gibraltar Ledge Route,

May 25-28, 1984

Our plans to climb Mt. Rainier by a somewhat standard route were made a bit more ambitious by the addition of an overnight camp on the summit. Having heard a very promising weather report for the eminent Memorial Day Weekend, we headed for Paradise on Friday afternoon. We arrived at Paradise at about 8:00, amidst a steady cold rain. No problem, we thought, we'll just hike up above the freezing level, tonight, make camp, and the good weather will be here by tomorrow. We post-holed on up to about the base of Panorama Point at which point it was thoroughly dark, so we made camp there on the ridge, in the rain. Saturday morning, we awoke to white-out and 6 inches of new snow. Since our previous agreement had been to go on to Camp Muir, no matter what, we saddled-up and rather unenthusiastically plunged upward through the white-out. 'We're bound to break-out somewhere, I said; and sure enough, we did at about 8000 feet. We then realized that we were the first party up the Muir Snow Field on Memorial Day Weekend. But by the time we got to Anvil Rock, a hoard of other climbers had overtaken us. We spent Saturday night, along with about 25 other climbers, in the bunk house at Camp Muir. We

arose at 4:30 am and at about 6:30, roped up and with crampons on, we started up towards the head of the Cowlitz Glacier. Below the base of Gibraltar Rock, we headed west through a deep gap in the Cowlitz Cleaver, and began moving up the Ledge. There was plenty of good solid snow and firn ice on the ledge, making the exposure to the left tolerable. Ye saw little or no evidence of new rock-fall from Gibraltar. Evidently, we had picked the right time of year for this route. As we neared the top of Gibraltar, we had to negotiate several moderately steep sections. One 55 degree, 40 foot slope, with full packs, convinced us that we definitely wanted to take the Disappointment Cleaver route for our descent on Monday above Gibraltar, the route was very straight-forward, and also a very good test of endurance. We arrived at the crater rim at 1:00, and began looking for a good spot for a snow cave. We ended-up digging-in on the north side of the crater, just below Columbia Crest. As Al and Glen started on the snow cave, I wandered on up to Columbia Crest. The snow cave construction proved to be quite a project, requiring 4 and 1/2 hours. We discovered that shoveling snow at 14,000feet can be rather exhausting. Fortunately, we had Al 'The Digger', Ryll on the shovel most of the time! We finally completed the snow cave, jumped in it, and spent a cool night there (18 deg. F. inside the cave). We awoke Monday morning at 4:00 finding good clear weather. We roped-up and headed down the Disappointment Cleaver route. The descent proved to be fairly uneventful. We had to step across a few sunken-bridged crevasses above the Cleaver; and then below the Cleaver, we quickly crossed debris from a recent avalanche from the Ingraham-Disappointment Cleaver Icefall. The climb, though physically demanding, proved to be both enjoyable, and a great introduction to high altitude camping.

Climbers: Bob Brogden, Al Ryll, Glen Larocca

Little Tahoma (11,117')

June 16-17, 1984

Our party met at Enumclaw on Saturday at 7:00 a.m. After registering at the White River Ranger Station, we parked at the Fryingpan Bridge(3900') and started on the Wonderland Trail to Summerland at 9:00 a.m. Four miles Inter, under blue sky, we took a break at the Summerland shelter, From here we climbed up 1000' of steep slope to our camp at Meany Crest(7580'), arriving at 3:00 p.m Across the broad expanse of the Fryingpan Glacier we had a clear view of our objective as well as Rainier itself. A party of Mountaineers arrived an hour later, complimenting us on our "nice steps" A brief of excitement vas had as one stove

threatened to go up in flames.

We were in the sack by 7:30 p.m. Sunday at 5:00 a.m., the clouds below us pink from the sunrise, we were on our way. The crevasses were encountered as we traveled to the notch(9000') connecting Whitman Crest to Little Tahoma, arriving at 7:00 a.m. From here we had a nice view of Mt. Adams, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Hood and Mt. Jefferson. We traversed to the upper portion of the Whitman Glacier and headed up steep slopes to the rock ridge above.

Finally, after one last snow gully and a scramble across loose rock and several false summits, the summit was reached at 10:00 a.m. It was 55 degrees and no wind with a bird's-eye view of climbers on upper Rainier. The last entry in the summit register was dated 10-2-83. Were we indeed the first successful party this year? The Mountaineers, who arrived as we were preparing to descend, asked us where that rock came from that "exploded" on the ridge and zoomed by them, Sometimes it helps to be the first party up! We were back at camp by 12:30 p.m. and our way down again at 1:30 p.m. After a seemingly endless trail we arrived back to the car at 4:30 p.m.

Climbers: Eric h Koehler, Gale Olcott, Dale Ott(leader), A l Pacheco and Rob Wiggerhorn

BLACK PEAK SUNDAY

JUNE 24

WE CAR CAMPED SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE EASY PASS TRAILHEAD 6 MILES WEST OF RAINY PASS THE NIGHT WAS COLD AND CLEAR. THE ALAR~SWENT OFF AT SAM TO FACILISATE A 6AM START. A SHORT DRIVE TO THE PASS AND VVE WERE OFF. WE ARRIVED AT RAINY LAKE IN SHORT ORDER AND DECIDED TO LOOK AT THE MAP. GUESS WHAT? OFF ROUTE AGAIN. WE HEADED BACK TO THE CARS 7AM. FINALLY WE WERE GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. THE SNOW WAS PERFECT AND SOON WE WERE AT HEATHER PASS. THE TRAVERSE TO WING LAKE WAS LONG AND AS WE APPROACHED THE LAKE IT BEGAN TO RAIN LIGHTLY. THE SUMMIT WAS IN THE CLOUDS SO WE CHOSE TO DO THE STANDARD ROUTE AND OFF LOADED SOME HARDWARE. NATURALLY AS SOON AS WE WERE COMMITTTED TO THE STANDARD ROUTE THE SKY CLEARED! OH WELL WE WERE REALLY AFTER A VIEW OF GOODE'S NE FACE. AS WE APPROACHED THE SUMMIT THE SNOW HAD SOFTENED CONSIDERABLY WHICH MADE PUNCHING STEPS QUITE INTERESTING. QUICKLY WE WERE ON TOP TAKING PICTURES OF OUR ROUTE AND OF GOODE. THE ENTIRE NE FACE OF GOODE WAS BLANKETED With SNOW. ALL TOO SOON IT WAS TIME TO GO HOME. THE WAY DOW INCLUDED SOME GOOD GLISSADING. THE SNOW ON THE LONG TRAVERSE HAD REMAINED HARD SO THAT SECTION WAS EASIER THAN IT COULD HAVE BEEN With SOFT SNOW. WE ARRIVED AT THE CARS AT 4PM FOR A ROUND TRIP OF 9 HOURS.

CLIMBERS: MARK DALE, MARK DICKENSON AND JERRY BAILLIE

FORBIDDEN PEAK -NW FACE

July 14-16

Forbidden Peak is one of the most outstanding mountains in the North Cascades, not only because of its classic shape but also because of the nature of the spectacular terrain that surrounds it. Three equally spaced ridges (West, East, and North) rise steeply to meet at the airy, pointed summit. Between the ridges are formidable faces, each with it's own distinct characteristics.

Our climbing objective was the Northwest Face, between the North and West Ridges, perhaps the most attractive of the three faces. The climbing route follows a distinct ridge which rises from the Forbidden Glacier to meet the face, where it becomes a somewhat indistinct rib running straight to the summit. This is a very appealing and exciting line because of it's directness to the summit, good rock, exposure, and incredibly mild scenery.

The four of us (Jeff Hunt, Hark Dickinson, Hark Smet, and myself) started up the trail to Boston Basin about 7:30 am Saturday. (Having three Marks on a climb can be confusing to say the least. 'OFF BELAY, HARK' can have dire consequences if heard by the wrong Mark. We eventually resorted to using last names.) Anyway, back to the approach. The trail to the basin was, as usual, muddy and steep, with a lot of blown down trees covering it in places. Upon reaching the basin we talked a while to the climbing ranger stationed there, who issued us a permit to 'camp' on the Forbidden Glacier or thereabouts. It seems somewhat ironic to have to carry a camping permit to a place that few people visit during a given year.

From Boston Basin we ascended the Queen Sieba Glacier to Sharkfin Col, where we made a short rappel to the Boston Glacier. We stopped here for lunch, and then began the long traverse of the glacier to the crossing of the North Ridge. The sun was really starting to bake, giving us ideal conditions for a hot reflector-oven, glacier slog. Heeding the ranger's advice, we gained the North Ridge via the easier col (not the 'piton rappel' crossing). This proved fairly straightforward, except for a small 'schrund' problem. Upon reaching the col we had a good view of the NW Face and the approach to it over the Forbidden Glacier. Seeing that there would be no problem getting to the base of the route from the col where we now stood, we decided to bivouac. This was a truly magnificent place to camp, with unhindered views of the sublime scenery that surrounded us. As it was not yet 3:00 pm

when we arrived at this site we spent most of the rest of the day sunbathing and sleeping (and getting psyched-up or psyched-out about the route, which looked pretty intimidating from this vantage).

One sunset, one moonrise, and one sunrise passed and found us descending the Forbidden Glacier about 6:30 am Sunday morning. We soon reached the toe of the ridge where the climbing begins. Having been told that an ascent of the left side of the toe to the ridge crest was feasible, we opted to go that way, even though the guidebook suggests the right side (which didn't look very inviting). However, I wouldn't advise the left side as a good way to get on the ridge. It involved about one and a half pitches on very steep rock following a small dirty, rotten ledge system.

This was definitely the most unpleasant and dangerous part of the climb. Once on the crest of the ridge, things improved considerably. Several hundred feet of class 3 and 4 climbing brought us to a saddle on the ridge. Here the ridge becomes very narrow and knife-edged, with several steps or gendarmes to negotiate. This -was -maybe the most enjoyable section on the route, with solid rock, good protection, and lots of air.

The climbing was mainly moderate class 5, but we encountered one 5.7 or 5.8 pitch (depending how one did it) on the largest gendarme. There might be an easier way through this section, but probably on less pleasant rock.

Our ridge soon blended into a rib on the face, which we followed for about 10 pitches to the summit. Parts of this section were very dicey because of snow covering class 5 rock, which forced us to climb right or left of what is probably the best route under better conditions. The rock was generally excellent, but sometimes lacking in protection. We finally found ourselves at the summit about 20 pitches from the base of the route. It was 7:00 pm

After a short stay at the summit, we began to down climb the West Ridge, reaching the col at the head of the West Ridge Couloir at dark. Wishing to reach Boston Basin that evening, we continued down the steep couloir via headlamp. At the bottom of the couloir we rappelled into the large 'schrund' which ran from wall-to-wall. Climbing out the other side was no problem. After locating precious water (we were all quite dehydrated), we stumbled into our second bivy, having been climbing for about 18 hours straight. We hit the sack about 1:30 am Monday. Early the next morning we headed down to the truck and out to Marblemount, successfully thwarting any attempts by anxious friends and family to rescue us (being a day overdue).

Hark S. Dale

Mt. Shasta (14,162') Avalanche Gulch Route.

July 6-9, 1984

Our party left the Base Camp Supply store in Tacoma at 4:15 pm on Friday after obtaining a few rental items. We stopped in Portland to pick up the last member of the group and then drove on to Salem where we had dinner. Long drive through the night concluded at 1:30 am Saturday at the Medford 8 (Apple Inn) motel. After a hearty breakfast at Elmer's Pancake House we were on our way again at 11:00 am for the relatively short drive to Mt. Shasta City, arriving at 12:30 pm. We stopped in at the Fifth Sea-son sports shop to pick up a few souvenirs and filled our water bottles at the local gas station. The Everett Memorial Highway brought us to Panther Meadow at the 7520' level on the mountain. With clear skies overhead, we started the climb at 2:30 p.m., going up the valley between Green Butte Ridge and Sergeants Ridge. We passed through the remains of a ski area which was wiped out by an avalanche last year. At Sergeants Ridge, some climbers answered our inquiry about tent sites with 'Tents? We don't use tents in California! So we went on up to the ridge just below Helen Lake in Avalanche Gulch arriving at 6:30 pm to make camp. Our neighbors were some fellows from the Berkeley area. Helen Lake (10,000') was actually a depression in the snow. As dusk came, we could see the lights of McCloud and Mt. Shasta City below. An incredible number of stars were out. We arose at 3:00 a.m. Sunday and at 5:15 am. We were cramponing on steep, firm snow. We found some nice steps beginning next to the Heart Rock Island in the snow at 12,000'. At 8:30 a.m. we reached 'Thumb Rock', next to the Red Banks (13,000') encountering our first rays of sunshine. From here we could see the first of several false summits. Fortunately, the route was more gradual the rest of the way. As we huffed and puffed past the last false summit, we could see our objective rising above a snowfield. We also had a good view of Shastina (12,330') below. Finally, we trudged up steep snow to the summit rocks, arriving at 1:15 am. We took several group photos and signed the summit register. We glissaded almost all the way down Avalanche Gulch to the camp. In Medford, we had a filling meal at the Woodsman Restaurant (try the 20(25?) Oz Woodsman steak) and a welcome night's rest. A long, relaxed drive led us back home late Monday afternoon.

Climbers: Pete and Nissa Clement, Jim Ferneding, Erich Koehler and Jim Olbrich

Mt. Formidable (8325')-South Route

August 14, 1984

As Fred Beckey states, "While not dominant in the array of magnificent peaks in the span between Dome Peak and Cascade Pass, Formidable is certainly one of the most impressive." And it truly was an impressive sight for us as we passed by its northeast side on our travels from Kool-Aid Lake to the Yang-Yang Lakes on the Ptarmigan Traverse.

Leaving our camp at Yang-Yang Lakes, we backtracked on our route of the Previous day to reach the obvious notch in the ridge extending down from the mass of Formidable. From here, we had to descend a fairly steep gully whose snow had yet to see the morning sun; which resulted in a slower than desired descent. At the base of the gulley we followed (as Beckey recommended) a 325' compass bearing which lead us to the "second main rib." Crossing over (look for a large cairn) and then ascending the rib several hundred feet, we reached the "large high snow patch". Fifteen minutes of kicking steps up the right side of the snowfield brought us to the rock and a reasonably good looking route to the summit. At this point the rock was fairly solid Class 3 and we were able to move at a good pace. Shortly after starting on the rock, we passed several rappel slings on the opposite side of the gulley we were now in. we ignored them and headed up as the summit loomed closer. The last 30 feet of rock was pretty loose but the summit appeared to be at hand. Unfortunately this was not the case as the true summit became visible (100 feet higher and an exposed traverse away). Most of the traverse was fairly straight forward but as we approached the summit we had some difficult down climbing (at least Class 4). After that though, the summit was an easy scramble. The views from the top were magnificent -particularly down the northeast face and onto the Middle Cascade Glacier where we could see our route from the previous day (which had been in a white-out). The descent went fairly well as we avoided the summit traverse by following a gulley which led from the summit to the left side of the "large high snow patch." This descent route seems to provide a direct and easy route to follow to the summit, did pass several more rappel slings but didn't feel that they were needed. From the snow, we picked up our ascent route and shortly thereafter we were back at camp.

Dome Peak (8920') Dome Glacier Route

August 17

Dome Peak (the highest peak on the Ptarmigan Traverse) was to be the finale and highlight of our trip. We each had anticipated having our picture taken while standing on the summit "balancing rock" which we had seen in several photos. So we were quite excited as we left our camp on Istwood Ridge despite the clouds that were dancing around the summit.

The route was fairly obvious as we descended about 500 feet and then quickly regained this altitude and more as we reached the west side of the Dome Glacier. From here, we roped up and were able to head almost directly for the saddle to the north of the Summit as the upper portion of the glacier was almost crevasse free. Soon we had the summit in sight but there was no balancing rock.

There were several other high points in sight but still no sign of the rock. So we ascended the very gradual but very exposed ridge to the closest high point where we found the summit register but without the balancing rock we felt unsure as to whether we had reached the true summit. (It wasn't until we had returned to Seattle and viewed an old picture of the summit that we felt that we had actually been at the true summit and that the balancing rock was no longer balancing on the summit of Dome Peak. Apparently the height of Dome Peak needs to be revised to 8916 ft.)

On the descent we paused for some impressive views across the Chickamin Glacier at Sinister and Gunsight Peaks. They looked to be nice climbs but not on this trip and we headed back to camp.

Dave Gloger & Ed Davis

MT. RANIER-SUCCESS CLEAVER

JULY 28.29

Following the traditional pre-climb Grand Slam breakfast at Denny's. Greg and I set off for the Tahoma Creek trailhead, arriving at about 7 AM After a last look at the car (we'd have to hitch, hijack, or heist a ride back to it), we headed up the trail to Indian Henry's Hunting Ground wearing tennis shoes, which proved to be no problem since there was little snow or mud on the trail. We continued on to Mirror Lakes, switched to boots. and then pushed on part Pyramid Peak to the bare of Success Cleaver, where we stopped for food and mass H2O at about 11 AM

Beckey's description of this route turned out to be quite accurate, although a few minutes spent at the base of the cleaver, pondering his logic, proved beneficial. You should pay particular attention to the exit from the left most couloir above Success Glacier and to route through the crumbly rock steps above that lead to Pt. Success.

Getting back to our climb, we worked our way up the cleaver, alternating on rock and snow and staying entirely on the right side or the crest. The route is straightforward up to about 9000 ft., where you reach the base of the first of two large rock steps. We skirted both steps with the help of some snow patches on the right. Camp was made on the rocky top of the second step after 9 hours and 6700 ft. of climbing.

After a comfortable night on the ground in bivy sacks, the alarm went off at 4:00 AM Greg didn't hear it, and I chose to ignore it, so we didn't get moving until well after 5 AM. It turned out this was OK, since the initial climbing is done on rock (the crumbly variety), and without the moon we wouldn't have been able to see our way.

At about 10,500 ft. we reached the first rock cliff band, which forced the route onto snow off to the right. Here we put on crampons. This snow provided an entry to the previously mentioned couloir. The couloir continued up to 12,000 ft. where an exit is made off to the right to reach open snow slopes on what is now essentially the upper part of Kautz Cleaver. From here we continued up the last 2,000 ft. to Pt. Success, all on snow except for a couple of short scrambles over crumbly rock steps. We reached Pt. Success at 11:00 after about six hours of climbing. At this point we roped up and wandered over to the summit for a few photos and food, and then cruised down the Disappointment Cleaver highway to Paradise, which was reached at 4:00. A couple of marines in a pickup gave us a lift back to our car (bless their souls). They wisely recognized us for what we were and threw us in the back (downwind).

This route is so scenic and has no technical problems, but is long and provides a good test of endurance with the full pack carried over the summit. An attempt later in the summer would result in quite a bit more rock scrambling on loose scree and crumbly rock.

Greg Cox and Tom Grover

CADET PEAK/MONTE CRISTO

SEPT. 1-2.

After much consideration we decided on the Monte Cristo area for a Labor Day climb. Our goal was Monte Cristo Peak and anything else that looked good. Leaving the car at Barlow Pass (2100') we hiked the 4 (?) miles in to Monte Cristo then spent a few minutes touring the old town. If you have a four wheel drive or think you do you may make it all the way to the town thanks to improvements to the road by locals. Of course you still need a key to the gate at Barlow pass but otherwise jeeps, landcruisers and Blazers were parked at the town. You must pass through the town now since the bridge above is washed out leaving the bridge in the town the only one left. After leaving the town we reached Glacier Basin in about two miles and to our surprise we were alone! The famous hill going in was pretty dry but the brush was a problem on the way up (due to no trail maintenance).

We crossed the Basin and established camp at Ray's knoll (about 4400'). By this time it was 2:30 and we figured we had just enough time to reach Cadet and return before dark. Climbing up the obvious gully towards Cadet we scrambled on mossy rock and talus to reach the base of the rock. The weather was iffy with overcast making it difficult to see the route. Instead of trending north here as Becky describes we chose to climb class 3 or 4 rock up to the summit ridge, then bear right about 100' to the top. We reached the top at five o'clock and spent a half-hour waiting for the clouds to break but only got glimpses of Wilmans Peaks through the cover. Heading down, we reached camp at 7:30 and enjoyed tuna casserole (yum yum). Waking at a lazy 8:30 on Sunday we got fueled up for Monte Cristo thinking there was more than enough time. Leaving for the peak at ten o'clock in bright sun we climbed up the south portion of the basin to some 25 degree snow then above to 50 degree sections as we approached the north col. The snow was hard in this section and crampons worked well for about 700 feet of climbing. Reaching the col we seemed to be doing good on time so rather than search out the class three route on the back (north) side we approached the summit block directly and got out the rope for some low class five. The first pitch took some route finding up a small sharp edged spur and the next belay was only seventy five feet above the first though 120' of rope was used. The next pitch was the crux and took over an hour to bag as there were three mid class five moves in a row making it a challenge to place protection and hang on at the same time. Finally, we reached the north ridge and scrambled to 100' feet below the summit where we avoided a steep step by going out on the east face. Here climbing was easy except for the

rocks that were more like marbles on sometimes narrow ledges. The top (7136') was reached at 4:00, quite a bit later than anticipated. We enjoyed a complete panorama with views east to Glacier Peak north to Baker south to Rainier, and west to the Olympics. Our view to the west included the unclimbed tower of Columbia Center like a beacon on the horizon waiting for some adventuresome soul, and the San Juans. In the nearer region, the snow patch that gave Big Four its name was clearly visible from our eastern vantage point. Sloan peak, Whitechuck, Pugh, Del Campo, Vesper and Three Fingers were also prominent. As we headed down we discovered the steep snow had softened in the sun by this time so we attempted to down climb it un-roped and without crampons.

This proved to be a mistake as shortly we found the soft stuff was only the top inch or so with ice underneath. Reaching a rock outcropping some 300' below the col we stopped to dig the spikes out of the pack and had a much easier time of it the rest of the way. Back at camp at 7:20 we settled in for a windy night and little sleep. To our surprise the weather did not change overnight and we hiked out Monday in a sunny 70+ degrees to some cool brews back at the car. During the stay at the basin only five other persons were seen.

Climbers were: Steve Mason. Steve Steckmeyer.

Peak: Sloan Peak via West Face;

July 14-16, 1984

Climbers: Richard Gilbert and Gladys Glenn

After a leisurely lunch in Granite Falls on Saturday, July 14, we proceeded to the Verlot Ranger station to check for information on the Bedal Basin trail. To our surprise, none of the three Rangerettes had heard of that trail, other than remembering that a party had been inquiring about it earlier that day. We then noted that indeed a party of two had registered intentions to climb Sloan from the Bedal Basin side, which would put them in Bedal Basin at the same time we had planned to be there. Accepting this minor disappointment, we registered our plans to climb the West Face and our expectations of returning the following evening.

Back in the car, we quickly reached Barlow Pass, continuing north across Elliot and Bedal creeks, eventually turning off the Mountain Loop Highway at the (unmarked) road leading to the Bedal Basin trailhead. Finally there, packs were shouldered, pictures were taken, and with the high spirits that mark such occasions,

we started up the trail. For the first mile and a half our progress was slowed by occasional windfalls and small thickets but, nonetheless, we arrived at the first crossing of Bedal Creek in about an hour.

After a short stop for a welcome drink, we crossed the creek on a log and entered the granddaddy of all thickets: one half-mile of shoulder-high brush. This disappointment was tempered, however, with the excitement of first seeing our objective, Sloan Peak. Perhaps it was this distraction, or perhaps it was the sudden decrease in the trail quality but, for whatever reason, I missed an orange marker defining the trail and began climbing up a dry watercourse. After several sweaty minutes of this nonsense, my error became apparent and we retraced our steps to find what we later referred to as the 'major intersection' where the trail had been lost.

Once again on the correct path, we tripped our way through the thicket to the second crossing of Bedal Creek. Here the path entered a nice stand of timber and began the final climb to Bedal Basin. The enjoyment of again hiking an open trail was short-lived, however, for within a few minutes of crossing the stream we encountered a major blow down of giant fir trees. This blow down completely obliterated the last remnants of the trail so we simply struck out on our own for the basin. An hour or so later we were there and soon had our camp made on a nearly level patch of grass amidst immense granite boulders.

Towering above were the massive cliffs of the West Face of Sloan Peak. Despite many minutes of scrutiny, the lack of major features on the face, combined with the sharp angle of perspective from my low vantage prevented me from discerning the documented route, and I realized that most route-finding decisions would have to be made on the climb itself. Eager to undertake this challenge we drifted off to sleep, only to be awakened in a few hours when a creek erupted just above our sleeping bags. Fortunately, only a few things were soaked before we hurriedly moved to a less level (albeit drier) spot, fitfully sleeping there for the rest of the night.

The next morning dawned bright and clear, promising a fine day for the climb. After a light breakfast we shuffled our climbing needs into the single climbing pack we had brought and started up the snowfields leading to the base of the rock. An

hour later found us donning all of the customary gear that climbers use to increase their safety (and their confidence) and I led off up a rather cool and unpleasant gully containing a small creek.

This first lead eventually climbed a steep wall on the right side of the gully, taking me out on a loose-appearing exposed flake to gain the crest of the rib on the right. Once there, the remainder of the lead was a scramble to a belay spot at rope's end. Gladys took the next lead, traversing left across the now

open gully to a steep but solid wall on the left; climbing this to a good belay at the base of an easy slope. Three class 3 leads up this slope to the right brought us beneath a rock step just short of a snow-melt creek.

Several possibilities were evident, and eventually I selected a chimney that split the defenses of the wall. The top of this chimney flared open and, after a few balance moves across a sloping ledge to the right, the angle lessened and I found myself on the next major ramp across the face. At this point I felt we were at the start of the long descending left traverse shown in the route description but, after exploring this ramp for perhaps 300 feet, I decided to abandon it and returned to our high point (where the previous lead had ended) to search there for a route.

Leaving Gladys ensconced in the shade of a convenient belay tree, I started up the rightmost of three nearly parallel open books. This one didn't go and I moved to the leftmost of the three. After a few moves in this one, I decided to quit it as well and moved to the central one. After a few exposed moves here, I reached the lower limbs of a tree hanging above and quickly protected the rope with a sling on the branches. Continuing on through the tree, the route led up a snug inside corner to a safe but uncomfortable belay perch on a protruding rib. Gladys joined me here and, after delicately swapping the lead, continued on. The route here climbed a steep face with just-adequate holds (which by now happily appeared to be characteristic of the face) and about sixty feet above went around a narrow ledge to the left. At this point she went out of sight and, after a few minutes of noting the rope at a standstill, I heard her call for slack. After my reply that she had all the slack she wanted, Gladys discovered that the rope had gotten stuck. Somehow she was able to free it but in a few feet it had stuck again. This time she was unable to free the rope and so indicated to me.

After determining that Gladys was safe where she was but was unable to climb back to the place where the rope was stuck. I attached a prussik to the rope, coiled the excess over my shoulder, and began to climb the pitch using the prussik for a self-belay. In a few minutes I had reached the spot where the rope was stuck and, after freeing it, had Gladys pull up the slack and put me on belay. At this point the route went around a ledge which had a gap in the middle and a wall bulging above which tended to push me out as I (plus the pack) tried to make the short traverse. After several false starts, I asked Gladys for tension, feeling that making the move in this fashion was better than having her try to stop a fall from her questionable belay spot.

In a few more moments I had joined Gladys at her perch; quickly added two additional anchors around sturdy flakes; and continued on to easier ground above. I belayed her up to

that spot and we calmed down over a welcome drink. At this point, the angle was clearly starting to ease but we still had a pitch or two before we could unrope. I started up another open book, this one with a varying-width crack in the right wall and an overhanging chockstone at the top. Guessing (read: hoping) that the route above the chockstone would be easy, I worked my way up to it and, hanging from its edge, pulled up to look at the route beyond.

Unfortunately, the route above the chockstone was worse than the dihedral I'd just climbed, so after a moment or two for appropriate comments, I began the ticklish business of down climbing the open book that was now beneath me. Completing this, I chose a narrow chimney which seemed to lead to the area above the afore-mentioned chockstone and, after nearly becoming trapped therein due to overzealous jamming managed to force my way to its top.

Exiting the top of the chimney via the nose which formed its right wall. I soon found myself on a steep but pleasant slope leading to a delightful area of heather and boulders. Gladys joined me in a few minutes and set off on the next lead, exercising particular care not to get the rope stuck. A short lead later (due to rope drag) she set a belay and brought me up. I continued on at a quick pace since the angle was lessening with nearly every step. At the end of this lead we un-roped, filled the water bottles (for the third time), and began the long walk to the summit.

Within perhaps 45 minutes we had joined the standard route and, in another half hour, were treated to a breathtaking view of Glacier Peak as we reached the summit of Sloan. Due to the late hour of 9:00 pm we hastily dispatched the summit tasks of picture taking and register signing and, after a hurried bite to eat, took leave of the summit to begin a descent of the standard route. Darkness caught us about 45 minutes later and we spent a chilly night on a ledge above the ramp leading to Sloan's lower snowfield.

The following morning, Monday, we were moving as soon as there was adequate light. The descent to the lower snowfield involved three rappels: two to avoid some steep snow lying at the upper end of the ramp, and the third to provide protection crossing the moat guarding access to the lower snowfield. Once upon this snowfield we descended to Bedal Basin easily where we packed our frame packs and headed for the car, arriving there about 11:30 to the accompaniment of the Snohomish County Sheriff's helicopter which had been summoned to check on us by concerned co-workers. Tired but happy, we drove to Granite Falls to enjoy an excellent post-climb repast.

Peak Chimney Rock via Direct East Face; July 28-30, 1984

Climbers: Richard Gilbert and Gladys Glenn

Due to questionable weather, our departure from Seattle was delayed until 11:00 AM, at which time we decided to at least go have a look at the trail. A few hours later found us donning our packs at the hot and dusty Pete Lake trailhead, anxious to descend to the cooling shade of the trees along the Cooper River trail. By this time, it was apparent that our concerns over the weather were unnecessary, since conditions were ideal for our approach to the mountain.

In four miles, the Pete Lake trail ended at a junction with the Pacific Crest trail which, at that point, is traveling from Spectacle Lake to Escondido Lake high on the shoulder of Summit Chief Mountain. Turning right on the PCT, another quick mile brought us to the first switchback as the trail began its climb to Escondido Lake. We left the PCT at this point, taking a short way trail west to the North Fork of Lemah Creek. After stopping to fill the water bottles, we crossed the creek on a handy log and started up the steep wooded ridge via a rough, obscure climber's path leading to the basin below Chimney Glacier.

A few hours and many drops of sweat later, we staggered into the alpland beneath the fantastic towering crags of Chimney Rock. Impressive though this view is from the car, from this basin it is one of the most beautiful sights in the Cascades. The rock everywhere is jagged and steep, appearing vertical from this vantage, and has weathered to an intimidating black color. Having been here once before, I was prepared for these feelings, yet, was again struck by the grandeur of this wild place.

Due to the late summer this year, there was quite a bit of snow remaining in the basin, with many of the would-be camp spots either under water or muddy. Nonetheless, Gladys quickly spied a comfortable heather flat next to a small pond with a clear icy brook but a few yards distant. In a few minutes, we had the stove purring under a pot of water, and were enjoying the additional rare luxury of a small campfire. Dinner was soon prepared, quickly consumed, and in short order we were comfortably ensconced in our sleeping bags. Our previous night out had been a very chilly bivouac two weeks prior on Sloan Peak, and we were quite pleased with the facilities of this camp (e.g. sleeping bags).

During the night, I noticed an occasional fog bank obscuring the peaks, and was somewhat discouraged to find it lingering about in the morning. We decided to start anyway and soon found ourselves scurrying up the Chimney Glacier under a cloudless blue sky. We continued up the lower glacier to the rocky bulwark left of the icefall and climbed a steep snowfinger in one of the gullies leading to the upper glacier. Once there, we climbed to the main

mass of the East Face without further difficulties.

At the bottom of this face the snow had melted back and had formed a rather large moat preventing easy access the wall. By traversing the top of the snowfield to the right we discovered a point where part of the snow had fallen into the moat, forming a bridge we could cross to the rock. Removing our crampons, we crossed the snow bridge and scrambled to a convenient ledge to begin the climb.

The first objective was a broad heather-covered ramp about a hundred feet above. To reach this ramp I led off on a rising traverse that eventually took me between the rock wall and a snow patch that had melted back from the rock. We fondly named this the 'worm' pitch due to the crawling on hands and knees that was required to get past the snow. The next pitch went back to the left, ascended a steep short wall to a nice ledge, and finished by ascending the edge of a near-vertical flake topped with a crown of drying heather. Reaching this, I quickly scrambled to the objective broad ramp and brought Gladys up.

After walking about a rope's length up the ramp to the right, I left it to resume our progress on the face proper, finishing at a belay stance in some welcome shade. I remember the considerable rope drag at the end of this lead caused by the number of changes in direction as the route unfolded. The fifth lead began with a short wall and ended traversing exposed but good ledges to the right. The sixth lead continued the right traverse, going around a blind corner to a snow-melt creek. The next lead brought us to a second broad ramp; this one high on the face and appearing to end at a steep crack above to the left.

We carried the rope over to the bottom of this crack, happily noting that the closer we got the easier it appeared. Apparently, from our initial vantage the perspective was such that the difficulties had been distorted. At the base of this crack we set a belay and I started up the eighth lead of the day. About two thirds of the way up this crack, I was out of rope and, after bringing up Gladys, continued on to join the standard East Face route at the so-called "key ledge".

To this point it had taken us nine leads, most of which were close to 150 feet we and we would have made one more if haven't carried the rope along the broad upper ramp. Now being on the standard route, we felt that the climbing problems would ease, and it was rather surprising to find the first lead off the key ledge was nearly as difficult as any we had encountered on the route below. In fact, when Gladys joined me at the end of this lead she commented that it had been the hardest pitch she'd ever done!

One more lead of quite exposed third and fourth class brought us to the bottom of Chimney Rock. At this point we encountered the other party on the mountain (we had been hearing them for the previous hour or so) and, after waiting for them to rappel the

chimney, began our final two leads.

Even at the last few feet Chimney Rock proves its worth as a challenge, since the top of this rather strenuous chimney is virtually the summit of the mountain. Emerging from the top of this chimney into the late-afternoon sun, I did indeed feel at last the victor over a formidable foe. Bringing up a tired but happy Gladys, we shared few bites to eat, few pictures, and after perusing the odd slips of paper in the summit tube (there was no register), quickly began our descent.

Five rappels lower we were again on the key ledge where we took leave of our ascent route and continued our descent via the standard East Face route. In order to avoid the moat and the steep snow at the bottom of the 600-foot gully of this route, we traversed south around the South Peak of Chimney Rock on a heather bench marked with cairns by the preceding party. Arriving at the "U-gap" between the South Peak and South Point, we descended the steep snow leading to the upper Chimney Glacier, continuing down as fast as was prudent in an attempt to reach the lower glacier (at least) before nightfall.

Unfortunately, the snowfield we were descending had a bergschrund extending completely from one side to the other and, further, we ran out of daylight about the time we discovered this obstacle. I got out my headlamp and, after exchanging the dead batteries for fresh ones, tried to discover the route through this 'schrund'. After several tension-filled minutes, we abandoned these efforts and climbed back up the snow to a rock island which we had noticed during our hurried descent. Fortunately, this haven included a convenient ledge which was roomy, dry, and level, but unfortunately, thanks to the glacier wind, was also blessed with excessive air conditioning!

After spending a chilly night here, (shades of 14 days previous on Sloan Peak) we quickly packed at first light and returned to our camp via the route we had ascended, there packing the frame packs and retracing our path of two days earlier to the car, arriving there at 12:30 PM complete with a full escort of mosquitoes and a circling private airplane. As we later found, the plane contained three friends of mine from work who had been concerned over my absence and were out to see if they could spot us from the air. They initially saw us walking toward the car but, since it was parked under a tree, didn't see it (or recognize us) until I had moved it out into the center of the parking area. Dipping the wings to acknowledge their recognition, they headed for Renton airport while we headed for Roslyn and several large libations.

Echo January 1985

Cross-Country Ski Report

The first BoeAlps cross-country ski trip of the year started off as a fun time but hardly a great day for skiing. The day's goal was to ski the roads and open slopes on Amabilis Mtn past of Snoqualmie pass But the weather wasn't cooperating for it was wet and raining at the highway exit. This was expected so we took off to Swauk Pass hoping to find driver conditions. The 'Cross Country Ski Trails' book was our only guide for none of us had ever been there.

We headed off south of the wet snow towards Swauk meadows. Shortly afterwards a blue trail sign was seemed on the left so we left the road and traveled most towards Tronsen Meadows. Little did we know that logging was doing on right on the trail! Trees were crashing down around us as we followed our location to the loggers. They directed us to the spot where the trail picked us and we took our skis off and trudged over the fallen trees to that spot. Continuing our trek we arrived at the trail Junction shortly.

Once there we decided that although we didn't have the time to do to Haney meadow we'd head south and pick the snowmobile trail (a.k.a. road) south of Diamond Head. The 'steep, difficult, arduous' trail was pleasant but the climb to the road was on a slippery wind-packed slope. A short lunch was had and after Bob fixed his wax we headed toward the major trail Junction. A short open slope permitted a few telemark practices before we headed for the long road home. Behind it the 5.6 miles back to the main highway was quick since most of the road had frozen into ice. Lots of fun!

This trip was about 9 miles and took about 5 hours! in good conditions, it would be an excellent loop trip*

Skiers: Bob Mondrzyk, Ken Kisch, and Mike Fitzpatrick

Buckindy-Illabot Traverse August 1980 and 1984

The idea of this traverse was first born in 1974 on top of Snowking. The register contained entries of a party who had reached Snowking from Breen Mountain via Buckindy. The view southeast to Buckindy was breathtaking and appeared vary formidable. To the southwest of Snowking was the intriguing Mount Chaval. However the thought of putting it all together a traverse wasn't formalized until 1978 when reading through the green Beckey guide. If we could cross on the ridge connecting Chaval and Snowking it could be done. The guide book map didn't show this connection but a review of pictures and discussion with John

Pollock, a frequent visitor to the area gave us the impression that it was possible.

In 1980, a group of seven of us decided to give it a try. Sadly, our party was reduced to six when my hiking and climbing buddy of 25 years, Bob Smith, died of a heart attack on a hike to scout the traverse exit, the Huckleberry Mountain trail, two weeks before the traverse.

We picked the dates of August 2 through 10 because it never rains that time of year. The first morning we drove up Green Mountain road encountering fog on the way. We ferried a car back to Buck Creek campground, then went back to Green Mountain trail and were on our way.

The first few miles were quite pleasant and it looked promising, but by the time we reached the pond below the lookout, the rains came. We left the trail at about 6200 feet and went in search of a camp spot just north and east of the lookout. Believe me, there are few flat spots on that particular slope, but one was found.

We awoke to a very foggy morning. Much time was spent debating alternative climbing trips always with dry country in mind. Fortunately, the fog rose at noon and we continued on through some of the most outstanding flower meadows to be found in the mountains. However the meadows became very treacherous above Lake 4882 as we encountered steep slopes well endowed with wet grasses and false hellebore. Also the route finding from Lake 5371 was challenging. Our second camp was pitched one half mile east of this lake in a flat meadow at about 5300 feet with great views of many Ptarmigan Traverse peaks to the east and Glacier to the southeast.

From here route finding was tough and the steep, wet grassy slopes were with us the last several miles. Grass crampons would have been handy. We made camp at 5200 feet at the foot of Mount Misch at a pond overlooking the large Buck Creek valley. Heavy rain kept us in our tents all of the following day. (We had three Gore-Tex tents. Condensation kept us wet on all but one of our six nights.)

On the fifth day we awoke to clear blue skies. The air was fresh and cleans from the rains. The climb around Mount Misch and up to Buckindy was highlighted by rewarding views from these very colorful mountain slopes. Snow was encountered at about 6400 feet. The guide book rates Buckindy (7320) as class 4. In my judgment it is an easy class 4. Because of its remoteness, Buckindy had only been climbed by five parties (12 climbers) per the original register. It was first climbed in 1463. Before returning to camp, we took a half-mile side trip west to Caradhras (7160'), an easy scramble with rewarding views of the Buckindy Crags. The clouds were closing in as we returned to camp.

Luckily the sixth day was bright and clear; however we had a

decision to make. Two days had been lost due to rain. Only four days remained to complete the traverse. The route to Snowking, when viewed from Caradhras, appeared straightforward (we found out later it wasn't). The weather hadn't been kind and perfect weather would be needed to make it in time. After appropriate discussion (arm twisting, bribery, etc.) Several democratic votes were taken and we headed back to Green Mountain, stopping the sixth night at our previous camp east of Lake 5371. The sunset was beautiful, especially in the direction of Glacier Peak and the dark skies to the southeast. Quite a surprise the next morning as our tents were coated with dust and Glacier had disappeared from view. Obviously, Mount St. Helens had blown its cork again.

The last day was uneventful. We avoided the worst of the false hellebore by dropping down to Lake (4882). The biggest problem was volcanic dust everywhere, including on our teeth.

In deciding on a traverse for 1984, enough time had passed that the steep slopes, false hellebore, and route finding problems were forgotten, so we chose to do it again. This time we started from the other end, ferrying a car to the Green Mountain trail the morning of July 26. (We heard it seldom rains the last week of July.) We started up the Huckleberry Mountain trail at 11:30 at an elevation of 1000 feet. Our packs weighed in at approximately 58 to 66 pounds. The trail had been recently maintained and was in very good shape. After six miles we camped at 5120 feet in snow. After supper a hike was taken up the trail to view the route to the north. Mount Chaval seemed quite far away. There is a very good camp at 6.2 miles, out of the snow with super views and running water.

The next day we hiked another mile to Huckleberry (5856) where the official trail ends. There are remnants of the lookout which burned some years back. Then over Boulder (6267), past Pear and Boulder Lakes, and on to the east slope of the ridge extending south from Hurricane. We made camp on the east slope of Hurricane at about 5800 feet. The traverse from Boulder to Hurricane was all snow and straightforward. After supper we climbed Hurricane (6414') for some great views with Boulder and Pear Lakes to the southwest, Toketie and Kawkawak Lakes to the east, and Mount Chaval to the north. The Mountaineers had put a new register on top just seven days earlier.

We awoke the third day with a solid blanket of fog below us. Unfortunately by the time we arrived at Hurricane Ridge, the fog had risen. Larry scouted above and I scouted below in the fog trying to spot a clue. Larry came back with the news that a faint trail led up, up to the top of the ridge. By noon the fog was gone and we were at the high point of the ridge (6158). The rest of the day was spent going around and above Crater Lake and setting up camp above Chaval Lake on the south slope of the east peak of Mount Chaval at about 6400 feet. It was a short walk to

the saddle for a view of the ridge going over to Snowking. The ridge did not look promising.

The next morning was a beauty with a blanket of fog below at about 5800 feet with mountain islands floating in a sea of white. We crossed over the ridge to the north slope of Chaval, dropped our packs and headed for the top. First we had to cross back to the south slope just east of East Peak, then a scramble west to the main peak crossing the ridge again to the north slope and a very steep snow face. As we climbed the snow face I kept encouraging Larry to stay left because there was no run out on the right. At the top of the snow face we elected to go to our right in the bergschrund to the west ridge instead of the steep snow finger to the summit on our left. The choice was a good one because once on the west ridge it was an easy scramble to the top (7127). The guide book rates this route as a 3 or 4. I vote for 4. There was no register on top, only a sack lunch left about two weeks before.

Back at our packs it was decision time. To get to Snowking, should we try the ridge or drop down on either side of it? Based on observations from above and from our present position the ridge was ruled out. We couldn't see the north side and the south side was too cliffy. The best option appeared to be to hike east about a mile and traverse down a ridge that would take us into the upper Buck Creek cirque at about 4350 feet. Across the cirque was a boulder field that appeared to be a route back to the ridge to Snowking. The decision was made to traverse over and down to the cirque. We had to fight some brush at the lower elevations but it was a good route overall. The cirque was a beautiful camp spot with dozens of waterfalls above us and a large waterfall at the east edge of the meadow. We found some warm water for a much needed bath. What a great feeling!

The next day we had to drop to 4200 feet to get to the boulder field. The trip back up to the ridge at 5400 feet went fine. This put us right above Lake 4940. However we had to travel south a hundred yards or so to drop off on the west side before being able to proceed up to Peak 6995 which is about one mile south of Snowking. On the way up we hiked past two large tarns at about 6000 feet in the cirque south of Snowking, neither of which is on the topo map. We made camp at about 6850 feet, the highest of the trip, and the most outstanding in my opinion. The views were expansive, the conditions ideal. We scouted the route to Snowking putting in steps where the slope was steep. Peak 6995 was climbed and a peak about 300 yards to the east was climbed to observe the sunset.

We awoke on the sixth day to clear, blue skies. From our camp to Snowking (7433) was basically a walk. This mountain can be reached from the north via the Cascade River road. I recommend it as a worthwhile climb. About eight lakes can be seen from the summit. We arrived back at camp before noon, packed up and headed east and south for the last half of the traverse.

Ken McKinley

(To be continued next month)

***Climbers: Phil Cottle, Jon Mottern, Ken McKinley, Larry Peters,
Howard Quaif and Linda Ruff***

Echo March 1985

Alta Mountain 6250'

January 26 & 27

Becky's Guide Book claims the summit is 6156' but Prater's "Snow Trails'' book lists the summit as 6250', which agrees with the topo map.

Craig and I left Gold Creek Snow Park at 9:00 a.m., hiking up the Gold Creek access road. About 1/4 further we took a spur road (first one on the right), which switches back up the clear-cut on the southwest end of Rampart Ridge.

Bored with the road, we quickly left it and ascended the moderate slopes heading due east until we gained the ridgeline. It had not snowed in about 3 weeks, so we made good time on the solid crust. It was cold and very dry and I was intrigued by the formation of about 2 inches of surface hoar on the slopes.

When we gained the ridge at approx 4500', we followed it Worth until we were forced to drop to the right to avoid steep slopes of a minor summit. At about 2:30 we reached Lake Lillian (4800'), where we chipped 18 inches of ice to replenish our water supply, (we had only 1 quart since 9:00 a.m.).

We ascended again to about 5400' on East side of Rampart then traversed at this elevation for almost a mile. Rampart Lakes was just below us and we decided to camp here as the views were spectacular and time was about 5:00 p.m.

After taking pictures and enjoying views of Mount Thompson, Lemah, Alta, etc., we pitched the tent and crawled inside. It became rather windy that night, so I took the rain fly off rather than have it ripped off, also the better to sleep.

The morning brought overcast skies and clouded summits. We pushed on at 9:00 a.m. passing Rampart Lakes by 1/4 mile then dropped our packs at the base of Altas south ridge. After 90 minutes of this gentle ridge, we found ourselves of the summit.

Twenty minutes of picture taking and lunching was all we could afford as it was now 1:15 p.m. We descended, picked up our packs, then made our way down the steep valley draining Rampart Lakes. At Gold Creek we strapped on snowshoes and trudged down the Valley arriving at the car at 4:00 p.m.

Climbers: Sam Grubenhoff and Craig Anderson

Echo April 1985

Byrant Peak, 5801',

March 9-10

With aspirations of climbing Kaleetan we left Seattle late on Saturday. After picking up the essentials we finally made the trailhead at 1:00. Equipped with skis and crampons we started up the Denny creek trail to find ice in the trees and soft snow in open. Our first obstacle was a log bridge piled high with snow that required a delicate traverse our next problem was the slope under the east bound 1-98 lanes. Affectionately dubbed 'plow' snow this mess contains anything from the road above in a loose mound. Finally we left the Kenworth mating cries behind and tried to follow the trail up the valley. Our goal was Melakwa Lake, only four miles but in three hours we only managed two miles. The Denny creek trail is not listed as a ski trail and now we know why! The ice on the lower portion and the steepness of the upper portion made skins essential and still called for a lot of walking. Finally, we called it quits at 5:00 and camped about a mile below Hemlock pass. Settling down to dinner Mike showed off some of his culinary talents with his black bean soup. This stuff had the consistency of mud and tasted like Mexican swamp ooze. Only Mike and Flip ate it and suffered the predictable effects.

The next morning we got a 7:00 am start and made the pass in an hour on the hard morning snow. Kaleetan seemed too far for an early return so we settled on Byrant. Punching steps past the pass and towards the west face of Byrant while Flip and Steve skied I was happy to enjoy the work on foot for a change instead of putting on the skis one more time. At about 5000 feet we stashed our skis and decided against attempting a ski descent. More work took us to the summit where I took one step out on seemingly solid snow 10 feet below the summit cornice. As I stepped I heard a distinct crack and then noticed that I was above the highest exposed rock. Retreating I traversed to an outcropping on the north ridge and looked around at a very large cornice hanging east. Cautioning everyone to stay low they joined me on what was actually the summit rock. After a brief stay we descended 50 feet, and carved out a lunch platform on the 50 degree slope. The views were tremendous since the weather had been clear for a few days.

We took the fast way down to the skis and telemarked back to camp to head out. Putting on the pack was a damper on any more serious skiing so we carried our skis through the softening snow or skied where things were easier back to the log bridge traverse. After a near slip by Mike into the icy creek we breathed easier and skied on ice and road back to the car.

Thanks to the weather it was a great trip although an approach from the snow lake trail would have been faster

and easier.

Steve Steckmeyer, Mike Fishkow, Flip Wells (just back from China) and Steve Mason.

Echo July 1985

McClellan Butte Trail Maintenance TRIP

JUNE 9, 1985

I would like to thank club members Bob Dryden, Martin Cahoon and Penney Cahoon for helping out on the last trail maintenance trip.

On our previous trip we worked on the first 1.5 to 2 miles of the trail. This trip we worked to within 1 to 1.5 miles of the end of the trail. The trail is 4.5 miles long.

We did mostly brush cutting on the upper parts of the trail. Martin and I would cut everything that looked bad, and Penney and Bob would cut everything else.

The lower parts of the trail were still in good shape from our previous trip. There is one place where the trail goes through a recent clear-cut area where the trail is in bad shape. The natural drainage in this area is now very bad, and the trail is very muddy in some places and has water running down it in another. We fixed what we could and went on.

The bridge is still not completed across the creek. There are two logs across the creek where they are building the bridge. These are about ten feet above the water and, as Penney found out, the left one is not very stable. The Ranger says that they may contract out the work on this bridge, but it will not be until the end of the summer

NEXT McClellan Butte Trail Maintenance

TRIP: SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1985

This trip we will go all the way to the top of the trail. We will probably be doing mostly brush cutting on our last trip we found that this was what was needed on the upper parts of the trail.

These trips are very casual and no experience is necessary. All tools are provided by the Ranger, and the pizza afterwards is provided by BOEALPS. We meet in Bellevue at 8:00 and are usually back to Bellevue around 3:00 or 4:00

If you are interested give me a call at 655-5456, drop me a note at M/S 47-10, or talk to me at the meeting. Thank you, Carey Chaplin.

DRAGONTAIL, SERPENTINE ARETE

5/23/85

The Serpentine Arête starts at the same place as the Northwest Face route and follows the left edge of a vague triangular formation immediately to the right. This can be 'seen in the photo, showing the NW Face route, in the Becky guide. Once at the top of the triangle, the route generally follows the fall line, going right whenever the climbing appears to get above 5.7. This route consists of approximately ten leads (5 are 5.7, the rest low to mid 5.) and 1000 feet of class 3 and 4 scrambling.

The climbing consisted of initially ascending the center of the icefall, the zigzagging from center to right up and through seracs and ice terraces via short steep pitches. The snow was perfect for cramponning and not much bare ice was encountered. We belayed a few pitches and did running belays on others. One doesn't want to be in the icefall any longer than necessary due to the hazard of falling ice. Just having to climb under tottering seracs and through huge blocks of ice debris is enough to inspire one to move quickly. We soon caught up with the party of 2 who were 1 1/2 hours ahead of us at the start. Sure enough, they had deadened several times in the dark and weren't able to proceed until daylight found them.

By 9:00 a.m. we were above the worst of it and began the long ascent of the upper Nisqually Glacier. Soon the heat began to bear down on us. To top it off there was not a breath of wind all day (until we reached the crater rim) and everyone experienced severe dehydration, even though most had 2 quarts of water. On and on we went in the sweltering heat, taking frequent rest stops, until we stopped below the crater. Here we left our packs and continued up and over the rim, across the crater floor, and on to the true summit interestingly, we were only the fifth party to sign the summit register in 1985! The previous party was that of Boe Alper Mike Fitzpatrick and others who had made the ascent from Camp Muir. We stood on the summit at about 2:45 p.m.

The descent followed was via the Ingra ham Glacier and Disappointment Cleaver route, which included the somewhat steep upper Ingra ham Glacier which is usually circumvented on the standard route from Camp Muir. However, most people seemed to have used this route that weekend. We were all quite tired and dehydrated when we arrived back at camp around 6:00 pm. After taking a rest and brewing up, we broke camp at 7:30 pm and descended to Paradise where we arrived about 9:30 pm

The climbers on this trip were Jan Balut, Jim Cade, Hike Clarke, Mark Dale, Ulrich Ganz, and Dick Hoskins.

Mark Dale.

Prussik Peak, South Face West Side

June 1, 1985

The week after Memorial Day, Randy Ternes and I decided to complete the trip we had planned for that holiday weekend. Plans had been to climb the North Face of Dragontail, carrying over the top, and attempting the South Face of Prussik the next day. The first half of that trip left us in such a state, that climbing Prussik seemed ridiculous.

One week later, trudging back up Asgaard Pass, our packs were a bit heavier. The bivy from last week encouraged us to carry sleeping bags to gain a few hours of sleep, even though the 70" to 80' weather prediction in Seattle convinced us we still didn't need the tent.

Seven hours later, after hiking to Colchuck, kicking steps up Asgaard Pass and post-holing to Prussik, we made camp. That is to say, we un-stuffed our bivy gear and proceeded to get drenched by the rain. The rain continued well into Saturday night. Luck was with us, however, and Sunday morning was a spectacular dawn with nary a cloud in the sky.

Our spirits lifted as we began the first pitch of the Burgner-Stanley route at 8 a.m. Fortunately, I lost (or won, depending how you see it) the coin toss and Randy had the first lead. As the Becky description indicated, this was a 5.7, marginally protected, (big difference from unprotectable) knee to heel, chimney, exiting left after 50 feet to some trees. It's nice to get warmed up with a top rope.

I had the next lead and made the mistake of going straight up rather than moving immediately right into the steep gully. After down climbing I got on route and began a series of 20 to 30 foot-steps consisting of steep 5.7 to 5.8 hand jam cracks and a toe to heel squeeze chimney, for the full 165 foot rope length. Randy continued on with a similar lead, and it looked like he'd make the chockstone, but was stopped 30 feet short.

I began the chockstone and chimney pitch, supposedly the crux. I was getting tired of chimneys. Three pitches of chimney work was more chimney than I'd seen in three years.

One inaccuracy of the Becky guide is the chockstone and chimney pitch. Becky suggests going left over the chockstone (5.8 or 5.9), then climbing the chimney. By going under the chockstone, the moves were 5.7 at best, but the chimney requires strenuous 5.9, knee to heel moves? Thank God it's protectable with #2 and #3 friends and small stoppers. We appeared to be one pitch from the top Randy's lead. I needed the rest. Randy climbed 50 feet to a ledge. Concerned that the rope might not reach and with no Intermediate ledges, he belayed me up. The final lead was intimidating. We were 700 feet up on a near vertical, left facing

dihedral, with the crack in the dihedral varying from 2 inches to 1 foot. This crack, just below the summit block, where the first ascent party aided over the top, is a 5.9, 1 foot off width; but the hand jam crack continuing up the right side of the 20 foot block is 5.8 max.

At 2:00 p.m. we were on the summit. After a brief rest we rappelled the West Ridge, arriving at camp by 3:30. The 4 hour walk to the car was tiring but not brutal, thanks to the 1500 vertical foot snow field paving the way from Asgaard Pass to Colchuck.

Echo August 1885

MT. ADAMS (SOUTH SPUR ROUTE)

JUNE 8-9. 1985

We left Seattle at about 6:00 a.m. on Saturday in Bryan's beautifully maintained Ford pickup, and thoroughly enjoyed the 5 hour drive to the Trout Lake area. This was my first visit to southern Washington and first close-up views of Mt. Adams, Hood, and St. Helens. Deep snow forced us to park at about 3 miles from the timberline campground. We saddled up and Nike-hiked the road/snow patches for 2 1/2 miles until wet Nikes and consistent snow forced us to boot up. The route from Timberline campground up towards the lunch counter was very straightforward and very easy to follow because the seasonal snowfields were identical to the Beckey photograph. We reached the 8400' level by 8:00 p.m. (due to a late 2:00 p.m. trailhead start) and found a rock-walled bivy site large enough for three, with enough snow to spread into a clean carpet for the bivy bags. Fed and re-watered, we slept very well after some satellite spotting in the clear night sky. Up at 4:30 and on towards the summit in weather that matched Saturday's perfection, 2 of us continued. We reached the lunch counter in about 45 minutes to find only 2 groups ahead of us on the broad slope to the false summit. With a hard, frozen crust and no rope, we made great time cramponing up the 35-45 degree slope and caught one of the parties in a short time. When we reached the false summit, the mild headaches began with another 600 feet to go. We found the most unusual ice crust formations on this summit, ranging from blue ice balls about 2-3 inches in diameter, which were hard to walk on with crampons, to white ice plumes about 8-12 inches long that looked just like feathers. The summit, at 12,276', was cold and windy but provided us with great summit photos of Rainier, Hood, and St. Helens each complete with BoeAlps pennant. We were unable to enjoy the fabled south spur glissades due to the icy crust and memories of Shuksans past, but did manage some good boot-skating from the lunch counter down to our bivy. After re-watering, packing up, and scraping our third member off the sunny rocks, we headed downhill for magnificent boot glissades by all of us and some brief equipment testing by

Bryan. The test consisted of an out-of-control sitting glissade to determine if his pack would come off during multiple rolls. It didn't, we continued. The rest of the trip out was uneventful except for the warming feeling of summer in the woods and a short argument about how fast tall guys can walk with me trying to keep up. It turned into a laughing situation so I put my ax away and we arrived at the trailhead to find our Rainier, Coke, and cupcakes still chilled in a snow bank. Mt. Adams South Spur route is a great route to gain altitude relatively easily without carrying any climbing gear at all (no rope, seat, etc.). It was an enjoyable climb with the best of views and friends.

Party Members: Bryan Kriewald, Jeff Stonebraker, Gil Williams

Mt. Shuksan May 18-19th, 1985

For a few of us, Mt. Shuksan was to be a "warm-up" for Liberty Ridge on Mt. Rainier. As it turned out Liberty Ridge would have to wait until next year and Mt. Shuksan was an experience and major lesson for the Boealps.

We car camped as close to the trailhead as the snow would allow on Friday night. The night air was cool and sky cloudless. A perfect night. We arose at 4:45 a.m., had a quick breakfast and hit the trail a little after 6:00 a.m. The morning air was crisp and cumulus clouds dotted the sky. After 1 ½ miles of an over-grown, snow covered road and a short rest, we entered the timber in typical climber's fashion. After 3 hours, many lead changes and thousands of "post-holed" steps later, we had our first long break. Clouds were less numerous in the sky and the air temperature seemed to be gaining 3 degrees for every 1000 foot elevation gain, instead of losing 3 degrees.

After a half hour. we were up and moving. We lasted another hour before the heat from the sun and our physical exertion on some steep snow slopes caused us to take another break. From here it was only a hop, skip, and a jump to the nose of the Sulphide Glacier.

The climb up the glacier was slow and exhaustive. The sun was at our backs but it seemed to burn right through our packs. Our progress was slowed due to the heat, which compounded our fatigue. We took numerous breaks, about 1 every half hour. We had only about a pint of water each, down from 1/2gallon; and it was two o'clock in the afternoon. We pushed onward hoping for some relief from the 70° temperatures and slushy snow conditions. A light breeze awaited us at about 7,000 feet. It helped some, so we trudged on. Nearing 4:00 p.m., we made camp at 8000 feet between Hells Highway and the How glass on our last gulps of water.

Each of us dug our own bivy sites as the stoves melted snow. The wind had picked up so we dug our sites deep and piled the snow

around the edges for added protection. Once both of those things were accomplished, some of us took a nap for an hour or so, while the others had their dinners. Everyone was fed by 8:30 and the last thing to do before bedding down for the night was some picture taking. The wind puffed steadily through the clear cool night. As the Milky Way stretched from one breath-taking view to the next. Up at 4:30, we had breakfast, donned boots, and crampons.

We were moving by 6:00 a.m. in the 28 degree air. The summit block was silhouetted against the morning sky, as Bryan led the march across the Hourglass. Each one of us sized-up the large couloir that led to the summit, on our approach. The route was obvious, but were the snow conditions at the top adequate enough for crampons, and would we need to rope-up? We hadn't thus far. Ropes didn't seem necessary so Chuck led the lower section of the summit block, followed by Rick, Bryan, Jeff and Jim, respectively.

Jeff opted for the lead on the upper section. Chuck and Bryan followed as Rick & Jim brought up the rear. The icy crust was thinner on the extreme upper section, so foot placement was critical, especially on the ice covered rocks just before the summit. The last 5 feet to the summit were quite exposed and the rocks were free of snow and ice.

Cautiously placing the crampons on bare rock and using finger and fist jams, we hoisted ourselves onto the postage stamp sized summit. It was 8:00 a.m. and we were the first party up on the summit! that morning because we were being followed by another party and we didn't want to be on top when they tried the last 30 feet or so. A few pictures of our accomplishment and surrounding views of Mt. Baker to the Northwest and the Pickett Range to the East were all we allowed ourselves to indulge in. We made a hasty retreat off the summit and encountered the 1985 Boe Alps Climbing Class mid-way up the summit block. It was like a homecoming. We made our descent, with Jim leading the way. Nearing the bottom, Jim decided to glissade. He reached "break-neck" speed much sooner than anticipated and lost control. Luckily, he didn't break his neck, but he did suffer a severe injury to his ankle and he couldn't walk. It was 8:30, word was sent down to the climbing class's camp about the accident, about 9:00 some medical doctors were on a cross-country skiing trip when they heard about it and they skied up to our fallen comrade to offer assistance.

A sled was made by lashing the ski poles and skis together with tape and webbing. By this time it was about 11:00 and most of the climbing class had descended or were descending the summit block, as the clouds started to roll in. It took until about 2:30 in the afternoon for our party of four, the doctors and the majority of the climbing class to tow Jim from 8500 feet down to about 6400 ft. to the helipad that the remainder of the class had made for

the evacuation. During the descent, the clouds engulfed us. This added to the excitement by limiting our ability to locate the camp until we were knocking at its door and by casting doubt if a helicopter would be able to land. A helicopter was sent from Ft. Lewis. It arrived around 3:30 p.m., but couldn't locate us due to the thick cloud cover. We couldn't talk it is either as it didn't have a radio that could pick-up John Pollock's transmissions. During this time, the class descended the mountain. Finally, after some anguishing moments, the copter flew up and under the clouds from Baker Lake and landed at 4:00 p.m. The stretcher was brought over to a tent where Jim was waiting and eight of us lifted him onto the stretcher, just as the pilot informed us they were low on fuel and couldn't wait one second longer. We were half way to the copter when the pilot pulled-pitch for take-off. The noise was deafening and the rotor wash tremendous. We were still trying to strap Jim to the stretcher as we loaded him on the copter. In one burst of energy the copter sprang into the air like a grasshopper and disappeared over the edge of the ridge top into the clouds. Once the landing zone was cleared of equipment and all the extra gear distributed, the 8 of us followed the class down. We (Chuck, Bryan, Jeff and Rick) made a swift retreat for the vans and soon passed the class. We arrived at 6:30 p.m., through our gear inside, changed clothes and took off looking for Jim, all in about 15 minutes. We found a phone in Darrington and called Jeff's wife. She said Jim was at the hospital in Bellingham with a broken leg. Chuck and Rick headed for Seattle as Jeff and Bryan went to retrieve Jim. By 9:30 p.m. everyone was accounted for; and the van was pointed south for home. The first part of the ride had non-stop chattering and as fatigue set in and the adrenalin wore off, none could be heard. Home at 11:00 p.m.

We the members of the "Blue Team": A.K.A."The Whiners", would like to thank all of the 1985 BoeAlps Climbing Class, Instructors and Students for their immense help in our time of need. Thank you! 'You made the ordeal 100 times easier.

Go BLUE!!

CLIMBERS: Jim Blillie. Chuck Broughton, Bryan Kriewald, Rick Sladewski, Jeff Stonebraker.

Echo September 1985

North Ridge - Mt Stuart

JULY 27 & 28. 1985

The two of us left town Friday evening after dinner and drove to Cle Elum where Jerry picked up food for the weekend (a bunch of grapes and several candy bars). We continued to the Teanaway River Road and drove to near its end where we bivied for the night. Next morning we left the trailhead early and hiked up and over Ingalls Pass around Ingalls Lake, to Stuart Pass, up the ridge across the gully and was over Goats Pass. The entire way dry and snow free with blue sky overhead.

While enjoying a lunch break at Goats Pass we could see the gully leading to the notch in the North Ridge was also snow free with a moat, where the glacier joined. There could be no snow for water once leaving the glacier. Since we were to bivvy at the notch, we would need enough water for Saturday dinner and the entire next day. The glacier was icy so we attached crampons and proceeded across. Part way across. Jerry's step-in crampons become step-out crampons which added to the interest. Midway we heard running water and descended the glacier until we found free water where we filled out bottles. Across the glacier, we crossed the moat on a snow bridge and scrambled up the gully. We were surprised to meet two climbers beginning a descent of the gully. They had climbed the lower north ridge to the notch and were looking for the "scramble" route to the summit. Their equipment consisted of shorts, rock shoes, rock gear and Beckey's brown book. It was too late in the day for a summit attempt; they had no more water or bivvy gear; and descending the gully meant traversing the icy glacier in rock shoes without an ice ax. They decided to rappel the route they had climbed. I hope they made it before dark.

Anyway we reached the notch about 4:00 PM selected bivvy sites and relaxed for the evening. While scrambling the notch area. Jerry found a dirty piece of ice which, when melted and filtered through a handkerchief, provided about four quarts of water sufficient for dinner and to top-off our 3 1/2 quarts of water bottles for the next day.

During the evening, two other climbers joined us and bivied lower in the gully. The night was warm and the sky full of stars.

At daylight (or a little later) we packed up and made ready for the advertised rock climbing. Before we could start, another party of two came up the gully and continued up the ridge. They had camped at Ingalls Lake and left there at 2:00 AM. They were good climbers and ran raw them again only once or twice for ahead of us.

Our climbing proceeded along the crest of the ridge. Although there are ample hand and foot holds, the altitude and exposure made the climbing more strenuous than anticipated. There were supposedly easier routes a lightly below the crest but none evident. We belayed and placed protection. After several "airy" moves an wondered if we were on route but could see no other place to be.

We reached the base of the Great Gendarme at a about 12:00 where brief break for lunch. This location provided a sweeping view of the route we had climbed, consisting of a sharp rock ridge falling away in dips and curves. There were now about three other parties various distances behind us which with their colorful hard hats and climbing roper, looked like a string of Christmas tree lights.

The next move was a 75 foot rappel into a steep gully with some ice still in it. The crux move is supposed to be a slight bulge exiting the gully onto slabs but seemed no more difficult than anything an had been doing all morning. After that it was two more roped pitches an before and then a running belay to the summit (The grapes were great).

At the summit all parties un-roped and packed up climbing gear. All had considerably less gear and smaller packs than we had which must have made their climbing easier. They carried no sleeping bags, stoves or much extra clothes and minimum hardware.

The down climb was almost as long as the ascent. We crossed the false summit and descended a sow field which, required out ice axes again. It also provided the first water since the previous evening. The reminder of the descent was via Cascadian Couloir which was loose, dry and dirty.

Each step was a partial glissade in scree or sand. Attention was necessary in following the climbers trail do the couloir to avoid bushwhacking and/or cliffy trail and hiking to the turn-off, it was a long slow plod up the steep trail to Longs Pass and to the other side. We reached the car about 8:30 PM after a fine, very long, mixed climb.

Climbers: Bob Mondrzyk, Jerry Baillie

Whitechuck Mountain

JULY 28, 1985

Whitechuck Mountain seemed like a good choice as a first climb following a broken ankle. Maybe 3000 ft. of elevation gain, short approach, a non-technical route, and a run-shiny day even. Luckily, the climb lived up to those high expectations.

Due to new logging roads (new vs. Beckey's guide) we were able to drive to within a mere 2000 ft. of the summit. We started up a rude clear-cut under beautiful sunny skies. We quickly made our way up the finely wooded ridge to the base of the standard gully. We slipped and slid our way up the gully on scree and heather to near the saddle. Here we hit the Whitechuck Interstate leading to the summit climbing up the easy shelves and spotted a mountain goat, majestic beast, running on the trail up ahead of us. As we hit the last notch before the summit we encountered a brutish troll. He growled that he was a Polish radical and demanded Myer's rum cream, or he would hurl us from the peak. Luckily we had the cream, and we made our way to the summit. We signed the register with outrageous views of the Cascades in every direction.

Zillions of copulating flies in every direction too!) A wonderful re-introduction to the heights.

Climbers: Jim Blilie. Mike Froebe. Eric (never did get the rest), and Dan Lewinski

Sloan PEAK

August 4, 1985

After rejecting an original plan to climb the North Rib on Big Four, bad weather was threatening, we opted to attempt Sloan Peak by the Corkscre Route in a day.

After a reasonably comfortable bivy at the trailhead, we began hiking under gray, lowering skies. After a painful river crossing (those rocks are murder on soft bare feet) we mucked about in the devil's club a bit until we relocated the trail. Back on the trail, however, we made quick work 2500 ft. up to the end of the trail. Here we met another group who had spent the night there. Immediately after we passed them they took off after us.

At the end of the official trail, the climber's trail began. We followed this up steeply over heather and glacier-polished metamorphic slabs to the edge of the Sloan glacier. After a short pause to rope up, we took off across the glacier.

Easily, by-parsing the large crevasses enroute, we were soon across the glacier and un-roping. From here the aptly-named

Corkscrew led around the back side of the summit pyramid to the final gully. A quick scramble up the gully and atop the ridge and we were comfortably eating lunch on the summit rocks.

Shortly after we made the summit the first member of the other party came nonchalantly dancing up the final ridge. He then proceeded to almost ruin our day, not to mention his own, by nearly falling backwards off the top!

We signed the summit register and soon began to make our way down since the clouds were very much in evidence. We could only see down into the valleys, not out to the other peaks. We also expected a slow descent with two of three members recovering from past injuries. We made a safe descent though it took us nearly as long to come down as to go up. Thirteen hours after we left we were back at the car, drinking wine, with the only injury being two warp stings (and several dozen devil's club spines).

An interesting and thoroughly enjoyable peak, in spite of the bad weather. In good weather, this mountain has got to be hard to beat.

A fun variety of climbing with nice rock, a spectacular glacier, and beautiful views. Start early!

Climbers: Mike Fitzpatrick. Eric Wetzel and Jim Blilie

Three Fingers - South Peak August 7, 1985

We thought it would be a good way to break up the week.

What a descent thing to do, take off a day of work in the middle of the week for the sole purpose of climbing a peak. We thought it would be a good way to break up the week..

Leaving the city at about 6 A.M. (no sleeping in on vacation) we were at the Goat Flats/Three Fingers trailhead, Tups Pass at about eight. No sooner had we left the car, and then it began to rain. And rain. And rain. The first few miles of trail are quite rough, with abundant roots and washouts. We keep bumping and bruising ourselves. When we finally get to Goat Flats. Soaking wet, (Reminds me of an old saying about coming) we haven't gained so much elevation yet, but we've surely gone up and down a lot. We've also made great time up to now. As we leave Goat Flats, which must be gorgeous if you can see further than 50 feet, the air feels much cooler and we all shed more clothing. Yep, it's still raining. Following the trail as best we can we pass fields of wet wild flowers many snow fields and slopes of scree and even a few cairns until we're pretty sure we are at the immediate base of the south peak. We still can only see about 200 ft. We just keep going up a natural direction for climbers as we lost the last of the tracks some ways back. Fortunately, up leads us to where we want to go and out of the mist appears rock and a

cairn. You guessed it, it is still raining. Following the final easy scramble and ladders to the top was simple A long but quick climb: four and a half hours.

The cabin at the summit afforded us a welcome opportunity to get out of the rain and wind. We ate our lunches and explored the old lookout cabin. It must be one heckuva place to spend the night, judging from the glowing reports read in the register. We signed the register, and it was time to sally forth into the squall again. As descended at about 6000 feet we were even snowed upon! I say! This isn't August weather! After a seven miles log back through the stream that was masquerading as our trail the rain thankfully stopped just in time for us to hop into our dry clothes proceeded directly to food. We did not pass go or collect \$200. It was a fun climb despite the weather. Now we had only to brave the remarks of our co-workers who, rightfully thought getting soaked was a very foolish way to spend one's vacation. Three Fingers south peak probably is a really nice peak. I am not really sure, since I couldn't even see the mountain. Go in nice weather. Oh well, there is only payday and Friday left to this week!

Climbers: Paul Michelson, Jim Billie and Ted (never was good with names)

Mt Adams

August 10 & 11, 1985

When we decided to go for Mount Adams, we wanted to escape the crowds of the south shoulder. We decided that the North Ridge would be a good way to make the summit without a crowd. Besides, it looked really easy in ol' Fred's book. Hey, we could even go for a bivy the summit.

Ewha was flushed when we had some foolish idea of bivying on the summit woke to rain at the trailhead Saturday morning We got the gear out of the rain and slept in the truck until the rain quit and we decided to move again at nine A.M. When we started though, we moved well. And through some of the most beautiful forest, timberline, and alpine terrain I've seen anywhere. It is still cloudy, but it's showing hints of blue and the forecast was for good weather we quickly ascended to the Mountaineers 'high camp' at 7000 ft. and were in the clouds. This is an idyllic spot, just at the timberline. Here we paused to scatter a fire pit and remove any trace of it. Fires have no place where it takes 300 years for a tree to grow to six inches thick. We now headed somewhat blindly up towards what we hoped was not the North Ridge. The glimpses we got of it looked a lot more difficult than the pictures in the book.

Somehow we found our way to about 8000 ft. on the North Ridge. We wanted to bivy on the ridge. It seemed foolish to camp at 7000

ft. and leave you with a 5000 ft. summit day. After being forced to admit that yes, this was the fabled "easy" North Ridge. We made our way up to 8750 ft. to a beautiful bivy spot. This was just below the most difficult portion of the ridge. The head-on view of the ridge looked anything but easy. We were above the clouds now and saw nothing but sunshine from now on, except for a few minutes on the summit.

We spent a comfortable night in our bivy bags, except for the grit, which constantly blew into every orifice. The ridge didn't look any friendlier in the morning, but as we hit the route it turned out to be not at all difficult. There was only one tricky route-finding problem at about 9200? ft. It was basically a class 2 scramble alternating with scree climbing, but you sure didn't want to slip in a lot of spots: 2000 ft. shoosh....splat on the glacier. At 10,000 ft. the route crosses the ridge to the top for the final bit and you're in the wind the rest of the way. The slope eases a lot also.

All morning long we had been watching a cloud cap advance and reseeded over Mount Rainier. We were keeping a sharp eye out to see if one began to form over Adams Of course, just as an? reached about the 11,000 ft. level a cloud cap began to form above the summit. Not wanting to turn back now, we blitzed the last bit. took a couple of pics on top, shook hands. and high tailed back to the North Ridge. With the possibility of loosing the summit, we did the last 1300 ft. in about 50 min.

We emerged from the cloud cap at about 11.500 ft. and rested. The descent was easy back to the bivy spot. After melting some snow we headed back down to "high camp", where we rested up a bit. On the way we stopped at a little lake just below Adams glacier. The views: unreal.

The rest of the march out was an odyssey of sore feet, but the beautiful surroundings and weather made it bearable. So did the California Coolers uniting in the truck. If you try the North Ridge, look for our bivy spot. It makes for a nice day (its summit took us 4 hrs. from 8750ft.) and the sunrises and sunsets and view of the Cascades are outrageous. I'm sure it helped us to acclimatize too: neither one of us had any altitude symptoms.

I've never done the South Shoulder, but the North Ridge seemed a lot more fun then what I've heard about the south side. Very nice route!

Climbers: Jeff Stonebraker. Jim Blilie(wemet Gren Bjork, Seattle Mountaineers, on the ridge and climbed with him too)

Echo October 1985

NEVADO HUASCARAN (22.200') CORDILLERA BLANCA, PERU

The following is an account of the successful 1985 Seattle Huascarán Expedition. Its members included Jan Balut, Jim Cade, Mike Clarke (leader), Ulrich Ganz, Dick Hoskins, and me.

We arrived in Lima, Peru on June 15, and the following day took the 8 hour bus ride to Huaraz, the "climbing center" of Peru beautifully situated in the Cordillera Blanca. This range of mountains is the highest in Peru and possibly the most spectacular in South America. Awesome fluted ice faces and dizzying knife-edged ridges are visible everywhere on peaks exceeding 20,000'. What make these mountains particularly attractive to climbers, besides their beauty, is the good weather (in normal years) and their easy access.

After several days of preparation and acclimatization (Huaraz has an altitude of 10,000'), we started out for our first objective, Nevado Chinchey (20,414'). Using the traditional method of approaching the mountains, we hired an arriero (burro driver) and burros to carry our gear as we hiked up the lovely approach valley. Quebrada Quelcayhuanca. We also hired a guardian to keep an eye on base camp while we were away, necessary in places that are easily accessible.

We established our base camp at 14,000', and spent the next few days scouting the route and moving gear to our next camp on the glacier at about 16,500'. This part of the route was fairly straightforward, except for a steep section that climbed beneath a huge, rotten vertical rock wall from which hung 100' icicles that occasionally sent large rocks and pieces of ice crashing down. We occupied Camp 1 (the glacier camp) on June 24 surrounded by the Andean giants Chinchey, Pukaranra, and Tullparaju.

The weather had been less than desirable to this point and we were now experiencing constant high winds and blowing snow. On June 25 we started out with the intention of making a carry to our next and final camp at 18,000' on the Chinchey-Pukaranra col. However at about 17,000' we met a party of 3 Canadians who had just witnessed a large slab avalanche on the route to the col and turned back because of dangerous conditions. We continued somewhat further to convince ourselves that things were too bad to go on. After observing the results of several slab avalanches along the route and what sounded like 100 m.p.h. winds at the col we decided the only sane thing to do was turn back. There was no sign of improving weather (what happened to that beautiful Andean sun?), and not having the supplies or time to wait for safe conditions we retreated, arriving in Huaraz on June 27.

Somewhat disappointed at the weather, but happy to get the acclimatization, we regrouped and prepared for our main objective of the trip, Nevado Huascarán. Huascarán has several claims to

fame; the world's highest mountain in the tropical zone, the third highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere, and the highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere that requires technical climbing to reach the summit. It might also be called the deadliest peak in the world, for in the disastrous earthquake of 1970 a gigantic piece of north summit broke away creating an avalanche of rock, ice and debris that traveled down the mountain at over 200 mph and killed over 18,000 people in the town of Yungay in a matter of minutes.

On June 30, we hired a truck to drive us and our gear to the small town of Musho, where our approach to Huascarán began. Again, we used burros to carry most of our gear and 14 days worth of food to base camp at 14,000'. We used the "carry high, sleep low" method to establish our series of camps at 15,000', 17,400' and 19,300'. Words cannot do justice to the beauty of this area, or to any of the Andes for that matter.

A brief description of the route follows. From base camp to Camp 1 (15,000') was basically a short rock scramble followed by a steep hike. From Camp 1 to Camp 2 (17,400') about 1/4 of the route was up huge rock slabs and the other 3/4 on the Raymondí Glacier. Access up the glacier was via a short active ice cliff, below which were tons of ice debris testifying to the objective dangers of this area. The initial section of the glacier was extremely broken and the route changed from day to day due to collapsing snow bridges and seracs. From Camp 2 to Camp 3 (19,300') involved ascending a large, active icefall. In some years this area is impassable, but we were lucky to find it in good condition. However, the danger of falling ice has to be reckoned with here and we once had to dodge several large pieces that came singing down the ice gully we were in at the time. The final part of this section was a long ascending traverse under massive seracs (3 Canadians were killed here last year in their camp by a large ice avalanche). Camp 3, our high camp, was safely situated by a bergschrund just below the large col known as La Garganta between the north and south summits (the south summit is highest).

Dick had not been feeling well and descended from Camp 2 with a German expedition. The weather had been steadily worsening and was at its worst yet when we awoke early on July 6 to begin our summit attempt. We worked our way up through seracs and crevasses in whiteout conditions, constantly fighting the wind and blowing snow. We occasionally picked up on old tracks, but those and our own were rapidly disappearing behind us in the high wind. Somewhere above 20,000' we met a descending German expedition that had turned back short of the summit due to the weather. We decided to persevere, though, and about 1:00 p.m. we reached the 22,200' summit. The weather had not improved, although we had occasional glimpses of blue sky through the racing clouds above.

After a brief stay for summit photos, we began to grope our way down the mountain. Our tracks had disappeared and having no

visibility for guiding landmarks we had to guess our way down, becoming lost several times in the process. Upon reaching an icefall area above La Garganta we ran into several deadened crevasses and ice cliffs. Darkness was rapidly approaching and not wanting to bivouac at 20,000', we forced a route down. This involved front-pointing down blue ice, crevasse jumping, and various other exciting moves. At one point Mike jumped a crevasse on a steep slope and set off a small slab avalanche.

The last 2 hours were spent in darkness before we finally reached camp. The next day we planned to descend to Camp 1 but discovered upon awakening that Ulrich had developed a severe bronchial infection and was extremely weak. That, coupled with about 1 foot of new snow, made a descent to Camp 2 all that we could manage that day. More new snow the following night hindered our progress even more, but we finally arrived back at base camp on July 8. That evening we were treated to more snow and freezing rain which left a thick coat of ice on the tents. We returned to Huaraz the following day.

We felt very fortunate to have reached the summit when we did. During the week following our return we discovered that several expeditions after ours had not made the summit due to bad weather and heavy snowfall. Many locals and climbers who had been to the Andes frequently told us that this year's weather was the worst in recent memory. Our group now split up and went separate ways due to different return dates and plans. I spent 5 more weeks in Peru trekking and touring different parts of the country. I did a 7 day trek from the small village of Mollepata to the lost city of the Incas, Macchu Picchu (I found out later that people had been avoiding the Mollepata area due to terrorist activities). This trek traveled through some of the most beautiful country I've ever seen. I also found time to visit Cuzco Lake Titicaca, Arequipa, Huancayo, Jauja, and Lima. Upon my return to Lima prior to leaving Peru, we discovered that about 1/2 of the city had no power due to terrorist bombings (the new president had been inaugurated only 2 weeks before).

All in all we found the people of Peru, both Quechua Indians and mestizos, to be quite friendly and helpful. The living is very cheap, the food good, the mountains spectacular and easily accessible. Need I say more?

Mark Dale

GANNET PEAK, WYOMING (13,785)

From Seattle to Pinedale, Wyoming is a comfortable two day drive and would even allow a little time for Yellowstone. In Pinedale take the Skyline Drive to Elkhart Park Campground -parking area/toilets/water at trailhead to Wind River areas here.

The Bridger National Forest offers about every kind of climbing you could want -but if you never set foot on one of the many mountains, the scenic trails leave one breathless. So, with an early 7:00 a.m. start on August 25 I set out for the Upper Titcomb Lake -passing Photographers Panorama, Seneca Lakes, Island Lakes and finally the Titcomb Lake group. Sources of information varied and I was told anywhere from 16 to 22 miles distance is covered to reach the Upper Titcomb. With a full pack consisting of crampons, boots, ice ax, champagne, food, survival down, tent, etc. I had a tendency to lean towards the 20 mile figure, though it was pleasantly broken up with elk and deer sightings, I was even bombarded with pine cones by a squirrel.

Anyhow after 7 hours on the trail I was ready to relax and above Upper Titcomb Lake I found a huge overhanging boulder that afforded enough room under it for any camp -and never use the tent.

At 6:10 a.m. the following morning I dropped the champagne in a nearby ice-cold creek and struck out for Dinwoody Pass. The trek from the lake to and over this pass is deceptive and requires more time than one might figure.

I had always vowed I would never set foot on a glacier without being roped up to a competent fellow climber but on researching this climb I was assured there was no crevasse problem on the Dinwoody Glacier. Well, I'm here to say -don't go on this glacier alone! But as this summit was terribly important to me I went on, cramponning into and out and over and around crevasse after crevasse. From the pass I had chose a route short of the Gooseneck Pinnacle which took me through an uncomfortable ice shoot seemingly vertical. This narrow couloir bottomed out with a gapping crevasse that seemed too bad for me to make one little error. If that wasn't spicy enough 3 or 4 times I dismally watched as breadbox-sized rocks sped by within 10 feet of me from somewhere above.

The summit ridge went faster than I thought and at 12:36 p.m. I was signing for the BoeAlps in the register. Other than a few storm clouds to the northwest the weather and views were incredible. Determined not to down climb that ice shoot I chose to take a rock route down the Gooseneck pinnacle to a lower spot on the glacier. This involved a lot of fun, class 3 rock scrambling and one tricky maneuver (where I cleaned a sling from someone else's rappel. It was the only place to reach the ice from the rock -the problem being there was a huge crevasse there

also. Front pointing, burying the ice pick, grunting, and sweating finally put me -safely??? back on the glacier. Sprinkling rain chased me across the glacier, over the pass and finally turned to a full rain as I crawled back under my rock from whence I had come over 13 hours before. A couple climbers camped nearby came to check on me and I invited them to share the champagne as we exchanged mountain tales into the evening.

A huge raven alit up on my rock early in the morning and raucously woke and reminded me of the 7 hour hike out. As I made that 20 mile trek I often had a smug grin on my face. Why you ask? Why the champagne? Well, this was my 50th successful state highpoint. Which brings me to the reason for this report. I have discussed my climbing ambitions with many fellows BoeAlper and wanted to share this final moment with them.

Jack Longacre

GLACIER PEAK, KENNEDY GLACIER,

AUGUST 25-27

On the beautiful morning of August 25, Rip Stevensen and I began the 9 mile hike to our high camp on Glacier Peak, below the Kennedy Glacier. Being a Sunday, everyone we encountered was on the way out and I looked forward to a peaceful climb without the distractions of other parties. We met a ranger that we knew along the trail who offered us some information on climbing conditions, mainly that the glaciers were icy and "wide-open".

We left the trail at about 5600' where it crosses the head of Glacier Creek and climbed another 400' to a nicely situated camp just below the crest of the old moraine. Water was somewhat scarce here but we located a small flowing stream about 100' below camp. A study of the route (as far as we could see) showed that the Kennedy Glacier was indeed snow-free and quite crevassed. After a good supper and beautiful sunset we crawled into our bivy sacks.

By 6:15 a.m. the next morning we were on our way. Access to the toe of the glacier via its left side was easy and for a while the only sounds were the crunch of our crampons on the glacier ice. We traversed up and right towards the middle of the glacier and roped up as we came upon a maze of seracs and crevasses. This area required some route finding and after much crevasse jumping and zigzagging we found our way through. The glacier now became constricted between large cliffs and was broken by many large crevasses that stretched from one side to the other. Each crevasse had a key crossing, usually a somewhat dubious snow bridge that was at the opposite end of the one over the last crevasse. Thus, we continued for a while, covering a lot of distance back and forth as we slowly ascended.

Higher up (about 9000') we were forced to the right to avoid an extremely broken and dangerous looking icefall. Continuing up short steep ice slopes and around more crevasses. We eventually traversed left across a small rock rib and began climbing the final steep headwall below the crater rim. We worked at first towards the middle where the ice was better but soon the large bergschrund which completely cleaved the headwall forced us to the right where we crossed on an ice bridge. The final few hundred feet were on water ice which ranged in consistency from rock-hard to rotten and hollow with water flowing beneath. I put in 1 ice screw here for a running belay.

Upon reaching the crater rim (between points 10307' and 10381 on Beckey's map) we looked across to the final 300' ice slope that led to the summit. A short time later after descending into the crater and climbing this slope we were on the summit 6 hours after departing camp. The weather had become somewhat windy and cloudy and we began the return journey after a short summit stay.

Rip had been having trouble with one of his crampons, which was now wired and taped together, so we decided to descend Frostbite Ridge in order to avoid the steep ice sections on the glacier. Getting to the base of the Rabbit Ears required down climbing a nasty gully composed of hard ice and rotten rock. After climbing through the Ears we stayed on rock near the ridge crest for a while then carefully descended a steep ice slope to the north. The remainder of the ridge to the Kennedy Glacier was mainly deep pumice which we plunge stepped.

We then worked our way down the north edge of the glacier on some very unpleasant moraine, and eventually got back on easier ground. Camp was reached about 6:00 p.m. and we settled in for another starry night. Early the next morning we headed down and reached Kennedy Hot Springs about 8:30 am, where we took a much deserved soak in the solitude of the awakening forest. The final 5 mile hike out was quite pleasant, and a fitting end to an enjoyable trip.

Mark Dale

A LEEK IN THE CHILLIWACKS

July 26 -August 4, 1985

After 6 weeks of perfect weather, we were skeptical that it would hold for our long awaited trip to the Chilliwacks. However, with good weather predicted for at least four more days we enjoyed the views as the boat from the Ross Lake resort transported us to the north end of Ross Lake. Our approach to the Chilliwacks was to be up Silver Creek, which we anticipated to be a difficult bushwhacks but we anticipated that the rewards of camping at Silver Lake would compensate. Starting at 5:00 P.M., we somewhat managed to find an old miners trail that provided a good route for the first 3 miles up the creek. After a night at the base of some cliffs, we were off at 7:00 A.M. with wild aspirations of making it to Silver Lake in a reasonable time. After fighting devils club, mosquitoes, thousands of flies, hornets, and cliff bands for 1 hour, the dark blue water of Silver Lake was certainly a welcome sight.

Arising rather slowly the next morning from our camp at the east end of Silver Lake, we decided to try to climb Mt. Ram (8470 ft). From our camp, the "obvious route" to the summit was not obvious and unfortunately we headed up the wrong gulley. After several hundred feet of class 3 & 4 scrambling, we were able to drop down into the basin just below the summit. From there it was just a walk to the top via a talus ridge. Fortunately, the descent was rather uneventful as we found the proper route at that time.

The next morning, we were off early for a "quick^u mow of our camp to the saddle above the west end of Silver Lake. Four hours later and just one mile away, we finally reached the other side of the lake. We hadn't counted on the numerous slabs, cliff bands and extremely steep slopes which dropped off right into Silver Lake. After setting camp at the saddle, we decided to try for Mt Custer (8630 ft). Unfortunately, increasingly steeper slopes and thoughts of the morning episode of circling the lake weighed heavily on one of us. This lead to a group discussion at which we decided to abandon the effort about 500 ft below the summit.

We were up early the next morning though and excited about an ascent of Mt Spickard (8979 ft) via the north face route (Silver Lake Glacier). We had cautiously been studying the glacier with the hope that we could wave a route through all the crevasses. We could easily see why Fred Beckey states, "The best time to make this climb is in early summer, when sufficient snow covers crevasses and ice." Unfortunately, we were there at the beginning of August and we did not have plans to come back for quite some time.

Beckey also says to take crampons, which we found to be necessary almost from the very start as there was a considerable amount of

water running down the lower glacier, turning the snow to ice. After the first 500 feet (vertical) though, the snow was sufficiently soft for kicking steps. However, then it became a real chore to find our way through the crevasses. After zigzagging our way to the edges of the glacier, we reached the glacier headwall just 300 feet below the summiting about two hours. However, at this point there was a crevasse that spanned almost the entire glacier. The route description indicates the north-east ridge as the finish but the snow bridge in that direction looked too precarious. So we headed for the right (west) edge of the glacier for the only apparent spot where the crevasse did not split the glacier. With about five feet of solid snow to get around the crevasse we headed up the increasingly steeper glacier. At first the snow allowed for good steps but as the angle increase, the slope became ice. Fortunately, we still had our crampons on as we decided to give it a shot. With only a picket in at the last of the good snow, it was a precariously long lead up the 500 slope to the rocks of the north-west ridge. Who says that you can't use an aluminum head axe to lead on ice? From the ridge, just a few pitches of mixed ice and rock took us to the summit of Spickard. From the summit we had spectacular views of Mt Redoubt, Twin Spires, and the Pickets but unfortunately the thunder clouds rolling in from eastern Washington were also making quite an impression on us. Not wishing to descend the steep icy slope that we had ascended, we started down the north-east ridge and with a few long steps; we were able to regain the glacier just below the main crevasse. From here it was just a matter of retracing our ascent route of the lower glacier through all the crevasses. Without too much difficulty, we made it back to camp just before the thunder and lightning really hit.

Fortunately, the sky was once again clear the next morning as we reluctantly prepared to move our camp away from Silver Lake. This was truly a beautiful area that we would probably never see again. Dropping down from the saddle, we traversed to the Redoubt Glacier which appeared to be another jumble of crevasses.

With several interesting crevasse crossings (i.e. leaps), we crossed the glacier and headed for the saddle between Redoubt and Bear Mtn. However, just as we reached the saddle so did the clouds. Any hopes of climbing Redoubt were quickly dashed by the lack of visibility. The clouds also blocked any views of the impressive north face of Bear Mtn.

Two days later the weather didn't look any better and we were running out of time. Our original plan had been to head for Whatcom Pass and pick up the trail back to Ross Lake there. However, with the white-out conditions, we considered it unwise to try that route, so we decided to try to descend the Redoubt Creek drainage to the trail along Little Beaver Creek. The topo maps indicated that the terrain wasn't too steep, so we didn't foresee the adventure that was to ensue. We were to encounter a

new problem that we hadn't encountered on the approach -"Slide Alder". Never had we struggled through brush so thick that at times it took us half an hour to travel 100 yards. At 8:00 that night still in the middle of the jungle, we were forced to camp in rather unpleasant conditions. Finally the next day around noon, we reached the trail. Despite some rather hard and continuous efforts, it had taken us 16 hours to travel a little over 4 miles. Fortunately, we were able to make slightly better time once we had reached the trail and the nine miles to Ross Lake flew by. The next morning we were able to get a boat ride back to the Ross Lake Dam and the end of our adventure.

Undoubtedly the Chilliwacks is a beautiful and spectacular area to visit. However, it is also rugged and remote with no easy approaches. Throughout the trip, we had commented that this would be a better place to visit in early season when the snow covered much of the brush and also allowed for easier travel above timberline. Also there are easier approaches through Canada but none of them allow easy access to Silver Lake which we wanted to visit.

Climbers: Ed Davis & Dave Gloger

NORTHWEST RIDGE OF Mt. BARING

Jan. 19

By Alex Van Steen

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Soon after climbing around the cornices, the winds of the open couloir struck us. Not so numbing, though, once an extra sweater was donned. We traversed down the ridge onto the valley the couloir staying as high as

we could. Here the snow was somewhat wind-packed and travel a little more delicate. We tested arrests here before ascending the couloir and everything seemed kosher.

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

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

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

A Look at Index in Spring

February '86

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

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

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

More is known about the flake one from the familiar and classic first pitch of the Aries route. This piton-scared left-facing corner above an off-width crack has been swarmed so many times it had taken on the worn,

familiar aspect of a schoolhouse staircase. A 5.8 staircase, of course, but a staircase all the same: one where every scuff mark is known, and every bald tread, and which of the risers clatter when you set your foot down. Now it has changed. A flake has been ripped off; and the staircase, to anyone who takes it this spring, will seem to have a gap in it. I happen to be the guy who ripped the flake off, and it gave me quite a jolt, as though a section of banister had come away in my hands. Just as I was taking steps three at a time, too. Somewhere near the second landing and about to call own a reply to someone talking below.

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

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

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

Echo 1986 April

Gibraltar Ledges Mt. Rainier February 8th and 9th

BY Jerry Sommerman

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

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

Sleeping in the hut at Camp Muir was nice when compared to sleeping in a two-man tent in a 30 mph breeze. The snoring, coughing and farting was kept to a low decibel level so we rested well.

I punched steps up to Gibraltar Rock (11,500 ft), and then Jeff took over across the ledges. Since he had been there so man times before, no route-finding difficulties were encountered. The rappel on the ledges was short and the climb back out looked 4th class when viewed with a headlamp. There was still no cloud cap by daybreak which occurred as we topped Gibraltar Rock (12,600 ft), but cloud wisps were screaming off the summit.

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

needed to be done?!?!?

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

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

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

PARTY MEMBERS: Jeff Hunt, Tim Hudson, Jenny Sommerman, Bob Demming

Near Tragedy On The BIG R

May 24 -26, 1986

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

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

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

Around noon we were feeling tired and hungry, so we pulled up for a break just short of the crest of the slope. Parking it on some rocks, we ate and rested while watching a party of five follow our steps, it was the group from the tents earlier. Then I had a brilliant idea. Why not keep on resting and let them pass us, then we can follow THEIR steps. Vivid

memories of walking up the luxurious steps of the climbing classes devoted students flashed through my mind (HEAVY SIGH...). Carl buddy fell for it right away, so we took a nap and let them catch up. A brief chat and they were on their way, and since we were starting to feel chilled, we were soon to follow.

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

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

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

He was totally soaked from head to toe and began violently shivering as he told us that the bottom of the crevasse was filled with water. I immediately told the two women of the team to pull out foam pads, a sleeping bag and dry clothes as we began to strip the wet clothes off. We quickly got him into a sleeping bag with some dry clothes on. He had no frostbite fortunately, but by the pain he was experiencing

I knew that his hands had reached frostnip. It took warm liquids, a hot water bottle and the next hour to stabilize him from the hypothermia and shock. We had a nice talk during that time, while the rest of the group set up a camp near buy.

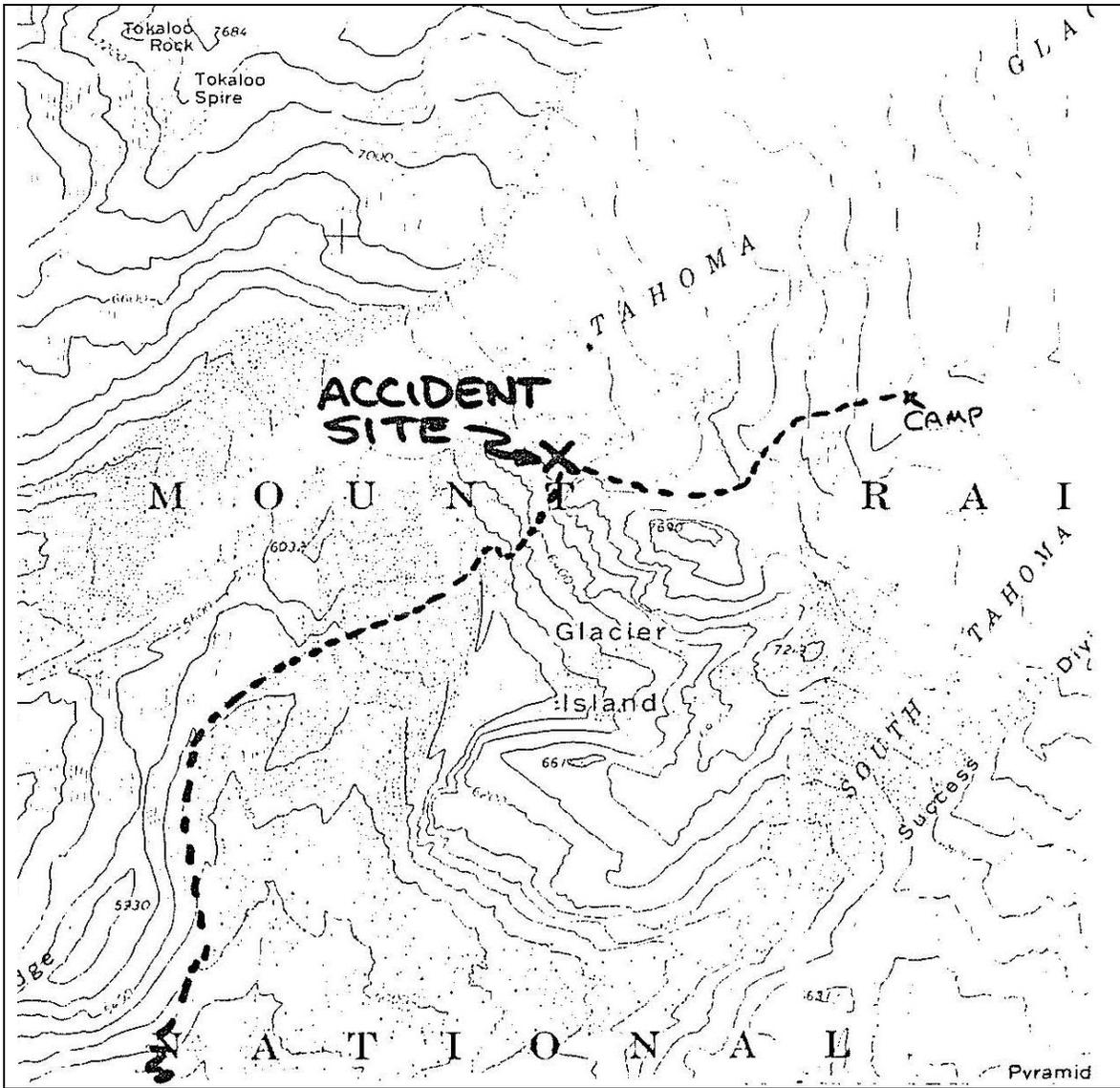
That's when I became clear on just how serious a situation this had been. Lefkos was the leader of the group, very experienced, with years of instructing and rescue under his belt. The older man and woman of the group had been climbing for a few years but were not strong climbers. The younger man had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

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

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

We slept all day Sunday for some strange reason, getting up to make our summit bid at 11:00 PM. Conditions weren't bad when we left camp, but as the night progressed the wind picked up, until about 2:00 AM it was a 40 mph wind coming straight down the route we were trying to climb up, blowing us off our feet during the stronger gusts. With the major and more difficult climbing ahead of us and the warm temperatures still hampering things, we just didn't feel up to the struggle ahead of us. So we aborted the attempt and headed down the mountain, arriving at Moore's for a leisurely 9:30 AM breakfast, thankful that we had been in the right place at the right time.

Climbers: Scott Leathley & Carl Nichols



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

by Mark Dale

PART 3 -THE RETREAT

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

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

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

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

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

wind slab on some of the steep ex-posed slopes, which makes traversing them somewhat unnerving. Pieces break off under my feet and go skittering into the void below as I try to gain a secure stance. At last we reach a knife-edge arête which we cross belayed to a fixed line that was placed on the ascent. After retrieving the line we make the final descent to Camp 2 where John is waiting for us. It's good to be reunited, more so for John who has been alone for most of the past three days.

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

Continuing down the ridge we reach the glissade gully which we quickly descend and are soon crossing the final moraine to base camp. Here the sound of a plane high above drifts down to us, and Don makes contact through the radio.

It's Jim of K2 Aviation who tells us that he and everyone else in Talkeetna received our transmission from Mt. Foraker's summit. Although they attempted to respond, we never received their messages. Perhaps the squelch on our radio was on too high, or it was somehow affected by the cold. In any case they were prepared to fly us out at the newly arranged date.

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

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

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

of our packs.

Soon we are walking back along the high bench, descending the steep moraine, then traveling down-glacier. Snow has covered our old tracks for the most part but by now we are familiar with this place. Climbing up to the old Balcony Camp site we cross several cracks in the muddy dirt of the moraine where the slopes have slipped down. At the moraine's crest we have one last look up the glacier, and then continue on. Soon we reach the place where we've stashed the sleds, the same place where we encountered the brown grizzly over two weeks ago. I look around for him, both hoping and fearing to see the powerful animal but he is not here. No, he is elsewhere, maybe many miles away on his constant search for food, playing his part in the complex flow of life in the wilderness.

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

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

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

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

Mid-afternoon we reach Barren Creek and decide to stop here for the night, allowing ourselves a few extra hours of rest. Juan constructs an elaborate 'Laundromat' using a cache bucket for the washer and a makeshift clothesline strung over a wood fire for the dryer. A few items get overcooked but smell immensely better. Evening falls quietly,

imperceptibly, while spirits of the forest sigh and move around us. I feel pangs of sadness, knowing that I am an outsider in this land, looking in, trying to understand and be a part of all that surrounds us but knowing this can never be. Yet I feel this journey has made a profound impression on my being, somehow joining dreams with reality.

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

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

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

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

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

Our final day, May 6, is again exquisite. Not knowing when the plane will arrive we are forced to remain near camp. Finally around midday we hear, and then see, the red speck of the Cessna as it approaches, circles, and

then lands. Only two can fly out at a time, and Don and I choose to remain behind for the second flight. I find it hard to tear myself away from this place yet at the same moment know it is time to go; time to end this episode in my life.

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

STATISTICS:

Route -Mt. Foraker, West Ridge, third ascent

Total miles traveled -125 miles +

Total elevation gained -33,000 feet

Total number of camps -8

Time required -25 days

Mt. Stuart -Cascadian Couloir

July 11th and 12th

The weather changed from drizzle to clear blue skies as we headed east to the North Fork of the Teanaway River Road. The drive took two and a half hours and the last twenty minutes were on a dry, dusty dirt road. I felt sorry for the people camping within a stones throw of the road. The hike to Longs Pass (6200') went quickly and the views were excellent. We dropped straight down to the Ingalls Creek trail on a climber's path maintained by Vibram deep-lugged soles. Hiking down the Ingalls trail about a tenth of a mile, we made camp at one of the many good campsites (50003).

The Cascadian Couloir route started 100 yards down from our camp across from a large horse camp under the trees. The path was easy to follow but hard to walk on due to the sandy scree. At about 7500 feet the wide couloir opened into a boulder field before reaching the steep snow slope below the false summit. From here we watched a group ascending the West Ridge of Sherpa Peak and played "Name That Peak". Some pleasant scrambling on sound granite brought us to the true summit at 1130 AM. The register was a 49 cent notebook inside a bomb-proof cast aluminum box, just like on Rainier.

Before we left the summit a guy asked us if we could help his friend down the mountain with our rope. His friend had no ice axe or climbing experience and was spooked by the exposure.

Descending to a safe place was time consuming but a lot faster than a rescue party from Seattle. At the bottom of the snow slope was a young couple that had quit because the girl was wearing tennis shoes. As on all mountains the standard route lures the inexperienced. For this reason we carried a rope not for climbing, but for the UNEXPECTED.

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

MOUNT HOOD -South Side

June 13-14th. 1986

By John S. Bell

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

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

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

At about 10,000feet the sulfur fumaroles gave us a sour stomach and left a nasty taste in our mouths; it was obvious that we were close to Devils Kitchen. We roped-up and I took the lead. A bergschrund was easily crossed and at 6am we reached the summit where we were greeted with high winds and no visibility. Summit photos were quickly taken and we immediately started the descent On the way down we passed an infinite number of climbers who were heading up into the cloud capped summit.

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

Climbers: John Bell, Dave Pickett, Gary Watson

Mt. Stuart, Ice Cliff Glacier

June 14 -15, 1986 Tim Hudson

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Access to the glacier proper is by a leftward, diagonally-ascending traverse from its lower right margin. This passes above the lower icefall and across the first of two blocking bergschrunds on its extreme left margin. (One or two ice screws, possible rock work later in the season.) We worked up through the lightly-crevassed center of the glacier to the second bergschrund, which we also crossed on the left. For those so inclined, a frontal assault on the face to the right would yield a pitch or two of near-vertical ice.

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

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

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

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

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

Climbers: Bob Dinning and Tim Hudson

ACCIDENT ACCOUNT: BONANZA PEAK

JULY 5, 1986

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

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

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

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

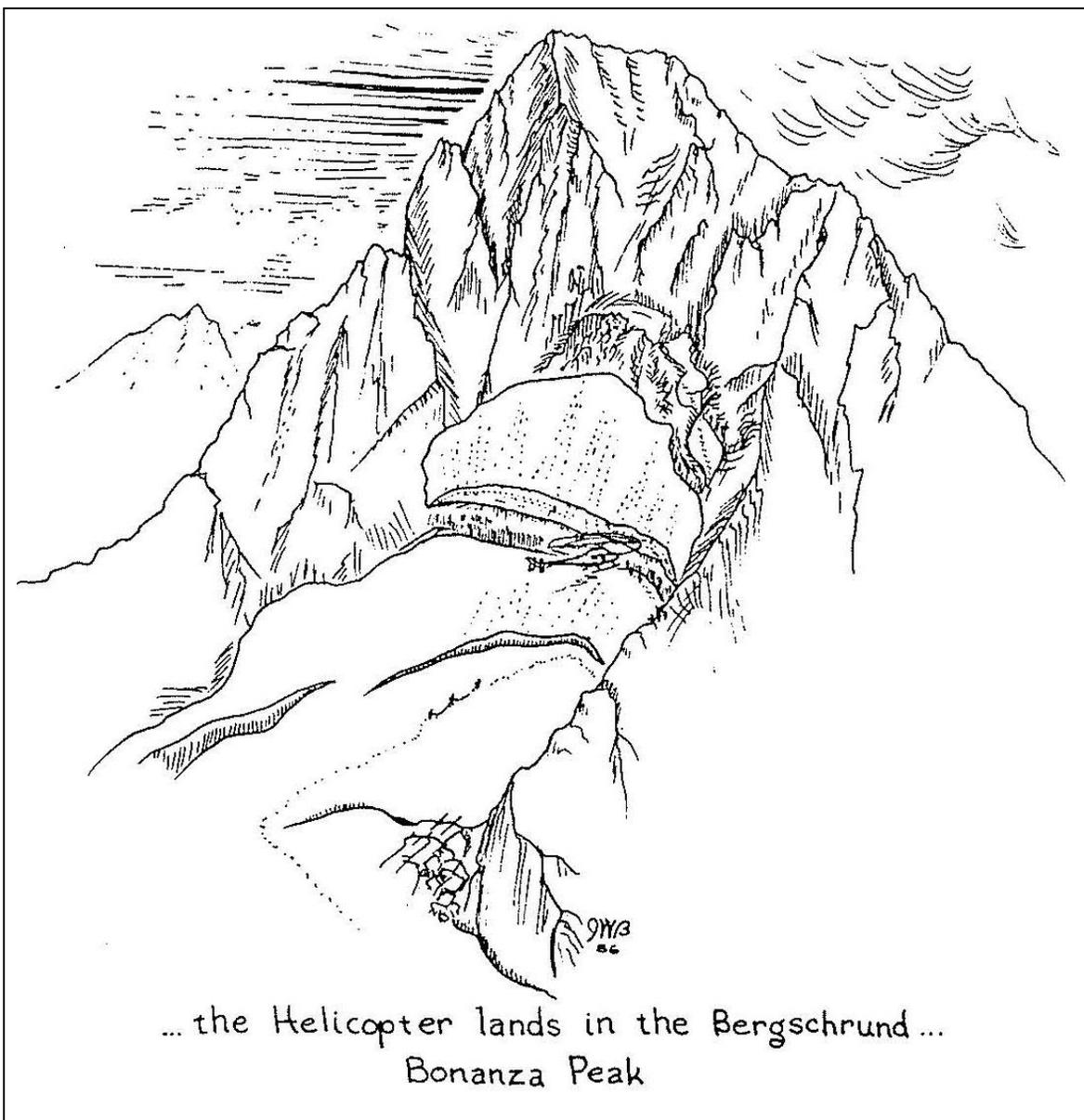
An easy way trail led rapidly to the edge of the glacier, and we were roping up, while the clouds above were clearing away. The glacier is beautiful and well broken in the center, but easily ascended on its margins, with just a few minor detours around crevassed areas. We found our way over new snow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

At about this time the group of climbers we had seen about 500 ft. above us yelled "ROCK!" and we all looked up to see a bread-box size rock come careening off of the cliff above. Luckily it just cratered in the steep snow beneath the bergschrund directly to our left. We had seen the team of climbers which was above us from the lower edge of the glacier. In the

nearly two hours it had taken us to ascend the glacier, they had only moved a couple of hundred feet! Rock up there must be ugly! Suddenly another shout was heard from above and we saw a very large rock come bouncing down a gully ... only to be pulled up short by a rope, and then fall a few more feet. Holy I?%^&! that was no rock, it was a person!

And that person was lying very still. Quickly, a climber from another team, very near the accident (500' above us) was lowered down and stood above the victim. Shouts were now heard for someone to immediately go out for a chopper and doctor. We did not, however, do that. We wanted to wait for the accident report to arrive so no errors would be made. This turned out to be fortunate, since there was a great deal of confusion about the identity of the victim. Nothing seemed to be happening above so several members of the Mountaineers party prepared to ascend to lend assistance. We collected all the available spare clothing, food water, and rock gear to be carried up to the accident site so that as much could be done up there as possible. As they went up, mass quantities of rocks began to descend, several almost creating additional victims. A small avalanche also swept through our rest spot forcing several of us to leap out of its path, and carrying away some equipment. It appeared certain that no rescue could be mounted that day (it was already after noon). The area where the victim lay gave no possible site for a helicopter to land or even winch him up. The terrain between us and the victim was 500 ft, of very treacherous snow and rock.

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



Some time after 8 pm a surprising sound was heard. A helicopter coming up the valley! It was clear and calm and the chopper made one sweep of the cirque of the upper glacier then went directly to where the people were on the rocks. and appeared to hover. In fact, that gutsy pilot had landed on the very lip of the bergschrund und at 8500 ft. ! Soon, Ferguson was loaded into the chop-per and was whisked towards Wenatchee and some real medical help. The rescuers above began to descend and all of us were very relieved, since head injuries require quick medical at tent ion.

The next day I spoke with Skinner and their third man Wood. The reasons for this accident soon became quite clear. Their team had made several simple (and nearly fatal) mistakes. Firstly, they had gone out without helmets on a route which is well known for requiring them. Leading on rock or ice without a helmet is not a recommended practice, your head is too vulnerable in a fall. In addition, Ferguson fell 100-120 feet. He was leading on what was essentially class 5 rock,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sperry Peak, East Face

June 22, 1986

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

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

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

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

Climbers: Johnny "Rotten" Petroske, Kenny "Rogers" Johnson

Mt. Stuart -Full North Ridge

July 11-14

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

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

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

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

On the fourth pitch I made a grievous error, leading off to the right instead of belaying from some suspect looking blocks. Alex, not sure about where the route went (20 pitches tend to blur together after a while) explored upward and more to the right. Matt joined us as Alex realized he had gotten himself into a cul-de-sac past a loose block and decided to rap back to our belay ledge. The only obvious route was up a dihedral to a roof that we weren't sure we could get around. Matt volunteered to lead it and opted to leave his pack behind for once. The mantle past a loose flake turned out to be a bit dicey, but he was up.

Alex followed (with his pack) and soon was smeared against the rock, thrashing and straining. As his balaclava slid over his eyes it became obvious that orthodox climbing techniques just wouldn't do. Frustration was evident as his cry of "Just pull like hell, damn it!" reverberated from above. A while later we had all been hauled like flopping fish over the lip onto a ledge and were assessing our situation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

From here the climb cruised Three more pitches brought us to the third

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

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

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

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

Climbers were Ken Johnson, Alex Van Steen, Johnny "Rotten" Petroske, and Matt Ward.

Gang Green on Rainier: Mishap on Kautz Ice Chute

June 27-29

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

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

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

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

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

Steve and I met Frank and the Daves some time later at the start of the chute. We were all going to rest till the next grouplet came by, but sitting on the exposed snow slope with harsh wind gusts soon chilled us all. After fifteen minutes of waiting and no sign of anyone we opted for dropping to Hazard and breaking camp. Besides, the down climb through the

chute was psyching us all out. The chute proved humane enough, given care, and we found a traverse through the ice fall which saved us from the worst down climbing and cut directly to Camp Hazard. The five of us broke camp, packed, and waited for the others. Some time later a head finally popped over the ridge crest, but with alarming news. Melissa had taken a fifteen foot fall in the ice chute and, with a crampon turning under her foot, had broken her ankle.

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

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

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

Robert certainly earned all our respect and admiration.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mt. Shuksan (9127')

July 4th

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

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

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

Morning came with fog and rain canceling all hopes of a climb. We might have been able to do the climb in the fog, but this was a climb, not a Mt. Hood survival course. It was decided not to sleep in, but to hike on out to a restaurant for breakfast.

Climbers were Gail Olcott, Bill Mandervill, Tom Chan, Kurt Van Sandt, and Dale Ott (author).

PEAK	ELEV.	ROUTE	CLIMB DATE	ISSUE	NOTES
Adams (Mt.)	12276	North Ridge	8/28/88	Oct-88	
Adams (Mt.)	12276		2/25/90	Jun-90	
Aiguille de L'M	9802	NE Ridge	8/23/91	May-92	Chamonix
Arriva (Mt.)			7/1/90	Mar-91	
Baker (Mt.)	10778	North Ridge	7/31/88	Oct-88	
Baker (Mt.)	10778	Easton glacier	5/17/92	Aug-92	bicycle ascent
Berge (Mt.)	7995		6/24/90	Aug-90	
Big Craggy Peak	8470		8/24/91	Oct-91	
Big Four Mountain	6135	NW Face	8/13/88	Oct-88	
Big Snowy Mountains	n/a	bike mountaineering the "Bike Boys"	9/91	Jan-92	Central Montana
Black Peak	8970	S. side	9/23/90	Dec-90	
Black Peak	8970	South Face	6/9/91	Jul-91	
Blackcap			9/24/91	Nov-91	
Blue Mountains		multi	5/92	Aug-92	Oregon bike mountaineering
Bonanza Peak	9511	Mary Green Glacier	8/4/91	Oct-91	
Brothers (The)	6820	Std.	3/15/92	Apr-92	
Burgundy Spire	8400		8/25/91	Mar-92	
Burnt Boot Peak	6840	North Ridge	7/1/89	Mar-90	
Cardinal Peak	8595	North Shoulder	7/6/90	Feb-91	
Carru			9/25/91	Nov-91	
Cathedral Rock	6724		7/22/89	Nov-89	
Cathedral Rock	6724	SW Face	7/7/90	Aug-90	
Chair Peak	6238	SE Face (?)	9/11/88	Oct-88	
Chair Peak	6238	NE Buttress	2/12/89	Mar-89	
Chair Peak	6238	NE Buttress	6/24/90	Aug-90	
Chamois Peak	6600	North Buttress	7/23/88	Oct-88	
Chaval (Mt.)	7127	West Face	6/18/88	Mar-89	
Chimney Rock	7680	East Face Direct	8/7/88	Nov-88	
Christie (Mt.)	6177		12/20/89	Feb-90	
Colchuck Peak	8705	NE Couloir	6/5/88	Oct-88	
Colorado's Fourteeners	n/a	bike mountaineering the "Bike Boys"	9/91	Jan-92	
Concord Tower	7560	North Face	9/30/89	Mar-90	
Cosho Peak	8332		7/1/90	Mar-91	
Cub Peak			7/1/90	Mar-91	
Daniel (Mt.)	7960	East Ridge	7/23/89	Nov-89	
Desperation Peak	7150		2/11/89	Mar-89	
Dewey Peak	6710		6/4/89	Aug-89	
Dragontail Peak	8840	Serpentine Arete	8/9/89	Nov-89	
Early Winter Spire (N.)	7760		9/23/90	Dec-90	
Emerald Peak	8422	from Saská/Emerald saddle	7/6/90	Feb-91	
Everest (Mt.)	29028	South Col	10/88	Jul-89	
Everest (Mt.)	29028	South Col		Feb-89	
Fisher Peak	8040	SE Ridge	6/19/88	Jul-88	
Fisher Peak	8040		7/1/90	Mar-91	
Fisher Peak	8040	SE Ridge	8/12/90	Sep-90	
Forbidden Peak	8815	West Ridge	7/10/88	Sep-88	
Forbidden Peak	8815	West Ridge	7/23/88	Aug-88	one day ascent
Forgotten (Mt.)	6005	NE Slope	3/4/90	Apr-90	snowshoes
Gallatin Mountains	n/a	bike mountaineering the "Bike Boys"	9/91	Jan-92	Central Montana
Gannett Peak	13804	Gooseneck Glacier	7/1/90	Feb-91	Wind River Range
Gardner (N.) Mountain			5/24/92	Aug-92	
Gardner Mountain	8897	South Side	6/5/88	Jul-88	
Gardner Mountain	8897		5/24/92	Aug-92	
Garfield (Mt.)	5519		6/2/89	Aug-89	
Garfield (Mt.)	5519	Leaning Spire	7/22/90	Sep-90	
Goat Mountain	6891		7/13/91	Aug-91	bicycle ascent
Guye Peak	5168	South Gully	12/17/88	Feb-89	

PEAK	ELEV.	ROUTE	CLIMB DATE	ISSUE	NOTES
Haloakala	10023	The Road	?	May-91	bicycle ascent
Half Dome	8650	Trail up the back	7/12/91	Feb-92	Yosemite
Hood (Mt.)		"standard"	4/14/90	Jun-90	
Hood (Mt.)		Timberline Lodge	7/7/91	Feb-92	
Hood (Mt.)				Jun-88	
Hozomeen (S. Peak)	8003	SE Buttress	6/26/88	Feb-89	
Huckleberry Mountain	6320	Pacific Crest Trail Approach	11/9/91	Dec-91	
Hueco Tanks	N/A	see article		May-90	
Iliniza Sur	17260		2/7/91	Oct-91	Ecuador Volcano
Independence Peak	5445	SE Face	2/25/90	Apr-90	ski ascent
Index (N. Peak)	5357	North Face	7/30/89	Dec-89	
Index Upper Town Wall	N/A	Town Crier		Nov-88	aid
Ingalls Peak	7662	South Ridge - North Peak	6/17/89	Aug-89	
Ingalls Peak	7662	South Ridge - North Peak	6/23/90	Aug-90	
Inner Constance	7670		2/12/89	Mar-89	
Jack Mountain	9066	East Ridge	9/1/88	Nov-88	
Jolly Mountain	6443		4/7/90	Jun-90	ski ascent
Joshua Tree	N/A	see article		Jul-88	
Kaleetan Peak	6259	South Gulley	6/26/88	Jul-88	
Katsuk Peak	8680		7/1/90	Mar-91	
Kiliminjaro (Mt.)	19340	SE Ridge	9/4/90	Jan-91	
Kimtah Peak	8600		7/1/90	Mar-91	
Kitling Peak			7/1/90	Mar-91	
Lago			9/25/91	Nov-91	
Lake Mountain	8371		6/2/88	Jul-88	
Laramie Mountains	n/a	bike mountaineering the "Bike Boys"	9/91	Jan-92	SE Wyoming
LaSal Mountains	n/a	bike mountaineering the "Bike Boys"	9/91	Jan-92	SE Utah
Lassen Peak	10475		6/9/91	Sep-91	ski descent
Lexington Tower	7560	North Face	9/30/89	Mar-90	
Lichtenberg Mountain		W. Face of N. Buttress	12/16/90	Feb-91	
Little Tahoma	11138	Whitman Glacier	6/7/92	Aug-92	
Luna Peak	8285		12/1/89	Feb-91	
Lundin Peak	6057	SE Ridge	7/24/88	Sep-88	
Malachite Peak	6261	NW Ridge	4/15/89	Jul-89	
Martin Peak	8511		8/5/91	Oct-91	
Maude (Mt.)	9082	Entiat Icefall	7/24/88	Sep-88	
McKinley (Mt.)	20320	West Buttress	spring '85	Apr-88	
McKinley (Mt.)	20320	West Buttress		Jan-91	
Medicine Bow Mountains	n/a	bike mountaineering the "Bike Boys"	9/91	Jan-92	Southern Wyoming
Mesachie Peak	8795		7/1/90	Mar-91	
Milham Tower	7400	NW Ridge	9/2/90	Dec-90	
Molar Tooth	7547	South Ridge	6/30/90	Nov-90	
Monument Peak	8592	SE Ridge	6/2/88	Jul-88	
Needles (The)	8170		5/27/91	Sep-91	
Nguarahoe (Mt.)	7514		5/30/90	Aug-90	New Zealand
Olympus (Mt.)		Hoh River Basin	7/6/91	Aug-91	
Osceola Peak			9/22/91	Nov-91	
Petit Gripon				Nov-88	
Picket Range	N/A	see article	7/16 - 7/24	Sep-88	
Pinnacle Mountain	8402	not specified	7/5/90	Jan-91	
Plummer Peak	6370		8/14/91	Dec-91	Canadian Peak
Popocatepetl	17887	Las Cruces	11/25/91	Feb-92	Mexico
Prusik Peak	8000	West Ridge	9/22/91	Nov-91	
Prussik Peak	8000	West Ridge	8/7/88	Oct-88	
Ptarmigan Peak			9/23/91	Nov-91	
Ptarmigan Traverse	N/A	see article	8/1/88	Oct-88	
Pyramid Peak (Rainier)	6937			Jul-89	

PEAK	ELEV.	ROUTE	CLIMB DATE	ISSUE	NOTES
Rainier (Mt.)	14411	Gibraltar Ledges	2/21/88	Apr-88	
Rainier (Mt.)	14411	Ingraham Glacier Direct	2/28/88	Apr-88	
Rainier (Mt.)	14411	Ingraham Glacier	6/25/89	Aug-89	
Rainier (Mt.)	14411	Guide Route (Camp Muir)	6/17/90	Aug-90	
Rainier (Mt.)	14411	Liberty Ridge	7/1/90	Oct-90	
Rainier (Mt.)	14411	Liberty Ridge	7/15/90	Oct-90	
Rainier (Mt.)	14411	Kautz Glacier/Camp Hazard	7/15/90	Sep-90	
Rainier (Mt.)	14411	Emmons Glacier (Camp Schurman)	7/14/91	Aug-91	
Rainier (Mt.)	14411	Kautz Glacier/Camp Hazard	6/21/92	Jul-92	
Rainier (Mt.)	14411	Disappointment Cleaver	6/27/92	Aug-92	
Red Mountain	5890			Mar-91	
Red Rocks (NV)	N/A			Oct-88	map included
Redoubt (Mt.)	8956	NE Face	8/6/89	Jan-90	
Redoubt (Mt.)	8956	NE Face		Jan-89	
Reynolds Peak	8512		9/12/91	Oct-91	
Robinson Peak	8726		5/16/92	Jun-92	
Robson (Mt.)	12974	North Face	8/1/90	Apr-91	
Ruapehu (Mt.)	9173		5/29/90	Aug-90	New Zealand
Ruth Mountain	7106		7/15/90	Sep-90	
Sanford (Mt.)	16237		5/1/91	Jun-91	ski descent
Saska Peak	8404	not specified	7/7/90	Feb-91	
Sauk Mtn.		S. face to E. ridge	2/92	May-92	Parapente descent
Seymour Peak	6337		6/4/89	Aug-89	
Shasta (Mt.)		Hotlum-Bolium	7/6/91	Sep-91	
Shuksan (Mt.)	9167	NW Rib	7/7/88	Mar-89	
Shuksan (Mt.)	9167	Sulphide Glacier	8/18/91	Oct-91	
Shuksan (Mt.)	9167	Sulphide Glacier	6/21/92	Jul-92	
Silver Star Mountain	8876	Silver Star Glacier	6/2/91	Jul-91	
Silver Star Mountain	8876	Silver Star Glacier	6/16/91	Jul-91	
Silver Star Mountain	8876	Burgundy Col	9/2/91	Oct-91	
Slesse Mountain	7800	NW Face	7/24/88	Sep-88	map included
Slesse Mountain	7800	NW Face	7/9/89	Aug-89	
Slesse Mountain	7800	...Map into only...		Mar-91	
Sloan Peak	7835	West Face	8/27/89	Dec-89	map included
Smith Rocks	N/A	Monkey Face - Pioneer Route	11/12/89	Jan-90	moonlight ascent
Smith Rocks	N/A	Monkey Face - Pioneer Route	3/10/90	Apr-90	
Smith Rocks	N/A			Oct-88	
Snow Creek Wall	N/A	Orbit	7/29/88	Sep-88	
South Howser Tower	10850	West Buttress	7/25/89	Nov-89	Bugaboos
Sperry Peak	6000	NE Ridge	8/1/88	Oct-88	
Sperry Peak	6000	E Ridge	10/6/91	Jan-92	
Spider Mountain	8280	North Face	7/7/89	Apr-90	
St. Helens (Mt.)	8365	Standard	4/1/90	Mar-91	rescue report
St. Helens (Mt.)	8365		5/5/90	Jun-90	ski ascent
St. Helens (Mt.)	8365	Monitor Ridge	7/5/91	Feb-92	
Static Point	N/A	"On Line"	4/30/89	Jun-89	
Static Point	N/A	Lost Charms, On Line, Shock Treatment		Dec-89	
Steens Mountain	n/a	bike mountaineering the "Bike Boys"	9/91	Jan-92	SE Oregon
Storm King		North Face (new route)	7/6/91	Oct-91	
Stuart (Mt.)	9415	North Ridge	7/24/88	Dec-88	
Stuart (Mt.)	9415	West Ridge	6/24/89	Dec-89	
Stuart (Mt.)	9415	North Ridge	8/6/89	May-90	
Thieves Peak			7/1/90	Mar-91	
Three Fingers	6870	South & Middle Peaks	9/18/88	Nov-88	
Three Sisters - South Peak		North Ridge	7/3/92	Aug-92	Oregon