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News of the Washington Rock Climbers

Founders
Jan & Herb Conn
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SOLDIERS RETURN

During the first week of December a powerful military force from Japan landed on the Pacific coast and swept eastward, virtually unopposed, dropping guards at all railroad stations. With cunningly planned simultaneity, another force, this from Germany, landed on the Atlantic seaboard and began an infiltration that even the Japanese would have been proud of. The spearhead of the western force took Boston and turned quickly toward Washington. By 8:30 P.M., January 4, it closed upon the Bennett home which, even at that moment, was housing a disguised agent from Germany.

Morton Churchill had shaved his moustache off and looked younger than when the War started. Charlie Daniels looked just the same. Mort, never one to talk a lot, looked just as tickled to get back as we were glad to see him. Charlie regaled the thirteen odd climbers gathered to greet him with stories of Japanese mountains, and their mountaineers reactions to yodels and moose calls. Morton is going to stay around these parts, but Charlie, alas, is returning to Boston. No record of the evening can be complete, but special thanks go to the Bennetts for refreshments and to Sam for bringing along his collection of Jan Conn records.

UPS AND DOWNS

Arnold Wexler
Chris Scoredos
Hale Bradt

John Reed
Eleanor Tatge

December 22, 1946. From Anglers' Inn the climbers followed Chris up the Potomac shore above Cupid's Bower to note some of the more rarely visited climbs which were in the government restricted area during the War. On the Purple Horse Climb John, Hale, and Chris made prodigious efforts to complete the so far never completed traverse in spite of the mental hazard of the cold waters of the Potomac just below them. Much to everyone's great satisfaction, especially Hale's, it was found possible to effect a rescue of a climber fallen from the Purple Horse without getting even his feet wet. Several very fine climbs were located in the general area of the Purple Horse during the remainder of the day.

On December 29 the Washington Rock Climbers were represented by Chris Scoredos, who alone made the welkin ring as he polished off sundry Carderock climbs, including Jan's Chimney, in the pouring rain, thus

symbolizing the indomitable spirit that lies in every true rock climber, even those still snugly in bed.

* * *

Chris Scoredos	Jo Bradt	Leo Scott	Charles Daniels
Ted Schad	Alan Bradt	Pat-C	Tom Culverwell
John Meenehan	Paul Bradt	Fitz Clark	Mary Judy

Chris arrived about 10 A.M. without Helen because of her cold. Being first, he sampled all of the elementary climbs and found them damp and slippery. He was eating lunch when Ted, John, and Paul arrived. Paul was proudly wearing his first Bramani boots and turned to the Spider Walk to give them the acid test. Well, you know, "The Spider Walk is tougher than it seems." The others tried too, but they only got the bottom part muddy.

For consolation we turned to the Beginner's Crack. Chris demonstrated a climb about fifteen feet to the right of it, which John and Paul climbed with variations. Ted insisted it was Beginners' Crack weather. By this time Jo and Alan had arrived and begun melting snow for soup; Leo had arrived with Pat-C and taken a look at the Spider Walk and the Beginners' Climb himself; Fitz and Mary had arrived, Fitz carrying, for exercise, his pneumatic 5-man ice-breaker. Mary climbs like her sister Geraldine, and had no trouble at all with the Beginner's Crack. Fitz took the face to the right. Ted liked the sound of Chris', Fitz', and Paul's grunts in the Buckets-o-Blood Chimney, so now he has holes in the knees of his pants, too. Paul went up Ronnie's Leap; then, watching John and Chris follow him, decided that his Bramani's were not too much of a handicap.

Tom and Charlie showed up at this juncture. There was much talking, and Charlie wanted to see some of the routes he'd been reading about. Herbie's Horror, Leonard's Lunacy, the Chris-Wex-Don, and minor climbs were pointed out, including the Spider Walk. He was optimistic enough to try the latter with GI shoes; but, well, as you know, "The Spider Walk is tougher than it seems."

OLD RAG TRIP

Hoping for a sub-zero blizzard to test sleeping equipment, some of us, including Ted Schad, Fitz Clark, Andy and Betty Kauffman, and Paul and Jo Bradt, are planning to spend January 18 and 19 on top of Old Rag Mountain. Better come along.

BOOK REVIEWS

The "Washington issue" as we call it, of Appalachia is out. (Price per issue 75 cents from Appalachian Mountain Club, 5 Joy Street, Boston, Mass.) Contents include

"Mt. Sir Sanford and its Neighbors," by Arnold Wexler

"Cruise of the Sink Stopper," by Eleanor Tatge

"A New Rock-Climb on Cannon Mt.," by Herb Conn.

Other Washington contributors include Marjorie Hooker, Myron Avery, and Jean Stephenson. Also included is an article on Big Bend National Park, which explains why Jan and Herb linger there.

* * *

The new edition of "Ski Mountaineering" (\$2.00, Univ. of Calif. Press, Berkeley, Calif.) by Dick Leonard, Einor Nilsson, Bestor Robinson, and others, is out and includes 22 pages on rock climbing. This and the sketches make a good basis for the chapter on ice climbing, some twelve pages of which are new.

NOTES AND NEWS

The Surplus Sales Co. (on Pennsylvania Avenue between 9th and 10th, N.W.) has been having Bramani boots off and on for \$5.95, even women's sizes!

Kathleen Culverwell is at Homeopathic Hospital recovering from an appendectomy.

We print for reference the schedule of the Arnold (Washington, Virginia, and Maryland) bus to Great Falls, Virginia:

Leave 11th & E Sts., NW	Leave Great Falls Park
8:15 A.M. (Sat., Sun. & Holidays)	7:10 A.M.* (Weekdays only)
11:00 A.M. (Weekdays only)	9:30 A.M. (Sat., Sun. & Holidays)
2:00 P.M.	12:30 P.M.
5:30 P.M.	3:15 P.M.
	6:45 P.M.*

The two asterisks indicate that on those buses a transfer is made at West Cherrydale on week days. The fare is 35 cents one way to the Great Falls Park entrance. You may call Gl. 4000 to check for changes.

SELKIRK DIARY

By Sam Moore

Within the so-called "Big Bend" of the Columbia River rise the northern peaks of the Selkirk Range of British Columbia, culminating in Mt. Sir Sandford (11,590 ft.), highest of the chain. Nearby tower the granite spires of the Adirondack Range, sharp pinnacles similar to the aiguilles of Mont Blanc. Since the first ascent of Mt. Sir Sandford in 1912 by Howard Palmer, little effort had been made by mountaineers to learn more of the splendid untraveled glaciers and peaks which surround it.

When Sterling Hendricks, Chuck Haworth, Donald Hubbard, and Arnold Wexler decided to do their bit toward atoning for this neglect by attempting the second ascent of Sir Sandford, and invited me to join them, I was dubious about the idea; the snowfields of British Columbia are a long, long way from the bridle paths of Shenandoah Park. Fortunately their enthusiasm was infectious, and before long I found myself eagerly collecting equipment and reading books about the country.

The literature was limited, but all authors seemed to agree that we should expect the worst, for impenetrable brush, continuous rain, and voracious insects appeared to be the usual thing in the Selkirks. Before my feet had time to get cold, however, we were on our way; so I consoled myself with the thought that writers were always prone to exaggeration. Little did I suspect what we were really getting into!

The following narrative is a personal blow-by-blow account of our daily adventures, transcribed for the most part from a diary maintained during the trip. No attempt has been made to relegate each incident to its proper place and proportion in the overall scheme of things, for each at the time seemed important to me, and for the most part still does. It is hoped that the relatively unimportant events mentioned will be of some interest to those persons who, like myself, would be in completely unfamiliar surroundings were they suddenly dropped into the mountain country of British Columbia. Those who would like to read a more proper account are referred to the excellent articles by Arnold Wexler and Sterling Hendricks in current issues of Appalachia and the Journal of the Alpine Club of Canada.

July 2
After a beautiful ride through the Canadian Rockies, Sterling, Donald, Arnold, and I alighted from the Canadian Pacific train in the little railroad town of Golden and were met with open arms by Chuck. During the afternoon we completed our arrangements for an early morning departure down the Columbia River. As we busily slapped mosquitoes that evening, the hotel proprietor told us that it was very unusual for

the pests to be so bad in town. We laughed, little thinking that this was indeed an "omenous" sign of grief to come.

July 3

Off early in the cool back end of a truck! Although we were traveling Route 1, Canada's only transcontinental highway, it was still a dirt road, rough in spots, but the magnificent scenery of the Columbia valley was ample consolation for the bumps. Reached our destination opposite the mouth of Swan Creek about ten o'clock in the morning after a short halt to survey the uninviting possibilities of another small valley which we had selected as an alternate route of approach. No sooner had the truck stopped than the mosquitoes began to assemble, and we each speedily acquired a small individual black cloud of insects which remained constantly with us during all our waking hours near the river. Insect repellent, furious threshing of the arms, wholesale decimation of their ranks by slaps--none of these would disperse them for even an instant, and lowbrow Army curses mingled with more elegantly scientific swears as we sought to relieve our feelings.

However the snowy flanks of the Adamant Range, plainly visible at the head of Swan Creek valley, spurred us into activity. Inflating our rubber liferaft about a quarter-mile upstream from the proposed landing spot, we loaded it with duffle. Don volunteered to act as oarsman, and, pushing off with Arnold as passenger, soon had power-housed his way to the opposite shore. The river was high and very swift, so it took some strenuous pulling to avoid being swept downstream past the landing. Meeting Don on his return trip we carried the boat a half mile up the road to our supplies, a trudge that became increasingly wearisome as it was repeated again and again between trips. I manned the boat on the second trip with Chuck as passenger, who, upon landing, immediately set forth with Arnold to begin blazing a trail up the creek.

Just before launching the boat for its third trip we made the horrified discovery that the fabric on one side had split wide open for a distance of four feet, permitting the inner tube to bulge forth like a monstrous blister. This was indeed a potential calamity, for our supplies and manpower were divided between the two sides of the river. Desperation tactics involving string and tire patches enabled us to effect a dubious repair of the rip, and the ferrying continued, with considerable trepidation and many sidelong glances on the part of the boat's occupants.

Late in the afternoon we found that during our absence from the launching place my duffle bag, the only piece of luggage not yet ferried across, had been picked up by someone driving along the highway. I hitched a ride back to Golden and informed the provincial police, who amazingly enough had it waiting for me the next morning, a real piece of super service. My night in a soft bed at the hotel compared more than favorably with that of the others in the river camp, which they had appropriately titled "Winged Hell".

July 4

I had difficulty in catching a ride back to Swan Creek and didn't arrive until noon. No answer came from the opposite bank to my hails, so I settled down to wait. The next six hours in the hot sun on the river bank were among the most exquisitely unpleasant I have ever spent. The mosquitoes nearly drove me crazy. The only way to escape their persistent attacks was through movement, so I walked--up and down the same short stretch of road for what must have totaled many miles, ineffectually slaughtering the inexhaustible mosquitoes to relieve my boredom.

Not enough has been written about these devilish critters. The Army manuals teach that this insect is menacing only when loaded with malaria, yellow fever, and other sundry microbes. Hah! The men who wrote those books never had to spend a day ferrying across the upper Columbia River in the vicinity of Bush River. There the little varmints are unbelievably thick--and thirsty. Everywhere you go a

whirling, buzzing cloud of mosquitoes covers you, biting through shirt, pants, and socks. One blow of the hand will kill from fifteen to twenty insects. The nerves of men working on the road without adequate protection have been known to crack-up completely from the torment of the stings, causing them to run until they dropped from exhaustion in an effort to escape the mosquitoes. We were well prepared with headnets, heavy gloves, and mosquito repellent to evade the invaders, but there were just too many. Even the simplest functions and tasks became difficult because of the bugs. They drowned in the soup, were fried in the pan, and swam in the tea. Fastidious skinning didn't help much, for there were always more ready and willing to die. Only by eating and drinking under or through our headnets were we able to endure their onslaughts. It is significant to note that in our pre-occupation with the mosquitoes we hardly noticed the black flies and punkies which accompanied them.

While I was stomping along, thinking my thoughts, the others had forced a tortuous way for about two miles up through the thickly-tangled underbrush of the fire-scarred lower Swan Creek valley, carrying the first loads of our thirty-days supply of food and equipment. When I was finally ferried across in the evening, their drawn faces showed only too well the sort of a day they had spent.

That night in the tent after supper Don focussed his flashlight on the roof over his head while Chuck prepared to swat the mosquitoes that had followed us in and were attracted to the bright spot. First, however, I wanted to try one of the miniature Aerosol bombs I'd purchased in St. Paul as a joke. To our surprise it worked with a vengeance, as Don quickly found out when dead mosquitoes began raining down into his mouth.

July 5

Up at 3:30 and ate breakfast, hurriedly because of the mosquitoes. All started off carrying heavy packs. The route lay through an old, burned-over area, over, around, and under extraordinarily thick underbrush and windfalls, much worse than the back side of Old Rag ever dreamed of being. Packs were a nuisance in a place like that, but there wasn't much we could do about it. Whenever possible we walked fallen logs which led in the right direction, thus avoiding some of the undergrowth. The others soon were expert at this sort of thing, but in spite of all the practice I never was able to start on one end of a log with any assurance that I could complete a no-fall traverse. As far as possible we stayed on the bank of Swan Creek on the not-necessarily-well-substantiated theory that the way was clearer there. The creek itself was a brawling, brimful stream of unpalatable, milky glacier water that would have been difficult to cross; although occasionally when struggling in the bushes opposite a nice clear gravel bar on the opposite side, we wished fervently that we were over there.

After several hours the others went back to pick up the remaining packs at camp while Arnold and I relayed their loads still farther up the stream. This system of relaying was found to be the most practical and efficient method of handling these extra packs, since it gave the packer a considerable rest period while going back after another load and relieved the monotony of continuous back-packing--to say nothing of our backs!

Travel after lunch involved a great deal of balancing along the innumerable logs that lay sprawled like giant jackstraws along the stream. Much of the time we were over the water itself, and eventually, of course, I fell in! The cold glacier water, the heavy pack, my aching muscles, the ever-present mosquitoes, and the rapidly-moving figures of my rugged comrades ahead all combined to dispel any illusion I might once have cherished about adopting a life in the woods as a career.

Even back-packing eventually comes to an end, and we finally reached our campsite well above the stream on the steep hillside. A beautiful fifty-foot waterfall in the gorge below prompted the name "Swan Dive" for our camp. Even if the mosquitoes were still with us,

the spot was a far cry from "Winged Hell", both in regard to the scenery and the tiny clear stream of drinking water which flowed only five feet from our campfire. Across the creek rose the high ridge which walled the valley on the north. On this ridge was a large landslide scar, visible from the Columbia River, which became to us a measure of our daily progress. A glance at it this evening reminded us that at least there were two miles of brush behind us that we wouldn't have to worry about until our return.

July 6

Considering the beat-down condition of our crew, we were up fairly early. The dismal discovery that the salt was missing prompted a frantic but unsuccessful search through the packs, and the noble offer by Sterling to go back and look for it. We accepted with alacrity, so off he went. Climbing into our packs we started up the gorge, Chuck blazing the trail with a Woodsman's Pal machete which, included as an afterthought, was to prove invaluable. Late in the previous afternoon we had progressed from the burned area into magnificent virgin timber, which was to continue all the way up the valley. Tremendous cedars, hemlocks, and firs towered far above us, and some of the fallen giants occasionally provided a broad, level path over the rough terrain. An average one of these logs which we later measured was well over two hundred feet long, although minus its top. By now the sides of the valley had steepened and narrowed, and it was no longer possible to continue along the bank of the creek. Struggling all day along the steep slopes with heavy packs soon brought to our attention the virtues of being born a Sidehill Wampus, and eventually resulted in a nice crop of blisters. Several lively discussions were precipitated concerning the relative advantages of going high or staying low on the hillside. Neither faction was able to convince the other, so we tried both methods indiscriminately.

By now we were beginning to encounter large patches of devil's club, an ornery shrub of the Canadian woods which averages three or four feet high and is covered with small spines. While not quite as formidable as a tangle of greenbrier, the devil's club seemed to possess the evil power of being the only plant within grabbing distance whenever one of us was about to topple off a log. The necessity for choosing between the imminent fall and the prickly spines gave rise to some hectic mental conflicts. Two weeks after our return to Washington some of the little spines were still working their way out of our hands. The rather large roots of the plant were extremely slippery when damp, growing just on or under the surface of the ground. A traverse of a steep slope covered with devil's club soon resulted in our looking like a group of novices on a skating rink.

So far, wild life, not counting an occasional water ouzel, had been non-existent, but while crossing a welcome stretch of level sand at the mouth of a small side creek, we came upon the tracks of a moose. Later along this section of trail we found a curious square-notched hole about six feet up on the side of a tree and almost succeeded in convincing Arnold that it had been cut by that rara avis, the square-billed Canadian woodpecker.

While walking a log six feet off the ground, Don slipped and made a graceful high dive which far surpassed any of our previous efforts, landing on his head in a soft, rotten log. Amazingly (or should I say naturally) he wasn't hurt by the fall, and arose smiling as though awaiting our applause. In spite of the countless spills all of us took with our heavy packs, for some strange reason no one was ever injured.

A cliff which walled a small ravine gave us some difficulty, but late in the afternoon we finally stopped high on the hillside in an uninviting, sloping spot beside a swale of alder and devil's club which seemed to be the only place level enough for a camp. I scouted ahead and finally found an attractive place still higher that seemed suitable. By that time, however, the packs had been cached by the others,

so without moving them we romped back to the Swan Dive in high spirits.

In the meantime Sterling had retraced his steps to the river with no success in finding the missing salt. Therefore he single-handedly pumped up the boat with our small hand pump, crossed the Columbia, and thumbed a ride to the tourist camp at Kinbasket Lake, where he secured an additional supply. Returning he carried the boat a half mile up the river, recrossed, and made the long climb back to camp. Definitely a full day!

July 7

The hard work was beginning to tell on us, for we arose even later than before. Breaking camp we began the haul up the creek in a down-pour which continued all morning, causing us to sincerely regret that headnets are not equipped with windshield wipers. So far the Selkirks had lived up to their reputation by raining every day, but today's storm was the worst yet. Blisters were bothering most of us, and several acquired the previous day so hampered me that I lagged far behind. Reaching the cache after midday it was decided that I should remain while the others returned for the last of the packs. In their absence I was to cut a trail to the campsite scouted the day before and relay the packs there.

After completing this task I was gathering wood when the others arrived at dark, completely fagged out by their heavy loads. Sterling in particular had distinguished himself by carrying a pack weighing more than eighty pounds, making an involuntary ten-foot dive with it off the troublesome cliff, thereby surpassing Don's record leap of the day before.

July 8

We staggered out of our tents in the morning with everyone in a considerably more cheerful frame of mind than the previous evening. Our campsite could be appreciated better in the light of day, as it seemed to be the only level spot for a long way around. A small stream tumbled down the hillside only ten feet from our fire, while the huge virgin timber towered over us. After leaving our previous camp we had finally passed the large scar on the opposite hillside; so today we had high hopes of establishing our final high camp, though we still had not sighted the glacier.

A different plan of attack was adopted in view of the increasing difficulty of forcing a way through the thickets of devil's club and slide alder, and the equally increasing area of our blisters. Slide alder is a small low tree, rarely over six inches thick, which covers open places in the forest, particularly the pathways cleared by old snow and rock slides where the large trees have been carried away. Their trunks grow so close together that they form masses of foliage and branches almost impenetrable to travelers, while their proclivity for growing on a slant, forcing one to step over them, causes unwary Bramani-shod Size 11's to trip again and again. Picking ones arms, legs, and pack up from amongst these alder entanglements time after time will soon banish all smiles from even the noblest of characters. From a distance the slide areas seem to be smooth, green lawn; only when one gets close does he find that the "grass" has turned into a tangled mass twenty feet high!

Our new method of attack called for Chuck and me (in view of our blisters) to go ahead with machete and axe to scout and clear a trail, while the others relayed two packs each behind us. The scheme worked well, although I felt a little guilty at not sharing the heavy packing.

Starting forth we were promptly entangled in a wet, slippery ravine from the depths of which it was necessary to hew our way up the moss-covered side of a steep cliff. On its crest we were rewarded by a splendid panorama of snowy peaks across the Columbia. Chopping and blazing our way along the hillside, we soon came to a large slide area covered with alder. Our only hope lay in following the stream, so we

dropped down to its bank and found to our delight that for several hundred yards the way was beautifully clear. The grassy slopes bedecked with scarlet Indian paintbrush and columbine were a delight to both the feet and eyes, while our first snowbank inspired me into heaving a snowball at Sterling for good luck.

Our good fortune couldn't last though, and we were soon chopping our way through more of the disagreeable alders. Reaching tall timber again we were disgusted to find that the underbrush failed to thin out as before, so it was necessary to continue forcing our way, with the help of a few useful fallen logs. Finally we arrived at the base of an enormous rock slide, too recent to support vegetation. By clambering up the huge boulders we were soon able to see more of the surrounding country. Before us the valley widened a bit, and its lower slopes were less steep for perhaps a third of a mile. Swan Creek divided into two branches, the larger of which turned away from us. The entire basin was filled with alders, the largest single mass we had seen so far. Fortunately for our chances of breaking through, a large snow avalanche had swept down beside the rock slide, leveling the alders; together the two presented a clear path for more than two-thirds of the distance across. Beyond, the smaller branch of the creek flowed between the mountainside we had been traversing and a small ridge which split the valley.

After crossing the acre-large residual snow of the avalanche, Sterling decided that Chuck and I should make a strong effort to see if we could break through the bush and reach the glacier before evening, while the others finished relaying the packs to the slide. We started by bushwhacking through the rest of the alder thicket, entered the woods for a short distance, and then plunged into a continuous stretch of more alder. The hillside grew steeper and steeper, the abominable brush thicker and more tangled, and our tempers shorter and shorter. By now at least half the time we were climbing on the trees rather than the ground, so steep and thick were our obstacles. It was impossible even to see where we were going. Finally we both stopped by mutual consent, blocked by virtually impenetrable bush. Obviously this route was impossible.

On the way back Chuck looked into the thickly-wooded ravine in which the stream flowed and decided that it seemed worthy of investigation--but not today. Meeting the others we found that Arnold had climbed high on the slide but had been unable to locate the clear route we were seeking. He had, however, seen the glacier, not too far away as a crow flies. Caching our packs at the edge of the slide we returned to camp.

Dinner that evening, although the best yet, was not very gay, for we were a discouraged crew. Our high hopes of the morning had been replaced by doubts that we ever would see the end of the everlasting alder thickets. To commemorate our feelings we decided to call our bivouac place, "Disappointment Camp". The severity of the mosquitoes had lessened, but all of us were still wearing headnets, with the exception of Sterling, who was either more impervious or more stoical than the rest. And so to bed--with a firm determination to win through next day if we had to cut down every blankety-blank alder between us and the mountains.

July 9

For a change we started off with relatively light packs, leaving behind only the bare essentials for an overnight camp. As we approached the snow slide a black bear suddenly popped into sight near our cache and went galloping up the slope as if he had important business several mountains away. Our laughter was suddenly hushed when the thought struck us that perhaps he had been raiding our food. Nothing had been touched, however, so Chuck and I started through the alders, he with the machete and I with the axe. As per agreement he forged ahead to scout the way and explore the possibilities of the creek seen the day before, while I stayed behind chopping alders to clear a trail. The others followed after a while with full loads.

Arriving at the point from which we had surveyed the stream, I found a string of triple blazes left by Chuck leading into the ravine. Following his path I descended to the bottom and worked upstream, chopping alders, throwing out dead branches, and adding additional blazes to Chuck's small nicks. The trail crossed and recrossed the creek many times, but the going was fairly easy and the stream very pretty, with many small waterfalls. For a change the water was as clear as one of Donald's famous crystals minus its analogy.

I finally reached a point where Chuck's blazes stopped, so, rather than take the chance of clearing a trail in the wrong direction, I stopped to wait with Donald. Sterling and Arnold had passed me a short time before and were no longer in sight. After a puzzled wait we heard a scrambling in the bushes, and the other three burst upon us with the welcome announcement that they had broken through into clear going at last. That was good news!

Chuck, abandoning his blazing, had cut straight up the hillside on an exploratory dash. From high up he had spotted an obvious route to the crest of an old terminal moraine. Returning he had picked up Sterling and Arnold, and together they forced a way to the top. The snout of the glacier was only a half mile away and apparently only open country remained to be crossed. No more brush! Leaving their packs on top, they returned, blazing the trees on the way. Spurred by this welcome news we all back-tracked to the cache at the slide. While the others returned to Disappointment Camp to pick up the remaining loads, Chuck and I made up packs from the cache and started toward the moraine, with the mission of finding a campsite, which everyone hoped would be our final one.

Arriving at the top in fairly short order after a steep climb up the rocky face of the moraine, we paused for a look at the view. Below was the Columbia River in its valley with high snow-covered peaks beyond, while the slides and alder thickets were in the foreground on our right. In the opposite direction we saw the snout of a large glacier, which had carved an amazingly bare, rocky terrain below and to each side as it retreated up the valley. Quite a wasteland! To the right below our perch on the sandy top of the moraine were large silt flats formed by the main branch of Swan Creek before it plunged into the valley, and above them were the steep cliffs of the northwest wall of our valley. To the left a high lateral moraine extended up the valley, paralleling the glacier as far as we could see. Around us were the jumbled rock and dirt mounds of several small terminal moraines left by successive recessions of the glacier. Far ahead on the left skyline we could see trees and patches of snow which promised to offer a good site for our base camp. And high above all was an enormous glacier and snow basin with a great icefall, topped by snow-bedecked peaks of grey rock--just exactly what we had been searching for! It was truly a wonderful sight to an Easterner, and not the least amazing was the fact that it all looked just as fine as I had hoped it would.

As we gazed, a stinging rain swept down the valley. Abandoning all thoughts of reaching a final base camp via the glacier, we decided to sit out the rain and then try to find a suitable place on the left side of the valley at the end of the lateral moraine. Presently the rain stopped and we started. Scattered clumps of alders still proved to be a problem, but by carefully picking his way from moraine to moraine Chuck managed to steer clear of most of them. There were many flowers in bloom, the pink, white, yellow, and red varieties of heather being especially lovely. Soon we found an old goat trail that led directly toward our destination. Goat hair was caught on many of the bushes, and I collected several clumps with the vague idea of taking them home with me. The mosquitoes were surprisingly fierce, breeding in great numbers on the many streams and pools formed by the melting snow.

As we neared our goal, Chuck, who was slightly in advance, motioned for me to join him as quietly as possible. I did so, and he pointed to a small grass- and rock-surrounded lake near the floor of the valley. "Mountain goats!" he whispered. At first I saw nothing; then one of the white rocks by the lake moved, and I saw my first mountain goat outside of a zoo! We watched them for some time as they peacefully grazed, seeming to take no alarm at our presence, although they had been well-warned by the whistling of the marmots. Soon two more goats made their way down the hillside toward the lake. Altogether I counted ten, and later Chuck told me he had seen six more.

A little farther on I saw my first ground squirrel. My list of new animals was growing by leaps and bounds! Eventually the goat trail led us to a pleasant little alp which appeared to be an ideal campsite. On the moraine ahead a marmot whistled at us and then watched curiously for quite a while. Its markings were strange, for the front half of the body was a light buff color while the back half was brown--just as though the animal had fallen halfway into a bucket of brown paint.

After exploring our surroundings we decided on the grassy alp as a campsite and were picking the best spot when we saw the rest of the party approaching. This camp was the best of the trip so far. Water came from a group of small streams which fell from the cliffs above and ran through the little meadow only a hundred feet from our fire. A huge overhanging boulder furnished shelter for our duffle and firewood, while a level grassy plot was available for our tents. The views up the glacier and east over the Columbia River valley were superb. Save for the omnipresent mosquitoes, which seemed to be getting bigger but not so ferocious, it was a camp without a flaw. A happy bunch crawled into bed that night--Sterling had even said that we could sleep late in the morning!

July 10

Ah, such luxury, lying in bed until six o'clock! After breakfast we all returned to the cache at the slide and brought up the last of our supplies, which fortunately Mr. Bruin hadn't molested in our absence. While there we filled our pockets with fern fronds, and Donald promised us a real treat for supper. Lunch was a leisurely meal interspersed with lots of picture-taking. Chuck even stole off and shot some telephoto movies of the goats, which the others still hadn't seen. By now I was actually beginning to enjoy myself, an unheard-of state of mind. For as Sterling was fond of reminding us, "On a back-packing trip if your pack feels comfortable, then it isn't big enough; and if you're not hungry after a meal, then you're carrying too much food!"

Donning reasonably heavy packs we started out to locate our final camp. To my huge delight Sterling decided to try the glacier as a route of approach. Scrambling over the rocks we surprised a goat only fifty feet away who looked us in the eye for a minute, wagged his beard in disgust, and bounded easily away. AND NOT ONE OF US WAS CARRYING A CAMERA!

Words cannot describe my thrill as I stepped on a glacier for the first time in my life! For years I had been reading about them in books, from the concise instructions in the Handbook of American Mountaineering to the exploits of Mallory and Tilman in the Himalayas, and now, at last, I was treading one in person, an ice axe in my hand and a mixture of delight and apprehension in my mind. To my great surprise the ice was rough, not at all like that seen in ice-houses, and I was able to walk along as readily as on a city street--for a while. Our Bramani boots stuck well to the surface; only Don, who was still wearing his golf rubbers, did any skidding. There were several great crevasses to amaze me with their blue depths, and even a snow bridge or two. I'll never forget the thrill of seeing Chuck, astraddle an innocent-looking depression filled with hard-packed snow, easily plunging his ice axe down into the surface for its full length. A real honest-to-goodness hidden crevasse! Thereafter I advanced with even

greater caution. For our edification Sterling chopped a few steps which to my inexperienced eye looked highly precarious, and led us up a few easy slopes without the use of steps.

After traveling about a mile we were opposite a likely place for a high camp near timberline. High overhead on the skyline an awesome, knife-edged, bepinnaled arete inspired an irreverent member of the party to recommend the impromptu title of "Cascaret Ridge", for obvious reasons! Veering from the glacier we began a difficult ascent of the steep, loose mass of the moraine. Near the top it was necessary to dig steps with my ice axe before I could ascend the final almost perpendicular dirt and rock wall. Donald slipped once but managed to stop himself just in time. We agreed that we wouldn't use that route again even if taxicabs were available to carry us the length of the glacier. While we were catching our breath on top, Sterling made the traditional comment under such circumstances, "Moraines are the same the world over!", and we all nodded sagely in agreement, just as though we really knew.

Behind the moraine a beautiful stream cascaded down the rocks to disappear at the bottom, flowing through the moraine to appear again on the other side, high above the glacier. We scrambled along the more gently-sloping inside surface of the moraine toward a small gap through which the stream ran between the moraine and the hillside. Entering the gap we halted suddenly with delighted exclamations. A lovely, flat, heather-covered open glade lay between the mountain slopes and the moraine. Several waterfalls tumbled from the surrounding heights, fed by the many snowfields which dotted the slopes above us. These streams joined forces in the meadow to form the large brook which flowed out through the gap. The moraine on the right and the hillside on our left were covered with cedar and spruce trees. High above to the southwest rose the rocky, snow-covered spires of the Adamant Range, the mountains we had traveled so far to see. Obviously this was the site for our base camp, with plenty of wood, water, and shelter from the wind.

To make sure, however, we toured the surrounding hillsides. Although very lovely they couldn't begin to equal the spot which we christened "Fairy Meadow". The heather was particularly lovely, and wonderfully soft to lie on. Arnold, Chuck, and I couldn't resist its lure, but the indefatigable Donald and Sterling kept prowling around until they had thoroughly explored the terrain. An easy way was found onto the glacier, an important matter for our future climbs. After watching two goats on the hill above the meadow, we finally headed down the narrow crest of the moraine toward camp. It was obviously the easiest route to follow, but seemed very tiring after a long day, although by following goat trails we were skillfully led around the most awkward places.

That evening cooked fern fronds were our piece de resistance. They proved to be delicious, with a delicate flavor a little like spinach or asparagus. At last was reaping the benefits of the hilarious Carderock experiments of the others about which I had read so much in Up Rope while overseas. Around the campfire we discussed such matters as moving camp the next morning, the mosquitoes at Fairy Meadow, and the age of the glacier (Sterling judged from the trees on the moraine that its major recession occurred about a hundred years ago), before finally staggering sleepily to our tents.

July 11

Everyone awoke early, raring to go. After breakfast Chuck returned to the top of the terminal moraine to pick up a few items which we had left there and to look for Sterling's poncho which he had borrowed and lost. The rest of us broke camp and started up the moraine toward Fairy Meadow. The two extra loads were carried halfway by Sterling and Don and relayed the remaining distance by Arnold and I. Naturally there was a good-natured skirmish as to just how far "halfway" was. Although steep, the moraine seemed quite easy in our fresh condition, and we took many snapshots as we climbed. Returning for our second load Arnold and I met Chuck and learned that he had

found the poncho. Under a heavy pack one has a tendency to wobble a little, and we found that on the narrow, crumbling crest of the moraine we had to be careful that our wobbles were in the right direction, for it was a long way down to the floor of the glacier.

As we ascended on the last trip, a rain began which continued intermittently for the rest of the day. Between showers we managed to set up our camp, constructing bough beds, erecting our tents, and generally settling down for a long stay. At lunch Sterling cooked flapjacks for the first time. Smothered with jam, these tasty delicacies easily became our favorite dish. Inspired by the success of his efforts, the cook rashly promised that from now on the meals would really be something to rave about. In the afternoon all the food was laid out and sorted, so that we knew exactly what the status of our commissary was and could plan accordingly.

Putting up my second-hand mountain tent for the first time, I found that it shed water better than either of the other tents. The rotten condition of the fabric, however, told me that I'd be using lots of adhesive tape as patching material from now on. The mosquitoes were quite bad, making headnets a necessity. We could only hope that as the snowbanks around camp melted, the bugs would become less plentiful. With this slight exception, Fairy Meadow appeared to be a perfect camp, much better than we had dared hope for.

(To be continued--unfortunately!)