

CASCADIAN CENTENNIAL SCRAPBOOK

15 CLIMBERS GET TO TOP OF ADAMS WITH CASCADIANS

Aug 13
Rangers Stationed as Lookouts on Summit Serve Hot Tea to Weary Climbers

MAZAMAS ENJOY OUTING

Fifteen climbers of the Cascadian expedition to Mt. Adams reached the summit of Yackima's peak in the annual summer climb according to word relayed from Avalanche valley by way of White Swan to this city. The ascent was made up the south side and the trip down on the north. Those men for the climb were Clarence Starcher, Roland Whitmore and E. E. Coursen, whose home is in Portland. The others on the trip were R. E. Hull, Elsie Hanft, R. L. Michel, Athene Clymer, Ronald E. Hull, Delva Tipple, Ferris Tipple, Charles Lewis, Thelma Thurman, J. M. Streeter, Lucille Schreiner and C. E. Truitt.

Served With Tea at Park
Departure for the ascent was made at 4 o'clock in the morning, the party going up over Kieckitit and Mazama glaciers. It was necessary to cut steps through all of the crevasses, which made the climb far more difficult than the one over the same route 3 years ago. Many crevasses were crossed over bridges and in most places the snow had melted down to the bare glacier, which made the step-cutting necessary. The climbers all reached the summit in good shape at 12:30, and were served with tea by the two forest rangers who are stationed at the summit as lookouts.

The start down the north side was made at 2 o'clock and upon leaving the snow cap the Cascadians met a party from the Mazama club, 30 strong. Camp was reached at 7, after crossing Java, Lyman and Wilson glaciers. On the trip the mountaineers crossed every glacier on the mountain with the exception of the White Salmon glacier.

Evening Party Enjoyed
"Last night the Mazamas, 70 strong, arrived in camp and just below us," concluded the hurried report. "We had a wonderful combined campfire program. The violin playing of Miss Thurman was especially enjoyed. Speeches were made by Starcher, Coursen and John A. Lee. Today we have a trip to the Ridge of Wonders, the Big Muddy, Kieckitit glacier, Lake Little Mount Adams. The Mazamas are going with us, so we will have a large party. This is one of the most beautiful trips on the mountain."

R. E. Williams of the Four Hour club reached the Cascadian camp in the week, and will return for the period of the out-the-Yakima club.



1920 ~ 2020

THE YAKIMA D. CASCADIANS PLAN TRIPS

Outing Club Members Schedule Number of Hikes to Valley Points of Interest

A complete schedule of trips to be taken by the Cascadians during the next three months has been worked out by the committee and leaders and committees named, according to announcement made today by the president, Clarence Truitt.

Educational features will be promoted on all of the outings and time will be given to the discussion of various phenomena encountered. Club members experienced in various lines will give the others the benefit of their study and observations. The following committee chairmen have been named with this in view: Harold Carey, geologist; Arthur Renspie, trees; Mrs. J. V. Ellis, J. M. Streeter and J. M. Pillion, flowers and birds; E. V. McWhorter, history and Indian lore; Bessie Simmons, entomology.

Record to Be Kept
Mrs. W. E. Richardson has been named chairman of community singing, to promote music around the camp fires. All of the chairmen will name their own committees. Leaders on all of the trips will report details of the outings to the historian, Mrs. Ellis. These will be filed in a book for future reference.

March 11 the Cascadians will make a trip to the Yakima canyon and see the Gibson buffalo herd. Cars will be left in Selah at the toboggan slide and members will climb the hill to the summit overlooking the river and the new road construction in the canyon. The petrified forest will also be visited. Harold Carey will be leader.

To View Indian Paintings.
March 23 C. F. Truitt will lead the members on the Tieton tunnel and canal trip. They will go by automobile to Windy Point. April 8 Miss Pearl Snyder will be the leader on a walking trip over Yakima Ridge from a point opposite the Cascade Lumber company to the Counting club, a distance of about eight miles and the petrified forest at Squaw creek are the objectives for the 22 trip, upon which Arthur Renspie will be leader. Cars will be left at Pomona and the members will hike up the canyon three or four miles on May 6, a longer trip to Klocch mountain is planned. The mountaineers will go to Rainierock first. Those who can do so will go up Saturday night and others follow early Sunday. This is regarded as one of the most beautiful trips of all. The flowers will be in bloom at this time and a magnificent sight is anticipated. Clarence Starcher will be leader.

Weman Leads On Climb.
The trip to Mt. Cleman will be made May 13. This is the qualifying climb for the Mt. Stuart expedition. All who make the latter trip are expected to negotiate Mt. Cleman first. Miss Bessie Simmons, who has already distinguished herself as a mountaineer, will be leader.

Final arrangements for the Mt. Stuart trip, May 27-30, will be made at a meeting at the Commercial club rooms May 20. Equipment will be checked, positions on the rope assigned and suggestions given. Talks on the geologic formation of the Mt. Stuart section will also be given and pictures of previous trips be shown.

YAKIMA SKIERS GET TO CAMP

trip of 22 Miles Is Made in 12 Hours, Part of Time Battling Snow Storm

Bumping Lake, Feb. 23. (Special to The Republic.)—Clarence Truitt and his party of skiers reached Bumping Lake last night shortly after 8 o'clock, after having spent 12 hours in covering the 22 miles between Fontaine's and Jack Nelson's cabin. Part of the time they battled against a snow storm and part of the time were surrounded by a flock of mosquitoes just aroused from their winter's sleep and correspondingly hungry, they said.

"We left Fontaine's early, after having spent the night at Cliffdell," Truitt reports. "It is hard to believe that any place could be as beautiful as Nelson's is now. We walked in the snow for about half the distance and the other half used our skis. We struck one snow storm on the trip and also one lot of mosquitoes."

"Tired? No, not as much as we expected. Part of the way the going was difficult but no one played out

CASCADIANS HAVE GREAT TIME ON "MYSTERY" HIKE

View Entire Tieton Watershed After Being Roused for Climb at 2 in the Morning

Cascadians yesterday enjoyed their long-awaited "mystery hike." Despite the storm, they left Yakima Saturday evening and drove to the Cowichie sawmill, where they camped for the night.

They were awakened by the leader at 2 o'clock Sunday morning and started up the hill to its rim. They had breakfast at the springs at the summit at 6 o'clock and after the meal hiked for four or five miles along the divide ridge. The entire Tieton watershed could be seen on the right with the Cowichie on the left. Several bear tracks were seen, as were a number of elk tracks. There were many grouse seen, the birds being so numerous that two of the hikers almost caught one of them as it flew between them. Some small patches of snow were seen, but on the whole snow is scarce. When the summit was reached the weather was perfectly clear, so the hikers enjoyed close-up views of Rainier, Adams, and the Goat Rocks. Those who made the trip voted it the most beautiful the club has taken this season.

Hikers who reached the summit are Clarence Starcher, Doyle Starcher, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Richardson, R. L. Michel, R. E. Hull, Roland Hull, Whitty Renspie, the leader, Lawrence

Slide Is Pleasure

another outstanding feature of a climb to the summit of Mount Adams is the slide down afterward from the first summit. This slide alone will win one over to becoming one of the admirers of the great mountain. All one needs to do is sit down on the edge of the top of the first summit, put one's alpenstock behind him as a sort of brace, let loose all holds and get the thrill of one's life in a mile of slides that eclipses even those taken in kid days on the hill near the schoolhouse. The slide is taken without danger, for the incline very accommodatingly flattens out gradually at the lower end and one always up and stops without effort and feels so rested he is sorely tempted to climb up again just to get the slide down.

Cascadians Scale Mt. Cleman

Mt. Cleman was scaled Sunday by 15 members of the Cascadian club in three and one-half hours. Scaling the peak involved a climb of 3000 feet. The party began the climb from the north side of the mountain near the end of the pavement above Naches City. One of the club's permanent record boxes was placed in a raft of rocks.

CASCADIANS

CASCADIAN CENTENNIAL SCRAPBOOK

1920 - 2020



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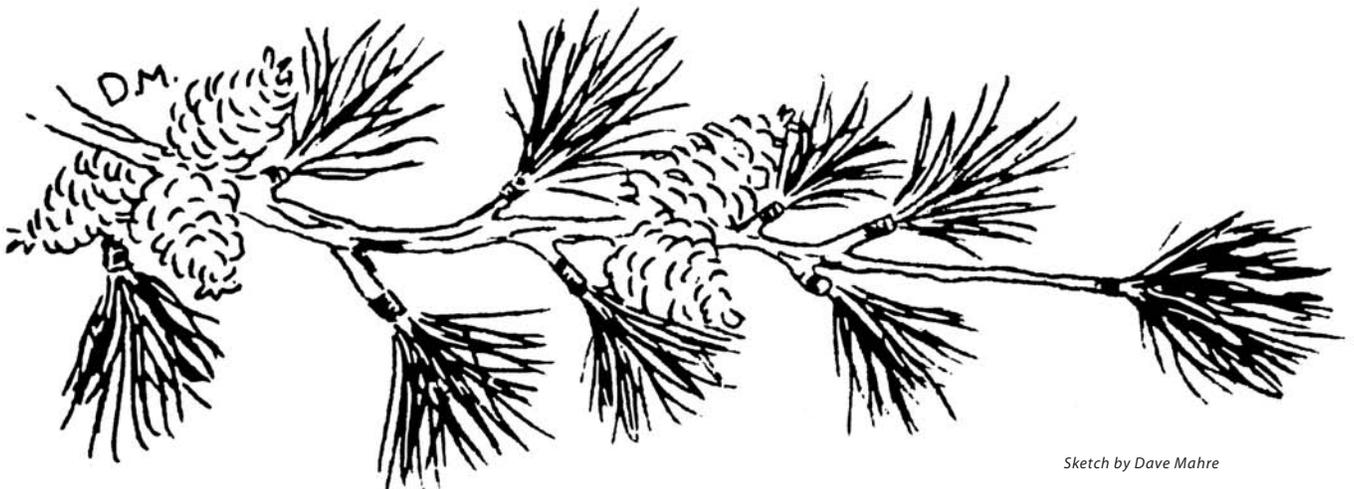
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Cover design by Karen Stotsenberg



Sketch by Dave Mahre

CASCADIAN HISTORY PRESERVED IN CENTENNIAL SCRAPBOOK

By Ron Graham

This Cascadian Centennial Scrapbook provides an opportunity to reflect on the many and varied activities of the club over the past 100 years. The intent is to both educate and inspire our current members as we portray the people who started and continued our various Cascadian traditions during the past century.

It would be impossible to include all the newspaper articles, meeting minutes, outing descriptions, and Cascadian Annual entries for that time period. Fortunately, our group has had faithful stewards of our club records during its history, and there is a rich source of historical material in the Yakima Valley Museum archives.

In selecting items for the Centennial Scrapbook, I have put more emphasis on the early years, particularly the first decade. Those were the earliest days of the Cascadians, and some remarkable accomplishments can be re-lived in these pages.

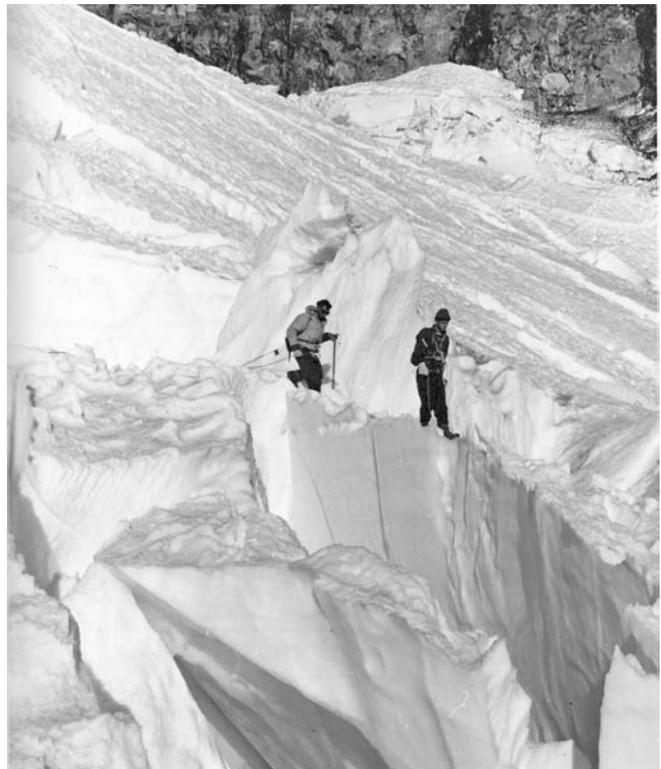
Another emphasis in the Centennial Scrapbook relates to mountaineering exploits. Although day hiking is clearly the club's most prominent outdoor activity in recent years, up until the last quarter century our club was best known for mountain climbing. A number of first ascents were recorded by Cascadians, particularly on the major nearby Cascade peaks—Mt. Rainier, Mt. Adams, and Mt. Stuart.

Although the Centennial Scrapbook includes fewer items about recent Cascadian outings, the scope of our current club activities is still impressive. Camping trips, hikes, snowshoe and skiing outings, biking, backpacking, litter pickup, and trail maintenance form much of what the club continues to enjoy and provide, both for members and guests.

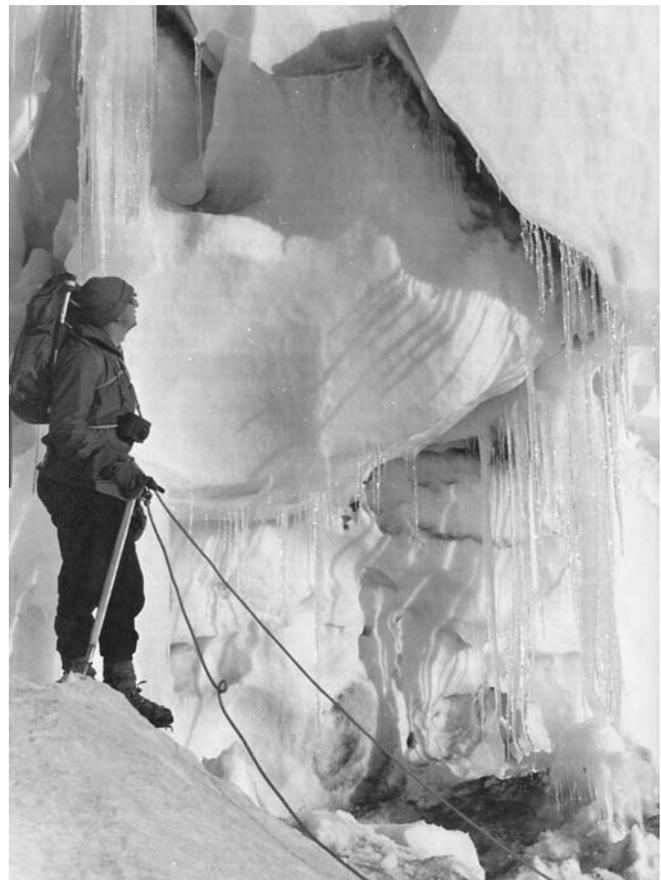
So dive into this publication, and enjoy a trip down memory lane as we celebrate The Cascadians' once-in-a-lifetime Centennial.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Producing this historic publication to mark the 100th anniversary of The Cascadians has been a fascinating process as we have researched a variety of materials and talked to numerous members in order to complete this "Cascadian Centennial Scrapbook." Credit goes to various supporters of this project. We particularly recognize Yakima Valley Museum staff along with Cascadian members Karen Stotsenberg, Jeff and Joyce Hagen, David Hagen, Ray Paoella and Fern Sule.



*Cascadians shown climbing on Mt. Rainier's
Ingraham Glacier during the mid 1960s.
Photos by Dr. Neal Thompson.*



HOW IT CAME TO BE

Little did I realize upon joining Cascadians in 1984 how closely my life story and that of the club would be intertwined. It seems that destiny took a hand in developing the interaction between the club and myself at that fateful time.



Ron Graham

And as we reach the centennial milestone of The Cascadians, that close connection still plays a major role in my life. As chairman of the committee for this 100th birthday, I not only find much cause for celebration but also a chance to reflect on how far the club has come in my 35 plus years of association with the group.

Cascadians has served as a conduit to enrich my life personally and professionally.

In a personal sense, it has opened my eyes to the many opportunities for outdoor recreation we enjoy in the Yakima Valley and beyond. Perhaps just as importantly, it has connected me with many other outdoor enthusiasts who share similar interests.

In my first few years of membership, my eyes were opened to many outstanding hiking destinations in the region. Experienced and knowledgeable leaders offered their expertise by willingly guiding me and others to these new locations. And in the process I rubbed shoulders with other people who enjoyed these outdoor recreation opportunities.

As time went on, I took an increasing interest and role in the Cascadians group. Don Havlin, an avid ambassador for the group and keeper of its legacy as club historian, became a mentor. I led hikes and outings for the group and became a board member, eventually serving as club president from 1992 through 1994.

When Cascadians celebrated its 75th anniversary in 1995, I served as chairman for activities marking that occasion. Little did I realize then that I would be stepping forward 25 years hence to take on the same role for the club's centennial.

In a professional sense, my association with Cascadians altered my life in other ways. For some 25 years, up until my retirement in 2010, I wrote an outdoor column for the Yakima Herald Republic that often featured hiking trips sponsored by Cascadians. Not only did club leaders provide key information on hike details such as trail distances and elevation gain, but the other hikers on these outings served as models in the photos that accompanied the columns. At various points during those years I used my newsprint soapbox to provide

stories about the organization and its events that helped to bolster the club's visibility in the community.

When I received the Cascadians "Distinguished Service Award" in 1994, my various means of supporting the club was noted with emphasis on the newspaper writing. "It has been in an unofficial capacity, however, that Ron has served the Cascadians most. Over 10 years ago he began writing his regular "Trailblazer" column for the Yakima Herald-Republic.

"In his columns Ron has frequently written about Cascadian outings and thus, through this publicity, has singlehandedly increased club membership and exposure in the community more than any other person in recent memory," wrote former Cascadian president David Hagen in his award speech.

Another part of my resume included authorship of a hiking guidebook in 1995 covering the local area, Trailblazer Guide to 75 Hikes in Central Washington.

As we celebrate this milestone 100th birthday of Cascadians, we can reflect on the many ways its existence has influenced the lives of so many people in so many different ways. My experience is but one piece of a much larger story that we can utilize as an opportunity to reflect on the club's legacy and anticipate its continued influence in the future.

CASCADIANS PICK A STARTING DATE

Fortunately, clear evidence exists to establish the beginning point for The Cascadians because over the years dates other than 1920 have surfaced to create potential confusion. Two articles that appeared in the *Yakima Morning Herald* during April of 1920 pinpoint the origin of this outdoor recreation group.

The first article, dated April 3, 1920 is titled, "Amateur Walkers Organize A Club." One week later on April 10 a follow-up piece is titled "Cascadians is Name of New Outing Club." So much for the printed record.

However, the Yakima Valley Museum contains material from an old Cascadians club bulletin authored by charter member Rolfe Whitnall which lists April, 1921 as the starting date. It further states, "The first outing was held on Sunday, April 27, 1921 on a trip to Ahtanum Ridge south of Wiley City."

Another piece of newspaper evidence contained in the museum collection of Cascadian memorabilia creates further confusion. An interview of four Cascadian charter members in 1949 including Rolfe Whitnall states that the climbing organization was started in 1919. A photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe Whitnall along with Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Richardson includes the caption, "The four are charter members of the organization which got its start in 1919." This write-up appeared in the *Yakima Sunday Herald* on September 11, 1949.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS REPORT CLUB'S BEGINNINGS

YAKIMA MORNING HERALD
SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1920

AMATEUR WALKERS ORGANIZE A CLUB

Numerous Trips Planned for Summer
Months, Including Long Hike Up
Either Mt. Adams or Mt. Rainier

Formation of a Mountaineers club in Yakima was effected last night in the Commercial club rooms by a score of enthusiastic pedestrians of both sexes. Howard Green was chosen as vice president, with Mrs. J.R. Vincent, secretary, and Rolfe Whitnall, treasurer. Selection of a president was postponed after C.E. Rusk and W.L. Steinweg had declined to accept. Mr. Rusk will act temporarily until the choice is made.

A committee to draw up a constitution and set of by-laws to be submitted at the next meeting was named to comprise Dr. C.H. Libbey, Mr. Steinweg, Miss S.I. Anthon, O.C. Soots, and J.M. Filloon. The membership committee will consist of Miss Carrie Grosenbaugh, Mark C. Delle, D.G. Smith, Mrs. Theodore Jacobs, and A.B. Cline.

Hold Weekly Meetings

It was decided to hold weekly meetings, the next session being called for Friday evening at the Commercial club. At that time a name for the organization will be chosen, the constitution adopted, and a program outlined for the summer.

As voiced by Mr. Rusk, the aims of the club are to supply a sufficiently diversified program to appeal to all proponents of walking as a recreation and exercise. With this end in view a number of short weekend hikes will be arranged as will one long trip to either Mt. Rainier or Mt. Adams.

YAKIMA MORNING HERALD
SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1920

CASCADIANS IS NAME OF NEW OUTING CLUB

Organization Closes Charter With
90 Members Affiliated and Decides
To Join National Society

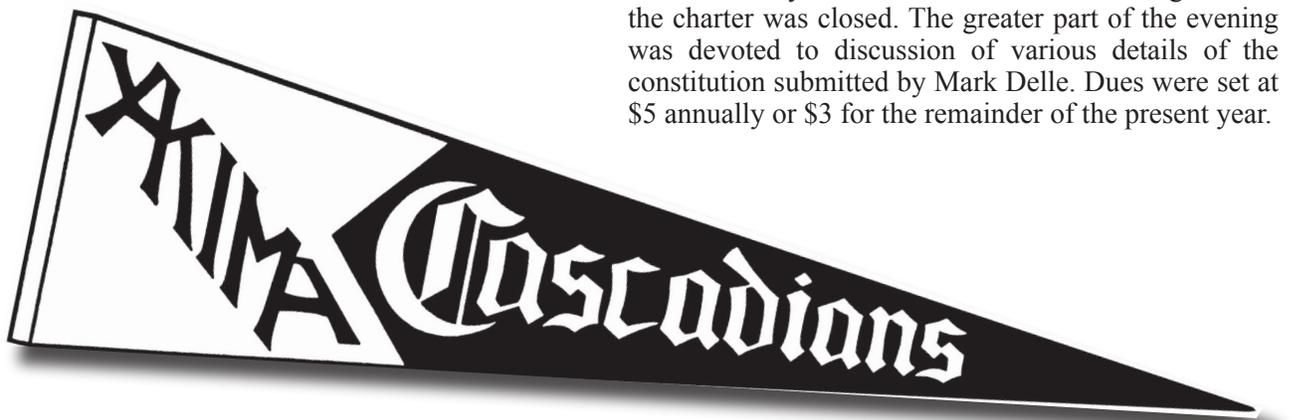
The Cascadians is the name chosen for the recently organized outing club which held its second meeting last evening in the Commercial club rooms. C.E. Rusk, who declined election as president at the first meeting, was prevailed upon last night to accept the office. Mr. Rusk, who is himself a mountain climber of reputation, having attempted the ascent of Mt. McKinley in Alaska and climbed other sizeable peaks, said that he felt the Cascades offered the professional mountain climber rugged work to compare with the peaks of Europe and that he thought such a club as just organized here would perhaps lead to attracting them here.

There was an animated debate over the name, some of the members favoring the "peppy" name of Yak-Yak. The ladies were conspicuous in opposition, understanding that a Yak was a beast of the oxen type and refusing to be called the feminine. It was their influence which led to the choice of the more poetic caption for the club.

The constitution and by-laws adopted provide for the acquisition of property and erection of a clubhouse. This it was explained was merely to provide machinery for action at such time as the club possesses these things. There is no immediate plan for acquisition.

The object of the club is specifically stated as for outdoor recreation, exploration and the study of wildlife.

Ninety members were enrolled last night when the charter was closed. The greater part of the evening was devoted to discussion of various details of the constitution submitted by Mark Delle. Dues were set at \$5 annually or \$3 for the remainder of the present year.



RUSK LEADS CASCADIANS TO NEW PEAKS

Editor's note: When The Cascadians first organized in 1920, the membership turned to a well-known local mountaineer, C.E. Rusk, to head the organization. Although he at first turned down the club presidency, he soon reconsidered and became the fledgling group's first president. The following article written by Don Havlin, and printed in the 1976 annual, details Rusk's life.

Claude E. Rusk was born in Knox County, Illinois, Nov. 20, 1871, a son of James and Josie (Maxwell) Rusk. They moved to Washington Territory in the fall of 1874, settling in the eastern part of Klickitat County (Wood Gulch). In January, 1887, the family established their home at Wetemis Soda Springs (Rusk Soda Springs) in the Klickitat River.

At the age of 17, C.E. Rusk began teaching school at Camas Prairie. He became editor of the Goldendale Courier in 1892, which post he held for a year. On Oct. 30, 1898, he married Miss Rachel N. Gilmore, daughter of Klickitat County pioneers. A son, Rodney L., was born in 1903. A daughter was born later, but we have no information about her, although her married name was Mrs. Maurice H. Barnes.

After completing his law studies, Rusk was admitted to the Bar in 1902, establishing his practice at Lake Chelan, where he remained for six years.

In the spring of 1910 he became the leader of the Mazama expedition climbing Mt. McKinley to determine whether or not the famous Dr. Lawrence Cook's claims of having climbed that mountain were in fact true. Photographs taken on this climb ascertained (at least to Rusk's satisfaction), that "summit" pictures taken by Cook were fraudulent.

Rusk then became involved in mining interests in Oregon until 1912, when he became editor of the Benton Independent at Prosser, Washington. After a year he returned to his law practice until the spring of 1915. He was appointed to a four-year term as receiver of the United States Land Office at Yakima. In 1920 he became founding president of The Cascadians. Then in 1923 he moved to Grants Pass, Oregon, to practice law. That was still his residence when he died on Feb. 2, 1931. He was Justice of the Peace at that time.

A letter dated Nov. 29, 1930, and signed by Rusk stated, "In the event of my death, it is my desire

that immediately after my body is cremated my ashes to be placed in a plain, substantial metal container and turned over to The Cascadians of Yakima, Washington, under the supervision of C.F. Truitt. Whenever some party of that club is making the ascent of the east side of Mount Adams I want the ashes placed in a rock cairn on top of the "Castle" and there left in a permanent resting place;

providing this can be done without too much danger to the members of the party. In case it is found dangerous to attempt to place the ashes on top of the Castle, I would like to have them dropped into one of the big crevasses on the upper part of the Rusk Glacier on the east side of Mount Adams.

On July 27, 1932, Clarence Truitt and Clarence Starcher, Cascadians and old friends of Rusk, placed the urn on the "Castle." This past summer, on the weekend of July 31-Aug. 1, 1976, Dave Rowland, past President, Clint Crocker, Matt Kerns, and Paul Smith made the difficult ascent to the "Castle" via the Rusk Glacier. There they found the urn still in place with its small bronze tablet, which had been provided by the Grants Pass chapter of the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War.

Following are a few highlights of Rusk's climbing career from his book, *Tales of a Western Mountaineer* (republished in 1979 by The Mountaineers): **July 6, 1889**, first climbed Mt. Adams with his uncle, W.A. Maxwell. **July 4, 1891**, attempted to climb Mt. Adams to light "red fire" on the summit, but severe storm forced them off the mountain. **July 10, 1895**, attempt was made to establish holographic communications between Mts. Baker, Rainier, Adams, Hood, Jefferson and Diamond Peak. Rising smoke from forest fires prevented complete success. **Summer of 1901**, Rusk and Prof. Harry F. Reid, head of the Geology Department of John Hopkins University, mapped Mt. Adams. Rusk Glacier and River were given their names by Reid. **July 19, 1902**, Rusk reported an unusual experience during a Mazama climb of Mt. Adams. A Mr. E.H. Loomis became a "human toboggan" to bring a "Miss Blank" down unconscious from the summit. **July 4, 1920**, Rusk and Rolfe Whitnall climbed Mt. Stuart and placed a record box on the summit. **August 13-14, 1921**, first ascent of the east side of Mt. Adams, reaching the "Castle" on the 13th and the summit on the 14th.



CASCADIANS – 100 YEARS AND GOING STRONG

In the Beginning

A century ago a group of area residents contemplated forming an outdoor recreation group with the catchy name of “Yak-Yak.” However, majority opinion held sway with the final name becoming The Cascadians, a name the organization still bears today.

The Cascadians started off with a bang in April of 1920, enrolling ninety charter members in the first few weeks. Since then, the fortunes of the group have waxed and waned through the years, but The Cascadians still flourishes today, offering a variety of outdoor recreation opportunities to area residents.

“Amateur Walkers Organize a Club” was the headline in the *Yakima Morning Herald* of April 3, 1920. The aims of the group were to “supply a sufficiently diversified program to appeal to all proponents of walking as a recreation and exercise,” according to the organization’s first president, C.E. Rusk.

Rusk was a prominent mountaineer at the time in the Pacific Northwest, and many outings in the early days were focused on mountain climbing. However, there were picnics and outings to members’ summer homes in the mountains as well. Plus, they had social events like dances and parties in town.

“It was sort of the ‘in thing’ to join The Cascadians back in 1920,” according to past club historian Don Havlin. “It was much like today’s Chamber of Commerce.”

Meetings were held at the Commercial Club in downtown Yakima when The Cascadians were first formed. Many community leaders belonged to the group. Dues for membership were set at \$5 annually.

Climbing Exploits

One of the most amazing stories involving Cascadian members’ climbing exploits occurred in 1926. Clarence Starcher and Clarence Truitt, together with Q.A. Blackburn, a member of the Seattle Mountaineers, set off on a nine-day hiking and climbing marathon that included ascents of Mt. Hood, Mount St. Helens, Mt. Adams, and Mt. Rainier.

During the nine days they covered some 3,250 miles and “made elevations of 56,826 feet, or approximately, 11 miles of climbing,” according to records of their trip.

“Carrying no bedding and subsisting on berries, nuts, dried fruits, and canned wheat, these men, after climbing Mt. Hood on July 3rd and Mount St. Helens on July 4th, hiked to Mt. Adams, which they climbed on July 6th, and then to Mt. Rainier which they climbed on July 9th, and from Rainier to Bumping Lake, where they were picked up by automobiles on July 11th, reaching Yakima that evening.”

Mountain climbing remained a primary focus of the group for many years, particularly on those same mountains included in the above epic journey. However, one of the most frequently climbed peaks by club members in the Cascade Mountains has been Mt. Stuart, elevation 9,415 feet. Located northwest of Ellensburg, this Central Washington peak for many years was an annual “Decoration Day” climb for Cascadian members, (later designated a Memorial Day weekend event).

In order to spread the enjoyment of mountain climbing as well as promote safe travel in the mountains, various Cascadians became leaders of Pacific Northwest climbing. Names such as Louie Ulrich, Lex Maxwell, Gene and Bill Prater, Dave Mahre, Fred Dunham, Fred Stanley, and Jim Wickwire popped up frequently in the listings of first ascents in the region.



Early Cascadian climbers pose by the lookout atop Mt. Adams in the 1920s. Mt. Adams was a particularly favored destination for Cascadian outings. The club president C.E. Rusk led many climbs there.

One former Cascadian president, Curtiss Gilbert, was especially involved with encouraging youth to join the mountaineering field. A longtime scoutmaster, he promoted Cascadian involvement in this effort, reporting in the 1940 *Cascadian Bulletin* that he along with Lex Maxwell and Louis Ulrich led parties of Scouts on nine mountain climbs and 14 hikes.

“Youth, unhampered by family restrictions, possessing the physique to carry him to the places of his heart’s desire, needs only a little financial assistance and leadership to satisfy the eternal urge for adventure and knowledge,” Gilbert wrote in the 1941 *Cascadian Annual*. “The older Cascadians should be assisting in the development of these new club members so that their climbing abilities may lead them to foreign mountains, and the skiing abilities may qualify them for the best courses in the world.”

Mt. Adams Mass Climbs

Mt. Adams also was a frequent target for the enterprising Cascadians, and during the late 1960s and

early 1970s the group helped lead thousands of area residents on what were known as “mass climbs.” For 11 years these group climbs were scheduled for one day in the summer and in 10 of those years the majority of climbers reached the 12,327-foot summit, according to Cascadian Lynn Buchanan. Each year during these mass climbs hundreds of neophyte climbers were guided up the peak by experienced Cascadians and mountain rescue climbers such as Buchanan.

Not only did these climbs attract impressive crowds, they also brought in some impressive names for that time period. Climb chairmen who participated in the actual event included then Gov. Dan Evans, Sen. Slade Gorton, and Washington State football coach Jim Sweeney.

From the time the mass climb started in 1966 to its end as a Bicentennial event in 1976, an estimated 4,000 to 4,500 participants toiled up the snowy peak. Of those who attempted the climb, better than half of the climbers are estimated to have reached the summit. Only in one of these years did a climb fail to reach the summit due to adverse weather conditions, Buchanan said.

Lynn Buchanan also played a prominent role in area mountain rescue efforts for 57 years. At one time the local mountain rescue group was a committee of Cascadians and later became a separate organization known as Central Washington Mountain Rescue.

Skiing and Snow Sports

The Cascadians has also been active in snow sports since the group began. A newspaper article from February 23, 1923 recounts details of a 21-mile ski trip made to Bumping Lake in 12 hours. The group was responsible for popularizing snowshoeing, tobogganing and skiing in the Yakima area.

The first Yakima area ski run was developed jointly by the Cascadians and the American Legion on the north slope of Yakima Ridge in the East Selah area. The second was at Quartermile, about that distance off the Chinook Pass highway up the Morse Creek drainage.



Cascadians popularized the sport of tobogganing during the 1920s, enjoying group trips to nearby snow slopes.

The next was near the Gold Hill cabin, farther in on the same route. The Cascadians were also involved in the development of the old American River Ski Bowl off the Chinook Pass highway at the Bumping Road. White Pass also had the backing of some Cascadians in its establishment.

One of the most popular locations for snow sports was in the Morse Creek area at the Gold Hill cabin. In the early years, Cascadians were hosted by Clarence Truitt and the Boy Scout troop he led. Later on, Chuck and Marion Hessey would lead trips to the cabin on overnight trips, allowing Cascadians to ski and snowshoe in the backcountry. In more recent times, Don Havlin and Clar Pratt organized winter trips there.

However, since 1985 a group of Cascadians began an annual club outing to the Mazama area for snow activities, primarily cross-country skiing. Twenty or more members have frequently participated in the February trip to North Cascades Base Camp west of Winthrop.

Cross-country skiing burst on the local scene in the late 1970s. To promote interest in this sport Cascadians offered ski lessons under the direction of Dorothy Egg. The lessons proved highly popular with 92 Cascadians taking lessons in 1979 with another 70 signing up in the following year. Cascadian members continue to offer cross-country skiing instruction today.

Building and Maintaining Trails

Trail development has also been a tradition with Cascadians. The first trail built by the group climbed the hill on the east side of Selah Gap. Numerous other trail and trail-related projects have been accomplished through the years. In the 1920s the club helped in building the trail into Boulder Cave, as well as the associated camping and parking areas.

During the 1960s the trail down into Shoe Lake was relocated by Cascadian volunteers. In 1977 the club rebuilt a trail into Kloochman Rock. One of the group’s most ambitious trail projects was construction of a 14-mile Pleasant Valley Loop Trail from Hells Crossing on the Chinook Pass highway to the third bridge crossing of the American River from 1978 into the mid 1980s. Then in the early 1990s, Cascadian volunteers worked to expand and improve the Tieton River Nature Trail. Members have continued to volunteer for trail work in the national forest as well as local areas such as the Cowiche Canyon Conservancy.

Cascadians Interrupted by War

The Cascadians remained active up until the Pearl Harbor attack and the U.S. entry into World War II. Many men were in the military during the war, and gas rationing made it almost impossible to travel for recreational purposes.

Then in the years 1946 and 1947 Lex Maxwell

reorganized The Cascadians, although it did not attain its earlier numbers for many years. Rock and alpine climbing dominated much of the members' activities.

Safety and Education

In early 1956 Lex was approached by then college president Harold Hoeglund of Yakima Valley Junior College to see if he would be willing to organize a mountaineering class at the college. Dave Mahre, another prominent local mountaineer, agreed to help establish the class, and was assisted by Bob McCall, who served in the 10th Mountain Division during World War II and was then on the YVJC faculty.

Lex and others did the lectures and the outdoor hands-on matters. This tradition was continued in later years at Yakima Valley Community College and was known as the Basic Mountaineering Class. Later on, the club broke the class into two segments—Alpine Travel and Climbing. Many Cascadian volunteers educated and trained hundreds of students on how to safely recreate in the outdoors through these training classes which included outdoor sessions for backpacking, rock climbing, and glacier travel.

Day Hiking Explodes

Several trends have shaped the development of Cascadians in recent years. A shift to day hiking has been concurrent with “the graying” of the general membership. While day hikes have always been a mainstay of the group's outings, the opportunities for members to hit the trail have mushroomed in the past 30 years. Since many Cascadians are now retired, the bulk of the hiking opportunities come on weekdays rather than weekends.

Choices are abundant among three weekday groups: Trekkers, Free Spirits, and Pathfinders. Originally, the mid-week hiking started in 1985 under the leadership of Don Lines. He basically announced in the club newsletter that every Tuesday morning he would be at the 40th Avenue Bi-Mart to lead a hike somewhere. Other leaders came forward as the years went by, and the Tuesday group, as it was then called, inspired a Tuesday Twos group. Basically, the second group generally hiked easier trails and took a slower pace.

Then in 1993 Don Havlin felt there was a need for a hiking group that took

even shorter hikes at a leisurely pace. This group was initially named the Pokies and met on Thursday mornings at the Bi-Mart. Over time the Pokies experienced the greatest turnouts (often 20 or more members) for their hikes, and recruited numerous hike leaders. Only in the past few years did hikers of the former Pokies group decide to choose a spiffier name, thus it became the Pathfinders, (which actually tend to take on somewhat more challenging hikes than the Pokies typically did).

This is not to say that there aren't weekend Cascadian hikes. The club continues to offer a variety of trips on weekends, too. Options include David Hagen's “Winter Walks,” as well as his “Sagebrush Rambles,” which are frequently scheduled on weekends.

Although hiking trips garner the most participation in the club, other choices beckon. First of all, during winter months the mid-week groups mostly turn to cross-country skiing or snowshoe outings, as do the weekend trips.

More Recreation Choices

Other outdoor recreation options include backpacking, bicycling, paddling, and camping. Longtime club member David Hagen has been leading backpack trips for more than 35 years. Usually, between six and ten backpacks are scheduled each year. These tend to be multi-day trips for experienced club members.

Bicycling activities have experienced ups and downs of leadership and participation in the last 40 years. At one time, there were two highlights of the biking season—a Lower Valley wine tour with an overnight stay in Prosser, and a Triple Pass road tour trip that covered White, Cayuse, and Chinook passes. In recent years bike trips continue to be held in the local area. One popular extended bike trip has been to the



Cascadian backpackers stand with their gear in Utah's Harris Wash, Glen Canyon National Recreation Area. The 2008 trip was led by David Hagen. L-R: David, Ethan Schrank, Bob & Darlene Fay, & Brian Kelley.

Trail of the Coeur d'Alenes in Idaho, which follows a former railbed for more than 70 miles.

Paddling, whether in a canoe or kayak, has also been popular at times in the past 30 years. Most recently such opportunities have been connected with camping outings.

Multi-day camping trips were a hallmark of The Cascadians in its early years. Club members would travel to Mt. Adams for a couple weeks of hiking and climbing adventures. In more recent years, Cascadian leaders have organized camp trips mainly focused on a series of day hikes to the Oregon Coast as well as various national parks and monuments. Cascadian Ron Graham has led such trips for the past 25 years to scenic destinations such as Mt. Baker, North Cascades National Park, Olympic National Park, Mount St. Helens National Monument, Grand Teton National Park, Zion National Park, and Glacier National Park, in addition to several outings into the Canadian Rockies.

Darrell Patterson in the past few years has boosted the local camping outings, scheduling seven different camp locations in 2019. Participants can choose to hike, bike, or paddle watercraft depending on the destinations. Popularity is growing for these camp trips to such locations as Lost Lake and Cove Palisades in Oregon and Cougar Rock Campground at Mt. Rainier and Pearrygin Lake State Park near Winthrop, both in Washington.

Lest one think we have exhausted the list of club activities, consider the following. A Cascadian camera club was initiated in 2001 by the late Lee Trivette, and continues to meet monthly for viewing of members' photos and sharing tips for improving photography skills under the tutelage of David Hagen.

There is also an Adopt-a-Highway event held twice a year to pick up litter along a section of the Chinook Pass highway near Pleasant Valley campground. Club members have been turning out for this service project for about 20 years.

Another club service involves maintaining summit registers at a number of mountain peaks in the Cascades. Those who hike to the top of Bear Creek Mountain, for example, can read intriguing comments left by other hiker/climbers as well as leave their own thoughts. Over the years a number of these summit registers have been collected and now reside in the archives of the Yakima Valley Museum.

Conservation Contributions

Throughout its history, the club has taken stands on numerous conservation issues. The Cascadians strongly supported creation of the North Cascades National Park, as well as the Alpine Lakes, William O. Douglas and Norse Peak wilderness areas. Club leaders demonstrated support by allying with other like-minded groups such as Sierra Club, Federation of Western

Outdoor Clubs, Alpine Lakes Society, North Cascades Conservation Council, Cougar Lakes Wilderness Alliance, and Washington Trails Association. In recent years, Cascadians have played a variety of roles in the creation of the Yakima Greenway, the Yakima Arboretum, and Cowiche Canyon Conservancy.

"Clubs such as the Cascadians, whose oddball members struggle against gravity for fun, have played no small part in making conservation the national issue that it is today," wrote the late Chuck Hessey in the 1961 Annual. "Those letters we write to officials have force, so let's do it more often."

Meetings and Dues

The Cascadians hold monthly meetings to share programs featuring many different outdoor activities and issues at the Living Care auditorium on 40th Avenue. Meeting locations have changed over the years, ranging from what was then St. Elizabeth's Hospital, to the Harmon Senior Center, to the Yakima Valley Museum. The regular meeting is at 7 p.m. on the last Wednesday of each month.

Oh, and remember those \$5 dues the first Cascadians paid to join the club? Today the rate is \$25 for individuals and \$35 for families. That reflects quite a change in cost, but the spirit of adventure that prompted formation of the group 100 years ago remains strong in the members who continue to carry on the club's traditions. The roster recently showed some 360 members, (with some of those including other family members).

The following quotation typifies the group's ongoing vitality as printed in a January 9, 1926 article in the *Yakima Morning Herald*.

"One organization of sportsmen in the Yakima Valley finds no fault with any kind of weather. When the snow is on the ground, the Cascadians ski and toboggan, when it leaves, they hike and climb the hills or plan excursions. When the sun beats down with a smothering heat, they take to the cool mountain tops. When it is cold, they dress in warm clothing and enjoy themselves about a roaring campfire. For all around sport, no organization can beat the Cascadians. They make the best of the weather, time and finances for real sport. That is why the Cascadians are known in every part of the Northwest, and how they seem never to be in a period of inactivity."

(Article written by Ron Graham with much material coming from Don Havlin's club history account printed in the 75th anniversary Cascadian annual.)

See Charter Members List

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NEWSPAPER STORIES DETAIL CLUB'S FIRST DECADE

YAKIMA DAILY REPUBLIC
MAY 21, 1921

CASCADIAN PLAN SUMMER BIWEEKLY HIKING TRIPS

Outing Committee Makes Arrangements
For Activities Leading to Mt. Adams Trip

The outing committee of the Cascadians which met Sunday to arrange a schedule of trips for the summer, today reports a tentative schedule which includes a trip every other week up to the Mount Adams trip. Next Sunday the club will visit the Y.M.C.A. boys' camp at the Nile, leaving the Masonic Temple at 8 a.m.

There are numerous side trips at the camp for those who want them. A two-day outing is planned for July 4, to be arranged by Clarence Truitt as soon as he can find out how many can go and what they want to do.

July 16 the outing committee will make a two-day reconnaissance trip to Mount Adams, choosing a campsite and route, and logging the journey to the Klickitat River. July 17 the club will take a trip to be arranged by Max Hiscock. On July 22 a moonlight walk will be taken.

All applicants for the Mount Adams trip, which will last two weeks must sign up by July 15 and deposit their \$10, the committee announces, as no one will be taken after that date.

YAKIMA MORNING HERALD
JUNE 19, 1921

MAY EXCHANGE SIGNALS

Members of the Cascadian party that will climb Mount Adams next August may exchange heliograph signals with another party on Mount Rainier, according to a letter received by President Wayne Richardson of the Cascadians yesterday from John F. Lehmann of Everett who climbed Mt. Stuart shortly after the Cascadians made the ascent on Decoration Day.

Mr. Lehmann states that he will be at Rainier in August and plans on making the climb on August 19. If the Cascadians go up Adams on the same day, Mr. Lehmann proposes that both parties take heliograph equipment and exchange signals between the two peaks.

YAKIMA MORNING HERALD
JULY 12, 1921

MT. ADAMS CAMPING

Camping on Mt. Adams with the Cascadians for two weeks the coming August will not be a strenuous undertaking except for those who care to make it strenuous. This is according to C.E. Rusk, who is to lead the expedition which will attempt to make the ascent. He says those who want a lazy outing can have it, reducing exertion merely to that necessary for lying around camp all day if they are so disposed.

The idea of the Cascadian is to take an outing of two weeks on the mountain and give the hikers all the opportunity for climbing they can possibly want and to give the others not hard-boiled mountaineers such opportunities of enjoying the huge boulder as they prefer. The cost of the trip, which is at a low figure, will cover everything except clothing and bedding which the individuals must themselves supply.

Friday of this week is the last date on which reservations may be made. The nucleus of a strong party has already signed up for the trip. Mt. Adams was in the old days a greater favorite with the Indians than Rainier ever was and Mr. Rusk says there's a reason. He believes it a prettier mountain and more beguiling in its scenery, parks, etc.



Camp Rusk near Mt. Adams served as base camp for the Cascadians who spent a week there in the summer of 1921. Some climbed the mountain while others relaxed in camp or explored nearby terrain.

KLOOCHMAN IS CLIMBED BY 36

60 Cascadians Enjoy
Outing in Rimrock District;
Some Fight Forest Fire

Sixty Cascadians and their friends spent Sunday in the vicinity of Rimrock and climbed Kloochman Rock. Some of the "outers" camped near the ranger station this side of Rimrock on Saturday and the others left Yakima Sunday morning. The whole group left Rimrock about 10 o'clock Sunday forenoon, going up past the construction work, south of Goose Egg Mountain, and past many beautiful lakes.

36 Climb Kloochman

Flowers were exceptionally beautiful. The Cascadians saw many deer tracks, and there were some bear tracks visible. The hikers found some snow patches, and used the snow for a mock battle. Thirty-six of the group climbed Kloochman Rock, the largest party to have ever made it. The record box left on May 7 a year ago was found, and the climbers stayed on the summit for some time to enjoy the wonderful view of Rainier, Goat Rocks, and the Jump-off ranger station. The return trip was made down the east side of Goose Egg, past the soda springs and the large beaver dams.

The Tieton River was crossed near the Ranger station, and a great picnic dinner enjoyed about 7 o'clock. Most of the party had left when Ranger Mark Brunn received word that a small fire had started four miles this side of the Tieton canal intake. Cascadians who received the word stayed to help him control it, which was done without much difficulty though Brunn stayed at the fire all night to be sure it did not revive.



*Cascadian climbers pose by
Kloochman Rock cliffs.
April 1925.*

CASCADIANS GAIN MT. CLEMAN PEAK

13 of Them Make Ascent on
Sunday With Truitt Making
His 18th Climb to Top

EXPEDITIONS PLANNED

Thirteen Cascadians Sunday climbed Mt. Cleman from the south side, starting near the end of the pavement above Naches City, and placed one of the club's permanent record boxes in a large cairn of rocks on the high point reached by this route. The ascent, which involves gaining more than 3,000 feet of altitude, was made in about three and a half hours, although members of the club have made it in slightly over two hours when trying for speed.

Eighteenth for Truitt

C.E. Truitt marked up his 18th climb to the top of the mountain with yesterday's ascent. Those who made the trip were Miss Elsie Hanft of Spokane, leader; Max Hiscock, Ferris Tipple, Athene Clymer, Mrs. C.A. Palmer, Bessie Simmons, Arthur Renspie, Clarence Starcher, Bernard Fenner, Rolfe Whitnall, C.F. Truitt, A.M. Filloon.

Renspie, chairman of the outing committee, has announced the program for the coming two months, beginning with next Sunday, March 9, as:

Here Are Plans

- March 9, big slide below Toppenish, leader, Filloon.
- March 23, Tieton tunnel, leader, Mason Streeter.
- April 6, Yakima Canyon, leader, C. Starcher.
- April 20, mystery trip, leader, John Sturgis.
- May 4, Climb Kloochman Rock, leader, Truitt.
- May 18, climb Mt. Clemans, leader, Wayne Richardson.
- May 30, Mt. Stuart, four-day trip, including climb to summit.

YAKIMA DAILY REPUBLIC
APRIL 6, 1924

DEN OF SNAKES RAIDED

Cascadians on Hike Up New Ellensburg
Canyon Road Kill 20 of All Sizes

Rattlesnakes are out already, according to members of The Cascadians local hiking club, who discovered a den of the reptiles Sunday while on a hike inspecting the new road now under construction up the canyon to Ellensburg.

John Sturgis and George Blackburn first found the rattlers who were sunning themselves on a large rock pile located about three quarters of the distance up the side of the ridge in the vicinity of the Hillside spur of the Northern Pacific Railway.

With the aid of two members of the party, Rolfe Whitnall and R.S. Kain, they killed 20 of the reptiles, many more escaping among the crevices of the rocks. The snakes killed ranged all the way from a baby rattler with one small button to full grown ones with nine and 10 buttons, the large snakes being in the majority.

Hikers and fishermen who have the idea that it is too early in the season for rattlers will do well to be on the lookout hereafter, the Cascadians said.

YAKIMA MORNING HERALD
JULY 7, 1924

41 CASCADIANS HAVE FINE TIME ON SUNDAY'S OUTING

Some of Group Hike 25 Miles
Over Mountain Trails And
Others Remain at Cabin

Forty-one Cascadians on Saturday night went to the R.E. Hull cabin in the Naches near Rock Creek. Mr. Hull's radio set provided the entertainment for Saturday evening and early Sunday morning 13 of the Cascadians, under Mr. Hull's guidance, went to Menastash Lake. The group started up the Rock Creek trail and reached the Bald Mountain ranger lookout station at 7 o'clock. It afforded a beautiful view of Rainier, Adams, Goat Rocks, Stuart, Index, and the peaks around Monte Cristo.

After exploring the peak, the hikers went to Lost and Menastash lakes, and then retraced their steps, arriving at the Hull cabin about 6 o'clock, after a 25 mile hike. Those who made the trip were Leader Hull, Rolland Hull, Mr. and Mrs. R.L. Tipple, Athene Clymer, Bernice Hanson, Margaret McAndrew, Roland Whitmore, Francis Peck, C. Starcher, Doyle Starcher,

Webb Hayes, and C. F. Truitt.

Cascadians who did not make the trip remained at the Hull cabin enjoying the usual sports of the country. Rolfe Whitnall proved the most expert at horseshoe pitching. Late in the day all hands turned to and provided a splendid dinner for the hungry hikers.



Large gatherings of Cascadians such as these enjoyed the hospitality of R.E. Hull who hosted club members at his Naches area cabin.

YAKIMA MORNING HERALD
JULY, 1924

CASCADIANS ON HIKE BETWEEN TWO LAKES

Party From Yakima See Beautiful
Mountain Scenery on Jaunt From
Tipsoe to Bumping

Cascadians who hiked from Tipsoe Lake to Bumping Lake last Sunday declared the trip to be the finest they had ever taken. In point of scenery and wealth of native flowers it was full of interest. The party started at 4 o'clock from their camp on the divide, going first to Tipsoe Lake which lies just over the divide as its waters finally reach the White River.

Foggy weather obscured the view somewhat and points by which they might guide themselves could not be made out clearly. After viewing Tipsoe Lake in the morning twilight they went back on the divide and there awaited sunrise. The view of Mt. Rainier before sunrise was a glorious sight, according to Clarence Truitt, leader of the party.

As they followed the divide, the peaks and high points stuck out of the clouds and fog like islands. On the west slope of the divide it was cold and foggy, while over the crest on the east side it was warm, hence they sought the east slope when they stopped to rest. One hour after sunrise they had a fine view of Mt. Rainier, but for the rest of the jaunt it was obscured by clouds and fog.

Dewey Lake was passed, but the fog was so heavy they could not see across it. The intention had been to take the American Ridge trail. They found later that they had passed beyond it, hence they decided to strike out for the Fish Lake trail and follow it to Bumping Lake.

Both Swamp Lake and Cougar Lake were passed. The scenery about Cougar Lake is grand, said Mr. Truitt. It is three bodies of water connected by a stream instead of two as shown on the map. On the hike from Dewey to Cougar many bodies of water of considerable size were seen which are not shown on the contour map.

On the Fish Lake trail they were eager to see the falls on Bumping River, but did not find them. Evidences of misleading signs and of tampering with some of the signs were observed. Jack Nelson's cabin was reached at 6 o'clock. The hike of 21 miles was made leisurely in 14 hours.



YAKIMA MORNING HERALD
MARCH 12, 1925

**PETRIFIED TREES OF 700
YEARS LOCATED IN WENAS**

Cascadians Enjoy Outing Taken
Sunday and Find First Harbingers
of Springtide

Some petrified trees estimated to be over 700 years old were found by the Cascadians yesterday in the Wenas, which was the objective for the day's outing. Seventeen made the trip and felt well repaid for the interesting things they saw and the view of the canyon they had.

Some of the petrified trees found were as much as 6 feet in diameter and the stumps 10 feet high. The hikers saw the buffalo herd owned by the Yakima Meat company and had a splendid view of the work on the Yakima-Ellensburg canyon road. They found some yellow bells and buttercups, the real harbingers of spring, also.

Those who made the trip are: Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Starcher, Muriel Onlee, and Bren Starcher, Mr. and Mrs. W.E. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe Whitnall, Miss Bessie Simmons, Miss Nan Conry, Miss Helen Marshall, Ed Berthon, Arthur Renspie, Roscoe Tipple, Harold Carey, and Clarence Truitt.

YAKIMA DAILY REPUBLIC
AUGUST 9, 1924

**FOUR CASCADIANS REACH
MT. ADAMS PEAK FROM EAST**

Ascent Is Made In Record Time
Though Conditions Are Not All Favorable

RETURN BY NORTH SLOPE

Four members of the Cascadian party that left Yakima early Sunday morning for Mount Adams on Wednesday scaled the east side of the peak, the second time in the history of the mountain. The first recorded climb up the east side of the mountain was made three years ago. Word was received this morning from C.F. Truitt. It was sent out on Thursday and mailed from White Swan yesterday. Clarence Starcher led the party, which consisted of Starcher, Truitt, R. Michel and R. Whitmore.

Good Time Made

The climb was even more difficult than it was three years ago, according to Truitt, because of the exceptionally small amount of ice and snow on exposed portions of the snow on exposed portions of the wide bergschrund between Rust Glacier and the cliffs, which proved to be the most difficult part of the previous climb.

In spite of the difficulty, the four men made the entire climb in record time. The start on the climb was made at 3 a.m. Wednesday. At 10 a.m. they were on top of the Castle, and had negotiated the difficult part of the climb. At 11:30 they had crossed the snowfields above the Castle.

Record Likely to Stay

The return to camp was made by way of the north side, and the camp was reached at 5 p.m. the same day, a total time of 14 hours for the entire trip. It is thought to set a record for climbers for some years to come, as the ascent, disregarding the difficulties of ice and rock work over the Castle, involves a perpendicular distance of more than 7,000 feet.

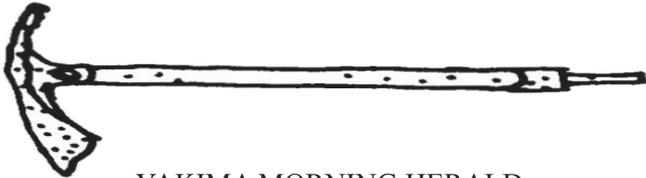
The fact that three of the four men, Truitt, Starcher, and Whitmore, had been over the route on the first climb made their fast time possible, according to Truitt's letter. Other members of the club, however, say that the exceptional physical condition of the men aided. Both Starcher and Whitmore are ranchers, and working strenuously each day. Truitt, while an indoor worker, rarely misses a Sunday hike or climb. Michel had just completed an outing of several weeks.

THE YAKIMA REPUBLIC
JUNE 24, 1925

CASCADIAN COUPLE CLIMB MT. RAINIER

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe L. Tipple of Yakima, members of the Cascadians, climbed to the summit of Mt. Rainier yesterday, the first ascent of the 1925 season, according to a wire received here by R.E. Hull from Clarence Truitt at Longmire this morning.

Truitt today is leading a party of three Yakima youths to the high snow peak. The boys are Ronald Hull, 17, Harold Nelson, 16, and Webb Hayes, 18, assistant Scoutmaster of Troop 9 of the Boy Scouts. Truitt and the three youths reached Longmire yesterday noon after a three and one-half day hike from Copper City on Bumping Lake, each carrying a 40-pound pack.



YAKIMA MORNING HERALD
1926

CASCADIANS TO EXPLORE UNMAPPED NATIONAL PARK WITH BODY OF SCIENTISTS

Five Members to Make Trip to
Craters of the Moon Region
in Southern Idaho

Members of the Yakima Cascadians will form a part of a party of scientists and mountaineers who are to explore and map the uncharted sections of the Craters of the Moon district in southern Idaho, according to an announcement made here. Five Cascadians; Clarence Starcher, Joseph Yolo, Rolland Whitmore, Miss Athene Clymer and Miss Alta Welshons, will leave tomorrow for Boise where they will join the rest of the group.

They will spend a few days in Boise visiting the Arrowrock Dam and other points of interest before starting upon their real exploration. Joseph Yolo will have charge of the Yakima party until Boise is reached when R.W. Limbert, writer for the National Geographic, who has made several previous trips into the district, will take charge.

An old Indian trail discovered by him will be used to reach the lava beds. The trip will be made by pack train from Shoshone, Idaho, with full camping equipment. Rope ladders will be included to permit the party to enter caves that have never been explored.

YAKIMA DAILY REPUBLIC
FEBRUARY 3, 1927

CASCADIANS' DINNER AND DANCE TOMORROW EVENING

Mrs. Wayne Richardson, President,
to Speak and Prof Fish to
Tell Indian Legends

Cascadians are, tomorrow evening on the seventh floor of the Masonic Temple, entertaining with a party which the entire membership is expected to attend.

Eight reservations have already been made and the affair will open with a dinner at 6:30. The table decorations are to be in keeping with the Valentine idea, and the program will be given during the dinner hours.

There will be a talk by Mrs. Wayne Richardson, president of the club, and Mary Emily Miller will give a reading. Later there is to be a reception for new members, a number of mixer stunts, and Prof. H.C. Fish, who has made several trips with the group and who will be a special guest for the evening, will tell a number of Indian stories.

Dancing will follow. Members of the social committee who have made arrangements for the party include Dick White, chairman, Mrs. E.R. Thoma, Miss Margaret McAndrew, Miss Janice Conklin and Mason Streeter.

YAKIMA MORNING HERALD
APRIL 3, 1927

SPORTS OF ALL SORTS

Cascadians Unique

One group of sportsmen in the valley is not hampered with seasons set by law and weather, not limited in the amount of fun its members may have. All the hills, mountains, streams, lakes, and natural beauties of the state are included in the list of fields where its members can enjoy an outing in accordance with the ideals and purposes of the club. For these facts alone, the Cascadian club ranks as unique among sportsmen's organizations. When consideration is taken of past accomplishments, the club is generally conceded to earn still another credit in novelty and outdoor sport.

Close to Nature

When a person has once realized the thrilling enjoyment of hiking and traveling to see the natural beauties of the wildlife that remains in the country, he has learned the secret of enthusiasm found in the activities of Cascadians. To many people, more than half the sport of fishing and hunting is being in the woods away

from the noise of the business world. When this smaller enjoyment has been substituted for other sports that do not kill off wildlife, it is found that an equal amount of fun is had and the system of activity then conforms with the ideals of the Cascadian club.

Prizes for Pictures

Members of the club have kept a wonderful record of their activities for the past by unusual photographs and diaries. The same practice will be the order of things this season. To promote more work along this line, prizes will be offered for the best photographs of the year and plans are being made of an exhibition of all pictures taken by members.

Movies Revive Memories

Since the invention of a small and practical moving picture camera, the Cascadians have been able to take some exceptional shots of trips across lonely ridges and over dizzy peaks that will always refresh stirring memories for those who took the hike. Joe Yolo, unofficial camera shooter of the club, is planning on assembling a series of reels this season that will be by far the best of the sort ever shown in the valley. He has some fine films that he took during the latter part of the 1926 season, indicating the great possibilities that are accredited to amateur motion pictures. A more novel system of keeping a history of the organization could hardly be found.

Annual Flower Trip

One of the most interesting trips planned by the club, which has become an annual affair, is a flower trip to Mt. Cleman from Horseshoe Bend on May 1. This will lead the members to the largest bed of rock roses known in this part of the state. Those who have ever seen this sight cherish it as one of the most beautiful of their lives. The color and fragrance of the natural bed of flowers rival the best cultured plots in the valley.

Overnight Jaunt Planned

One of the feature trips of the season will be on May 15, when the Cascadians are to hike across the Bethel Ridge. This will be an overnight event. The party will leave Yakima Saturday evening and spend the night at the Tieton Ranger Station. The classic of the season is the Mt. Stuart climb. This is to be a four-day hike, starting on May 27. The club members will go to Blewett Pass by stage and then make the 12-mile journey up Ingalls Creek to the foot of the mountains. It is expected that the trip will be more difficult than in previous years, because of the great amount of snow reported in the district. This is the final event of the spring program, and is the crowning affair of the year. Other hikes and trip will probably be arranged for the remainder of the summer and fall. Most of them will be classed as special events, and will be held in the immediate vicinity of the valley or in other parts of the state where longer trips are necessary.

YAKIMA DAILY REPUBLIC
NOVEMBER 18, 1929

SKI COURSE WORK STARTS ON LOCATION TO BE USED DURING WINTER ACTIVITY

First snowfall of the winter will find Yakima with at least one ski course as the result of some hard work yesterday by about 15 members of the American Legion and The Cascadians club. Although blisters and stiff muscles are somewhat of a handicap this morning to those who cleared off the course, considerable was accomplished in the day's work yesterday.

The new course is on the Canyon highway about three miles from Yakima. It is a short distance from the end of the Selah-Moxee tunnel under construction at the present time.

There were about 15 persons working on the course yesterday. A tractor was used in clearing out the sagebrush which was gathered into piles and burned. The slide cleared off is about a quarter of a mile in length. Lunch was served by the Cascadians at noon. It is expected that more work will be done on the grounds next Sunday.

YAKIMA MORNING HERALD
SUNDAY, MAY 11, 1930

CASCADIANS TO CELEBRATE TENTH ANNIVERSARY; PAST PRESIDENTS TO ATTEND

Members and Friends to Gather in Masonic
Hall for Banquet; R.E. Hull to Tell of
Achievements of Outing Club

In celebration of the tenth anniversary of the organization of The Cascadians of Yakima, one of the best-known mountain-climbing and outing groups in the Pacific Northwest, a banquet will be held next Saturday night at 6:30 o'clock in the Masonic Hall.

Between 75 and 100 persons, most of them members or past members, are expected to be in attendance, according to those in charge. All of the past eight presidents will be present and each of them will be called upon to deliver a brief address. R.E. Hull, chairman of the Outing Committee, is scheduled to outline noteworthy achievements of the club during its 10 years of existence.

Past presidents of The Cascadians, who will be present at the anniversary dinner, are C.E. Rusk, W.E. Richardson, Rolfe Whitnall, C.F. Truitt, Clarence Starcher, R.E. Hull, Mrs. Fern Richardson, and E.R. Thoma.

CASCADIAN'S ATTAIN CASCADE SUMMITS

WHY CLIMB MOUNTAINS?

Explaining a rationale for mountain climbing takes many forms, a common reason being "because it's there." Longtime Cascadian leader and past president Lex Maxwell put it as follows in the 1960 Cascadian

Annual.

"Between the pages of this Cascadian Annual are the written words which seem to answer the age-old question of 'Why do men climb mountains?' The fun, the comradeship, the adventure, the retreat from the humdrum of the valley, is written in every line.

Between the lines a discerning reader can sense a deeper, unexpressed philosophy of those who love the high country. Such a reader, sensitive to the unwritten, will learn that a



*Lex Maxwell
Photo by Louis Ulrich*

mountaineer lives not only with adventure, but with the sun, with the storm, with the summer rain, and with the fantastic sculpture of the ice in the glaciers. He lives, too, with the unspoiled carpets of mountain flowers, with the deer in the meadow; and he lives with the wind...the wind of the forest whose deep organ notes rock the huge conifers; the wind, too, that wails through the unshaking white bark pine of timberline, and the wind that lifts the dark, brooding clouds from the shining summits above.

To the mountaineer, the high country is a sanctuary. The Creator, in entrusting to it His most prized lakes and meadows, constructed it nearest His own abode. The high country was not designed for the unwary nor the insolent. Every page of this annual will demonstrate the respect mountaineers hold for their mountains. Every day spent there in this special sanctuary is a day of special memories..."

Another less expansive explanation was contained in a Cascadian newsletter from September of 1962.

"Lynn Buchanan had the best quote of the year when he answered a woman at Paradise (on Mt. Rainier) who mentioned in a loud tone obviously meant to be overheard, 'Mountain climbing is the stupidest sport there is.' The fresh sunburn stood Lynn apart from the hundreds milling around in the fog looking for Mt. Rainier. Lynn replied in a quiet tone, 'Maybe so, but at least we saw the mountain.'"



Cascadian group poses with club pennant atop Mt. Stuart on Sept. 5, 1920. Person standing is Fern Richardson who became eighth club president in 1927, and seated at right of pennant is C.E. Rusk, first club president.

MT. STUART CLIMB IS TEST OF SKILL & ENDURANCE

By Wayne Richardson

Interest in Mt. Stuart as a spring climb is plainly evidenced by the increase in numbers making the trip. The May climb, first made by the Cascadians in 1921 in the face of predictions that it could not be done, and repeated in 1922, has become an event with constantly increasing popularity. The 1924 party consisted of 16, the largest number ever to reach the summit at one time...

The party left Cle Elum by auto at 5:30 a.m. and reached Johnson's cabin at the junction of Beverly Creek with the Teanaway at 7:15...From this point the journey to the mountain was made on foot, each member of the party packing his own bedding and food for four days. The women had packs weighing from 20 to 25 pounds while the men had from 35 to 40 pounds. Part of the difference in weight consisted of ropes and other equipment.

The trail runs along the tumbling, brawling Beverly which falls nearly 2,000 feet in five miles, in a continuous succession of cascades. For the most part the route is through timber with high rock walls on each side and ahead the jagged peaks of the Wenatchee divide. The summit of the pass, 6,000 feet, was reached at noon and the party stopped for lunch. Here the granite mass of the mountain looms up three miles away. Glistening snow slopes and serrated rocky skyline make it appear absolutely inaccessible.



In 1995 Cascadians return to Mt. Stuart summit 75 years after previous group. L-R: Bob Fay, John Rivard, Marcus Hysert, George McHenry, Sherry Ridenour, Ted Rapasky, Gisela Trivette, & Don Conroy.

From the pass the trail drops sharply down Turnpike Creek to Ingalls Creek, an ideal camping spot was reached at 2 p.m. A scouting party left camp early to establish a high camp near timberline and at four the main party left Ingalls Creek with full packs and climbed to the 7,000 foot level, where camp was made among the huge boulders and stunted trees to the right of the snow slope leading to the first summit. The party was in camp at 7:30 and in sleeping bags at 9...

The main summit is a huge granite slab, reposing at a sharp angle and seamed by crevices which afford a foothold. The entire party reached the summit at 1:30 p.m., eight hours after leaving camp.

Here we found the record box had been struck by lightning and hurled 50 feet down the south slope to lodge in some rocks. Records had been scattered and exposed to weather, but most of them were recovered. The original record book placed there by C.E. Rusk in 1920 was brought down to be placed in the Club's library.

After registering, the customary Memorial Day services were held by President (Clarence) Starcher, who strewed blossoms from the peak in memory of mountaineers who have lost their lives. Short talks were made by H.D. Love of Everett and Elsie Hanft of Spokane. Splendid views were obtained of Rainier, Baker and Glacier Peak...

All reached camp at 6:30 and after a hearty meal enjoyed a big campfire in a natural amphitheatre, which kept off the chill winds. The following morning Starcher led an excursion to the balanced rock, which developed some difficult rock work. The main party went down to Ingalls Creek and spent the day in short side trips, enjoying the abundance of beautiful bloom. A huge campfire with songs and stories brought the stay at Stuart to a close and early the following morning the party hit the trail to Johnson's arriving there at noon.

Editor's Note: An extended version of this article appeared in the 1982 Cascadian annual. Wayne Richardson was a charter Cascadian and president in 1921 & 1925.

MT. STUART TRIP IN 1927 DECLARED A SUCCESS

This year's trip to Mount Stuart was a decided success. In past years our members have carried their own packs the 14 miles in to the base of Stuart; but this year a pack train of six horses lifted about 800 pounds off our minds as well as our backs and made the trip much more worthwhile, although there were times when we despaired of getting the horses around fallen logs and over deep snowdrifts.

It seemed that we had hardly fallen asleep when the call came to roll out, and at 3:45 the entire party of twenty-eight were headed up the mountain, under the leadership of **Wayne Richardson**. The party was divided into squads, with **Wayne Richardson, E.J. Brauer, R. Whitmore, R.E. Hull, and Athene Clymer** in charge, and **Clarence Starcher** as rear guard.

It proved to be a cloudy day which made it necessary to cut steps most of the way as the snow was crusted and slippery. The summit was reached about 1:30 p.m., but a heavy fog prevented our enjoying the beautiful panorama usually afforded of the surrounding country. Icy rocks made the last ascent quite difficult and hazardous, but the trip was made without mishap, and a hundred per cent climb was recorded. Memorial services were held as in past years. As the sun had shone very little, the snow was not soft enough to make the sliding particularly good, but everyone was safely down by six o'clock.

Early the next morning, **Clarence Truitt** and the two **Fenner** boys, Bernard and Carl, arrived in camp and with **Leo Gagnon** and **Harold Conklin** made a second ascent. Sunday happened to be a very clear and sunny day and they reported an easy climb and wonderful views of the surrounding country.

(Editor's Note: This article appeared in the May, 1927 Cascadians newsletter, author unknown, along with the following item, titled, "Mt. Stuart Personals.")

Bert Palmer was the best fed member of the Mt. Stuart party, even though he left his feed bag at home. "Ten meals per day keeps the hunger away," according to Bert, who worked for his meals at the different camps on Stuart's base. Chopping a little wood would bring several hot cakes his way, and for starting the morning fire he was usually rewarded with a nice dinner. Bert also stated that he was scared just once during the climb—that was from the time he started until he got back to camp.

Ronnie Hull was the victim of an accident—some of his wearing apparel gave way while making the descent of the mountain. He finally got tired of having to face all party members so let **Elsie Hanft** make repairs with a slightly used dish towel...

There was a fellow with a Swede name—**O'Shea**,

CASCADIANS SCALE LOFTY STUART PEAK

Ellensburg and Seattle Climbers Join Yakima Parties in Double Ascent of Mountain

YAKIMA, June 3 – Members of the Cascadian Club of this city who took part in the 1929 climb of Mount Stuart, returned to Yakima last night, declaring that this annual Memorial Day event eclipsed all its predecessors.

Two parties of Cascadians made the climb this year. The first, led by Clarence Starcher, left Yakima early Thursday morning, reached camp Thursday afternoon at the foot of the mountain, but was prevented from beginning the ascent until Friday morning. This party drove by automobile to Ingalls Creek, where a pack train was obtained for the fourteen-mile hike to the mountain camp.

The second group, led by Thomas Dow, made the trip to the mountain later and climbed it Saturday.

First Ascent Friday

The Starcher party began climbing the mountain at 9 o'clock Friday morning, and reached the summit in six and one-half hours, including frequent stops to make moving pictures. Joe Yolo, the club photographer, took color moving pictures of the entire climb. This is believed by the club to be the first time that an entire mountain climb has ever been filmed.

There was less snow on the mountain Thursday than in previous years, but it was solid and afforded excellent climbing.

At the summit, the party held memorial services and then returned to camp, which was reached at 7:30 p.m. Clouds obscured the usual magnificent view of surrounding peaks.

Fresh Snow Saturday

The Dow party on Saturday encountered a fresh fall of snow and was forced to cut steps in many places. The Saturday climb took six hours.

Both groups remained in camp over the weekend and returned to the city together.

Those making the first climb were: Starcher, R.E. Hull, E.R. Thoma, Rolland Whitmore, Emil Zimmerman, Mildred Dodge, Lilly Gleason, and Joe Yolo of the Cascadians; Thomas Dow of Ellensburg and Paul Williams of the Sierra Club of San Francisco.

In the second party were: Clarence Truitt, Joe Gleason, Kathryn Kershaw, Marcelle Ennadoff, and Thomas McCartney, in addition to Williams and Dow, who were also in the first party making the ascent.

who made his first major climb with the Cascadians. He behaved himself pretty well, except that some of the party members were kept busy trying to keep him from bathing in all the creeks he passed on the way in. They figured he would be hard to handle in case he got the croup.

Whitmore went over to the Spokane camp every morning for his mush. According to Whitmore, "Mush makes me blush."

Harriet Rogers made the climb without any difficulty, although she has not fully recovered from the accident at Cle Elum last February...

Says **Mr. Hull**, "I don't mind carrying in my food and bedding when packing in to Stuart; but when they ask me to carry in a pack horse, that's too darned much."

And **Allan Potter** got a nice bit of sunburn; but said he didn't mind it a bit.

Hermia Thompson, from the Mt. Stuart Club, Ellensburg, stated that she didn't think Stuart was quite as high while looking at it from her home town. It was her first ascent of this mountain, and she hopes to be with us again next year.

Gordon Potter, who could not leave Yakima with the main party on Friday morning, arrived at Ingalls Creek on the Blewett Pass Highway at six in the evening, and hiked the 14 miles up the trail alone in record time, climbing Stuart the following day.



A Cascadian climber holds the Club pennant on Mt. Stuart summit in 1922. The person is not identified in the Yakima Valley Museum photo album.

CASCADIAN RECALLS SPIRITED 1936 CLIMB OF MT. STUART Printed in 1937 Cascadians Bulletin

One of the most interesting and enjoyable climbs I have ever taken was made last Memorial Day on Mount Stuart—decidedly different in many respects from a great many climbs I have been on. It was because of the unusual spirit that prevailed that made me remember it as distinctly as I do. In order to give you a word picture of the relative trip's happenings, I want to start from the very beginning.

Climbing with us were members of several outside clubs, notably those from the Mazamas and the Trails Club of Portland, the Everett Mountaineers and the Spokane Mountaineers. On the morning of the climb we arose to greet a beautiful day. After breakfast we were called together by the President of the Cascadians and informed that the leader for the climb would be E.R. Thoma, a veteran of over a dozen Mount Stuart climbs. I remember distinctly the circle we formed—a group of “lovers of the out-of-doors”—keen to be on the go, eager to surmount the rocky granite face of Mount Stuart.

Happy? I'll say we were, and it was that spirit of happiness and good fellowship that was carried on throughout the day that made the trip so interesting.

I cannot forget the time when shortly after the climb had started someone conceived the idea of nicknaming the various members of the group. Of course we were all more or less strangers and names didn't come too easily, so we fell in with this idea with great enthusiasm. First, there was the “duck,” as I remember, a chap from Portland and he was so named because of his desire to drink constantly at every stop, and even in between times we would see him drinking water.

Then there was “Trader Horn,” a well-built man short in stature but broad of shoulder and large of chest. “Trader Horn” was so named because of his exploring nature. The “Man from Venice” came next—a dark, good-looking swain, and he had, to be sure, a moustache to adorn his upper lip; thus his nickname became the “Man from Venice.”

“Wild Bill” Hassell of our own group—yes, good old “Wild Bill”—always at the front, always able to put forth the extra energy necessary to clamber over some knoll or ridge for a canteen of water for the parched lips of some fair damsel, always up with a jump when the whistle blows after a rest—yes, “Wild Bill” is known to all of us, (and if I might add here, he'll make a darn good outing committee chairman this year, too).

Of course, Elsa Hanft was there—good old Elsa. We are all proud to number her as our friend, with her glowing stories of her escapades in the mountains—we all enjoy them.

And “Pop” Hildreth! “Pop,” I don't know

whether you'll read this, but I want to say that I will always remember that smile. It personified so greatly the ever-willing and helping hand that I just know you'd give to anyone in need.

Jimmy with the appetite! Poor Jimmy! I think the pack rats must have gotten into Jimmy's pack, because Jimmy was always hungry.

And so it went, each climber had his or her nickname. I could go on for hours giving you details of a climb never to be forgotten. Always there was the helping hand of the other fellow, always the extra word when the going was tough.

Yes, the climb of Mt. Stuart was the climb of the year for me. And Stuart calls me again. This year I want to again make the climb, conquer its granite face, and then at the top look back upon a trip filled with as much joy and happiness as the 1936 climb. Won't you join me?

Editor's note: This climb description was listed “as told by one of the Cascadians who climbed on that day” in the 1937 Club Bulletin.

CLIMBING ACCIDENT NIXES 1938 MEMORIAL DAY CLIMB

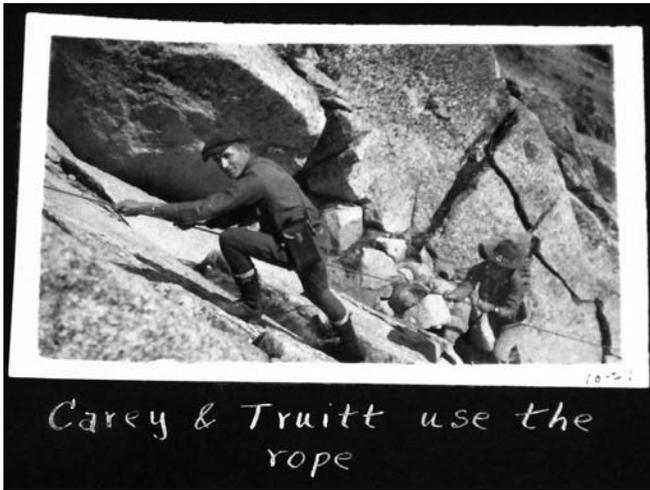
By Helen Erickson

The Cascadians have slipped! For the first time in years none of us climbed Mt. Stuart on Memorial Day, 1938. To be more truthful, of course, it was one of Curtiss Gilbert's scouts who slipped, but we're getting ahead of our story.

Led by E.R. Thoma, a group composed of Maude and Hobert Bowlby, Ernest Beamish, and Helen Erickson trudged steadily up to Hardscrabble on Saturday. In spite of heavy packs and countless trees across the trail, it was as interesting a trip as one can find.

Falls, cascades, and rapids keep Ingalls Creek foaming white for much of its way through the narrow valley which separates two types of geological formations. On the south side of the stream is the recent (geologically speaking) dark basalt while on the other side there is the ancient, nearly white granite, which was formed deep in the earth and has gradually been brought to the surface as the top rock has been eroded. Mt. Stuart itself, it is said, is merely the jagged core of a very old mountain which was originally much higher. Tributary creeklets flowing over the gleaming white sands added to the interest of the trail as did the abundance of green rocks along the lower part of the trail.

For the botanist there is also much of interest in the variety of flowers: trilliums, some of which are deep red, dainty, fragile calypsos, mission bells, glacier



lilies, Mariposa lilies, fairy bells, lady slippers, purple anemones, and many others.

The next afternoon Betty Whitnall, Wilfred Baker, and Morton Werner passed the time of day with the other Cascadians at Hardscrabble and went on towards High Camp at the foot of Stuart. An hour or so later a scout came running down with word that Curtiss Gilbert had slid a thousand feet or so down the mountainside, landing on a pile of rocks, and was badly injured.

Those of us in camp hurried up the trail to help carry him out. We met a small group of scouts and scoutmasters and Werner and Baker, with Gilbert on an improvised stretcher made of alpenstocks and ropes. We reached our camp at Hardscrabble about 5:45.

After a few minutes rest, Morton Werner started for help, and two hours later reached Ingalls Lodge on the highway—a distance of 9 or 10 miles over a rough mountain trail, strewn with down trees and debris. He immediately telephoned the Icicle CCC Camp near Leavenworth and secured eight husky boys who volunteered their services and who arrived at Ingalls Lodge about an hour later with an ambulance and a doctor.

The boys, led by Werner, immediately started for Hardscrabble, carrying stretcher, ax, and crosscut saw. They reached our camp at about 1 a.m., presenting a weird spectacle as their headlamps came bobbing into sight in the blackness of the night.

Credit should also certainly be given for Mort's feat of hiking 40 miles in 24 hours, three-fourths of the time carrying a heavy pack, and for Maude Bowlby's care of Mr. Gilbert which involved keeping him warm with hot

rocks in place of hot water bottles, and turning him every 15 or 20 minutes during the night.

Probably we're softies, but somehow after a sleepless night we had lost most of our desire to climb the mountain that day, so we turned tail and returned to civilization in the afternoon.

Editor's note: This account appeared in the 1939 Cascadians Annual Club Bulletin.

CASCADIANS CLIMB WEST SIDE OF MOUNT STUART IN 1939

By Curtiss Gilbert

A mud hole two miles from the end of the road on the north fork of the Teanaway ended the motor transportation phase of this trip. By 10 p.m. all lights were out and everyone was sleeping more or less. At 2 a.m. Louis Ulrich presumed it was time to get going, and at 2:30 we were putting out the fires and donning packs.

With flashlights and a candle lantern we moved up the road. The presence of so much rope suggested a lynching party. At daylight we were passing through overgrazed sheep range and at sunrise topped the ridge near frozen Ingalls Lake. Here we had a superb view of the side of Stuart we were to attempt—the West Side.

Coming into Stuart Pass at 6,500 feet elevation, we started up the mountain. Two nanny goats with their kids kept just ahead of us for nearly an hour. Up to 8,000 feet we did not rope up. The going was hard but reasonably safe. After a little lunch at 11 o'clock, Louis Ulrich and Lex Maxwell changed from nailed shoes to tennis shoes.

Giving their packs to Bob Kilgore and Curtiss Gilbert, they announced they were going to start up around and over the pinnacle. If the nanny goats and their kids could have seen those two climbers they would have given up in disgust and spent the rest of their lives in flat mountain meadows.

These two veterans of pressure climbing pushed each other up through cracks and belayed one another over exposed ledges that kept us who were to be pulled up on the ropes in a terrible state of anxiety. With a party of nine, this kind of going took a lot of time. It seemed as though we would never get to the top. Finally, about 3 p.m. a lot of yodeling from Lex Maxwell announced he was on the summit. Thirty minutes



Curtiss Gilbert

later we all were at the register box. The weather was calm and everyone was in fine spirits.

To the east could be seen the wheat fields across the Columbia about Waterville, to the south the rugged Wenatchee Range on whose highest point we now stood; to the southwest was Mt. Adams, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Hood, and Goat Rocks. To the west was Mt. Rainier, and to the north, Glacier Peak, Mt. Shuksan, and Mt. Baker...

At 4 p.m. we started the descent over the easier, more commonly used southeast route. Roped in two parties, we proceeded cautiously. Curtiss Gilbert pointed out the snowfield on which he had almost ended his climbing career the year before. At six o'clock the party crossed Ingalls Creek and after a grueling 2,000-foot climb, reached the car on the Teanaway at 9:30 p.m. It had been a big day with 18 miles of hiking and a very successful climb, thanks to the two leaders—Louis Ulrich and Lex Maxwell.

Editor's note: This climb occurred July 23, 1939 and was printed in the 1940 Cascadians Annual Club Bulletin.



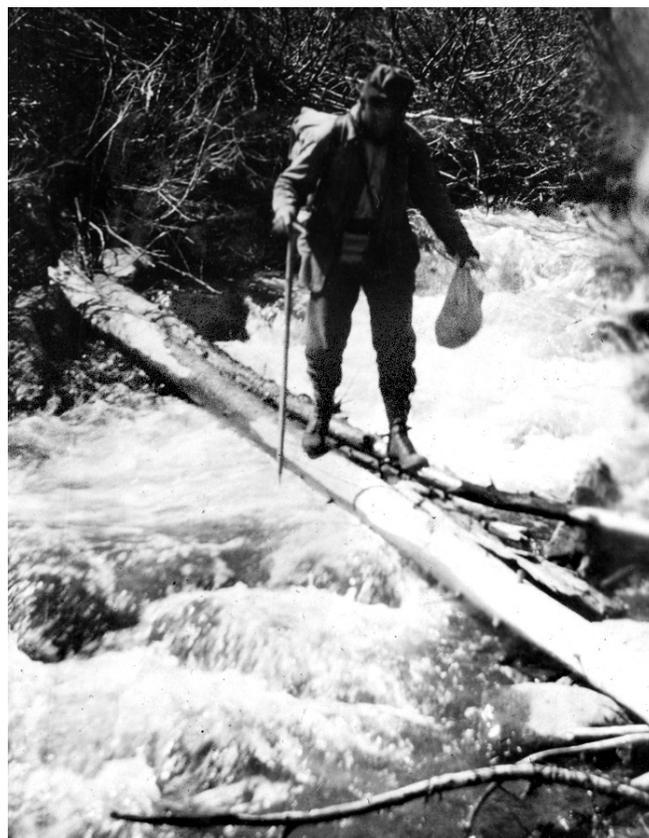
Cascadians cross Mt. Stuart snowfield in 1924.

MT. STUART CROWDED ON 1970 MEMORIAL DAY CLIMB

(From June, 1970 newsletter)

Weather was good for both the Mt. Stuart and Mt. Aix climbs. Out of 14 starters, 12 climbers made it to the top of Mt. Stuart.

It looks like the traditional climb of Mt. Stuart which has been the one set climb of the club each year since 1923 is threatened with discontinuance or change of date due to the crowded conditions found on the mountain the last few years. Both the Mazamas and Mountaineers had large groups on Mt. Stuart over Memorial Day weekend as well as numerous individual parties.



C.E. Rusk crosses Bean Creek on Mt. Stuart climb, 1922.



Cascadian climbers descend Mt. Stuart after a May 1926 climb.

LOCAL MOUNTAINEERS CLIMB FOUR CASCADE PEAKS IN NINE DAYS

Clarence Truitt, Clarence Starcher, and Seattle Man Ascend Rainier, St. Helens, Adams, and Hood While on Vacation Jaunt

Few Yakima residents realize that a celebrity in mountaineering circles is living quietly in their midst. Clarence Truitt, with another local man, Clarence Starcher, and Q.A. Blackburn of Seattle, who is now with Commander Byrd in Antarctica, accomplished a feat which few other men have duplicated.

Hike Unequaled

On what to them was a real vacation jaunt they climbed the four major peaks, Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens, Mount Adams, and Mount Rainier in nine days.

Leaving Yakima Friday morning at 7:30 on July 3, 1926, Truitt and Starcher drove to Cloudcap Inn at the base of Mount Hood on the south side. They climbed this peak in four hours, spent an hour on top, and descended the north side, reaching Government Camp at eleven o'clock, Saturday morning. The car met them there and they drove to Castle Rock. At Spirit Lake, at the foot of Mount St. Helens, they met Blackburn.

Climb St. Helens Quickly

They left for the climb about four o'clock in the morning, making St. Helens from the north side in less than four hours. The descent down the east side was made mostly by "nature sliding." The trio would progress down the gentle slope of the mountain until they came to the edge of a crevasse, stop at the very edge and walk around it and begin again. Just below the snow line, they came to a scree slope which consists of pumice stone that is as light as feathers.

When the party reached the automobile, they picked up their packs which were limited to 16 pounds. This meant only raw peanuts, raisins, canned whole wheat, and no bedding.

The next stage of the journey they hiked to Mount Adams along the famous Skyline Trail. It is rugged and takes in every skyline in the country. The trail goes up for about 3,000 feet and then drops 3,000 feet to cross a creek about 50 feet wide and then goes up again to do it all over again.

According to Truitt, the country is beautiful, with white avalanche lilies, blue lupine, scarlet paintbrush, and yellow wood violets. The three major peaks, Adams, Rainier, and St. Helens, showed up at every turn of the trail. After 18 hours of climbing they arrived at the base of Mt. Adams, having hiked about 54 miles and climbed about 12,000 feet.



Clarence Starcher, left, & Clarence Truitt complete extraordinary backcountry exploit. Photo circa 1923.

Meet Electrical Storm

The ascent of Mount Adams was made between Lava Glacier and Adams Glacier on the east side in about five hours. From the summit of Adams they descended to Chain Lakes ranger station. There was such a fierce electrical storm that when they held their ice axes out they could see the sparks on the ends of them. On Potato Hill they took the wrong trail and went 12 miles into the Klickitat.

On July 8 they reached the Berry Patch ranger station where they spent the night. From there the party started for Rainier and hiked part of the 18 miles to Lewis while it was 104 degrees in the shade.

Lewis (now Packwood) boasts a general store of the real old-fashioned type, and a garage where, according to Truitt, the hiker can't even get a pair of pliers to pull nails out of his shoes.

The ascent of Rainier was made over an entirely new route, from the south. They climbed the ridge between Kautz and Nisqually glaciers, and everything went fine until they reached an ice fall. The only way to proceed was to cross it, so the party roped together and ran across so as to get their weight off it as soon as possible. Footholds and handholds had to be cut in the ice, high up above mother earth.

One thousand feet from the summit, wind-caps were encountered. A wind-cap looks a good deal like a wave, but it's made of ice. The last 1,000 feet were accomplished in eight hours.

Hike 350 Miles

Because of the terrific wind, the party changed its plans of staying on the summit overnight and continued down toward Paradise Park. Blackburn left the party here, and Truitt and Starcher continued toward Yakima by way of Cowlitz Divide and Ohanapecosh

Hot Springs, Twin Sister Lakes, and Bumping Lake.

In nine days the party covered over 350 miles on foot, 450 miles in automobile, climbed four peaks of over 9,000 feet, and made 12 miles of elevation.

This summer Mr. Truitt is planning to spend a month or six weeks near Mt. Baker. He expects to take an altimeter and camera along and his party has permission to name any new peaks they ascend.

Mr. Truitt's mount ascensions amount to 19: Mt. Adams, 6 times, once with the first party to climb the east side; Mt. Stuart, 6 times; Mt. Rainier, 3 times; Mt. St. Helens, 1 time; and Mt. Shasta, 1 time.

Editor's Note: This article appeared in a local paper named The Wigwam on Jan. 16, 1929.

YAKIMA DAILY REPUBLIC
AUGUST 16, 1924

CASCIADIANS WILL BEGIN TRIP DOWN MOUNTAIN SUNDAY

Yakima Outing Club Has Been
Having Great Time With
Mazamas of Portland

SPEEDY CLIMB IS MADE

The Cascadians, who have been in camp for two weeks in Avalanche Valley at the base of Mount Adams, were to leave camp this morning for Mount Adams Lake, and tomorrow morning for the trail down the mountain to meet automobiles and return to the city, according to word received this morning from C.F. Truitt in a letter written on Wednesday.

Clubs Are United

"The Mazamas and our club have been having a wonderful time together," he says. "Big swimming hole right here in our camp. Weather fine, cool. Beautiful moonlight nights. Big campfire. Stunt night tonight. We made a hit with them—took them out over the Klickitat Glacier, Ridge of Wonder, and Little Mount Adams. They sure enjoyed it."

"The Mazamas challenged us yesterday for a field event today. We beat them at baseball, 5-2, beat them at volleyball, three straight games, and beat them at horseshoes, two games to one. They have invited us all down to dinner tonight. They have about 70 in camp. They move tomorrow, and all say they hate to leave Avalanche Valley. They are a fine bunch."

"Tomorrow we go to the snout of Klickitat Glacier, and leave here Saturday for Mount Adams Lake to give the photographers a chance to get pictures of the reflections, etc."

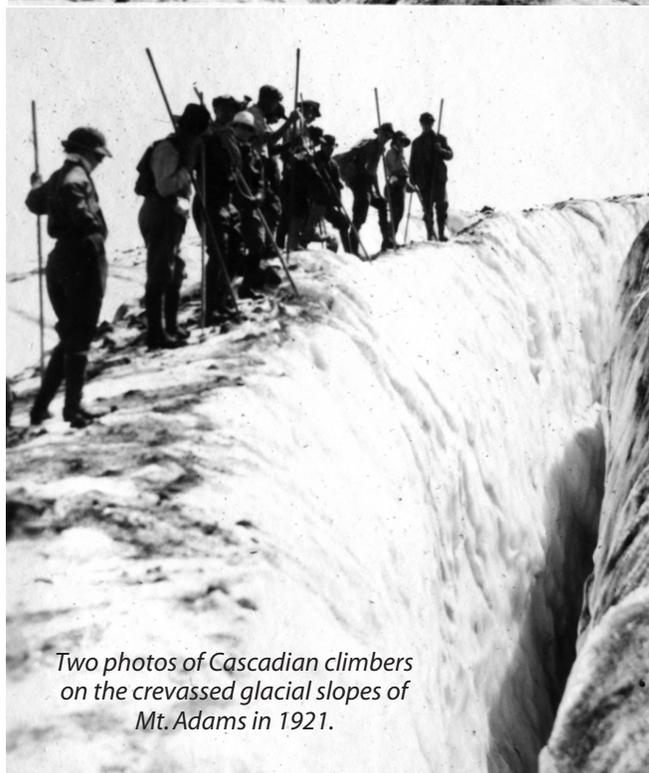
"We have had some wonderful talks on the flowers, trees, stars, etc., by professors who are with the Mazamas."

Speedy Ascent Is Made

"Climbed Victory Ridge the other day and found a record box left by C.E. Rusk and J. Howard Green in August 1919. We also found a cairn left by him on Battlement Ridge."

In a postscript to the letter written Thursday morning, Truitt adds that they had quite a storm all Wednesday night, with high winds and the mountain hidden by clouds.

On Wednesday Truitt and Elton Garrett, a member of the Mount Stuart Club of Ellensburg, left camp at 3:30 a.m., hiked over Wilson, Lyman, and Lava glaciers to the north side route to the summit. From that point they climbed to the summit in 3 and a half hours, or 6 and a half hours from camp, total time. They spent three hours on top, having a hot dinner with the lookout, then hiked back to camp in four hours.



*Two photos of Cascadian climbers
on the crevassed glacial slopes of
Mt. Adams in 1921.*

*Mountaineering is as useful as Work
As noble as Art
As beautiful as Faith.
~ Louis Ulrich, 1938*

BONANZA CLIMB YIELDS RICHES FOR CASCADIANS IN 1961

By Louis Ulrich

Climbing a mountain is generally a dream come true. Bonanza is no exception, unless it be the remoteness of the dream picture, but when life's span is on the downhill there has to be some remote past.

According to an encyclopedia, the word *Bonanza* made its first English appearance in the southwestern U.S. with a definite mining overtone. The same source of information says, "It is now applied to anything that yields a large income."

I must say we struck it rich, not in money nor time available for the venture, but in companionship and cooperation on the part of the weatherman.

Sometimes I think the words *Gene* and *genial* synonymous; if not, it would be hard to persuade me that they don't have the same root, because if you ever have come under the spell of Gene Prater's leadership, you feel like a reborn climber, and you can't help getting to the top.

From our camp, blessed by numerous waterfalls from Mary Green Glacier, about 1,000 feet above Holden Lake, we witnessed, that memorable Saturday night, the Russian VOSTOK flying overhead. The night was incredibly clear. As a result the Vostok had competition from some spectacular meteors. As we reached the ridge in the predawn hours Sunday morning a remarkable landscape, enhanced by a crescent moon, added a never-to-be-forgotten reward to our endeavors, a Bonanza indeed.

As carefully as the planning was done, Gene failed to produce the reins to hold the beautiful team of Fred Dunham and Jim Wickwire in check. Forgetting the reins on the part of Gene was not quite as fateful as forgetting his pack on the part of Mike Colpits, one of a foursome Mt. Fernow climbing party, consisting of said Mike, Don Fager, Burr Singleton, the indomitable, and Dusahn, a Yugoslav climber. Burr reported the sad news as the Taxi was wheeling downhill toward Lucerne, without the Fernow party.

Timetable for the Bonanza climb ran from a Saturday, noon arrival at Lucerne on Lake Chelan; reaching high camp at 5 p.m.; starting the climbing on Sunday at 2:30 a.m.; then reaching the summit at 7:30 a.m.; followed by a return to Holden Village at 1:30 p.m. and subsequent trip down to Lucerne and on the boat down Lake Chelan to the car at 25-Mile-Creek.

Editor's note: The climb of Bonanza was led by Gene Prater and other climb participants were the aforementioned Jim Wickwire, Fred Dunham, and the article's author Louis Ulrich. This article was first published in the 1961 Cascadian Annual & again in the 1986 Cascadian Annual.

TRAVEL GEAR OF YESTERYEAR



Road to Chinook Pass



Mt. Baker Highway, 1926



Pocket Kodaks



♪ My knapsack ♪
on my back



Modeling their ground-gripping hobnailed boots are (L-R) R.E. Hull, Wayne Richardson, Fern Richardson(?), Clarence Truitt.

CASCADIANS CONCEIVE OF MT. ADAMS COMMUNITY CLIMB

By Hal Foss

The Cascadians and the Central Washington Unit of the Mountain Rescue Council entered into the community life during 1965-66. Largely due to individual Cascadians the Yakima Sunfair was conceived, brought to fruition, and became a solid part of the Yakima Valley during these two years. Cascadians spearheaded the movement to merge Sunfair, originally established as a non-profit corporation, with the Greater Yakima Chamber of Commerce. This was done with prospects of a bright future for this sports, recreation, and cultural endeavor of the valley.

The Wednesday noon informal Cascadian luncheon presented the meeting place for those with the ideas and the push to get it moving. The people who kicked this around verbally were Lex Maxwell, Ed Link, Dave Mahre and your writer. Others who had been thinking about it elsewhere started to sit in with the Cascadians and to pool energy and thoughts.

The decision to move came after Dave Mahre made an offer which was directly to the point in which he committed himself to helping with a ski race and mountain climbing demonstration. The Yakima Valley Sportsmen's Association's representative Walt Lindberg also made commitments which assured the possibilities of a balanced series of events.

Long-time climber Lex Maxwell was elected president and is still president. Original Board members as well as Cascadians were Maxwell, Ed Link, Rolla Gould, Hal Foss, and Walt Lindberg.

The first year, 1965, was bumpy but at least the show was moving. Your writer was appointed General Chairman for 1966 and although the road was still rough, the events were broadening and the community was becoming interested. Undoubtedly, the biggest development for 1966 was the excellent Sunfair Parade and the Sunfair Float, which went on to take numerous trophies in subsequent appearances around the state.

Cascadian Ed Link, then Lt. Col. H.E. Link, Deputy Commander at the Yakima Firing Center, and several little Links, contributed mightily to the construction of the float. Ed was also the first Grand Marshall of the Sunfair Parade, to acknowledge his many contributions to the community. It wouldn't be an overstatement to say that to have a Sunfair a parade was needed, and to have a parade a community float was needed.

It took Hi Wells, manager of the Greater Yakima Chamber of Commerce, and also a Cascadian, to spark the idea that is perhaps the best thing that has happened to Yakima since irrigation, sunshine, and apples. He proposed a community climb of Mt. Adams as a post Sunfair event.

The format, laid out by Cascadians, was drawn up. The Publicity Committee of the Chamber, also stocked with Cascadians, started pounding on the drums and before the echoes died out, the Cascadians had led 183 climbers and novices to the top of Mt. Adams in this Chamber-sponsored event. It was a genuine community effort and the Cascadians were pleased to be part of it.

The climbing and mountain rescue demonstrations and the conservation and outdoors programs put on by the group have become a standby on the Sunfair list of events.

Some may wonder why our interests have spread to downtown as well as the hills. The blunt fact is that downtown is becoming interested in the hills and it behooves us to help people prepare for this new interest. Historically, chamber of commerce-type philosophy was geared to what products could be brought to the towns to keep the cash rolling. Now it is becoming apparent that outside cash will come, and be left at these cities, if these same hills can give the visitors what they want—namely, something in contrast to what they find downtown.

They are coming, and in large numbers. We should meet them, welcome them, guide them, educate them, and share with them the experiences we have known for many years. This way, and only in this way, can we hope to have them treat our natural areas in such a way that they will be with us in perpetuity.

Editor's note: This article was included in the 1965-67 combined Cascadian Annual. Hal Foss was editor of the 1965-66 portion of that annual. He previously served as president of The Cascadians in 1961 and 1962.



*Long line of climbers ascend Mt. Adams during the 1967 mass climb. Second in line is Lynn Buchanan leading some 400 up the slopes.
Photo provided by Lynn Buchanan.*

TO THE SUMMIT – THOUSANDS SCALED MT ADAMS ON MASS CLIMBS

By Scott Sandsberry
(Reprinted by permission of
Yakima Herald-Republic)

For 11 years, they were the biggest thing going on the second-tallest mountain in the state.

Usually referred to as the “mass climbs” of Mount Adams, the late-1960’s and early-1970’s expeditions up the 12,327-foot peak turned hundreds of erstwhile sedentary souls into peak-baggers.

The brainstorm of Yakima Valley Chamber of Commerce and community leaders, the group climbs “made it possible for average housewives and grandparents, people who might never be able to imagine doing something like this, to climb a mountain,” says Ken Whitmire of Yakima, whose photographs chronicled the climbs.

“I don’t remember ever hearing of anything like that anywhere else in the world.”

The climbs attracted big crowds and big names.

Dan Evans, then Washington’s governor, made the climb one year, after which *Sports Illustrated* included him in its *Faces in the Crowd* feature.

Sen. Slade Gorton was the honorary climb chairman one year. Washington State football coach Jim Sweeney was, too. So was the mountaineering icon Ome Daiber. (Don’t remember him? Besides being a pioneer in search and rescue, he also invented Sno-Seal, universally used by snow climbers to waterproof their boots.)

The climbs were reported on by the well-known media types like Keith Jackson and Charles Kuralt. At least two of the climbs included a mountaintop wedding, one of which was broadcast live on the radio and picked up by stations near and far.

Considering the thousands of neophyte climbers among the estimated 4,000 to 4,500 participants from the event’s 1966 debut and its Bicentennial finale in 1976—more than half of whom reached the top—things went remarkably smooth.

“There were almost no injuries,” says Lynn Buchanan, a longtime search-and-rescue climber whose presentation on the mass climbs will be the highlight of next Wednesday’s 85th anniversary celebration of the Cascadians.

“Some people got mountain sick, but not seriously,” Buchanan says. “Since everybody was being watched pretty carefully by the mountain rescue folks, it stayed really stable and good. People might get sick and decide they couldn’t go any further, but nobody got lost.”

And an awful lot of people found themselves on the top of a mountain.

A Long Line of Ants

It was up to the volunteer climb leaders from the Cascadians and Central Washington Mountain Rescue to see that things came off without a hitch. But they had plenty of help.

Large conditioning sessions were held in Franklin Park, where would-be climbers hoped to gird themselves for the climb by marching up and down the park’s hills and doing countless calisthenics.

In order to minimize vehicle traffic on the lower flanks of the mountain, a local club of Jeep enthusiasts called the Ridgerunners voluntarily ferried climbers from the end of the main road all the way up to the Timberline campground. Today, that campground is all but gone; the site is now the junction of the Round Mountain Trail and the trail used by the South Ridge climbers, some two miles beyond the trailhead at the Cold Springs campground.

The Timberline campground during the community climbs was a sprawling scene in which hundreds of wannabe climbers congregated, received instructions from climb leaders, had dinner and waited until time to start.

Many stayed in their tents and tried to catch a few hours sleep. Still hundreds of others, knowing they’d have to be rising at midnight or soon after in order to make it up and down the mountain the next day, simply stayed awake, huddling around campfires and talking excitedly about the coming day.

Buchanan, an active member of both the Cascadians and the mountain rescue community, was usually at the front of the line of climbers heading up the mountain.

“They (Forest Service regulations) had a limit then of 20 people in a party, and so what we had was many groups of 20, each with a leader,” Buchanan said. “Twenty people would go off, and when the last one was off and maybe a couple hundred feet up from Timberline, the next one would take off. And they just kept moving out.”

Over the long, uphill grind, of course, the gaps between these groups would invariably diminish. Aerial photographs of the climbs show a seemingly ceaseless column of climbers, their tiny images looking like a long line of ants on the way to a melting popsicle.

Circus Atmosphere

“Banners, balloons, signs and funny hats,” is the way retired Yakima banker Guy Shinn remembers the 1968 community climb, when he went up with his 9-year-old son, Mike. “It was a real circus atmosphere.”

Summit climbers over the years included kids younger than 10 and grandparents older than 70, a handful of whom were honored as the youngest and

oldest of each climb in the following spring's Sunfair Parade.

"I just remember there were so many people who climbed it," says Mike Shinn, the 9-year-old climber in 1968 who is now a Yakima attorney. "You basically just followed each other's footsteps. Of course, as a 9-year-old, I'd basically have to do the splits to reach those steps, because they were grownup steps and there was no middle ground."

During the mass climbs, Adams' broad summit often looked like anything but a remote mountaintop.

People carried up all kinds of things, from tents and ham radio gear to large mirrors to send signal reflections back to people in Yakima.

More than once, a climber hauled up a rocking chair as a prop for clever photographs. Another time, several climbers hauled up parts of a motorcycle and then assembled it on the summit. Lots of hardy folks brought up skis for a hasty descent. Still others hauled up watermelons...wedding cake...champagne, and wine glasses.

One year, a Seattle Post-Intelligencer staffer installed a P-I newspaper box on the top—complete with that day's newspaper—to upstage the Herald-Republic, which annually provided extensive coverage of the event.

And of course, there were all the climbers themselves, many of whom, knowing it might be their only chance at a Cascade summit, were determined to make it to the top.

"I saw one lady up there," Buchanan says of one of the first climbs, "and she was on her hands and knees and she was by golly going to make it."

On the 1972 climb, Day Reed of Yakima saw the same thing. "I remember watching one woman crawling over the last couple of hundred feet," recalls Reed, who was then 22 years old. "She said, 'I'm not going to quit when I'm this close.'"

Eleven Is Enough

In the end, as the saying goes, all good things must come to an end. So, after 1976, did the mass climbs.

The question of who and what brought them to a halt depends on who you talk to. The Forest Service, which initially celebrated the groundswell of mountaineering enthusiasm, fretted that it had grown too big. The Mazamas, an influential outdoors club based in Portland, complained that the crowds were turning a spiritual mountain experience into a touristy schlock. The number of humans on the mountain distressed the Yakama Nation, for whose people Mount Adams carries great cultural and personal significance.

"The tribe determined they didn't want masses of people on their mountain anymore," says Gary Webster, an assistant manager at the Greater Yakima Chamber of

Commerce during several of the climbs.

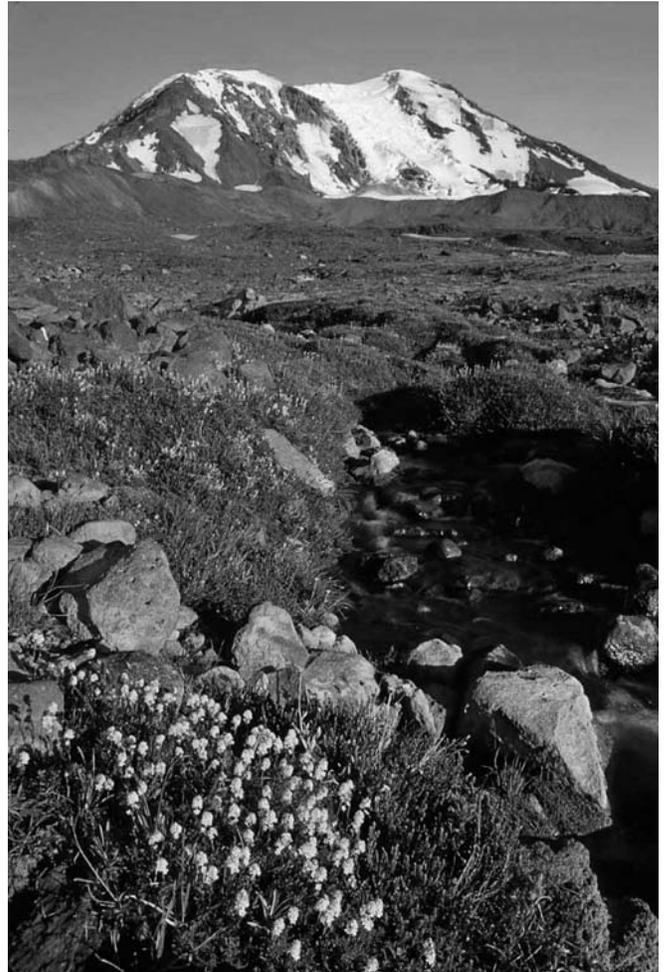
"It was getting to the point that these numbers were growing to such proportions that the ability to police them and keep on top of it, especially on a mountain, was getting pretty tough. I think there were a lot of people that probably went whew, it's a good thing, when the Indians stepped in."

"People got tired," Buchanan says. "We have a lot of that in Yakima—starters and not new starters. You have to keep picking up new people. With (the mass climbs), it was the same crew at the Chamber of Commerce, the same crew of Cascadians, the same crew in mountain rescue. We weren't getting enough people in it to keep it going."

"And the regulations got tighter each year. The Forest Service had to make more rules. They kind of hated letting so many people get on their mountain."

For 11 years, though, Mount Adams was truly a mountain of the people.

(Published in YH-R on Sept. 22, 2005)



*Mt. Adams proves attractive for backpacking as well as climbing. This view is from Adams Glacier Meadows.
Photo by David Hagen.*

MT. ADAMS MASS CLIMB 1967 HIGHLIGHT OF THE YEAR

By Louis Roberts

This year as a member of the Cascadian group, I attended the annual Mount Adams Mass Climb. With all the mountain enthusiasts, boys, and other fun-loving people, Mt. Adams was conquered.

The biggest thrill of the whole climb was to see 433 out of 472 registered people climb to the top of Mt. Adams. The weather couldn't have been more beautiful—it was just as though we were predicting a beautiful day, and we received it.

The most action started Saturday afternoon. People from Seattle, Wapato, Yakima, Ellensburg, etc., came to register for the climb. Even a man from Scotland attended.

By six o'clock Saturday evening, the greatest majority of people were present. At about that same time, everyone was settling down to try to get some sleep before being awakened at 12:15 later that night. Thus, the camp quieted down. Only a few stragglers came in past six.

Then, at approximately 12:15, the Civil Defense truck's siren went off, and various members of the Cascadian group yodeled. No one was left behind that was planning on participating in the climb—that's for sure!

So, by one o'clock, groups of 12-20 people in each group, started up the mountain. It was a rare scene, with many, many flashlight beams glowing in the night, going straight up a mountain. Of the few of us who remained behind, we felt sort of guilty and lazy. Imagine, everyone going up the mountain but a very, very few of us.

Group One, naturally, was the first group to leave base camp. The first men to reach the top were not the groups, but the Ham Radios were taken up ahead of time, along with various other equipment.

Group Two was led by Lynn Buchanan of Yakima. Included in this group were Miss Yakima, Mayor Larson, as well as other dignitaries. One teenage boy, Doug Buchanan, carried a rocking chair to the top of the mountain, we're sure, just for Miss Yakima.

Early Sunday morning, about 20 people were said to be coming down; they were just unable to climb any further because of illness or other such things. By Sunday afternoon, the ones that had made it to the top started down. By eight o'clock that evening, everything and everyone had cleared out.

Most of the people that came down were either so tired they could hardly walk, or they were so ambitious, they looked like they could have climbed the mountain a second time.

Really, though, tired or ambitious, I think most

of the people were happy to have made it to the top. Now, if they're anxiously waiting for next year's climb, I don't know, but we are sure proud of all the people that did participate in our annual Mt. Adams Climb, and made it such a success this year.

CLIMBING PAIR CONQUER LITTLE TAHOMA'S NORTH FACE

By Dave Mahre

Little Tahoma, adjacent to Mount Rainier, is a pyramid shaped peak, composed of disintegrating volcanic rock, and has a north face long considered a suicide route. Because of this reputation, few climbers have seriously considered probing for a route to the summit, its steep two thousand foot rock and snow banded slopes generally bearing the stigma of rockfall in the extreme.

On Monday, June 22, 1959, after five years of planning, observation, and considerable brain washing, two climbers made an attempt on this face. Having previous experience with rockfall, every precaution was taken to minimize its dangers, and following is a brief account.

At noon Sunday, June 21, the climbers left Ellensburg, and driving to the White River entrance of Rainier National Park, checked out for the climb with the ranger on duty. Continuing on, the car was parked at the bridge on Frying Pan Creek, and the trail up this stream followed to the Summerland Shelter cabin, (about a two hour hike). Arriving at the shelter about 5:30 p.m., supper was prepared and the gear readied for the climb. Planning to rise for an 11 p.m. breakfast, the pair hustled into the sacks and prayed for some sleep.

Leaving the shelter and utilizing the light of a



Sketch by Dave Mahre

brilliant full moon, the climbers ascended directly to the top of Meany Crest, and veering right on the Frying Pan Glacier, traversed to the notch between Little Tahoma and Peak 8849, (about two hours).

Already roped together, the pair strapped on crampons, and a descent over steep ice and snow was made to the Emmons Glacier, which flows past the base of Tahoma's north side. Some difficulty was encountered in attaining the surface of the glacier, due to the presence of a large moat between the glacier and Little "T".

Ascending the Emmons, the climbers were slowed considerably by the shattered condition of its surface. One very large crevasse at the 9,000 foot level was crossed to avoid further loss of time in route finding, and involved some delicate ice climbing. Above this, conditions were better, and, at 4 a.m. they arrived at the base of the prominent ice and snow slope on Tahoma's north face.

This slope is very steep above the 'schrund, which extends completely across it, and later in the year, the slopes above are dirty from rockfall, though still quite clean at this time due to recent snowfall and cool weather. Taking a quarter hour rest break, the intended route, as much as could be viewed, was closely scrutinized. From below it looked as though the 'schrund might be crossed near its center on a recent avalanche cone, but upon arrival there, it was not feasible. Traversing to the left (east) end of the schrund, the ice slope above was regained by climbing 60 feet up a vertical cliff of loose, rotten rock, then to the right on a delicate snow ledge extending back to the main snow slope.

This pitch was considered the most difficult of the climb, affording little or no protection on the leader. The snow ledge was crossed on all fours to lessen the strain on it.

Above the schrund the climb continued up the left side of the slope to the base of a prominent rock band extending across the face about midway to the summit, conditions and exposure demanding constant belays as steps for protection from rock fall starting higher up, the snow terrace above it was attained by a break in its eastern end.

On this terrace a traverse was made up and to the left to the east end of the rock band immediately below the summit cliffs, then up through a gap to the narrow snow ledge extending right along the base of the summit cliff. At this point, due to extreme fatigue and the hazardous condition of the rock in the final 300 feet, it was decided to forego an attempt on the slightly overhanging pitch.

The time being about 8 a.m., time was taken for an hour's rest and second breakfast, after which a descending traverse was made on the upper Frying Pan Glacier on the east side of the peak to the standard south side route. From here, the summit was reached at

noon, and after a brief scouting of the summit cliffs, the descent was made by the standard route, the climbers arriving at Summerland about 2:30 p.m., bushed, thirsty, and sleepy...

Editor's note: Dave Mahre's partner on this climb was apparently Gene Prater. Dave's article was contained in the 1959 Cascadian Annual.



A COLD NIGHT AT THE RAINIER HILTON

By Gerald L. Marsh

The summer of 1977 Al Jones, Jeff Hagen and I were weathered off the slopes of Mt. Rainier several times...

The summer of 1978 would be different. Al Jones climbed Rainier early in the season with a successful Cascadian climb led by Clint Crocker. A second Cascadian climb was scheduled for August 19th and 20th led by Jim Christensen. Al, Jeff and I signed up along with eight other Cascadians—Jean St. George, Tom Wright, Bill Crawford, Al Wilson, Paul Cook, Kelly Westmiller, Paul Irsfeld and Jim, the leader. Yes, this year it would definitely be different.

We left Yakima in a car caravan the morning of August 19 expecting to return late the next day. We could have cancelled our plan then. The weather forecast was for increasing rain and a lowering snow level. When we got to White River Campground, a light drizzle was darkening the ground. Even though the weather was marginal, the consensus was to at least spend the night at high camp.

Mid-afternoon, 5,000 feet later, we pitched out tents at Camp Curtis which is on a ridge of Steamboat

Prow. It drops off to the Emmons Glacier on the one side and to the Inter Glacier on the other, but because of the clouds we could not see either one. We figured we may as well spend the night. We'd get up at midnight. If the weather was bad, we'd go back to bed. If not, we'd climb...

We could have cancelled the climb at midnight. Clouds kept the sky dark except for a couple of times when the moon appeared and several people claimed they saw stars. By 1:30 a.m. eight of us were on our way—up the ridge, over and down the prow to Camp Sherman, rope up and onto the Emmons Glacier.

Six hours later we were at the 12,000 foot level. At first we had gone too far to the right on the Emmons and had dead-ended on a peninsula of frozen snow surrounded by space. We lost 500 feet and gained it again as we tried to the left. We were confronted by numerous crevasses and an impassable bergschrund. We again lost 500 feet and finally found the route up the middle of the glacier. We had gained and lost 1,000 feet and had used three hours on the tour...

Four of our party decided to return to camp. Jeff Hagen, Paul Irsfeld, Jim Christensen and I continued on. We did not realize until later that the two stoves in our party returned to camp with the other four.

A Seattle rope team of three was in front of us. We dogged them up the mountain. At 14,000 feet several gusts of wind forced us to a halt, bending low into the wind to avoid being blown over backward... We slowly traversed up the summit cone to the crater rim. Once Jim Christensen, who had often been here before, said, "I can't see anything. It all looks white to me. We could be on Liberty Cap." We weren't. But it was all white. Finding our way down the Emmons seemed impossible.

The Seattle team joined us on the rim... In fact, most everything was invisible.

It sure gets chilly standing around on the top of Rainier with the wind blowing snow horizontally across the crater. We had no tents in our party of seven, but Rainier has its own hotel—the steam caves in the crater. We dropped into the crater and explored every snow hole we came to. At the fourth or fifth hole we found a home. It began with an opening about 10 feet wide and a three to four foot high clearance... Our home for the next 15 hours was dry, windless and frozen. It was 3 p.m., August 20.

We had enough food for over 24 hours, but we did not have a stove. Hot water would have tasted good. In fact, since we were almost out of water, any water would have tasted good...

By 6 p.m. the weather had not changed. We knew we were going to spend at least one night. At someone's suggestion we laid packs, ponchos and whatever else could serve as a ground cover in the center of the cave.



*Climb leader Jim Christensen exits a steam cave atop Mt. Rainier after spending an unexpected overnight with his party of Cascadians.
Photo by Jeff Hagen.*

There was just enough ground cover for seven people to lie side by side. We all stretched out, huddling into ourselves and tentatively getting close to the person next to us. By morning there was nothing tentative about our closeness.

We wore all the clothes we had available. I wore double socks, boots, wool pants and rain pants. On top I had fishnet underwear, a wool shirt, down parka, windbreaker, storm parka and gloves. On my head was a balaclava and both hoods of my parkas. Still we shivered.

Every half hour or so the two outside people would get in the middle and two new people would become the first line against the cold...

We lay on our sides facing the same way and overlapping each other like fallen dominoes. It was impossible to move one's arms or legs freely. Every so often Jeff would say, "Roll over," and we'd all turn the other way. This gave both sides of our body an equal opportunity to become numb. Several times I had no feeling in my arm or leg which was on the ground side... We got up and stretched only once in the 12 hours on the ground.

The black in the cave brightened. At last—morning. Would it be clear or would we have to spend another day up here? No one climbed out to look. We all prepared to leave. Finally, the first one ready climbed out into daylight. Minutes passed. Then he hollered, "Clear blue sky!" We cheered.

We all slithered out through the opening. It was sunshine and all clear blue skies... We tied into our frozen rope and slowly put on crampons. I noticed the effect of the altitude. Everything was done more slowly... We started down about 7 a.m., August 21. We had been on top for 18 hours.

Looking down the Emmons from the top, the

descent route appeared. It zigzagged around crevasses and was quite obvious. I was sure glad that Jim had insisted we not start down yesterday. We would probably still be wandering around on the glacier if we were still moving.

Our first extended stop was Camp Sherman. We got fresh water and talked to some people who yesterday had watched us climb into the clouds... We also swapped appreciation with the Seattle rope team. They were glad that they stuck with us on top. We were glad they were there because seven warm bodies are better than four. We next stopped at Camp Curtis, gathered up our tents and packed for the trek out. We reached White River Campground at 2 p.m.

Al Jones, Paul Cook and Kelly Westmiller were waiting for us at the campground. They had called Yakima to let people know we'd be there by late... We reported to the ranger. He said they would have probably waited another day before mobilizing a search, but they were getting pressure from people concerned about the Seattle three. They were all in the Navy and were AWOL...

We were down. We were safe. Paul Irsfeld called Yakima to relay the news. Jeff and I with Paul Irsfeld and Jim Christensen had climbed Rainier this summer. I knew this year it would be different.

We drove back to Yakima. I was greeted by very happy and relieved friends. But my wife hadn't been worried. She figured we'd get down safely with Jim leading, and if we didn't, as she told her girlfriend, "He'd probably rather die up there than any other place I can think of." I guess she's right, but I'm glad this wasn't the trip, and I hope the next one isn't either, or the next one, or the next one, or.....

Editor's note: This Mt. Rainier climb article appeared in the 1978 Cascadian Annual. Some editing was done to shorten the full account.

CASCADIAN WOMEN TOP MOUNT ST. HELENS

(From May, 1970 newsletter)

The "Cascadian Ladies 1970 Expedition to Mount St. Helens" was reported to be a great success with 25 of the 26 climbers making it to the summit.

We hear that the going up was fine, but the return trip was rather more strenuous than the usual happy glissade. A few muscles are showing the effects of a long downhill over the ice with crampons and then wading the deep snow in the lower areas.

The weatherman smiled on the expedition and it was a clear, sunny day with visibility from the top exceptional.

CASCADIANS TACKLE MOUNT HOOD CLIMB

July 4, 1925

Leaving Yakima by automobile July 3, a party of 16 Cascadians started for Cloud Cap Inn near the Hood Loop Hiway. Mr. Hull, driver of one of the cars left in the morning, and had located camp and had a few hours sleep before the rest of the party arrived; they arriving just in time to get a bite of breakfast and start the climb; around 4:45 a.m.

At the suggestion of the Guide the route selected was somewhat west of the regular route; this led over a moraine; across Elliot Glacier; and then swung round to the northwest side of the mountain. When about halfway to the summit another turn to the right took us almost to the west side; this being done to avoid climbing over the loose rocks, which would have made the climbing rather dangerous. When within about 800 feet of the top, a left hand turn was made, and it was then we encountered the steepest climbing of the day, over soft snow. Just as the summit was about reached we met a number of the Legion party starting down, they having made the climb from Legion Camp.

We arrived at the summit at 12:45 p.m., the climb having been made in eight hours, which was considered very good time, as several in the party had never made a hard climb before, and most of them had had no sleep or rest the night before.

The day was exceptionally clear and a good view of the surrounding country for over a hundred miles was obtained. Mt. Jefferson, Washington, Three-Fingered Jack, Three Sisters, and Diamond Peak showed up exceptionally plain. To the west could be seen the Coast Range, and the Columbia River could be traced as far as Portland. The view to the north was inspiring, with Mt. Adams in the foreground, so close it seemed that one could reach out and touch it; St. Helens, the left, and Rainier in the middle distance completing the picture. The wheat fields of Washington and Oregon lay like great checkerboards to the east.

After a short rest, and having registered in the book kept by the forest ranger on duty in the Hood lookout station, the descent was started; the guide from Cloud Cap Inn as leader. He promised to show us a few thrills, and when we arrived at what he said would be the starting down place and each had a look over we were certain this his promised would be fulfilled.

The mountain seemed to lean out at this particular place, and one wondered how snow could stick on; let alone human beings. A rope hung over the snow slope for about 500 feet, and the lower end seemed to be waving in the breeze. One of the party, who thought that the summit could be reached in about an hour, when the start was made in the morning, (he

had never climbed a mountain before), stated he thought that if we really were going down this place we would arrive at the bottom in about that many minutes.

However, it wasn't quite as bad as it appeared to be at first sight, and by hanging on to the rope, and getting good footholds in the snow, all arrived safely at a little island of rocks, from which place another rope, about half the length of the first one, was tied. This one hung down over a still steeper slope, snow covered, which was about right angles to the first slope. Our guide told us when we got to the end of the rope to let loose and slide. How could one help it, for it ended in the steepest

place, and there was not a chance for footholds.

Our guide was first on the slide, and seemed to be making about 30 miles per hour, and also a deep ditch in the soft snow. A small avalanche followed him closely, and soon he was out of sight; but before long everyone was following, and the thrill of the slide made one forget all about being afraid; the only mishap being when one of the party, who was using a Graflex camera as a toboggan, got too slow for it, and it beat him to a large crevasse in Elliot Glacier. It was recovered however, with much hard work, and after a trip to the factory was almost as good as when new.

CASCADIANS ACCOMPLISH NUMEROUS FIRST ASCENTS

MT. ADAMS – 12,276'

Rusk Glacier, Castle Route (1921):

Claude E. Rusk, Wayne Richardson, Clarence Starcher, Clarence Truitt, Robert Williams, Rolland Whitmore, Edgar Coursen

South Klickitat Glacier Icefall (July, 1962):

Dave Mahre, Lex Maxwell, Ralph Uber

West Ridge (July, 1963):

Ralph Uber, Lex Maxwell, Wallace Juneau, Gary Faulkes

Southwest Chute (June 19-20, 1965):

Tom Hargis, Jr., Charles Lyon, Sean Maxwell

Pinnacle Glacier Headwall (June 26-27, 1965):

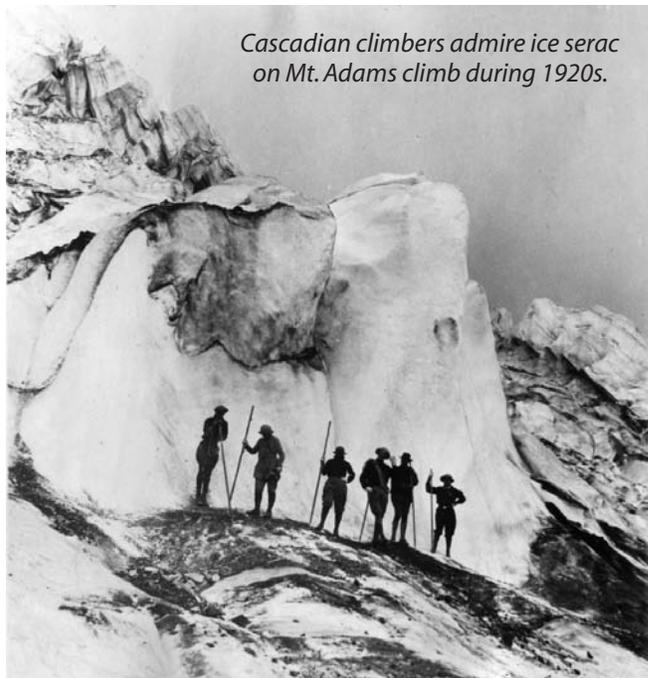
Gary Faulkes, Phil Lizee

Lyman Glacier, South Portion (August, 1966):

Tom Hargis, Jr., Chris Cunningham



During the 1921 Cascadian campout in Avalanche Valley at Mt. Adams these seven club members made the first ascent of the Castle Route on the mountain's east side. L-R: W.E. Richardson, Clarence Starcher, Clarence Truitt, Robert Williams, Rolland Whitmore, Edgar Coursen, C.E. Rusk.



Cascadian climbers admire ice serac on Mt. Adams climb during 1920s.

MT. RAINIER – 14,410'

Sunset Ridge, S. Flank of Edmunds Glacier Headwall (May 31, 1953):

Gene Prater, Dave Mahre, Fred Stanley, James Wickwire, Fred Dunham

Liberty Ridge, Second Ascent (Aug. 21, 1955):

Gene Prater, Dave Mahre, Marcel Schuster,
Mike McGuire

Curtis Ridge (July 21, 1957):

Gene Prater, Marcel Schuster

Russell Cliff, Upper Curtis Ridge (July, 1960):

Dave Mahre, Gene Prater, Jim Kurtz, Don Jones

Willis Wall, East Rib (June 8, 1963):

Dave Mahre, Fred Dunham, James Wickwire,
Donald Anderson

Sunset Amphitheater Headwall (July 24, 1965):

Gene Prater, Dave Mahre, Don McPherson,
James Wickwire, Fred Stanley

Mowich Face, Central Mowich Face (July 24, 1966):

Gene Prater, James Wickwire, Dee Molenaar,
Dick Pargeter

Nisqually Ice Cliff, Nisqually Cleaver (June 19, 1967):

Fred Dunham, James Wickwire

Central Mowich Face, Right Upper Section (July 4, 1967):

Del Young, Bill Cockerham, Bill Sumner, Ed Marquart

North Mowich Headwall (July 22, 1968):

Mike Heath, Dan Davis, Mead Hargis, Bill Cockerham



Dave Mahre on Mt. Rainier's Liberty Ridge on Aug. 21, 1955—the second ascent in history. Photo by Gene Prater & courtesy of Curtiss Gilbert.

LITTLE TAHOMA – 11,117'

K Spire (September 23, 1956):

Lex Maxwell, Bob McCall

North Face (June, 1959):

Gene Prater, Dave Mahre

Northeast Face (August 23, 1959):

Lex Maxwell, Dave Mahre, Bob McCall

West Ridge (Dec. 30, 1980 – Jan. 1, 1981):

Matt Christensen, Paul Cook



This 1972 photo at Mt. Rainier includes some of the top regional climbers responsible for a number of first ascents.

*L-R: Jim Wickwire,
Dave Mahre,
Fred Dunham,
Del Young,
Fred Stanley,
Gene Prater.*

Photo courtesy of Fred Dunham.

MT. STUART – 9,415'

Ulrich's Couloir (July, 1933):

Louis Ulrich, Lex Maxwell, Joe Werner

West Ridge (August, 1935):

Lex Maxwell, Fred Lewellyn, John Vertrees

Northwest Buttress (August, 1937):

Louis Ulrich, Edward Rankin, John Riley

First Winter Ascent (February 14, 1955):

Gene Prater, Bill Prater, Dave Mahre,
Everett Lasher, Don Torrey

Sherpa Glacier (June, 1956):

Bill Prater, Gene Prater, Don Torrey, Nelson Torrey

Ice Cliff Glacier (September, 1957):

Dave Mahre, Gene Prater, Bill Prater

Northeast Face, Variation (September 8, 1958):

Dave Mahre, Gene Prater

Northeast Face (August, 1959):

Dave Mahre, Gene Prater, Richard Hebble,
Donald Anderson

North Ridge, Great Gendarme (July, 1964):

Fred Stanley, James Wickwire

North Ridge, Lower N. Ridge, East Side (July, 1970):

Mead Hargis, Jay Ossiander



Louis Ulrich & Joe Werner following first ascent of Ulrich's Couloir, Mt. Stuart, 1933. Photo by Lex Maxwell.



Lex Maxwell on first ascent of Mt. Stuart via West Ridge, August 1935.

KLOOCHMAN ROCK – 4,532'

Rumble Gully (1933):

Lex Maxwell, Louis Ulrich, Joe Gleason

Deception Chimney (1933):

Lex Maxwell, Louis Ulrich, Joe Gleason

South Terrace Route (1961):

Lex Maxwell, Louis Ulrich, Rolla Gould



Kloochman Rock

OTHER CASCADE PEAKS

North Cascades Liberty Bell by Liberty Crack (Dec. 26-Jan. 2, 1977):

Matt Christensen, Jamie Christensen, Dale Farnham,
Jon Znamierowski

North Cascades Early Winters Spire, Northwest Face (June 15-16, 1977):

Paul Boving, Matt Kerns

Prusik Peak, South Face up Fritz Bo Bo (July 21, 1977):

Paul Boving, Matt Christensen

Dragontail Peak on Gray Wall, A Separate Peace Route (August 11, 1977):

Matt Christensen, Paul Boving



Matt Christensen on first ascent of A Separate Peace, Dragontail Peak, August 1977. Colchuck Glacier & Peak in background. Photo by Paul Boving.

CASCADIANS ENJOY VARIETY OF SNOW ACTIVITIES



CASCADIANS SERIOUS ABOUT SKIING, 1948-49

By Bill Hassell

Last summer one of our groups, with the thought of locating a Cascadian ski hill, picked out a site this side of Morse Creek, leased it from the Forest Service and moved our ski hut to the spot. A small bridge was built across the river and everything was set for a grand season.

We started our skiing with several grand Sundays at Tipsoo, the general lack of snow in the lower country aiding us by enabling the Highway Department to keep the road open longer than usual.

We then moved to Gold Hill and started skiing in earnest. Unfortunately, for the average skier, the snow was slow in coming, but the more enthusiastic continued in their good luck on the higher slopes.

About this time Charley Cook began to get tired legs and contributed the idea of a portable ski tow and presented it to the Board. They went for it in a big way and in a short time it was a reality. Everyone agrees as to its huge success.

Our Club received considerable credit for their management of the Yakima Ski Club P.N.S.A. Tournament and for the use of the up-ski for the event.

About the first of January, feet began to itch for real snow and seven members lit out for Mt. Baker to spend 10 glorious days in powder snow up to their knees amid scenery rivaling any in the world. They were royally entertained at the Mt. Baker Ski Club Hut by the genial caretaker, Jerry Smith.

Back home again, we found there still had not been enough snow at our new course; in fact, Quarter-Mile was poor, so operations were shifted to Gold Hill where Clarence Truitt extended to us his famous hospitality.

We had the honor of having the first large slide of the season go through the middle of our own course, and it certainly cleared out some of the trees we were

planning to remove next summer. We did not feel too bad, since the lack of snow had prevented us from using it. To top it off, we also had the questionable honor of having the biggest slide of the year at Gold Hill bury our ski tow under several feet of snow. We are still looking for the tow, but are also looking forward to many Sundays of spring skiing and lots of climbing this summer.

LARGE GROUP LEARNS CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

By Dorothy Egg

We hope you have enjoyed cross-country skiing and will continue to do so in the years to come. Ninety-two students participated in our first year of lessons.

It was successful thanks to the following instructors: Scott Berglund, Jeff Hagen, Alan Jones, Dennis Mewshaw, Janet Mewshaw, Dean Polk, John Putney, Steve Reese, Kim Wiese, and Marian Rossman; assistants: Dena Berglund, Janice Laaksonen, and Joyce Hagen; tour leaders: Bill Doyle, Al Rossman, Gene & Jean McClure, Lloyd Mohling, Bill Brashear, Mike & Linda Gunderson, Pat Nagle, Elaine Stevenson, Paavo Carlson, Lynn Hendrix, Alene Wesselius and Eleanor Paine.

Special thanks to Eleanor for assistance with instructional phases of the program; to Dennis Mewshaw for his invaluable help in handling most of the ski instructor on-snow clinics, for sharing an excellent cross-country ski film with the Cascadians and for assisting with indoor clinics; and to Jim Obert for his lecture presentation on safety factors



Dorothy Egg

Editor's note: Dorothy Egg headed the first cross-country skiing school for Cascadians in the winter of 1979-80. This article appeared in the 1979 Cascadian Annual.

SNOWSHOERS RACE UP MT. MARGARET IN 1959

By Gene Prater

Many climbs or outings have one thing in common; of the many people invited along, perhaps one-third show up. About twice a year, however, everyone shows up, and each brings several guests.

Mt. Margaret, perhaps because of its mild reputation and gentle slopes, thus played host to 53 Seattle Mountaineers, Cascadians, and Sherpas. As we tried to pull off the highway beside Lake Keechelus at Rocky Run turnoff, we had an inkling that this was going to be a large group. The turnoff, the U-turn space between the east and west bound lanes, and the narrow shoulder of road between snowbank and concrete were jammed with cars.

Sherpa Doc stood in the parking lot signing up snowshoers, collecting "trail fees," and urging the mob to get off the highway and put its collective snowshoes on.

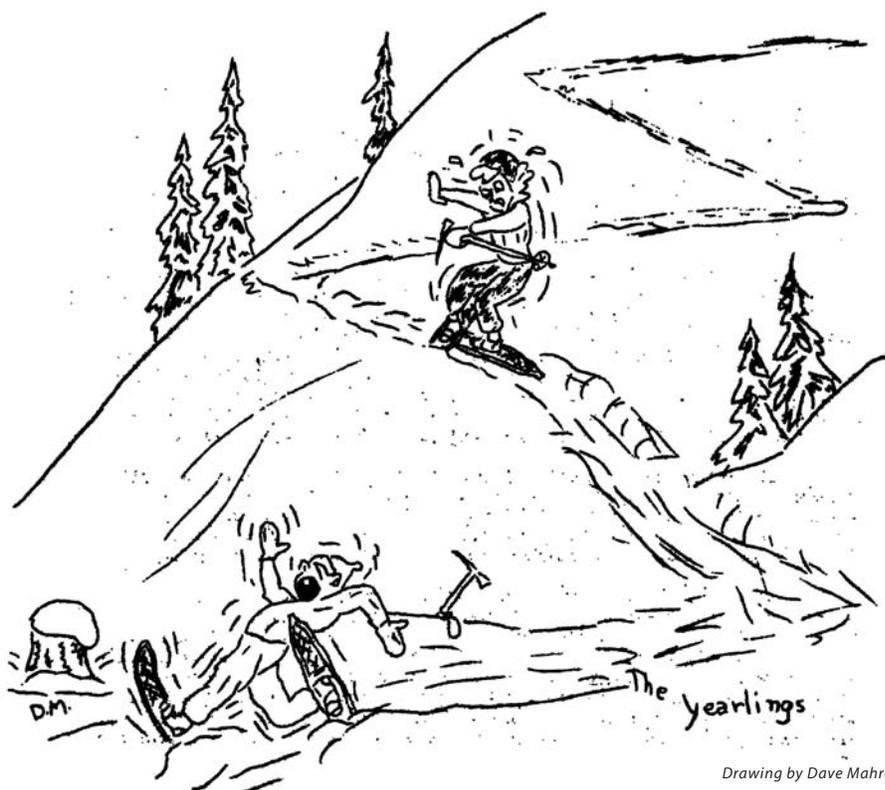
We were amazed. After years of needling the skiers and singing of the hordes of snowshoers who each weekend swarmed over the winter mountains, we could now see our fiction in fact. It was nearly unbelievable.

So the vanguard of Sherpas, plus the cream of the Mountaineers, waddled on up the slopes, ignoring as usual, the gentle road as we slipped and slid on the icy crust beneath fog-shrouded trees. This is the usual procedure with skiers, guaranteeing the quick demise of all but the strongest and most skillful. So it was, also, with the snowshoers.

This great crowd of beginners unfortunately had neither the Sherpa aluminum angle traction, nor the experience to use the irregularities of the surface, trees, plus careful balance.

So, Sherpa Doc, remembering this particular bit of strategy, wisely collected all but the renegades wallowing in the tree holes and threading through the brush, and herded them carefully up the road, lest they become too quickly discouraged by the initial difficulties. After all, there is a certain amount of skill involved in steep snowshoeing, which can only be learned by experience.

Fortunately, the fog soon gave way to blue skies and sunshine, and the crust became lost under a bit of snow which provided excellent traction, and soon increased in depth so that the webs were sinking in five to 10 inches.



Two of the party, one from Colorado, were explaining the ideal conditioning possible by carrying heavy packs above 12,000 feet. This writer also pointed out the similar advantages of being first in the snowshoe line in a situation such as this; deep powder, and soon found that it had been some time since the high elevation advocates had been at that altitude with a load.

One by one the five-minute trail-breaking shifts passed, and the space behind the unused snowshoers increased as each used trail-breaker seemingly found proximity to the head of the line repulsive. Until only Freddy Newshwander and myself were there, with a great gasping group of sweating snowshoers spread out behind, tightening binding, tying shoes, adjusting packs or, in the case of three twitterpated Bull Sherpas, helping the womenfolk.

Only the fear that Lasher and his 30-odd stalwarts had access to a shortcut spurred us on. At last we gained the crest of the east ridge, overlooking the Kachess basin, and packed the "ay-rea" and ate lunch for an hour and a half, waiting for Doc to catch up before proceeding to the top. But, no Doc!

Soon after starting on, having given up on the main party, with Barry and Freddy kicking up great eddies of snow in the lead, a heavily traveled snowshoe trail was discovered. Lasher had bypassed us as we lounged around in the sun, consuming goodies and drinking Neal Jacques' foul tea!

FARMER KEEPING A FOOT IN SNOW BIZ

By Stephen Dunphy

Seattle Times business editor

Occasionally, I could pass an aged Grandma or an exhausted, overweight, tired business man, but the packed trail stretched over the false summit, down the north side, and on to the top; panting, puffing, neophyte snowshoers were leaning on ice axes, ski poles and each other on both shoulders of the right-of-way. Had the tortoise beaten the hare, or were we as tough as we had figured? One thing was clear; only the strongest pride kept my hind legs from buckling, and the pleasant smile on my face—"see, I'm enjoying it!"—was from memory alone.

Not all, however, was lost. Barry and Freddy had made it to the top first, passing the old master trail breaker, Sherpa Doc, 50 feet below the summit. Soon the rest of the sheepish Sherpas were gathered 'round, and the decision to try Tum Teedle, a nubbin on the ridge a quarter mile north of the summit was made.

Although we had to climb down to get to it, this eased our damaged egos; to follow the beaten path to the summit isn't in the best tradition of the Sherpas. And to aid in constructing the snowshoe trail on a narrow ridge, weaving through patches of trees, swinging low on the windward side to stay off cornices, is an enjoyable, if tiring, experience.

The return to the summit after resting atop Tum Teedle was an anti-climax, as was the rest of the trip out. To find Lynn Buchanan and Wayne Johnson on the summit—with skis—was a pleasure. The wilderness skiers are a separate breed of cat from the "ski tow mountaineers," with whom there is very little for a snowshoer to communicate about the out-of-doors.

As usual, the trees were dripping great torrents of melt-water as we slogged down the sun-softened, gooey snow, only recently dry, fluffy powder. The return through the crusted section, now softened slightly by the sun, was the usual nightmare. Traverses were virtually impossible, so many glistening glissades were used; between the drip from the trees and the wet snow beneath, things were dampish, to say the least.

Of great satisfaction, of course, was the fact that the skiers were nowhere in sight when we last webfoots off the summit got to the cars. Had the skier beaten us down, after Lasher and his beginners had beaten us to the summit, would have been too much for us to bear in one day. The emotions experienced from seeing years of lying to the skier about the members of the snowshoers turned into solid fact, was, without doubt, the basic factor behind my sub-standard performance this trip.

Editor's note: This snowshoe trip was written up in the 1959 annual and featured a large, mixed group of folks climbing up Mt. Margaret, elevation 5,500 feet, near Snoqualmie Pass. Its author, Gene Prater, served as president of The Cascadians in 1963 and 1964.

ELLENSBURG – Cold, hard winter is creeping down the ridges around this Central Washington town on the lee side of the Cascades these days, halting most of the usual farming activities of the area.

The ground freezes, snow dusts the fields and most farmers turn to the tool shed to maintain and repair machinery and vehicles they will need when spring returns.

But for Gene Prater (past president of the Cascadians, and longtime member), who owns a 400-acre farm in the shadow of Manastash Ridge, winter means turning to the aluminum tubing, polyurethane straps and a rickety old sewing machine in a small white frame house just a few yards from the 1890's farmhouse built by his grandparents.

Prater makes snowshoes. And winter is a time for the annual battle with himself—whether he should sit down and make the snowshoes people have ordered from him, or use them himself to climb the mountains and ridges he loves so much.

Prater has been an avid mountaineer since 1949 when he started climbing. He eventually turned to snowshoeing in the winter as a way to stay in shape for climbing.

"A farmer has more free time in the winter, and I'd get a case of cabin fever," he said. "I also thought there should be a way of avoiding the reconditioning needed for mountaineering." Prater still feels conditioning is important—and proves it by taking a "walk" up Manastash Ridge every week. It's about 1,500 feet—more or less straight up—from the elevation of his farm.

Prater started snowshoeing with G.I. issue snowshoes, but soon found them inadequate for mountains or the particular kinds of snow found in the Northwest.

"I began to modify shoes," he recalled, "tacking on here, adding things there. I made them smaller, shorter, narrower." Over the years, Prater experimented with snowshoes made by many manufacturers, finally adjusting them to the point where "I fit them so they could climb."

With a shoe that would climb mountains, which previously were forbidden territory for snowshoe enthusiasts, now were open to winter ascents. He still makes winter climbs with some Ellensburg friends.

"There are not too many nitwits who want to attempt something like that," he said.

Over the years, Prater built a name for himself

in snowshoeing circles with a couple of books on the subject and a lot of modified snowshoes. There were a number of requests from various companies to use his ideas in a “Prater special,” but he resisted the commercial side.

Some of his ideas were carried a bit further and sold commercially by a brother, (Bill, also a long-time Cascadian and past president), who founded Sherpa Snow Shoe Company. The company was later sold to a Chicago firm.

Two years ago, when commodity prices fell and farm income started to slip, Prater decided it was time to try it on his own. He put a couple of ads in outdoor magazines and received about 200 responses. That’s about enough for now, Prater said, adding that he wants to make a good, hand-crafted snowshoe, not some mass-produced model.

“I figured that since the local climbers and shoers always looked to me for help,” he said, “maybe I could get some customers on the national level, too.”

Editor’s note: This article was printed in the Dec. 22, 1979 edition of the Seattle Times, and later appeared in the 1999 Cascadian Annual with a footnote from then Cascadian historian Don Havlin, who wrote, “Since I have been a showshoer from the time I joined The Cascadians in 1959...I have owned about 10 different pairs of snowshoes...my favorite shoes are the Sherpas invented by Gene. I wore out one pair of those, but still have a nearly new pair. Gene’s Sherpas forever changed the snowshoe world...”



Louis Ulrich, longtime Cascadian leader, snowshoes in the Sand Lake area during the 1980s. Photo by Kurt Smith.

GOLD HILL CABIN HISTORY RECALLED

By Charles Hessey

Once upon a time a prospector, name unknown, discovered a fleck of gold in his pan while working Morse Creek. “Bonanza!” he shrieked to himself, casting covert glances up and down the valley to verify his solitude. Then he fished the golden speck from his pan with a grubby forefinger and in awe-struck tones whispered, “This whole mountain must be made of gold!” So began the legend of Gold Hill, a paradise for claim-stakers.

The first time I saw the place I stopped just long enough to turn the car around and drive away. My impression was of a few cabins or tent houses, and several men who seemed not to be occupied with any particular task. Of the many men involved in the Morse Creek claims, a few were more interested in selling stock than in digging in the dirt—an observation applicable to a lot of mining operations.

About 13 years later I paid my second visit to Gold Hill as a guest of Yakima Boy Scout Troop One and its Scoutmaster, Clarence Truitt. There was one cabin left, and it had been converted to winter use by some young Yakima skiers, one of whom was Tom McCartney, an active young fellow I never had the pleasure of meeting.

His group graduated from high school and moved away to their college careers, and Truitt obtained use of the cabin from them. Although the claim had been abandoned, the cabin’s legal ownership was in doubt until Truitt, for a modest sum, obtained a quit-claim deed to it. This was about the year 1938.

Skiing was just beginning to be a big thing, and the cabin at Gold Hill was filling a need. The other place to ski out of Yakima was at the American River Ski Bowl, where the snow sometimes came late and left early.

Truitt’s hospitality became legendary. Everyone who skied the two miles in was invited to dinner. The average number of overnights on weekends was 20 or more, and dinner was often served to twice that number.

War scattered most of the skiers in 1942, and the cabin had limited use for several years. Marion managed a few trips to Gold Hill during those war years, and when the shooting finally stopped, she stocked the cabin with food in anticipation of a troop of ski-starved GI’s coming home.

When Truitt returned from Japan, he wanted relief from the responsibility of the cabin, so a group of us bought it from him.

The next few years saw some changes. Truitt died in 1949. White Pass installed chairlifts, and



Joyce Hagen poses by snow-covered Gold Hill Cabin during a Cascadian visit in January 1975. Photos by Jeff Hagen.

Yakimans no longer needed to hike for local skiing. Congress passed more stringent mining laws, and we found ourselves under attack by the Forest Service.

Also, in 1960 we suddenly were given an opportunity to build a new cabin. White Pass had cut deeply into Gold Hill traffic and many friends had fallen away; but we quickly rounded up others who were interested in the unique Morse Creek experience, and built the present cabin. It was a willing and hard-working crew we had, and the roof was on before snow fell to stay. The old cabin was used for fuel storage, and the light plant, toilets, and visitor overflow sleeping quarters, the two buildings being connected by an A-frame hallway.

Our present utility building is constructed of lumber Otto Lagervall acquired when the railroad's large water tank in Yakima was demolished. We then tore down the old cabin, sawing it up for firewood. It had served us well.

Dickering obtained for us a 10-year lease on the property from the Forest Service, with the understanding, never agreed to by us, that the cabin would be removed at expiration of the lease. When the 10 years were up we were notified. We wrote letters and met with Forest Service officials, and were able to convince them that the cabin is an asset to the community of outdoor people who use it. Our lease is now on a yearly basis, as it should be, and is safe just as long as we behave.

Editor's note: For many years Cascadians continued to enjoy the Gold Hill cabin. This history by Charles Hessey was contained in the 1983 Cascadian Annual. The club no longer has an official connection to the cabin and club outings were discontinued more than a decade ago.



Chuck & Marion Hessey

NEW YEAR'S AT GOLD HILL CABIN – 1959

By Gene Prater

The second annual Cascadian New Year's celebration at Gold Hill seemed to indicate that there is a growing number of people who prefer a strenuous, non-alcoholic weekend in very primitive accommodations to the more cosmopolitan variety which leaves a rather vague memory that one had a wonderful time, somewhere, although he wishes he hadn't let quite so many hob-goblins and evil spirits out of those glasses and bottles.

About 25 more or less skilled skiers, plus a handful of snowshoers, enjoyed the perfect weather, the skiers reveling in a foot of powder on a crust, at Gold Hill, New Year's weekend, 1959.

In spite of the reputation of the area as a skier's paradise, there was a variety of activities which kept everyone, from the most ardent snowshoer to the most competitive lodge skier, busy working up an appetite. Besides the outdoor sports, there is also a tradition concerning the consuming of a dead turkey, plus all the assorted goodies prepared by the superb skill of Master Cook, **Marion Hessey**—on these occasions aided and abetted by numerous non-skiing wives and other casualties of the two-mile jaunt from the cars.

Conditions at the cabin, as in the mountains in the summer, would be intolerable at home; a red-hot stove in one room where people gasp from the heat as they mop their sweating brows, while 15 feet away others shiver as a draft from a window or door creeps slowly down their spines. These, however, are the conditions which act upon one's well-being as frost on the apple, turning small, green apples—and people—into plump, rosy, congenial, attractive fruit.

Those who could ski made many trips up the slopes of Gold Hill. Those who could not were taken under the protective wings of the Sage of Gold Hill, **Chuck Hessey**, along with **Lex Maxwell** and **Dave Mahre**, all of whom passed out information on "How to Ski," worth many dollars at the ski resorts. Snowshoer **Bill Prater** led his future wife, **Barb**, and **Bob Swenson**, to a pass in the rugged ridge south of Morse Creek, but since the way led through many trees, the other skiers could not be lured off their chosen slope above the cabin.

Thus ended the largest Cascadian outing of 1959—the first one. When shall we return again?

(Article copied from the 1959 Cascadian Annual)

CASCADIANS SUPPORT PRESERVING PUBLIC LANDS

CASCADIANS PUSH CONSERVATION EFFORTS OVER 100-YEAR PERIOD

Throughout its 100-year history, Cascadians and conservation connect together like close cousins. Major issues such as the establishment of the North Cascades National Park and approval of the Glacier Peak, Alpine Lakes, William O. Douglas and Norse Peak wilderness areas received strong support from the club.



At times the club acted to preserve and protect public lands through the leadership of a conservation chairman. Another means of voicing its concerns came through allying the club with like-minded organizations such as the Sierra Club, the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, and the Washington Trails Association.

Cascadians took prominent roles in such conservation groups as the North Cascades Preservation Council, the Alpine Lakes Protection Society, the Cougar Lakes Wilderness Alliance, and the Cowiche Canyon Conservancy. Numerous Cascadian leaders spoke out strongly about the importance of preserving public lands during the club's 100 years of existence.

Each current Cascadian newsletter starts off by clearly announcing that the club is "a recreation and **conservation** group based in Yakima, WA

that has been enjoying and maintaining the trails and peaks of the Pacific Northwest through hiking, biking, backpacking, climbing, and stewardship since 1920."

Some of the conservation leaders of Cascadians include Chuck Hessey, Yvonne Prater, Hal Foss, Stan Isley, and Ray Paoella. Each of these Cascadians provided strong leadership during turbulent times during the past 100 years when preservation of public lands was in doubt.

Several conservation committee reports or conservation articles printed in earlier Cascadian Annuals are contained in this special centennial edition. The beliefs and principles advanced by our club's conservation leaders helped shaped the protected landscapes of Washington's Cascades region that we enjoy today. This rich heritage of The Cascadians will hopefully continue in the future as we face the ongoing challenges of preserving our public lands.

Editor's note: In researching details about the club's long history of conservation involvement, we have discovered many examples of letters written to government agencies or congressional committees expressing vigorous support for preservation of public lands not only for current recreational use, but also for the enjoyment of future generations. In addition, club newsletters and annuals frequently included both information regarding conservation issues or calls for action in the form of letter writing campaigns to support conservation issues.



CONSERVATION EFFORTS CITED BY RAY PAOLELLA

Editor's note: The following article was provided by Ray Paoellella, head of The Cascadians conservation committee during the 1980s. Reflecting on this summary of conservation efforts from that period, he commented, "Looking back now, I realize how really amazing some of these things were."

Stan Isley was Conservation Chair in the mid-80s, and Ray Paoellella was Conservation Chair in the late 80s. Conservation Committee meetings were frequently held at the home of long-time member Don Havlin at 30th and Yakima Avenue. Here are some of the significant conservation issues that the committee worked on:



Washington Wilderness Act of 1984

The Cascadians advocated for congressional passage of the Washington State Wilderness Act of 1984, which protected in perpetuity over one million acres of wilderness, including the William O. Douglas Wilderness (169,081 acres) and Norse Peak Wilderness (52,315 acres). Club members were very active in promoting wilderness legislation, including meeting with our Congressman Sid Morrison and Senator Slade Gorton.

Cascadian Phil Johnson, who was also president of the Cougar Lakes Wilderness Alliance, was instrumental in preserving these wilderness areas located to the west of Yakima and frequented by U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Classic wilderness hiking adventures near Yakima are chronicled in Douglas's books "Of Men and Mountains" and "Go East, Young Man."

Timber Sales Appeals

The Conservation Committee investigated Forest Service timber sales on the Naches Ranger District by filing Freedom of Information Act requests for Wenatchee National forest timber harvest levels. Government records showed that for over 20 years, the Forest Service had approved timbers sales that significantly exceeded the maximum allowable cut under federal law.

The Cascadians then appealed proposed timber sales, and a stay was granted. These appeals resulted in much-reduced levels of clearcutting on the Wenatchee

National Forest. The club also participated in Northwest forest planning, and supported roadless area protections and regional efforts to preserve spotted owl habitat.

Yakama Nation

The Conservation Committee worked on areas of mutual interest to both The Cascadians and the Yakama Nation, including Environmental Impact Statements for forest Service timber harvest activities and proposed development in areas formerly part of the Goat Rocks Wilderness. The committee interacted with tribal elders Bill Yallup and Johnson Meninick, who told riveting stories about the cultural and natural history of the Cascade Mountains, including the mountain refuge of Yakama Chief Kamiakin during the Yakama Indian Wars (1855-1858).

Cowiche Canyon Conservancy Founded

In 1985, the Cowiche Canyon Conservancy (CCC) was started, and Cascadians David Hagen, Ray Paoellella, Andy Stepniewski, and Jeanne Crawford were early supporters and board members. In the late 80s, there was controversy and litigation on whether to open the now well-established public hiking trail in Cowiche Canyon.

The Cascadians donated \$40 as seed money so CCC could open its first bank account. Hundreds of acres of the "Cowiche Canyon Uplands" at the current Scenic Drive Trailhead were slated for auction and development as "surplus" government land. The Cascadians actively supported CCC's efforts to persuade the federal Bureau of Land Management to cancel the land auction and instead dedicated the Cowiche Canyon Uplands for recreation and protection of the rare plant *Lomatium lithosolamans* (formerly *Tauschia hooveri*). And the rest is history!



Logo by
Karen Stotsenberg

THE CASCADIANS AND CONSERVATION, 1957 REPORT

By Yvonne Prater
Conservation Committee Chairman

The year 1957 saw vigorous activity in the club as we are concerned with wilderness conservation. Three Cascadians made a trip in March to the Sierra Club-sponsored Wilderness Conference which was held in San Francisco. An "anonymous" contributor donated funds which made the trip possible for Gene and Yvonne Prater and Mrs. Rick Mack. We found that the Sierra Club put on an excellent conference... It was a wonderful chance to learn about wilderness, the work that goes into protecting scenic areas and the threats to those areas...

Bill Prater attended the meeting in Portland of northwest conservationists with Herbert Stone, Regional Forester. The group looked over the Forest Service overlay map for the Glacier Peak region and heard Mr. Stone's explanation of the Forest Service proposal. At that time, it was felt that the Forest Service had deleted three key approach valleys that are considered by many to be an integral part of the wilderness of the North Cascades.

Out of this meeting grew the organization now known as the North Cascades Conservation Council which has a proposed wilderness area of its own that does include the three valleys which the Forest Service left out. The North Cascades Conservation Council (NCCC) is presenting the boundary recommendations proposed by the Seattle Mountaineers; a proposal that grew out of careful evaluation and study of the area involved. The valleys concerned are the Suiattle, Whitechuck and Agness...

Board members of the NCCC who are Cascadians are: Charles Hessey, Mrs. Rick Mack and Yvonne Prater (also NCCC treasurer)...

The Cascadians were approached this year by the White Pass Ski Company with the idea of The Cascadians sponsoring a request directed to the Forest Service that the above-mentioned interest be allowed permission to use a snowcat in the northeast portion of the Goat Rocks Wild Area for snow surveys for possible ski developments.

After thorough investigation and study, the request was turned down by a vote of the group and President Robert Swenson directed a letter to Harold Bowerman telling him of our stand and the reasons for our decision...

Sooner than most of us wish the only wilderness experience possible in this country will be inside such designated areas. Today we have a much greater choice, and if we think only of our generation, the piecemeal erosion of a Wild Area by first one commercial interest then another, seems of little moment. However, The

Cascadians feel themselves to be morally bound, as the Forest Service is bound by regulation, to protect such designated areas for use of people who have not yet come upon the scene and who are not, therefore, in a position to plead their own case when irrevocable decisions are being made which will affect them...

With Chuck and Marion Hessey making [16mm color] movies of the recreational possibilities in the North Cascades, the whole nation may soon be seeing what we have in the form of scenery in this great state. Their latest film, "Glacier Peak Holiday," was enthusiastically received at the latest Cascadian meeting and was hailed a great success by everyone...

During the year The Cascadians sent telegrams to the House and Senate urging legislators to support the National Wilderness Preservation Bill (called the Wilderness Bill) which is being supported by all the conservation groups. This will enable Wilderness areas to be protected from the many threats that can now diminish or even eliminate them completely.

Those members working tirelessly throughout the year on the conservation committee were: Louis Ulrich, Mrs. Rick Mack, Lex Maxwell, and Chuck and Marion Hessey. Without the wholehearted support of the members of The Cascadians, none of this work would have been possible and we are indebted to the group for listening to long-winded reports and discussions.

Editor's note: This condensed version of Yvonne Prater's 1957 conservation report appeared in that year's Cascadian Annual. It clearly indicates the great degree of involvement the club and its conservation committee members had regarding the environmental issues of that time.

THREE GOALS FOCUS OF 1961 CONSERVATION REPORT

By Chuck Hessey

Clubs such as the CASCADIANS, whose oddball members struggle against gravity for fun, have played no small part in making conservation the national issue that it is today. Those letters we write to officials have force, so let's do it more often. Letters to newspaper editors help, too.

We have presently as a club, three major goals in the preservation field. One is enactment of wilderness legislation on a national level, a goal that came a step nearer when the Senate passed the current bill by a lop-sided margin. Opponents of the bill have renewed their efforts, and now hope to block it in the House. We have forced them to change their tactics. They began this fight, several years ago, convinced that wilderness legislation had support only among a handful of crackpots. Recent experience has taught them that they are the handful.

Now, in their testimony, they too favor wilderness, BUT - - -. If we believe this, we have given them a 50% accuracy score. We will prove ourselves crackpots.

Another major goal is National Park status for part of the North Cascades, including the upper Lake Chelan watershed. This is the only step we can take to save this finest of mountain-recreation areas from the wrong kind of multiple-use. The Forest Service says that in their multiple-use plans the key designation for the Stehekin drainage is recreation. The logging will be done, apparently, with surgical neatness, the logging equipment, including chain saws, will be camouflaged and completely silenced, and all roads will be painted green and terraced and landscaped on every cut and fill. No? Well, if the key designation for the Stehekin drainage is recreation, how else can logging be made compatible with a family's summer vacation?

The Stehekin is too remote to be weekend recreation country. It's where families and children's groups (Boy Scouts, etc.) go for their annual vacations. That Region Six of the Forest Service believes logging to be compatible with the unique recreational uses of the area indicates that the office is out of touch with the public. Because of this blind spot in Forest Service administration (there are many other examples, as on the Whitechuck) Washington conservationists have accepted the idea that only National Park status will preserve the quality of recreational opportunities in the North Cascades.

The third area of our vital concern lies closer to home, in the Cougar Lake – upper Rattlesnake region. The Double-K Ranch (Kay Kershaw, Isabelle Lynn) has submitted a plan for creating a Wilderness Area in our backyard, to include the upper Bumping, Hindoo, and Rattlesnake areas. Many feel that they have drawn a defensible plan for a district that will, in the long run, serve crowding humanity much better if left in its natural state than if turned inside out for its pulpwood.

The more our natural areas diminish in size, the more valuable they become. This too, is where much of our water comes from. Nature's perfected plan for providing a pure and even flow of water throughout the year depends on the natural forest cover, and Wilderness Area or not, we ought to be protecting our watersheds.

Our motto should be: "To leave the earth as beautiful as we found it." To help in this endeavor, write letters, write letters, write letters.



Sketch by Eleanor Paine Hayward

HESSEY ILLUSTRATES NEED FOR CONSERVATION

Cascadian Annual 1965-1966-1967

Conservation. Why Conservation? Well, let's think about that for a minute.

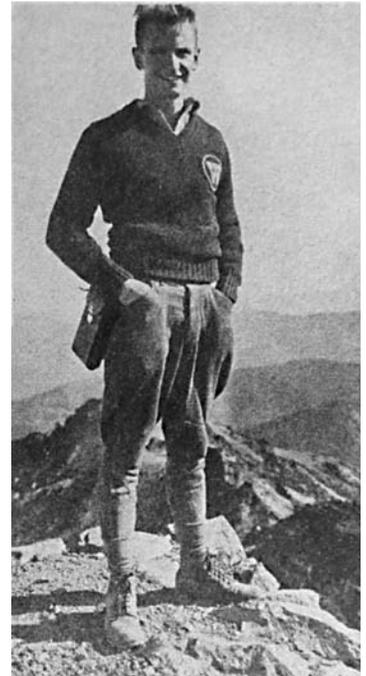
That was a nice trip you took the first weekend of August last year, wasn't it? Perfect... almost. Yes, now that you begin remembering, there were several things about it that were a good deal less than perfect.

For one thing, it was the first time in four years that you had visited the valley. The road's end camp trees had all been cut, and so had many of the smaller ones. Shade was pretty thin. There were more tables but less room. The surfaced camp roads were a tote goter's delight. You had never seen so many melon rinds in a stream before, and charred logs and piles of scorched earth around the camping area were not contributing much toward a satisfying camping experience.

Surprisingly, the camp no longer marked road's end. You drove on another three miles to where the new road terminated in a large clear-cut area. While preparing yourself for the trail you tried to remember a few particulars that could help you locate it. There were no signs. You wasted 50 minutes in searching, following false leads around the perimeter of the clear-cut, crossing and re-crossing the small slash-choked stream until finally you stumbled across it some distance up the hill.

The cool of the forested trail was a delightful relief after fighting brush and logs in the sunbaked clear-cut, and your overwrought spirit had almost recovered its calm normalcy when you noticed a sign tacked to a tree some distance ahead. Timber Sale Boundary was the information it bore. A new sale. You saw the signs almost to the ridge top, just short of the alpines.

That beautiful timberline camp you remembered was still there just below the first snowfield. You could tell that from a distance. There were several tattered sheets of black plastic hanging from a crippled pole frame and they were moving in the breeze. Scraps and sheets of discarded poly tarps were scattered throughout the groves of trees, along with broken catsup bottles, dented cans of



Chuck Hessey, 1930

Lumberjack syrup, empty meatball cans, foil plates, beer bottles, and beer and soda cans. It took you quite awhile to restore that camp, to make it a place where contentment might abide.

Your experiences on that weekend are Why conservation.

CASCADIANS are helping to do something about the many problems by setting a right example, by supporting good legislation, by suggesting management procedures, and by actively engaging in the politics of landscape preservation. To say that our point of view is prevailing may be premature judgment, but it is no mistake to say that more people now are willing to listen to us.

Specifically, our point of view has made progress toward a Cougar Lakes Wilderness, and has been successful in reviving the idea of a National Park in the North Cascades. Both of these projects, which we have strongly supported, now have a good chance of becoming realities.

We, as CASCADIANS, have a right to feel encouraged by current events in conservation. But that experience of yours last August indicates that we still have plenty to do.

Let's get on with it.

Chuck Hessey, Chairman, Conservation Committee.

HESSEY ON PRESERVATION

1983 Cascadian Annual

By Charles D. Hessey, Jr.

Somewhere near the first page in all but our recent Annuals is a paragraph excerpted from the CASCADIANS constitution which states, in part: "The Purpose of the organization shall be...the preservation of the forests and other features of mountain scenery as far as possible in their natural beauty..." The phrase "as far as possible" implies vigorous action through the political process in the search for the boundaries of the "possible." It has been said that every victory in preservation work is a defeat, for it signals the pulling back to better lines of defense for the next battle.

Because of that phrase in our constitution, and because of our membership in the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, The Cascadians as an organization is morally and legally bound to participation in the work of preservation. The Club has always recognized that responsibility.

When the battles of the Fifties, Sixties, and Seventies were fought, the CASCADIAN voice was heard. The Club was represented in all House, Senate, and Departmental hearings on such issues as establishment of the Glacier Peak Wilderness, formulation of the Wilderness Preservation act, the Pasayten Wilderness, and dedication of part of the North Cascades as a National Park.

That so much was achieved reflects the

dedication and hard work of many individuals from different clubs working through the North Cascades Conservation Council. The Sierra Club produced the film "Wilderness Alps of Stehekin," a highly successful venture, and it wasn't long before the nation knew that here in Washington were some mountains apart from Mt. Rainier, and that people wanted them set aside for their wilderness values. Obtaining of the goals would have been impossible without popular support, yet it was a remarkable experience to see something as massive as the federal government respond to the irritation of a small group of active citizens.

While we have our freedoms, the political process is available to everyone who will learn how to use it. Success or failure of a venture may depend on the amount of popular support that can be mustered...

WILDERNESS SIGNS SIGNAL ALPINE PROTECTION

By Eleanor Paine

The magnificent stretch of Cascade Mountains lying between Stevens and Snoqualmie passes, and extending eastward along spine of the Stuart Range, has long been favorite hiking country for Washington outdoor lovers, including Cascadians.

Sparkling with hundreds of lakes and easily accessible to Puget Sound residents, as well as Wenatchee, Ellensburg, and Yakima folks, the "Alpine Lakes" is prime recreation country. Unfortunately, logging operations nibbling away at the forests, cabin developments spreading across the landscape and roads threatening to cut through the heart of the mountains, caused considerable concern that soon there would be no backcountry left.

In the late 1960s a group of citizens formed the Alpine Lakes Protection Society (ALPS) and worked together toward gaining wilderness status for the area. This organization attracted support from several hundred individuals and many outdoor clubs, Cascadians among them...

Wilderness proposals were drafted, Forest Service hearings and eventually Congressional hearings were held. A group of Cascadians attended the Wenatchee Congressional hearing in July, 1975, and spoke in support of the conservationist wilderness proposal.

In 1976, President Ford signed into law a 393,000-acre Alpine Lakes Wilderness. The dream had come true!

Watch for the little wooden Wilderness Boundary signs as you head up into the high country out of the Icicle and the Cle Elum and Snoqualmie—and enjoy!

Editor's Note: This article appeared in the 1983 Cascadian Annual. Eleanor served as cartographer for ALPS.

CASCADIANS PURSUE MANY OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES

CASCADIAN LEADER FILLS MANY ROLES

By Ron Graham

Popping out of the pages from Cascadian Annuals for more than a quarter century has been the name of David Hagen. A leader who has served many key positions in the club, David not only filled holes when necessary, but frequently created new initiatives to extend the activities of The Cascadians.

Today he is known for offering leadership of club outings, including Winter Walks, Saturday Snowshoes, and Sagebrush Rambles, plus in the fall his backpack favorites, Alpine Larch Spectacular and Fall Color. This is on top of leading the club's Camera Club for the past 13 years.

These recent responsibilities come on top of many ways he has served the club in the past. In 1992 David received the club's "Distinguished Service Award." The following paragraphs are taken from the 1992 annual article which described the basis for his selection.

"It should come as no surprise that David Hagen is the recipient of the 1992 'Distinguished Service Award' presented by The Cascadians. During the past decade his energies have boosted the group's activities in a variety of ways.

"David's inspirational leadership comes in many forms—ranging from the outstanding scenic images of his slide programs to his participation in the club's Alpine Travel Class. Whether he is guiding club members on an Alpine Larch Spectacular backpack or a spring trip to Utah's red rock canyons, David can be counted on to record the natural beauty on film (digital today, of course) for later enjoyment.

"His activities in The Cascadians have included: chairman of the backpacking committee, originator and



David Hagen

leader of 'Winter Walks,' leadership in the Alpine Travel Class, member of the Conservation Committee, and last, but not least, President.

"David served as President from the mid-1987 through 1989, beginning when Anne Kessler left that position to move to Alaska with her husband, Steve. During that time, he guided The Cascadians through a busy and productive period.

"It was during 1989 that David accomplished several other goals he had set as Cascadian president. The awarding of Life Membership to Louis Ulrich, Lex Maxwell and Chuck and Marion Hessey, as well as the initiation of the club's 'Distinguished Service Award,' fulfilled his plan to recognize outstanding leadership and contributions to the Cascadians, (David received that same Life Membership Award in 2012).

"Also during 1989, the Forest service agreed to significantly reduce the cut of timber on the Wenatchee National Forest as a result of appeals filed by the club. As David, himself, wrote in the 1989 Annual, 'In the two and one-half years that I have been president, the club has indeed strengthened its voice on conservation matters, and is now a major player in the conservation issues of Central Washington and of the state as a whole.'

"David has not only been a user of state trails on hiking and backpacking trips, he has also participated in a variety of ways to foster trail development. During the time he has served on the State Trails Advisory Committee, an ambitious state trails plan has been developed. As a long-time board member of the Cowiche Canyon Conservancy, he has played a key role in development and expansion of a local rails-to-trails project, (which has since expanded to include the Snow Mountain Ranch complex).

"One of the first to recognize the beauty of Cowiche Canyon and its potential as a trail site, David was elected as a board member in 1986, and continues in that capacity (concluded his board position in 2016)..."

Not too surprisingly, when it came time to organize a centennial planning committee in 2019, David was one of the volunteers. He took on the responsibility of selecting a schedule of specially designated centennial outings which reflected the club's historic outdoor recreation activities in Central Washington.

Few club members come close to matching the long-term commitment David has displayed to The Cascadians. He began leading backpack outings in October of 1983, and has continued for 36 years. Some of his best-known backpacks were designated as "Fall Color" and "Alpine Larch Spectacular" outings.

Other memorable backpacking trips were located in the Southwest, particularly in Utah's canyon country.

His Winter Walk trips began during the 1986-87 winter. He says that in the 33 years since he only missed leading a Winter Walk once, due to illness.

"Back then, there was little day hiking in the winter," David explained.

Later on, he started up day hikes in the spring designated Sagebrush Rambles. David said he had been leading spring hikes before, but got caught up in the practice of giving special names to seasonal hikes.

David received the Honorary Lifetime Membership Award in 2012, and was recognized by then President Brenda Kelly.

Brenda lauded him as "a naturally gifted teacher because he is passionate about the outdoors, nature and the Northwest."

"Hiking is a richer experience with David," she added. "The treasure chest of his knowledge isn't just the flowers, however, but all the best hidden spots in the Cascades, the oases off the map, and exactly when to go."

She described him as an outstanding trip leader who "taught me how to be prepared, just what the 13 essentials really mean, and to be a smart hiker."

Finally, she commended "his personality, his spirit...Simply stated, David is just a pleasant guy who is easy to be with and has a contagious peace and happiness. He's kind, relaxed and funny. He is a true friend and mentor for whom I am immensely grateful."

When asked about especially memorable trips, David shared several. He said particular trips stood out as really good or really bad, and his bad example was a Winter Walk to Cougar Rock. The weather was "really, really crappy," and the mud puddles and slippery footing were what stood out.

On the positive side, he described one of his best outings as a backpack to "Larry's Bench" in the Alpine Lakes Wilderness near Lake Caroline. The campsite featured fantastic views of the whole Stuart Range, he recalled.

"We hit it perfect," he said. "The weather was perfect, hardly any bugs, wildflowers were really spectacular, and we had a really congenial party."

The trip location was called "Larry's Bench" based on the presence of an adult mountain goat which was always hanging around camp. Apparently, the tents were set up right where the goat had a dirt wallow spot.

David feels his greatest contribution to The Cascadians has been, in a word, "leadership." But in addition to serving on the board, heading committees, and being president, he feels his leadership provided something more.

"I have led lots and lots of outings, and many people have gone to lots of places they would never have gone to if I hadn't taken them."

HAGEN BACKPACK FEATURES GOLDEN LARCHES

By Lee Trivette

This year Twisp Pass was selected as the destination for our annual Larch Trip. Thursday night, Gisela, David Hagen and I camped at the Twisp River, and Friday morning began the climb to Twisp Pass. At Twisp Pass we stopped for lunch, where we saw the only two other people seen on the trip.

The four and one-half mile climb had been filled with wonderful views of mountains and valleys and splendid, vibrant fall color. Another 700 feet of climbing brought us to a bluff with outstanding views of the surrounding area.

David had suggested we camp here, and it was an excellent choice. In a tiny, sheltered valley we began to set up camp. And the gentle rain turned into a downpour. After a very wet dinner, we climbed into the tents with hopes that the next morning would bring drier weather.

Dawn brought nice morning light in the east, but the weather quickly socked in and we were enveloped in a cold, wet mist. Everything was a wet, soggy mess with little hope of drying out our dripping clothes. We decided to hang around camp for awhile to see if the weather would improve.

Shortly before noon, the sky began to brighten, and we decided to hike toward Copper Pass. By the time we were at Stiletto Lake, blue sky was showing and it became a beautiful day. We worked our way around a nasty talus slope and dropped into a little valley with a tiny stream, with small ponds and filled with golden larches.

In this fairyland setting, we rested and had lunch. Then we wandered on through the valley filled with bright red huckleberry leaves, golden larches at their very peak and warm sunshine. At the head of the



Two of David's favorite backpacks were the Stiletto Pass described in the above article & at Larry's Bench, as pictured above. L-R: Ethan Schrank, Larry, Karen Martinis, Eric Dolph, Julie Tarara, Brenda Kelly & David Hagen.

valley, Gisela climbed the small peak ahead. My energy supply was running low, and I had planned on remaining below at the pass, but Gisela's shouted exclamations about the incredible views brought David and then me on to the top. The views were indeed spectacular, and we lingered until the shadows became long and it was time to return to camp.

At dawn the next morning, David and I went out photographing. We were looking toward the sunrise in the East when David looked behind us to the West. "Wow," he said, "that's where we should be." We both grabbed our gear and ran to the other side of the hill. The scene was spectacular with gorgeous light on the mountains and an incredible full rainbow. David got some fine shots, whereas I forgot to change my camera settings from the night before and got mostly nice memories.

After breakfast, we wandered through beautiful meadows and groves of spectacular larches beside tiny

brooks in the area David calls Stiletto Flats and finally to the lookout at Stiletto Vista. David was there a few years before and the summit register with his entry was still intact.

After photos of the summit register, the group, and the jagged North Cascades, we slowly wandered back to camp. The weather had been warm and sunny, but a few clouds were beginning to move in. However, that evening we were treated to a spectacular sunset. It was a fitting end for an incredible day.

Next morning the two photographers were up at dawn to see and photograph an unusually fine sunrise. It was another unusually beautiful day and we all hated to leave. But we packed and started back down to the cars and the other world where we spend most of our time.

Editor's note: This backpacking description appeared in the 1996 Cascadian Annual. David cited this trip as one of his favorite backpacks ever.

CASCADIAN FAMILIES BACKPACK TO CASCADE PASS

By Lex Maxwell

Until the time that Davie arrived, we all thought we'd done something noteworthy. The Hoits had arrived with one, the Maxwells with two, and the Ubers, McCalls and Goecklers had each brought in three children. Each one had helped the other and even the tiny little ones like Maggie Goeckler had toted in their share of the loads.

Then came Dave and Mary Mahre with six children. Cascade Pass will never be the same—it was crawling with bratniks—big ones, little ones, and lots of in-betweeners. Despite their mad efforts to the contrary, not one child got lost, scratched, sick, or in need of being rescued from danger. Even the Mahre twins could only muster up a mild level of brimstone and terror.

Davie wasn't the only hero of the occasion. He shared honors with Pauline McCall. Bob McCall's recent back operation had limited his carrying capacity, so Pauline had to take over and do the bulk of the McCall backpacking.

In the intervals between soft rainfalls, everyone hiked over the dust-free trails and heather meadows; fished in Doubtful Lake; climbing Sahale; or just lazed around and visited with at least 100 people who hiked through the camp on various excursion or climbs during the week's holiday. No one lacked for something to do, and no one failed to have a good time.

There were problems and mishaps, though. While getting underway back in Yakima, the coupling on Ralph Uber's trailer broke and two pack horses were injured. Ralph (father of Becky Blair) solved the problem by taking his saddle horse Mickey along to help carry the loads.

Mickey wasn't used to mountain trails and



Marion Hessey near Cascade Pass on a separate trip from the one described in this article.

Photo by Chuck Hessey.

suffered several bad tumbles on the way in. Naturally, this was a source of concern to Ralph, especially when the rains came, making the trails slippery and footing more uncertain. All ended happily when Ralph arranged for two friends from Yakima to come in with mountain-wise horses to escort Mickey out.

Davie blew out a tire on the rough road coming in, but more was to happen on the mountain. While climbing Magic Mountain, Mary Maxwell slipped crossing a steep grassy gully and tumbled several hundred feet down the gully. She was accompanied by Ralph who had caught her and been pulled along.

Both were bruised, scratched, and badly shaken up, and Mary had two small gashes in her arm. The fault of this accident was mine, for not recognizing that this terrain was dangerous for Mary. It was decided that her

gashes should be stitched, but Ralph was hesitant to do this without any kind of anesthetic. Rather than go out, Mary asked him to do the job. Dave Mahre became the hero of the hour when he produced the anesthetic two ounces of whiskey in a small vial. The operation was completely successful.

During the next two days, the rain, which so far had served only to lay the dust on the trails and put sparkle to the flowers, settled down to a steadier downpour, so everyone left for home, sooner than expected. Again, packing out was a community project, with everyone trying to make the other's burden lighter.

Cascade Pass had been shaken with thunder, scarred by lightning, ravaged by avalanches, and buried by snow; but it will be a long time before it sees the likes of Steamer and Beamer Mahre (the twins) again.

Editor's note: This article appeared in the 1960 Cascadian Annual & reprinted in the 1986 C. Annual.

COLLEGE AND CASCADIANS TO GIVE MOUNTAIN COURSE

A night school course to teach Yakima Valley people how to know and enjoy their front door mountain playground is planned at Yakima Valley Junior College.

In cooperation with The Cascadians, the college will start a 36-hour night course May 1, with classes Tuesday and Thursday nights from 7 to 9, Oren Tarbox, college night school director, said today.

Six classes will be held at the college with lectures and illustrations or demonstrations, and there will be six field trips. The final field trips will be held on Saturdays.

Instructors will include Lex Maxwell, past president of the Cascadians, president of the Central Washington Mountain Rescue Council, and veteran of 25 years of Northwest climbing; Marcel Schuster, veteran of German Alpine troops of World War II, Bavarian guide with first ascents in Norway, Bavarian and Swiss Alps and Dolomites and third ascent of Northwall of Grossglockner; Bill and Gene Prater of the rescue council, with many first ascents in the Cascades; and Dave Mahre, past president of The Cascadians, member of the rescue council and specialist in rock climbing.

Conducting the course, which is not open to high school students, will be Robert McCall, high school instructor (actually he was on the faculty of YVJC), and veteran of the famed 10th Mountain Division.

Registration time is nightly this week from 7:30 to 9:30 at the office of Tarbox at the junior college. Fee for the entire course is \$12, Tarbox said. The class will be limited to 20 persons, the director said.

Editor's note: This article appeared in the Yakima Republic on Monday, April 23, 1956, and reprinted in the 1995 Cascadian Annual.

TREKKING WITH THE CASCADIANS NOT-SO-LEISURELY STROLL

By Scott Sandsberry

For years I've wanted to get out with the Cascadians' Tuesday hiking group, but there were problems.

1) They hike on Tuesdays, a day on which I hike around the basement of the Herald-Republic building.

2) They're the Cascadian Tuesdays.

Suffice it to say their reputation precedes them. If you show up for a hike without knowing about the Tuesdays—a bunch of folks, mostly in their 50s, 60s and 70s (and even occasional 80s), who can bolt up a steep grade wearing day packs as if they were skating on the Greenway—you could be in for a challenging day.

I joined the Tuesdays a couple of weeks back for a hike up 7,036-foot Earl Peak at the north end of the Teanaway, that wonderfully rugged country between Cle Elum and the Stuart Range. In the group was a couple of 40-something relative youngsters who had hiked the week before with the Tuesdays.

"We pulled into the parking lot and saw the group," recalled **Esther Lanphier**, "and we thought, 'This will be sort of lah-di-dah.' Let's just say it was humbling."

After that experience, **Ed Miley**, a very fit 48-year-old, was telling some Spokane friends about the Cascadians—including the fact that many are retirees—and his friends clearly got the wrong mental image.

"I was pretty much, 'Oh, you have no idea,'" Miley said. "I was in awe. I'm still in awe."

I had known going in I was in way over my head, but this clinched it: **Sue Gunderson**, who sometimes leads weekend Cascadian hikes with her husband, Mike, said, "Oh, but I haven't hiked for two and a half weeks," she said, "so I'm going to be way back."

And she said it with a straight face.

After two and a half WEEKS? Crikey, I'm not



Cascadian Trekkers group takes a break atop Earl Peak. Hike leader Ted Gamlem on left. Photo by Scott Sandsberry.

sure I've done any real hiking in two and a half YEARS.

This was a stalwart bunch. While walking behind a 62-year-old fellow named **Greg Wallace**, I asked about his knee brace. He told me he had torn his ACL while skiing last winter, and because he isn't about to miss out on the hiking season, he doesn't plan to get it operated on until the fall...or even later.

"I don't know if I'll get it done then either," he said. "I'd miss part of the skiing season."

At another point I was walking along behind **Pat Sexton**, who's 70 and was chatting with hike leader **Ted Gamlem** with the ease of someone riding an elevator.

"Ted, I was a rock star on top of Mount Adams the other day," Pat was commenting to Gamlem. "Everybody wanted to meet the 70-year-old who made it."

Pat and Ted chuckled a little about that. Not me. Laughing takes too much breath. I had to save mine. Earl Peak isn't a long hike, maybe seven or eight miles round-trip, but it's an uphill grind. Not the kind of hike conducive to major conversations on the way up, unless you're a Cascadian.

For Pat, this hike was barely a warmup. He's getting himself in shape to do the "Rim to Rim to Rim" hike this October at the Grand Canyon—starting at the south rim, descending to the canyon basin and then ascending the north rim—a one-way trek of about 23 very difficult miles—and then returning.

"So Pat's been bugging us about, hey, why can't we do more long hikes, for gosh sakes," Ted laughed.

Pat also plans to take a Chinook-to-White Pass training hike in September. I did that 29-mile hike once, four years ago. I'm fairly certain I crawled the last part.

I will say, though, the dozen hikers going to Earl Peak didn't seem to be trying to set any land-speed records or outdo one another. There was a genuine feeling of camaraderie, with hikers generally staying together in twos or threes. Even when I was lagging behind, there was always another hiker willing to keep me company as I walked. (OK, honesty in advertising: As I trudged. Or staggered.)

On the way down, when my gimpy knees were aching from the pounding of the downhill, **Mike McCutchen**—a retired firefighter, longtime triathlete and fourth-year Cascadian—was monumentally patient with me, going my pace. I think it gave him a chance to catch up on his sleepwalking.

None of this was in keeping the Tuesdays' old reputation of inadvertently running off prospective newcomers simply by, well, running off. That high-octane pace was still their style as recently as three years ago, when **Carol Fletcher** and her husband joined.

"When we first started, we kept up, but oh, it was hard," Carol told me on the trail to Earl Peak. "And I was just amazed at how they never seemed to stop. If you stopped to take a picture, you almost had to run to

catch up with them."

Ted Gamlem—the Cascadians' day hike committee chairman and the leader of many Tuesday hikes, including this one—said the club has been working to lose that reputation and become more user-friendly. They don't want to scare off any would-be new members.

Nor should they. The Cascadians want and need new blood, since so few of their members are under the age of 50. But if you're new to the area or new to hiking, the Cascadians are simply the best way to visit the outdoors: They always know where to hike and when—for the best wildflower displays, the best early snow-free hikes, the best views, and, for those in good enough shape to keep up with some of those ultra-hardy septuagenarians, the best workouts.

On top of Earl Peak, **Esther Lanphier** pointed a walking stick toward 71-year-old Ted. "By the end of August," she vowed, "I'm going to be able to stay up with him. That's my goal."

Here's my goal: Not to become so delusional as to believe I could ever keep up with Ted.

Editor's note: This article first appeared in the Herald-Republic on Aug. 4, 2009.

IRON PEAK – IRON LADY

By Mike Gunderson

On June 10, six intrepid Cascadians—Mike and Sue Gunderson, Greg Wallace, Maurine Peck, Roger Chantler, and Irene Hlousek—decided to make an ascent up Iron Peak in the Teanaway. Little did five of us know just how determined and feisty one of our members was. Sure, we knew she chewed iron nails to get her iron supplement, scaled Mount Kilimanjaro and walked over all seven continents, but as we were soon to find out, these endeavors were mere child's play to what this member was about to undertake.

Upon arrival at the Iron Peak trailhead, Irene discovered that she had forgotten her hiking boots. Undaunted, she quickly latched onto Greg's tennis shoes large enough to carry her lunch next to her toes. Now, mere mortals like the rest of us—had we known the descent was to be over miles of precipitous snow fields—would have insisted on wearing \$300 hiking boots made of Gortex heavy duty welt construction and fitted with titanium tipped crampons, de rigueur.

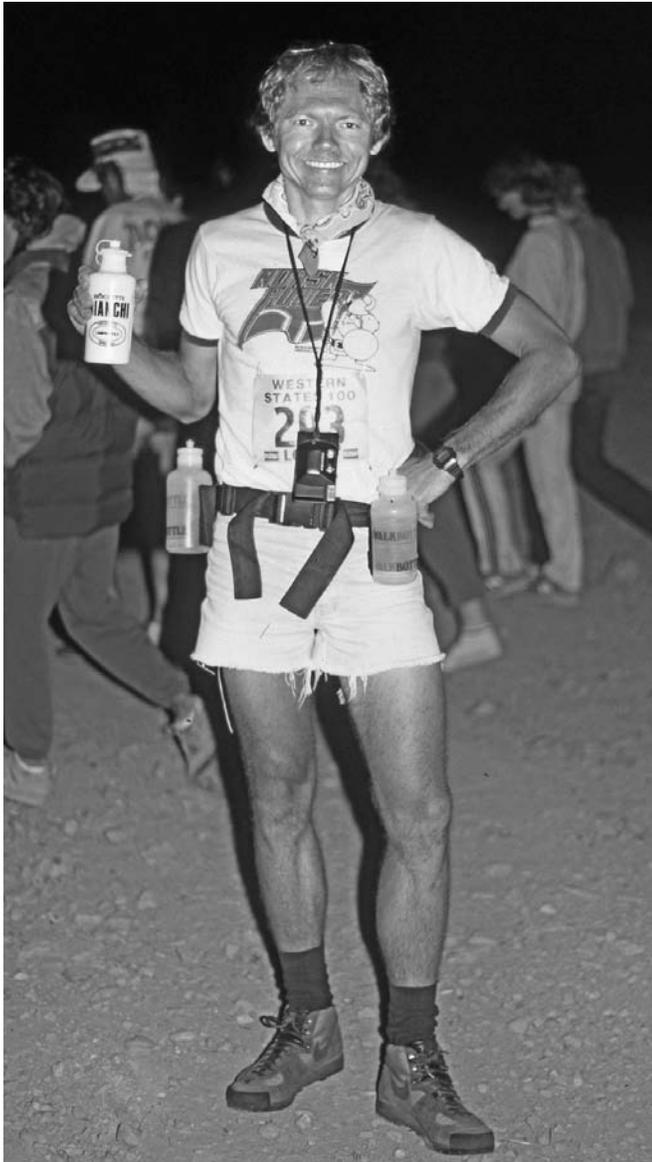
Hiking boots are overrated, insists Irene. So off we go, successfully scaling Iron Peak. Afterwards, it was overheard in the vehicle that Irene is planning to scale Iron Peak again next year, but this time barefooted. Footwear in general is vastly overrated and it's time we get back to the basics, insists Irene.

(Article appeared in the 2006 Cascadian Annual)

HOW AN ENDURANCE HIKE BECAME A SPRINT

By Jeff Hagen

In the 1980 Cascadian Annual I described a 60-mile day hike to Chinook Pass to White Pass to Chinook Pass that Tom Kandt and I completed in 23 hours. The mileage should have been 55 miles, but we got off the main trail in the dark, and added a few miles to the hike. We were quite proud of our accomplishment because as far as we know no one had previously made the round trip in less than 24 hours.



Jeff Hagen participates in the Western States 100-mile Endurance Run in 1984 at the age of 37. In his first 100-mile race he came equipped with hiking boots, cut-offs, & a camera around his neck. (I was treating this race as a long day hike.)

Photo by Joyce Hagen.

The hike was not repeated for two years, but in August of this year (1982) Matt Christensen and Ken Evans made the 55-mile White Pass-Chinook Pass-White Pass trip in 13 hours, 20 minutes. The interesting thing is that they treated the hike not as an endurance event so much as a training run in preparation for some real endurance feats. Ken was preparing for the Iron Man Triathlon in Hawaii, and Matt was getting ready for his 3-day “Ultimate Endurance Test,” which included a bicycle ride from Yakima to Paradise, a climb of Mt. Rainier, and a run around the 95-mile Wonderland Trail.

After hearing of Matt and Ken’s feat, I began to look at the hike with renewed interest. My endurance training had been zilch since the Yakima 100 Kilometer race in 1981, but in September I decided to see how close I could come to their time. To my surprise I was able to cover the 55 miles in 12 hours, 20 minutes by walking fast on the uphill sections and running on the downhill and flat sections.

At the same time Jeff Davis was doing a one way trip from Chinook Pass to White Pass. He ran the 27.5 miles in 4 hours, 28 minutes. When we met at Fish Lake, he had covered the first 15 miles in 2 hours, 5 minutes, an excellent time on a trail that gains and loses several thousand feet of elevation.

Why has this hike turned into a “sprint?” It has reached the point where we don’t even stop for a break until we have covered the 27.5 miles from one pass to the other. Then we take a 20 minute rest, followed by an almost non-stop return trip, interrupted only by a five minute break to refill water bottles at the halfway point. I think the answer is twofold and relates to equipment and mental attitude. On the original 1980 hike I carried a 30 pound frame pack containing enough gear to set up housekeeping. Tom and I wore running shoes for most of the hike, but we each carried a pair of 5-pound hiking boots. With this amount of weight on our backs it was impossible to do any running during the hike. This year I made the hike with a fanny pack and Nike Approach shoes. The latter are ideal for trail running and were not available two years ago. The fanny pack was much better than the frame pack, but was still heavy enough to leave bruises on my back. If I attempt the hike again, I will do it with companions so we can split up some of the emergency gear.

Concerning mental attitude, most of us have no idea what our bodies could accomplish if given a chance. It was only about six years ago that I wondered whether I could run five miles, because the farthest I had even run was three miles. Three years later I doubted I could run 31 miles, because the farthest I had ever gone was 13 miles. Last year everyone (including me) thought I



Jeff Hagen poses at the National Championship 24-hour race on September 17, 2017 in Cleveland at age 70. He set two American records for the 70-74 age category. The first was running 110 miles in 24 hours. The second was a time of 21:54:13 for 100 miles. Photo by Joyce Hagen.

was crazy to enter a 62-mile race when the farthest I had ever run was 31 miles.

Looking back I realize that my body was capable of meeting all of these challenges six years ago, but my mind was stuck on a three mile limit. As Henry Ford once said. "If you think you can or cannot do something, you are right."

The Cascadians of the 1920s accomplished some incredible endurance feats, and they did them with equipment that would now be considered unusable. They did not let their minds put limitations on their physical capabilities. Nor does fellow Cascadian Louis Ulrich, who has been doing endurance hikes for decades. Last year at age 80 Louis made a solo 20-mile day hike to Bismarck Peak, a hike few people of any age would attempt. He knew he could do it because he had done it several times before.

As some of us continue to test our limits, and others begin to test theirs, many of our endurance hikes will become "sprints." Surely next year someone will do the White Pass-Chinook Pass-White Pass round trip in under 12 hours, and before long the time to shoot for will be 10 hours. Then maybe someone will try one and a half laps of the course for an 82.5 mile day hike. Once people get started on something like this, no one knows how far it will go. The saga of the pass-to-pass hike continues.

Editor's note: This article appeared in the 1982 Cascadian Annual and presaged some 37 years of long distance racing. Jeff Hagen has compiled an extensive resume of long distance race results in numerous national competitions. He attributes his successes partly to his Norwegian genes (his maternal grandfather, Steffen Loken, walked/ran more than 60 miles in the summer of

1900 to take a farm worker job). And he also points to his mountaineering background as a benefit to his long-delayed running career. Specifically, he has changed the attitude about eating during races as a way to boost energy and stamina. Almost all long distance runners once relied solely on liquids to sustain their extended efforts. He also hasn't followed the practice of taking frequent long distance training runs. At the age of 72, Jeff continues to astound his fellow Cascadians with his competitive spirit and over-the-top performances in races around the country.

JEFF'S FEET LEAD TO LONG DISTANCE RUNNING FEATS

Editor's note: The following information was provided by Jeff Hagen regarding his experiences running and racing over a nearly 50-year time span.

Although Jeff started running to maintain fitness in May of 1972, he did not enter a race for six years. Then in June of 1978 he participated in a five-mile race which was the first annual Clear Lake Run.

Jeff moved up to the Yakima half-marathon distance in October of 1978 and then in the following year jumped to the Yakima Ultras 50K Race (31 miles).

At this point he moved into some endurance hiking exploits. On September 16, 1979, he and Alan Jones hiked from Chinook Pass to White Pass, finishing the 27.5-mile route in seven hours and 58 minutes. One year later he tackled a Chinook Pass to White Pass and back to Chinook Pass hike with Tom Kandt. They finished the route in 23 hours, 18 minutes, carrying 30-pound frame packs with gear on the second half of the hike "in case we had to bivouac for the night."

Having learned that his maternal grandfather, Steffen Loken, had completed a 60-plus mile run and walk in order to garner a job in Minnesota as a farm worker, Jeff decided he would try to duplicate that feat by entering the Yakima Ultras 100K race (62 miles) in May of 1981.

Jeff was faced with decisions regarding his training and race strategies for a long-distance run. His approach differed from standard "accepted race strategy at the time" in several significant ways. First, his training runs were fewer and shorter than typical runners completed. Second, he decided to eat solid food during the race rather than rely solely on "sugar water in the form of defizzed Coca Cola."

He ran the 100K race in May of 1981, eating turkey salad sandwiches and strawberry rhubarb pie during the race, while "the other runners were drinking sugar water and relying on high-mileage training to get them through the race." Jeff finished in a respectable 9 hours, 40 minutes.

Returning to White Pass, Jeff did the round trip

to and from Chinook Pass (with a 21-minute rest break) once again. This was a Sept. 18, 1982 run with light weight gear and completed in a total time of 12 hours, 20 minutes.

The Western States 100-Mile Endurance Run in 1984 was his first major 100-mile race. Starting from Squaw Valley Ski Area on the east side of the Sierra Nevada Range, the route headed west over the crest of the Sierras and ended in Auburn, CA, near Sacramento. A total elevation gain for the course was 18,000 feet. Starting the run with his hiking boots and lots of emergency gear, at the 35-mile point he switched to running shoes and left off his camera with his wife, Joyce. His goal was to finish the 100 miles in just under the 30-hour cutoff time at 11 a.m., but ended up finishing in the middle of the night in 22 hours, 50 minutes. Since he finished the course in less than 24 hours, Jeff received a silver belt buckle inscribed, "100 Miles, One Day."

Back in the Cascade Mountains in September of 1984, he hatched another plan for long-distance trail running. Jeff and Ken Evans ran the entire 93-mile Wonderland Trail around Mt. Rainier in 29 hours, 5 minutes. Although the two had initially intended to cover the route in two days, making an overnight at the White River Campground, it turned out the campground was closed so they decided to just keep going. Their "accidental record" apparently lasted for some eight years.

These initial events launched Jeff on the road to undertake many ultramarathon races since then. He puts his total at 115 ultramarathons for a total ultramarathon race mileage of 11,096 miles.

This Yakima Cascadian has set 14 American



Jeff Hagen rides his red 1961 Coast King single-speed bike on a Triple Pass ride during September 1984. Soon after taking the photo, Joyce clocked him at 53 mph from Chinook Pass to Morse Creek. Photo by Joyce Hagen.

age-group road and track records in 65 of these races that were 100 miles or longer. He currently still holds five American road records, including age 70-74 records for 100 miles (21:54:13), 24 hours (110 miles), and 48 hours (182 miles). Jeff also currently holds the ranking of all-time second in the world for 48-hour runners in the 70-74 age group.

The transformation from hiker and climber to long distance runner has established Jeff as one of the top ultramarathoners in the country. Who knows what running scheme he may hatch next?

PASS TO PASS HIKE CHALLENGES NEWSPAPER REPORTER

By Scott Sandsberry

At the Farmers Market last Sunday, I was creaking along so precariously that my wife told me I looked like I'd had hernia surgery.

Never fails. I'm the one who writes for a living and she's the one who comes up with all the good lines.

No, I haven't had hernia surgery. But if this is what it makes you move like, guys, I feel your pain.

The day before, three other similarly deranged individuals and I had traipsed from Chinook Pass to White Pass on the Pacific Crest Trail.

One of the three is Kim Naasz, a 6-foot-6 Cascadian called "Bones" by one and all and who leads many of the outdoors group's more ambitious hikes. "A true Cascadian," Bones says of the pass-to-pass hike, "calls this a stroll."

Well, Bones is a true Cascadian. What I call a stroll is the distance between the edge of the Franklin

Park grass and that ice cream parlor across the parking lot.

Another of the three was Virginia Rodriguez, a 35-year-old Ellensburg resident who is both a master's student (in something called geochemistry, which sounds a tad more arduous than anything I took in college) and a marathoner. Her first question was, "So, will we be running it?" Enough said.

The third was Gordon King, a Herald-Republic photographer whose idea of a good time is to climb up a mountain, ski back down, rinse and repeat. Five days before our pass-to-pass, Gordo rode a bicycle out over Chinook Pass south over Cayuse Pass to White Pass and then back to Naches. Your basic 130-plus miles, complete with climbs worthy of the Tour de France. He did this for fun. Around the office, almost every conversation about Gordo includes the word "animal."

Had it not been for the designated dawdler,

those three would have set a blistering pace. My pace wasn't so blistering, but my feet certainly were.

I'm not sure how long the pass-to-pass hike is. Gordo's mapping software put it at just over 26.5 miles. I've got a guidebook that says it's 29.5. Green Trails maps put it at 27.1 miles. Whatever. It's a long dang way.

The route entailed nearly 4,100 feet of elevation gain (and another 5,100 feet of elevation loss). "The rule of thumb," Bones said in the Chinook Pass parking lot, "is every 1,000 feet of elevation gain is worth a mile of effort. So that makes this just about an even 30 miles."

Oh goody.

As we set out at 6 a.m., a glorious sunrise was peering over American Ridge, painting the sky with half the color spectrum. Minutes later, Bones spotted a mountain goat cresting a flank of Naches Peak a couple of hundred yards away. Even at that distance, it looked majestic and graceful. The day was off to an auspicious start.

Bones, who is both absolutely tireless and immeasurably talkative, groused about how there were only four of us, despite his having announced this pass-to-pass effort in the Cascadians' newsletter.

"In the old days, this used to be a regular hike for a lot of Cascadians. They all did it; now I can't get anybody to do it," he said. "All those 60-year-olds used to this, and now it's 'I've got a hangnail' or 'I've got an infected toe' or 'it'll be hot' or 'it'll be wet.' Geez, guys; what a bunch of candies."

If that sounds like he was dissing his fellow Cascadians, he wasn't; he was just poking a little fun. He spent much of the hike waxing rhapsodic about some of the group's more stalwart outdoorsmen.

When we were perhaps three and a half hours into the hike, he declared, "Gib Smith would be halfway done by now. And I'm not kidding." At another time: "Some of these cliffs Earl Paronto has climbed up using nothing but his nose hairs."

Well, Mr. Paronto may well be a daring and accomplished mountaineer, but let the record show that he doesn't have particularly notable (or accomplished) nose hairs. Bones just likes to tweak a tale every now and again.

"Hey, every year I buy a hunting and fishing license. That," he deadpanned, "is a license to lie and exaggerate."

The first half of the trip, especially the stretch between the American Lake cutoff and the junction with the Laughingwater Creek Trail, was a breathtaking stretch of high-country meadows, mountain vistas and veritable grove of tasty huckleberries; of which we happily partook, by the way. But from the time we saw the mountain goat at Naches Peak to the time we reached

White Pass more than 12 hours later, we witnessed zero wildlife.

OK, not exactly zero, but close. We saw some llamas brought in as pack animals by other hikers. We saw an obvious cougar track, and a fairly fresh one at that, but not the cougar. We saw a distant doe and its fawn. We saw a couple of blue grouse near the Crag Mountain saddle. We saw dozens of little frogs, (or perhaps they were toads)...

We made our lunch stop at the Bumping River, where we took time to soak our feet in the quite cold water. Since I was already developing some fairly ugly blisters, I wondered aloud if this was something I should be doing.

"What, haven't you ever seen Cascadian fishing?" Bones retorted. "Put your feet in, and if they're skanky enough, the fish just float on up."

The rest of the trip, I'm afraid, is a blur in my mind. Not because we flew through it, but because of the pain; my right ankle having decided to morph into my own personal Achilles heel. I'd like to be able to recount interesting snippets of conversation between Bones, Virginia and Gordo, but they were usually too far ahead of me to be heard over a loudspeaker.

(No, they weren't violating Cascadian canons in leaving me behind. They waited patiently for me at every turn, and Bones invariably offered to follow behind me. It's just that when, every 100 yards or so, one is responding to a sudden spasm of ankle pain with a stream of words that will never be repeated in a family newspaper, one prefers to be alone. Misery does not love company.)

We finally arrived at White Pass after 12 and a half hours. Had I not been along, I have no doubt the intrepid trio would have finished in less than 10 hours... and then maybe gone out for a jog.

On the drive back, Gordo asked if he could use my cell phone to make a call. He needed to call a buddy to make sure how early they were meeting the next morning.

To go mountain biking.

I threw up all over him.

(OK, slight exaggeration. It's OK. I have my license.)

At home my wife asked me if we saw a lot of wildlife. I told her about the distant mountain goat and the grouse. "So, basically," she said, "About the only animal you guys saw was Gordon, huh?"

She has all the good lines.

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*Editor's note: This article was published in the Herald-Republic newspaper on August 25, 2005 and reprinted with permission in the 2005 Cascadian Annual.*

## CASCADIAN GROUP ENJOYS BICYCLE WINERIES TOUR

By Dan Baris

The weather god smiled on the weekend of June 11th as 32 Cascadians and friends assembled at the Branding Iron Cafe in Toppenish. A few of the hardier pedalers, led by Ron Sell, biked from Union Gap. Don Lines arrived with his motorhome/sag wagon/wine toter, and Virginia Brown added the family auto with racks for six bikes.

After breakfast, we crossed the highway for the first tasting at the Israel Brothers Juice Works. Among the grape juices were some wine grape varieties which we sampled later in the fermented form. The grapes are grown and crushed by the commune members. The processing machinery was on a small scale when compared to the sophisticated machinery of the wineries.

After turning off Highland Drive onto a mile and a half of gravel road, we arrived at the Quail Run Winery. Wayne Marcil, a Cascadian and an excellent cyclist, is the enologist (winemaster) of Quail Run. He conducted an informative tour of the winery. We were fortunate to have our own wine expert on the entire tour.

We continued along Highland Drive and Houghton Road which afford a view of the valley not seen from the lower highways. We dropped down to the Prospector Pizza on the east side of Sunnyside where the group reassembled for lunch. If there had been riders for the beginner's option, this is where they would have joined the main tour.

The next tasting was at Tucker Cellars, a few miles toward Grandview. This was followed by tastings at Hintzerling, the oldest of the wineries that we visited. We finished the day's sampling at Hogue Winery, arriving just before they were to close. They had just moved into the building and opened to the public a couple of weeks earlier.

Part of the group stayed at the Prosser Motel for the night, and part camped in the city park near the swimming pool by special permission of the city fathers. The date of the ride was determined by the pool opening so the riders who camped could swim and shower. It was on the cool side that evening and threatening rain, so the pool was being closed for the evening. However, satisfactory arrangements were made for the use of the showers. We are grateful to the city administration and the citizens of Prosser for their warm hospitality.

The next morning at 7:15 Matt Christensen, who was unable to start with the tour, arrived by bicycle. He



*Cascadians' bicycles line the driveway at the Hogue Cellars Winery in the Lower Yakima Valley during a group bike tour.  
Photo by Jeff Hagen.*

left the vicinity of Yakima Valley Community College at 5:00 a.m. and bicycled via Interstate 82, a distance of over 55 miles. He biked back with the tour.

We reassembled as a group at the Yakima River Winery on Sunday morning for our final tasting. It is attached to the house of John and Louise Rauner. Some of the tanks and crushing equipment were outside.

The return route generally followed the Yakima river and included the Old Inland empire Highway and Emerald Road. The concrete roads had imprinted dates back into the teens. Some bikers diverged from the tour for a lunch at El Ranchito at Zillah.

The bikers covered 52 miles on Saturday and 38 miles on Sunday, according to Jerry Baris's odometer. The bikes toured the backroads of the lower valley, learned some of the fine points of our growing wine industry, tasted and purchased some of the fine wines, and enjoyed the social climate of a Cascadian venture.

Russ Dix took extensive slide photos of the trip. The roads were marked in yellow paint with "Dan Henrys," named after the originator of what are now the conventional temporary bike tour markings. Maps and a narrative description of the route were provided.

We are planning another wine tour for the Spring...

*Editor's note: Dan Baris organized and led a number of similar bicycle winery tours in the lower valley. This account was included in the 1983 Cascadian Annual.*



## CASCADIANS COMPETE IN GAP TO GAP RELAY EVENT

By Bob Dolphin

Phil's Cascadians represented the Cascadians in good fashion at the Gap to Gap Relay on Sunday, June 2, 2002. This is a community multi-sport event that is popular with athletes in the Pacific Northwest. There are solo participants and team categories whose members run, bike, or paddle on or near the Yakima Greenway, the Yakima River, and on the surrounding countryside.

For the first time, the Cascadian team qualified for the Great Grandmaster Category of the Elite Division. To compete in this category all of the team members (up to five) must be 60 years of age or older. We came close before, but this time all five of us were over 60 in the range from 61 to 78. Our assigned tasks by sequential order in the race were fjeld fun (Bob Dolphin), mountain biker (Johnny Smartlowit), canoeists (Ron and Helen Riehl), road biker (Dan Baris) and 10 kilometer (6.2 mile) run (Bob Dolphin).

The race, which starts and finishes at Sarg Hubbard Park, went fairly well. The fjeld run is short at 1.8 miles, but a rocky field to negotiate the last half mile northeast of Sarg Hubbard Park made it seem longer. Johnny took the wrist band that we pass along at exchange points and rode his mountain bike up and over Yakima Ridge on his way to the next exchange. It was an arduous workout, but he made it. The Riehls put their canoe into the Yakima River at Harrison Road near Selah. The river, which was running high and fast, took them to their landing under the Terrace Heights Drive bridge in record time as they expertly controlled their craft.

Dan, the oldest participant in the race, then biked the road course between Terrace Heights and Moxee and made it back to Sarg Hubbard Park in quick time. Then to finish up, all I had to do was run from the park south along the paved parkway that parallels the river for three miles to a manned turnaround. A run back to the park and finish line concluded our race.

Our team finished in 4:56:51, and we were third in our category. At the award ceremony the team was presented with classy medals that featured the Greenway logo.

My wife, Lenore, and I were given a plaque at the ceremony as well. The plaque stated that we were the recipients of the "Rich Lewis Memorial Gap to Gap Relay 2002 Sportsmanship Award." This was a complete surprise to us and very much appreciated. The first award was presented to Tony Sagare at the 2001 event.

Thanks are extended to the Cascadians who assisted me on the management of the 10K course. Ben and Eleanor Hayward, John and Mary Sublett, Bill and Virginia Nicholson and Dennis Hasslinger served as course monitors, while Susan Lattomus and

Carlos Champie rode the sweep bicycles. It takes many volunteers to make a sporting event function smoothly. Lenore and I appreciate the Cascadians who donate their time willingly to the Gap to Gap Relay and to the Yakima River Canyon Marathon in early April.

Thanks also to the Cascadians for the financial support by reimbursing our entry fees since 1987. The late Phil Johnson, the first team captain, would have been proud of your continued interest.

## CAMERA CLUB GETS SNAPPING IN 2002

By Lee Trivette

We began the year with a basic photo seminar by David Hagen on January 12, followed by a field trip next day to Umptanum Canyon. Even though it was mid-winter and there was no ice, frost or snow, some nice photos were made.

In December of 2001 we planned a trip to the Oregon Coast, but had changed the date to January, 2002, because the weather was so bad. The report for January wasn't much better, but we decided to go anyway. So six Cascadians, two shooters and four civilians, met in Newport, Oregon on Jan. 24, where during the next few days we enjoyed about as much rain and wind as anyone cared for. In spite of the weather, we had a really fun time, enjoyed being tourists, and even got a few nice pictures.

In March the Cascadian membership officially voted us a Cascadian Committee. Also in March we had a field trip to the Cowiche Canyon uplands to photograph grass widows, buttercups, and other wildflowers.

Then in April Jim Christensen took Jean

Dexter and me to Northwest Trek. It was a great trip with pictures of snowy owls, bald eagles, wolves, grizzly bears, and other animals. If you haven't been there, I think it is a very worthwhile trip.

Jim had also planned a trip in May to photograph cactus near Ellensburg and we did find the cactus, but with gray windy



weather, the blooms were all closed tight. Maybe we can try again next year and have friendlier weather.

In May several photographers helped other Cascadians collect litter along Highway 410 in the Pleasant Valley area. After the pickup, we shot pictures of wildflowers, mushrooms, and corn lilies. It was a fun day.

Ron McKittrick invited our group to see and photograph his magnificent cactus garden in June. The flowers were beautiful and Jean treated us to a delicious lunch. Thanks, Jean and Ron. We had a great time.

Then on June 15, Jim took us out to Meeks Table. Good company, nice weather, lots of wildflowers and great scenery.

I planned a backpacking trip in late July to Placer Lake, but only Gisela, Steve and Debbie Hausmann showed up. So, being the only photographer, I had all the mosquitoes and the breeze to myself. The scenery was very nice and lots of wildflowers waved to me. Too bad the rest of you missed it!

Jim's fall color trip to Mt. Baker in September was something I had really looked forward to. Unfortunately, the weather report really sounded bad (and really was BAD) so the trip was cancelled. Again, maybe next year. However, some of us spent a lot of time around Mt. Rainier and got some pretty nice fall color pictures.

In December, we received a real blow when I was informed by Providence that the meeting room was no longer available to us. (Nothing we did, just a change in their policy.) After much searching for a suitable place to have our meeting, Becky Blair arranged to have us meet at the Alliance Church where she is a member. There is a very nice room there. We really appreciate it! Thanks for your help, Becky.

So we made it through our first full year. We had good meetings where we saw some really nice pictures, some excellent outings and good times with good people. Thanks to all of you who made it possible.



*Lee Trivette taking ice photos during the winter season.  
Both photos by David Hagen.*

## **VOLCANIC ACTIVITY DISRUPTS CASCADIAN ICE AXE PRACTICE**

**By Mike Fischer**

For purely selfish reasons, I wanted to see a spectacular eruption of Mount St. Helens. Americans have a passion for novelty which is probably unmatched in the history of mankind. I like variety, and volcanic activity in my own backyard is certainly novel.

Several weeks after the mountain began stirring, my friend Bill Doyle recruited four of us to accompany him to Bear Gap, which is a notch in a ridge about five and a half miles from St. Helens. Bill had been there twice already, and he was taking a series of color slides to show gradual changes in the mountain. He went up to the gap alone on a Friday night, and the rest of us joined him late Sunday morning.

Not two minutes after our foursome arrived the first eruption began. It looked like a black fountain spurting from the top of a gray cone. The wind caused the ash to drift northward, so that it looked much like curtains. After a minute or two the fountain fizzled out and the curtains sifted away.

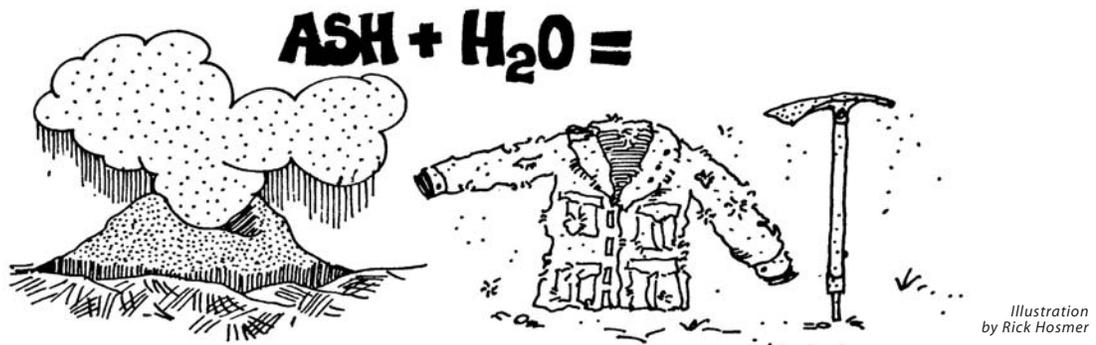
During the next five hours we saw four or five more ash eruptions and numerous puffs of steam. To be honest, I was bored despite the show. My body was built to be in motion at all times, and standing around watching the same mountain does not produce the same adrenaline I like in my weekend activities. St. Helens was throwing ash and steam maybe 1,000 feet into the air, but I wanted molten rivers flowing down the mountainside and fireworks blasting a mile into the sky. I was disappointed.

I was three weeks early was all. On May 18 I would have had a great show, but I would not be able to write about it. The initial shock wave knocked down every tree at Bear Gap, from what Bill says. All the branches were stripped off the trees as they toppled. Steel fence posts were bent double.

Instead, I was in my car 40 miles further away en route to Chinook Pass, where I was to help teach proper use of ice axes for travel on snow. I did not hear the blast at 8:32 a.m., although people in Vancouver, B.S. (200 miles from St. Helens) did. As far as I and my passengers knew, we had a perfect day for our outing.

When we rounded the last bend in the road before the parking lot, we saw a purple wall of clouds instead of a valley, and supposed it to be a storm. We donned our rain gear for the two-mile walk to our practice area. But before we began walking the nature of the storm hit us. The raindrops made little dust bomb impacts on our clothes. I thought this was very interesting.

Some people thought so too, but left anyway. About 25 of us decided to continue, partly from ignorance and partly from the selfish realization of what



an inconvenience re-scheduling the class would be. As we marched along our clothes gradually turned light brown and the snow turned gray. Various members of the group split off to return to their cars, so that only half of the original party arrived at Chinook Pass proper.

The head instructor had climbed some volcanoes in Mexico, and he assured us that fresh ash mixed with water would eat holes in our clothes and pit our ice axes. After much discussion and debate, we about-faced and began trudging car-ward. We avoided exertion, in order not to breathe too heavily, as dust was still sifting down on us. The terrain looked like a moonscape with trees. Everything except our footprints was gray.

At the cars again, there was still a holiday atmosphere. We emptied bags and bottles for ash samples, and brushed stuff from roofs and fenders of the cars. At this point, the ash depth was maybe one-sixteenth of an inch. We wanted our friends in Yakima to see what we had found.

The ashfall became much denser about the time I started driving. The car was stifling inside because we had to close all the windows tightly and there were four of us breathing through handkerchiefs. Periodically I ran the windshield wipers for a few strokes. Ash from the road sprayed off the tires and sounded just like snow when it hit the fenders. Moving cars left terrible clouds of dust in the air, so I drove more and more slowly, trying to drop back.

At one point I estimated the rate of ashfall to be an inch an hour. Visibility grew steadily worse. Sometimes I could see 40 or so feet of the guardrail and tried to aim the car parallel to it. At other times I tried to keep the steering neutral by straddling the crown of the road.

Whenever another vehicle zoomed by from the opposite direction, I simply couldn't see at all. As soon as I spotted headlights through the gray blizzard I would hit the brakes. Once when my car finally stopped, the left front wheel was in the ditch (on the uphill side of the canyon) and my passengers had to push me out.

Nervous laughs went around the car from time to time. This was certainly a unique experience. We shivered every time we passed a vehicle in the ditch. Two were on their sides. The others were probably steered there deliberately when engines choked and died. I kept

wondering how many people drove off the wrong side of the road and tumbled down the canyon.

The White Pass ski lodge was our haven for awhile. It had a recording barometer that showed a huge blip at about 8:30. I drank coffee and blew my nose a lot. Three other carloads of our companions were at the lodge, and we all decided to brave the storm again. It was as dark as the darkest night outside when we left. It was 2 p.m. and we needed two and a half hours of steady driving to cover the last 50 miles home.

Meanwhile, unknown to those of us who had optimistically plodded all the way to Chinook Pass, the early leavers encountered police roadblocks and were shunted off to motels, restaurants, and campgrounds, where they ended up being stranded incommunicado for up to three days. The sheriff's deputies abandoned their posts before our caravan arrived and we were able to proceed all the way home.

We had innocently gathered ash samples to take home, but needn't have bothered, because Yakima had plenty already. By 10 a.m. darkness had settled on the city, and only as we were getting home did a bit of light show on the southern horizon. It was like a ghost town.

After I showered and blew my nose a lot more, I felt more than a little despair at what I considered to have been faulty judgement on my part. Driving under conditions like that was suicidal enough alone, but I had three other lives with me. My passengers were really supportive through the five-hour ordeal, but I felt I had taken too many risks for the sake of a hot shower, clean sheets, and the comfort of home.

As all the phone calls came that evening and the next three days, with inquiries as to the whereabouts of friends and family, I gradually changed my mind. Being stranded out there, with only the gear for a day hike would be awful. Being safe at home was great. My guardian angel had come through with me on another adventure, and it was sure nice to be alive.

*Editor's Note: This article was included in the 1980 Cascadian Annual. Other accounts of the St. Helens eruption were also included. It is interesting that as Cascadians celebrate a 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary that we also observe the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Mount St. Helens eruption.*

## CALL THIS CASCADIAN HIKING GROUP THE NOT-SO-POKIES

By Scott Sandsberry

I was in trouble right from the start. Before the start, actually.

I hadn't done any Cascadian hikes in a couple of years, and I've always been a bit lax about packing all the requisite "essentials" you're supposed to have on a day hike.

Backpacking preparation is a whole different animal for me; I tend to overpack, as if all vestiges of civilization will disappear during my three nights in the boonies and I must gird myself for a post-apocalyptic existence.

But a day hike? Particularly one with the Cascadians? Hey, I don't need all that stuff, because everybody else will have it, right?

Oops. Wrong.

It mattered not that last Thursday's hike of the Cascadian Pokies and their longer-hiking brethren—the "Super Pokies," for lack of a more dignified moniker—was going to be at Naches Peak and Dewey Lake, hiking routes most Cascadians could follow blindfolded.

When the day's 20 hikers convened for the drive to Chinook Pass, trip leader **Marion Mann** made it clear proper preparation isn't to be taken lightly, even on a day hike.

I'm not going to be looking into anybody's pack to make sure you've got all of these," trip leader Marion Mann said, "but I'd appreciate it if you would sort of mentally check off if you have these '13 essentials' with you."

Reading from the back of a Cascadian information card—with the group's email ([Cascadians@cascadians.org](mailto:Cascadians@cascadians.org)) and website ([www.cascadians.org](http://www.cascadians.org)) on the front, the "13 essentials" on the back—Mann began.

"Map?"

Oops. I didn't even get past Essential No. 1.

Next to me, **Jim Barnhill**—a former Herald-Republic publisher who in retirement has become an enthusiastic Cascadian—responded, "Yes."

Mann: "Compass?"

Barnhill: "Yes."

Sandsberry: Silence. Which stood for Uh, um, no.

I did have some of the essentials—knife, extra food and clothing, plenty of water, first aid kit, sunglasses, sun block. But no matches or fire starter, no emergency shelter and no signaling devices.

Barnhill, though, answered yes to every one of Marion's questions, then cracked, "Hey! I passed!"

Actually, I'm guessing several of the Cascadians in that group "passed," but it especially matters to Barnhill. Last fall, he and another Cascadian got



*Part of a Pokies group that accompanied news reporter Scott Sandsberry on a hike to Dewey Lake & Naches Peak in August, 2012. Photo by Fern Sule.*

separated from the group on a hike in the Cascades and ended up spending a chilly night out under the stars.

"I didn't have a map," Barnhill admitted. "I had everything else."

On Thursday, he had everything again, and I—who didn't—was happy to go along with these folks who did.

At Chinook Pass, the party of 20 split into two groups. The primary hike for the Pokies—a group of every-Thursday hikers who like to stop and smell the flowers, quite literally—would hike the four-mile Naches Peak Loop. Hikers on the alternate, longer route would continue down and around Dewey Lake before completing the loop, an eight-plus mile total.

This should tell you something about the Cascadians, even the comparatively sedate Pokies: A dozen of the 20 people opted for the longer hike, even though several of them had already hiked with another Cascadian group just two days earlier.

Several hikers marveled about how little snow that remained on the southeast-facing side, which even two weeks earlier had had a significant snow covering. In the snow's place was a colorful array of wildflowers, none of which were unknown to these Cascadians. There were avalanche lilies—which look like miniature orchids—as well as heather, various hues of Indian paintbrush and lupine, arnica, tiger lilies and fleabane.

"And that's pink monkeyflower," a hiker named **Susie Lattomus** said. "As opposed to yellow monkeyflower, which usually grows where it's wetter. Well, the pink does, too, so it's probably drying up now that the snow's melted off."

That's one thing I've always enjoyed about hiking with Cascadians. They know the local flora and often schedule their hikes where and when the

wildflowers will be at their most vivid. And they also hike in places where they're apt to see wildlife.

On this day, though, the most prevalent wildlife was that bane of highland lakes—the mosquito.

I didn't notice any of the little biters until we got down to Dewey Lake and made what Cascadian **Jon Harlan** called "a little hop" over to Little Dewey.

"That is so clear you can see the logs at the bottom," Harlan said, looking out across the placid lake.

"And there's little fish in there," noted **Fern Sule**, pointing to some small trout near the edge.

"I've seen four of them rising already," add **Rudy Labernik**, clearly wishing he had brought his fishing rod.

I nodded and scratched my first mosquito bite.

On the way around the lake we met a Northwest Youth Corps trail crew, like us a group of 12—in keeping with the "12 heartbeats" maximum allowable in designated Wilderness. The Oregon-based Youth Corps, which has a branch unit in Leavenworth, had been building a bridge on the Pacific Crest Trail above the lakes. Upon hearing what the crew had been doing, the Cascadians applauded them.

Harlan and I got to talking to the work-crew leader, whose full pack was adorned with several hand saws, a couple of hefty axes and a sledgehammer. "How much weight you carrying there?" Harlan asked.

"I don't think I want to make a guess at that," the corps leader said. "I don't think I want to know."

After circling Dewey Lake—and making the obligatory visit to photograph the cascading waterfalls on the back side of the bigger lake—we stopped for lunch. Except for fulfilling the need for sustenance, this was a mistake. Because we, too, became lunch. I think my number of mosquito bites from that stop is in triple digits, and that's not an exaggeration.

"You know, I'll never understand the whole mosquito thing. What are they good for?" mused Fern Sule, who in her retirement has not only become an irrepressible Cascadian but has also taken to endurance bicycling, having pedaled from Canada to Mexico and also around New Zealand (twice).

"I mean, I understand how it's all supposed to fit together in the big picture, but how come mosquitoes have to suck blood? Why not fat? Hey, if mosquitoes would just suck our fat instead of our blood, I think there'd be a lot more of us out here. You'd have people out here hiking in the nude."

On the way back to Tipsoo Lake below the Chinook Pass summit, both groups got to have a more enjoyable wildlife moment—a bear sighting. The Dewey dozen saw a young bear, somewhere between cub-sized and yearling. The Naches Peak Loop octet saw a more mature bear, possibly the youngster's mama.

"We don't normally see bears up there," said Mann, the trip leader. "You can see from the hoofmarks that there are elk going through—on that north side especially—but that was the first time I've seen a bear up there."

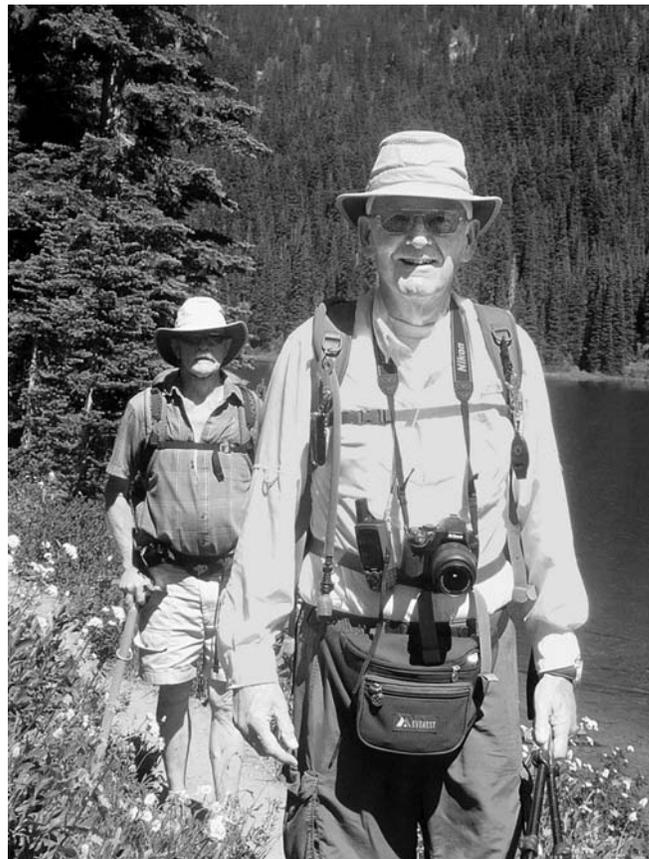
Like most Cascadians, though, Mann has seen bears in the wild. Four or five years ago on another Pokies hike near Cayuse Pass, Mann was hiking by herself in between two groups and she came around a bend to see a mature bear crossing the trail just 40 feet in front of her. She simply stopped, slowly backed up and waited for the group behind her to catch up.

No such excitement on last Thursday's hike. The bear was on a slope well above them, probably enjoying the season's first huckleberries. And the Cascadians enjoyed the bear as just another sight along with the wildflowers, Mount Rainier and each other.

"We just moseyed the whole way, and it was just lovely," Mann said. "That was our pleasure all day, to just go slow and savor the day."

"It was beautiful."

*Editor's note: This newspaper article, reprinted with permission of the Herald-Republic, appeared in the 2012 Cascadian Annual.*



*Cascadian hiker Jim Barnhill followed by Jim Brown walk along Dewey Lake during a Pokies hike. Photo by Fern Sule.*

## POKIES HIKING GROUP CONTINUES TO GROW

By Jeanne Crawford

I'm browsing through the 1993 Cascadian Annual, trying to remember details of an adventure on the Sheep Lake Trail that year. I find the story and the details—Don Havlin, Pokies founder, led the hike—and read that we were seven in all!



Seven????!! Well, that was just the second year for The Pokies, created in 1992 by Don who saw the need for “organized outings for those of us who can no longer keep up with the hardier types.”

With the Pokies now in their 14<sup>th</sup> year, I check a recent membership list and count: 54 Cascadians hike

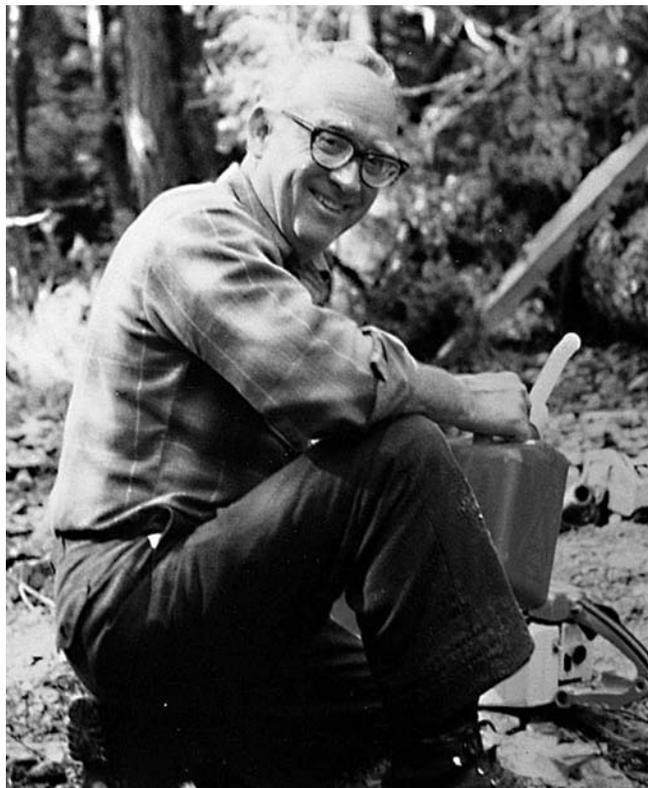
with us frequently and at least 35 can be described as “hard core.”

“We don't babysit, we don't make doctor appointments, we don't take our cars for servicing on Thursdays. They are sacred!” a quote from Donna Villbrandt.

Sometimes a hike draws only 15 (where is everyone?), but almost always 25 to 30. In the fall, there were 27 to Government Meadows, 27 to Watt Canyon in Kittitas County, that many to Irene Hlousek's apple pie hike. Eleanor Hayward's Swauk Pass gourmet potluck entices at least 30 or more each year.

In their first year, in 1992, The Pokies went on 16 hikes, from June through November, with seven different leaders. Rose McConnell led the very first Pokie trip on June 24 to Tieton Meadows.

In 1995, Havlin noted in *The Annual*, there were 52 hikes, but “the majority of them” he added, “were led by just eight persons!” Some of them continue to lead: Norb John, Bob Mittelstaedt, Jeanne Crawford, Eleanor Hayward.



*Cherished Cascadian leader Don Havlin originated the Pokies hiking group concept in 1992. He was also active in trail maintenance & construction, particularly for the development of the Pleasant Valley Loop Trail.*

The Pokies still schedule 51 or 52 hikes each year. But 24 or 25 leaders share the responsibilities, usually twice a year for each person.

The Pokies have surely grown beyond Don Havlin's dreams but he was so right in creating this very special group of The Cascadians. We cherish his memory and acknowledge a great debt to him.

*Editor's note: This article appeared in the 2005 Cascadian Annual. In 2017 the Pokies group decided to change its name to the Pathfinders.*



*A group of Pokies at Chinook Pass accompanied newspaper reporter Scott Sandsberry in summer of 2012. Photo by Fern Sule.*

# CASCADIANS VOLUNTEER TRAIL STEWARDSHIP



*Crosscut saw work on Pacific Crest Trail.*



*Rebuilding Union Creek Trail, 2013*

## 100 YEARS OF CASCADIAN TRAIL MAINTENANCE

**By Gerald Kobes**

Over the hundred years of existence of the Cascadian organization, the Cascadians have not only enjoyed using the trails in the National Forest and Wilderness, but, have also been involved in helping to build these trails and to maintain them.

The Cascadians were instrumental in building the Pleasant Valley Trail on both sides of Highway 410, building ski and snowshoe trails in the Bumping and North Fork of the Tieton area, and replacing bridges and improving drainage and treads on other trails.

Maintenance and log out is done every year to facilitate the passage of hikers and backpackers in the summer months and snowshoers and skiers in the winter months. Culverts have been cleaned to facilitate runoff in the proper location and reduce trail erosion.

Cascadians have also helped in building and placing a warming hut and maintaining it.



*Building bridges in more ways than one. Pleasant Valley Trail, 2006.*



*Ski Warming Hut placed at Bumping Lake by Cascadians (L-R) Gerald Kobes, Miles McPhee, Bob Pavlina, Jeff Hagen, Mike Ojanen, & Lee Hunsperger.*

## PLEASANT VALLEY TRAIL PROJECT NEAR COMPLETION

**By Don Havlin**

After six years and 5,229 hours of work (plus 2,293 hours driving to and from the work sites) the Pleasant Valley Loop Trail #999 is all but completed. Fellow Cascadians worked diligently and cheerfully to build hiking tread for seven miles on the northern half of the trail, to build a fine bridge over Survey Creek just west of the entrance to Pleasant Valley Campground, and to complete several smaller tasks on the trail south of the American River.

This last fall found us working in light rain or snowfall several times. We even built tread when there were three to four inches of snow on the ground.

On the 12<sup>th</sup> of November eight of us hoped to finish the last of the tread, but time and energy ran out. Don Lines, not to be foiled, drove up with a friend on the 15<sup>th</sup> and again, alone, on the 16<sup>th</sup>, swept off a few inches of light snow and finished the job.

Subsequent to completion of the tread we set out

to put up additional blue diamonds to aid route finding. On November 20, five of us succeeded in this task from Hells Crossing to Miner Creek on the north side, but additional diamonds will have to wait until 1984.

Further tasks for next year include the bridge over Union Creek and about 50 to 75 feet of turnpiking. A Boy Scout troop had asked to do the turnpiking this year, but they backed out too late for us to do it ourselves.

The bridge is another story. Clearances for its construction were obtained and the weekend of September 17-18 was scheduled for the task. On the 16<sup>th</sup> Don Lines and I drove up and met George Marcott, Naches Ranger District Trails Coordinator, at Union Creek, where George was going to fell the trees for the stringers and sills.

After Don and I had cleared brush from the stream banks, we took measurements to determine stringer length. We discovered to our disappointment that

the bridge would have to be about 55 feet long—more than we could handle with our lightweight equipment. In 1984 the present plan is for the Forest Service to contract with a private logger to bring up heavy equipment to place the stringers.

Although the Department of Transportation has been cooperative in keeping parking spaces plowed at Hells Crossing, it is obvious that more parking is needed. The State Snow Park Committee this fall rejected a request from the Forest Service for funding of a parking lot at the Crow Lake Way trailhead near Miner Creek. It is possible that a revised plan might be approved later.

Our concern for more parking near the Pleasant Valley Campground entrance is already being addressed. You will note that the DOT has already begun placing fill along the south shoulder of the highway just west of the campground entrance. This is part of a plan for widening of the highway, including a parking lane similar to that at White Pass, except that it would be for about 40 vehicles.

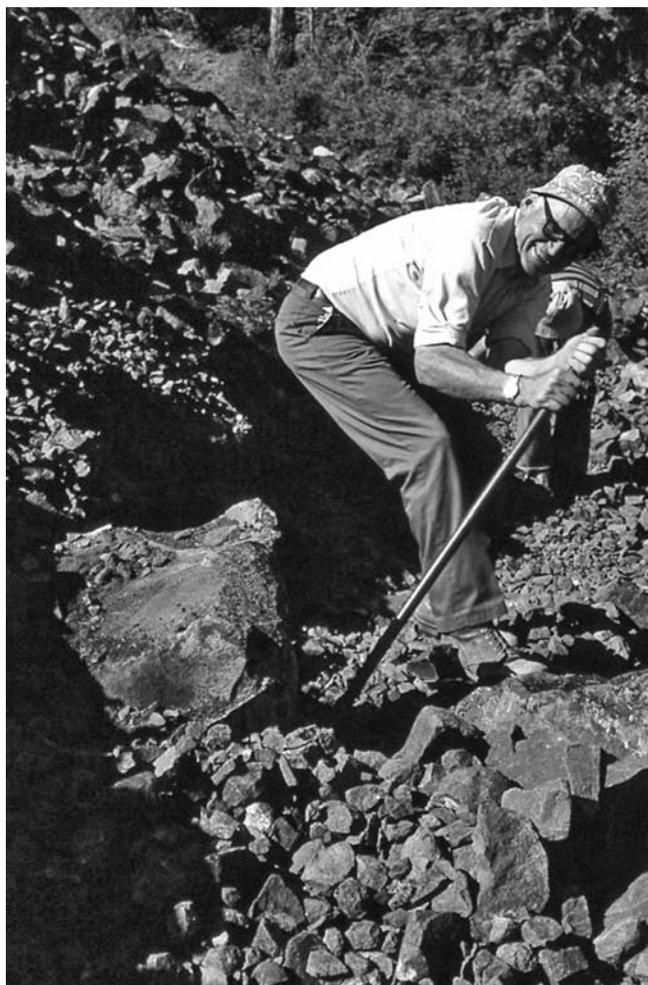
Except for the tasks listed above, our commitment to the Pleasant Valley Loop Trail in 1984 will be reduced to a maintenance level. For the many of us who have worked so hard and so long this is a most welcome time. The real reward, though, is the pleasure of seeing so many people enjoying the results of our labors.

STATISTICS FOR 1983: On 29 different days 53 different persons worked 138 person days for 783 hours; 39 vehicles were driven 4,714 miles commuting, and workers spent 330 hours in the process...

*Editor's Note: This article appeared in the 1983 Cascadian Annual. The Pleasant Valley Trail project was adopted by the Cascadians in 1978, building two miles of trail the first year which added to the two miles of trail already built by the Youth Conservation Corps in 1977. By 1985 it had taken a total of 410 volunteers, 221 days, and 6377 hours to complete the PVT in eight years.*



*Cascadian volunteers clear tread for Pleasant Valley Trail in October 1983. Photo by Jeff Hagen.*



*Don Lines, frequent trail work volunteer, pries a large boulder on the Kloochman Rock Trail in June 1977. Photo by Jeff Hagen.*

## **KLOOCHMAN TRAIL RESTORED BY CASCADIANS**

**By Don Havlin**

The Kloochman Trail Project is now essentially completed. The old trail has been restored in most places, with a few variations, such as: establishing a new footbridge; making a good route (sidewalk?) through the rockpile beyond the bouldering rock; and at Forest Service request, a portion of the trail was routed around a forested slope to a more rocky and open area.

About two blocks of trail have been restored on the lower end of the ramp, making a clear route for the remaining distance to the rock slide. About a half day's work remains to clear brush and define the old trail in better fashion on the upper part of the ramp.

Forty person/days of work involving 28 different Cascadians working a total of 318.5 hours on four different days (May 21, 22 and June 5 and 12) were required to do the job...

This is the second year we have been involved in trail work with the Tieton Ranger District of the U.S. Forest Service, and we hope that all Cascadians will participate in the future. We expect to have annual projects in the Tieton and/or Naches Ranger Districts.

The Tieton District Ranger, Ed Whitmore, encourages all of us to develop a closer working relationship with the Forest Service. They do not have enough staff to adequately supervise or maintain all of the areas, roads and trails for which they are responsible. We are urged to stop and talk to them about any problems we observe or any suggestions we would like to make.

On October 30, Don Lines, Mike Nagle and Don Havlin returned to Kloochman's Trail to finish the

bridge. The Forest Service had provided 4"x12" planks 4' long and some huge spikes to make a deck for the bridge.

Having only ordinary hammers to drive the spikes, the task took on a new dimension. Don Havlin bent the first spike. After much pounding, frustration and contemplation, every plank was secure but one. Don H. felt the one with the bent nail should have another spike driven into it. Don Lines made two more attempts. Each ended in frustration.

Thanks are extended to the nearly fifteen per cent of the membership who participated this year.

*Editor's Note: The above article was printed in the 1977 Cascadian Annual.*

## ANOTHER ADVENTURE ON KLOOCHMAN ROCK

By Clar Pratt

On 10/3/95, twelve Tuesday Cascadians trekked up Kloochman Rock to work on the top section of the Cascadian Trail. There were Fern and Helen and Eleanor and Denny and Doris and Art, and, Oh, just a bunch of others!

Turning off at Rimrock, parking at the 1202 road, walking the jeep road to the trailhead, the group labored the tough 9 miles in (actually, more like 2¼), and an 8000 foot climb (actually, 1560), on a frigid day (with sun breaks) and thousand mile an hour winds (well, maybe 40-50). Most of the group were hunkered down and into their lunches by 10:30 a.m.

But three, led by George, braved the winds to the top to change the summit register (maintained by Cascadians). A thawing walk down to the cars, 1½ hour stop at Trout Lodge for the Cheery Chili and Marvelous Soup and Blackberry Cobbler, and back in Yakima early afternoon in completion of another Dave-Engineered Trail Maintenance Project.

The retrieved register, placed 11 months prior, showed 149 visitors to the peak. Comments in the register indicated quite a few found the views romantically inspiring—to say the least (and we will). Others were inspired to offer religious thank yous. Many thanked the Cascadians.

Many noted high winds, wide views, several trips a year, photo ops, and many made the in-trip in one hour plus minutes. Quite a few said, "I dinna think I'd even make it!!!" and "Wow!" and "I don't want to go home."

There was a Christmas day climber and several in mid-March. April was slow, but May weather was great. The Seniors of Honor Biology from Naches High School trekked in with Jim Christensen and "the Librarian," noting many swifts and swallows.

By June, the peak population (get it?) swelled,

and killer skeeters were out on the bottom of the rock—dictating a fast climb to get into the wind; or, as Terri noted, being sure to hike with someone slower than you who can act as mosquito focal point.

J. Treser was up there, the register says, as well as Mountain Mama, a group from Cornerstone College in Monroe, Martians, (yes, Martians), visitors from Kansas and Alaska, a few dogs, and Jana, who apparently led Ted up there to spy on Paul and Stacy. A large group (30) of 9-18 year-olds with a 66 year-old guide made the summit, but the youngest visitors were ages 5 and 7!

Moved to a quote, one register commenter doubtless reflected the feelings of many in recording his impression at the top:

"Raised upon the wings of eagles,  
Held by the breath of dawn,  
Etched in yellow splendor,  
Flowering in heavenly sun."



Clar Pratt's trail work crew on the Kloochman Rock Trail, Oct. 1995. L-R: Art Weier, \_\_\_\_\_?, Marge Schmidt, Helen Juris, Rose McConnell, Denny Spicer, George McHenry, & Clar Pratt.

Photo by Fern Sule.

## CASCADIAN CREW CLEARS GOAT PEAK TRAIL

By Scott Sandsberry

It took barely five minutes and one log—the sawing and removal of which constituted four of those five minutes—for the first it’s-quitting-time joke to make an appearance.

“OK, it’s beer time.”

So cracked Jeff Hagen, one of the five trail crew members on this mid-August work detail.

It wasn’t that time, of course.

Within minutes, Hagen and the four other 60-something volunteers had already shouldered their packs, saws and axes and were on their way up the Goat Peak Trail. No real rest, certainly no beer, no more jokes and no time to waste. Neither sun nor heat nor sweat nor the wheezing of the journalist struggling to keep pace behind them would keep these men from removing every log and other trail obstacle that would otherwise force hikers to become hurdlers.

Ten minutes later, Miles McPhee and team leader, Jerry Kobes were on either side of a two-man crosscut saw, making fast work of a 10-inch diameter larch tree that had fallen across the trail.

“You know, Jerry,” McPhee said with a grin, “if we keep this up, we’ll be ready for Nile Valley Days next year.”

Kobes simply grunted and continued sawing. There were miles to climb and many more logs to cut.

That so many hiking trails in the Cascades’ eastern foothills are a pleasure to travel, as opposed to an exercise in downed-tree-hopping, is attributable to these men and hundreds like them from such organizations as The Cascadians, Backcountry Horsemen, Washington Trails Association and Northwest Youth Corps.

To truly appreciate what these five men were doing—at the hottest time of the year, without being asked, without pay and without any expectation of recognition—one must first consider Goat Peak.

Whether one approaches from the south side off Bumping Road by way of the Goat Creek 959 Trail or from the Goat Creek 958C Trail to the north, Goat Peak constitutes a relentlessly uphill grind.

This trail crew began at the 958C trailhead across State Route 410 from Hells Crossing Campground, a trail that over three and a quarter miles climbed roughly 3,200 feet of elevation.

How steep is that? Well, if they were to take an elevator down from the summit to the elevation at which they began, it would be like riding down from the top of the Empire State Building. Twice. And then going down another 30 floors.

So, yes, Goat Peak is a thigh-burner for most hikers. But then, these guys are not like most hikers. All of them are hardy members of the Yakima-based



*Jerry Kobes, Miles McPhee & Jeff Davis hold their log-removal tools along the Goat Peak Trail on a trail maintenance outing in September of 2012. Photo by Jeff Hagen.*

Cascadians outdoor club; each hikes two to three times each week, typically on the thickly-forested flanks of Cascade peaks. Only a few days before this trip, three of the five had logged out the Goat Creek Trail up from Bumping Road as far as its junction with the American Ridge Trail.

And what two of the five had done only the day before would have left most athletic 20-somethings—much less retirement-age 60-somethings—recuperating on the couch for a few days.

Hagen, a dental consultant, and Jeff Davis, a civil engineer, had spent that day hiking from White Pass to Chinook Pass, a rolling 29-mile trek with significantly more uphill than downhill. For Davis, that wasn’t anything unusual or even particularly challenging; he had spent 90 days hiking more than 1,700 miles of the Pacific Crest Trail, coming north from the Mexico-U.S. border.

“I just went (as far as) southern Oregon. All I needed to finish it,” said the laconic Davis, who had already hiked the stretch of the PCT that runs through Oregon and Washington.

Davis’ 1,726-mile total over his 90 days on the PCT is misleading, since he had seven days on which he didn’t hike at all and another seven where he hiked on the PCT only briefly, usually because of the need for a supply-replenishing side trip. On his actual hiking days he averaged upwards of 22 miles, and toward the end he was doing 27 miles a day.

By comparison, Davis said, the White-to-Chinook trip wasn’t so hard.

“In the Sierras, you have to carry so much water. I’m sick of carrying water,” said Davis—who, it should

be noted, was on this day carrying a hefty ax and a bow saw, along with his day pack.

“Ask him his (PCT) trail name,” Hagen said with a grin. “It’s Scarecrow. And it’s not because of his build—it’s the Wizard of Oz thing. His wife gave the name to him.”

“Yep. I’m looking for a brain,” Davis said, straight-faced. “Ha, ha. Big laugh.”

There was no shortage of brains on this work crew comprised entirely of executive-level, white-collar types. Kobes is a retired mechanical and industrial engineer. McPhee is a PhD and a polar oceanographer and one of the world’s leading experts on climate change. And Bob Pavlina—who joked about living “in the suburbs of Glead”—is retired from a chemical engineering career spent controlling air and water pollution.

Their trail work, though, definitely requires a blue-collar ethic. Between them, the five carried a hefty Pulaski—a combination axe-adze often used by wilderness firefighters to dig fire lines; two-man and one-man bucksaws; a bow saw; an axe; and loppers for cutting smaller branches that might impede hikers.

Simply clearing the trail up to Goat Peak wasn’t enough for this five. After taking a lunch break on the summit to soak in the panoramic view from the Goat Rocks to Mt. Rainier to Fifes Ridge, the group pondered its next move. The options: Call it a day and go back down, or continue another one and a half miles down the other side as far as the junction of the American Ridge Trail and the Goat Creek Trail. The decisive reasoning, in Hagen’s words, was simple enough: “We might as well. We’re here.”

So they cleared that south-side stretch as well, removing another 13 to 15 downed logs—some of them quite large—while adding more than three miles round-trip to their long day. They didn’t get back to their meeting place at the Naches Ranger Station until 7 p.m., having begun their day there at 8 a.m.

Asked how many downed trees he had personally removed from trails so far this summer, Kobes—who also volunteers his time with the Cowiche Canyon Conservancy to remove scotch thistle at Snow Mountain

Ranch—had to think for awhile before deciding it was probably around 100. That was five weeks ago, and he and the other members of this quintet have gone up numerous times since.

“Whenever we go hiking, we usually take a saw,” Kobes said, standing on the Goat Peak summit. “So I’ve been (removing downfall) maybe 10 times this year, and only three or four of them were actually for maintenance.”

Why do they spend their spare free time clearing trails?

“I think most of us just aren’t the type to take it easy,” Kobes said with a shrug.

“If we were the type of people to take it easy,” Pavlina said, “we probably wouldn’t have been engineers, or oceanographers, or dentists.”

And the trails wouldn’t be nearly as navigable for the rest of us.

*Editor’s Note: This article appeared in the Yakima Herald-Republic on Sept. 18, 2012, and is reprinted here with newspaper’s permission.*



*Cascadians find time for fun on the trail as evidenced by this photo of Jeff Hagen attempting to clear a large log blocking the trail with a pair of loppers. The volunteers who removed downed logs carried two different saws to open up the trail. Photo provided by Jeff Hagen.*

## **SOME MOUNTAIN HUMOR**

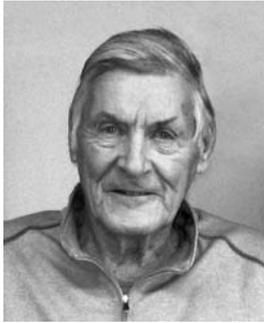
### **To Old Tahoma**

Oh, when will your summit be mine?  
To try twice and fail seems a crime.  
For this was the year  
I would climb Mt. Rainier,  
And now I have run out of time.

*By Jeff Hagen  
1977 Cascadian Annual*

## CLUB MEMBERS BOOST TRAIL MAINTENANCE EFFORTS

By Clar Pratt



Clar Pratt

Cascadians volunteer (those who are able) to do things for other people. They periodically pick up litter along a stretch of the Chinook Pass Highway and they work on light to moderate trail maintenance on the Naches Ranger District Forest Service trails.

For 2004, they spent four different days reopening the west end of the CowCan Trail, which had originally been developed by The Cascadians, but unmaintained for several years. On this non-wilderness trail, the volunteers logged out numerous downed trees, cleared away fallen limbs and debris, and lopped brush for hours. They slapped in a couple of banded log bridges and generally opened a clear trail to connect to that from the east end that the Forest Service Pros had massaged.

Additionally, early in July, volunteers reopened, with partial re-routes, the 958-A connector trail from the highway to the river, involving some serious chest-high log cutting and serious brush grubbing out. Cascadian Pokies who had expressed interest in helping out on trails showed up and contributed on the CowCan trail in particular.

For the Labor Day backpack, volunteers hiked into the wilderness a short distance and ripped up three long stretches of puncheon which had failed and threatened hikers and horses with the broken cross members. Heavy work, and followed the next day by tearing out a bridge which had failed and was unsafe.

All wilderness work performed with hand tools, naturally. All removed timbers were cleared from the path and two large buckets of spikes hauled out of the woods. As (and if) money is available, the Forest Service will replace puncheon over the boggy areas uncovered.

Cascadian volunteers for 2004, listed in near order of appearance on the record sheets were: Gisela (The Runner) Trivette, Carlos Champie, Kim (Bones)

Naasz, Kevin (Butch) Meeks, Clar Pratt, Jim Hertel, Joyce Whitney, Mary Shinn, Art Weier, Susan Lattomus, Karen Stotsenberg, Stanley (Just Visiting) Simmons, Terri Meeks, Dean (Sawyer) Whitney, Bob Villbrandt, Gerald Kobes, Eric Dolph, David (EagleEye) Hagen, Paula Arndt, Dennis (The Lopper) Hasslinger, Jan (Smiley) Pottenger, Mel Mathis, and Jenny Ige.

Worthwhile effort, well done, quite a few earned their 12-month trailhead pass, with which the Naches Ranger District regularly expresses its gratitude, and all who use the local trails should thank those volunteers who are increasingly essential in keeping up trail maintenance and picking up roadside litter.

2005 will offer similar opportunity for those who wish to volunteer as well as a new twist. There will be some opportunity for some maintenance effort on ski trails in the Clear Lake area and perhaps Bumping.

*Editor's note: This article appeared in the 2004 Cascadian Annual. Its author, Clar Pratt, spearheaded trail maintenance efforts for The Cascadians for many years.*



Drawing by Karen Stotsenberg

## CASCADIAN LIMERICKS FROM OLD CASCADIAN ANNUALS

We know an old-timer named Yolo,  
Who can make a bear a good photo.  
His style is so neat,  
And his words are so sweet,  
Enchanted are gals who know Yolo.

*Unknown author  
1938 Annual*

A sweet girl, our Dear Tugboat Annie  
Climbs rocks like a goat we call Nanny,  
And she gives us some thrills  
With her cute ski spills.  
She'll ski yet when she's an old granny.

*Unknown author  
1939 Annual*

A cooking professor is Thoma,  
His meals put us into a coma.  
For how we do gorge,  
They're delicious, by George,  
We owe him a cooking diploma.

*Unknown author  
1939 Annual*



By Scott Sandsberry

They had spent the last few hours spreading wood shavings and lugging dead branches. The whole time, they'd been cracking wise with each other. Friends do that sort of thing.

They were mostly retirees, people accustomed to spending their Tuesdays together as part of a weekly Cascadians hiking group. On this particular Tuesday, though, their hours weren't spent recreating in the wilderness. They were helping rejuvenate it.

One, Mel Henle of Yakima, had the temerity to sit down for a breather beside a sandy cove at Twin Sisters Lake. He immediately caught flak.

"Hey," exclaimed Art Weier of Selah, "What's with all this sitting around?"

"Aw," retorted Henle, "I've done so much work today you wouldn't believe it."

That drew guffaws from Weier and Bob Mittelstaedt of Yakima. "You're absolutely right, we wouldn't believe it," Mittelstaedt cracked. "Haven't seen any evidence of it whatsoever."

In reality, the evidence was all round them.

The nearly two dozen Cascadians on this day's volunteer work detail had done the preliminary rehabilitation work at several overused campsites, spreading rolls of excelsior blanketing—stringy aspen shavings that would ultimately break down into forest-base "duff" while keeping campers off during the plant regeneration process. The group also closed off several "social trails"—narrow trails created by hikers taking needless shortcuts—with excelsior and dead branches.

"Doing this work definitely makes us more aware of shortcuts," said Maurine Peck of Yakima, one of the Cascadian volunteers. "We don't take shortcuts."

And there are no shortcuts to caring for the national forests and parks. If anything, this kind of volunteer effort has become increasingly prevalent within the Wenatchee National Forest and others around the country.

The Naches Ranger District features some 800 miles of trails, about half of which are within the William O. Douglas, Norse Peak and Goat Rocks Wilderness areas. But budgetary cutbacks have pared down the district's staffing over the past several years, from significantly more than 200 seasonal and full-time employees in summer to 158. A year-round employee roster that once counted 70-plus is now down to 44.

"Funding has gone down," said Sue Ranger, the Naches district's recreation planner and wilderness coordinator. "We're relying a lot more on the volunteer efforts—and the matching funds."

Those matching funds come in the form of grants from the Washington State Interagency Committee for

Outdoor Recreation (IAC). And the Naches district's plethora of ready volunteer labor has helped secure IAC grants for various trailhead and high-use area improvements.

"Without the volunteer groups, your chances of getting the grants would be highly reduced," said Keith Hole, the district's resources manager. "They (IAC grant officials) want to see citizen involvement and they want to see districts putting in money of their own."

This year the district was approved for a two-year IAC grant totaling about \$100,000 a year, about \$30,000 of which came from local Northwest Forest Pass fees. The trailhead fee structure program, initiated as a trial program in 1997 and now extended through the summer of 2001, has "taken a lot of the strain off the normal budget process," Hole said, and has been a boon to trail maintenance in the district.

"This will be the first time in my memory—and I've been here 15 years—that all of the trails in the system on the Naches Ranger District have been completely logged out and available."

But, again, this has not been done without help from volunteers like The Cascadians, the Washington Trails Association (WTA), the Yakima County and Central Washington chapters of the Backcountry Horsemen of Washington, motorcycle and mountain bike groups, four-wheel-drive enthusiasts and individuals.

The WTA last year supplied more than 47,000 volunteer hours on trails throughout the state, the product of 1,310 different volunteers coming out an average of four and a half days a year. This year the Seattle-based organization has already put together 18 week-long work parties, including one rebuilding trail bridges at Dewey Lake—using wood hauled in by local volunteer horse packers.

"The North Bend Ranger District, essentially Seattle's backyard, has one of the highest recreation usage areas in the state," said WTA executive director Elizabeth Tunney. "And that district had no money in its budget for trails this year, except for what it was able to get from the Forest Pass. So it really makes a difference being able to get trail crews out there."

The Cascadians provided a little more than 800 volunteer hours in the Naches district last year. "Some is heavy work"—like cutting and placing water bars and check dams—"and some is just clipping brush," said Cascadians volunteer coordinator Clar Pratt...

[Sue Ranger added,] "We're usually successful at getting grant money here because they (grant providers)...know we have the volunteers here and that the work will get done,"

*Editor's Note: This newspaper article was reprinted with permission from the Yakima Herald-Republic in the 2000 Cascadian Annual.*

## CASCADIANS ADOPT-A-HIGHWAY LITTER PICKUP

By Charley Munroe



A new Cascadian activity was begun in 1994—highway litter pickup. A club which prides itself in leaving the well-traveled roadway for the wild and less trekked has now taken on a section of scenic highway to clean up litter. Actually, this litter cleanup is not new to many of our backcountry hikers who regularly pack out litter left by others.

Our assigned highway area is a section of Highway 410 above the Union Creek trailhead up to the American River crossing. This section is about 3.3 miles long and actually has less litter than many other sections of highway, but along a pretty mountain highway every litter bit shows up in an unsightly way.

Two litter pickups were held this year: June 2, after the Memorial Day weekend opening of Chinook Pass, and September 10, after the Labor Day weekend. A third hope for end-of-season cleanup was weathered out by early snowfall and generally wintry conditions.

Litter pickup on June 2, 1994 was accomplished by Mildred Mitchell, Jean St. George, Lee Trivette, Art Weier, and Charley Munroe. The work took three hours and resulted in 22 bags of litter being removed. Jean had worked the night shift at the hospital, come home from work and joined our crew. She missed out on some sleep and very likely paid the price for that over the next couple of days, but we appreciated her efforts.

We were impressed by new highway signs put up by the highway department which read, "The Cascadians, Adopt a Highway Litter Control."

Our next litter pickup of September 10 utilized the efforts of David, Sharon, and Alana Hysert and their friend Melissa Brazeau, Clar Pratt, Elaine Taylor, Rose McConnell, and Dorothy and Charley Munroe. With more helpers, this work effort took just over two hours and was topped off by lunch together at Hells Crossing campground.

The effort is worthwhile, the companionship is great and the result is good. Litter pickup will be a continuing project since some litter is almost unavoidable and because some parts of our society will continue to litter our highway.

Adopt a highway litter control really works, and our highways look better as a result. Since our Cascadians have done this work and have our own section of highway to be responsible for, we can certainly appreciate all the other groups who participate in this necessary activity.

As coordinator, I appreciate the helpers I had;

and I thank you on behalf of The Cascadians and the Highway Department. Together we make a difference.

*Editor's note: The Cascadians have continued to clear litter along this same patch of Highway 410 ever since 1994 under the leadership of a variety of club members. The sign marking our stewardship is still clearly posted along our highway section.*



(Both illustrations by Karen Stotsenberg)

## HIGHWAY LITTER PICKUP LEADERS RECOGNIZED FOR YEARS OF SERVICE



CHARLEY MUNROE  
1994-1997

LEE TRIVETTE  
1998-2002

DENNIS HASSLINGER  
2002-2013

LIZ ANGLUND  
2013-2016

EARL PARONTO  
2017-2020

# CASCADIAN LEADERS AND MEMBERS LISTED

## PREVIOUS PRESIDENTS COMMENT ON CASCADIANS CLUB

1937

*This was the first year that we have a club annual which includes a president's message. Here are the comments written by Stanley Kyllingstad:*

"May I join with the others of the Board in extending deep appreciation to you for selecting us as the club's counselors for the coming year. We fully appreciate the confidence and honor that you have bestowed on us. Those who have preceded us in the various capacities have done much to attain for the Club

a place of high respect, both in our local community and in the state at large...

For the coming year we have many plans in mind, but we need your fullest cooperation in order that we may reach the goal we seek.

One of these plans is to give every member a job to do this year. Whether this job be small or large, we ask that you put your best efforts behind it.

Another is to increase the membership...We have felt that there are many who would enjoy the

## CASCADIAN PRESIDENTS OVER THE PAST 100 YEARS

|                        |                                     |                                   |                                                                                                                                                                             |
|------------------------|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1920 Claude E. Rusk    | 1955 Dave Mahre                     | 1979 Gerald Marsh                 | 2003 Gib Smith                                                                                                                                                              |
| 1921 Wayne Richardson  | 1956 Bob McCall                     | 1980 Bob Sinclair                 | 2004 Gib Smith                                                                                                                                                              |
| 1922 Clarence Truitt   | 1957 Bob Swenson                    | 1981 Bob Sinclair                 | 2005 Gib Smith                                                                                                                                                              |
| 1923 Clarence Starcher | 1958 Bill Prater                    | 1982 Michael Fischer              | 2006 Gib Smith                                                                                                                                                              |
| 1924 Clarence Starcher | 1959 Lee Rosenkranz/<br>Warren Hoit | 1983 Jeff Hagen                   | 2007 Ted Gamlem                                                                                                                                                             |
| 1925 Wayne Richardson  | 1960 Warren Hoit                    | 1984 Jeff Hagen                   | 2008 Ed Huang                                                                                                                                                               |
| 1926 R.E. Hull         | 1961 Hal Foss                       | 1985 Charley Munroe               | 2009 Brenda Kelly                                                                                                                                                           |
| 1927 Fern Richardson   | 1962 Hal Foss                       | 1986 Anne Kessler                 | 2010 Aggie Toyoda/<br>Greg Wallace                                                                                                                                          |
| 1928 Rolfe Whitnall    | 1963 Gene Prater                    | 1987 Anne Kessler/<br>David Hagen | 2011 Greg Wallace                                                                                                                                                           |
| 1929 Earl R. Thoma     | 1964 Gene Prater                    | 1988 David Hagen                  | 2012 Sharon Liner                                                                                                                                                           |
| 1930 Rolfe Whitnall    | 1965 Jim Linse                      | 1989 David Hagen                  | 2013 Kim Hull                                                                                                                                                               |
| 1931 Emil Zimmerman    | 1966 Jim Linse                      | 1990 Ray Paoella                  | 2014 Kim Hull                                                                                                                                                               |
| 1933 Robert Sinclair   | 1967 Dallas Hake                    | 1991 Ray Paoella                  | 2015 Charles Greenough                                                                                                                                                      |
| 1936 Stan Kyllingstad  | 1968 Dallas Hake                    | 1992 Ron Graham                   | 2016 Bill Dezellem                                                                                                                                                          |
| 1937 Stan Kyllingstad  | 1969 Clark Thompson                 | 1993 Ron Graham                   | 2017 Bill Dezellem                                                                                                                                                          |
| 1938 Louis Ulrich      | 1970 Tom Lyon                       | 1994 Ron Graham                   | 2018 Jim Boyd                                                                                                                                                               |
| 1939 Curtiss Gilbert   | 1971 Jim Carlson/<br>Don Havlin     | 1995 Susan Stepniewski            | 2019 Jim Boyd                                                                                                                                                               |
| 1940 Hobert Bowlby     | 1972 Don Havlin                     | 1996 Susan Stepniewski            | 2020 Mark Kushner                                                                                                                                                           |
| 1941 Morton Werner     | 1973 Don Havlin                     | 1997 Charley Kelly                | <i>Editor's Note: Jim Kurtz and Dick Garrett were reported to have been presidents in either 1950, 1951 or 1952. Other dates left blank are due to lack of information.</i> |
| 1946 Lex Maxwell       | 1974 Dave Rowland                   | 1998 Bob Mittelstaedt             |                                                                                                                                                                             |
| 1947 Lex Maxwell       | 1975 Dave Rowland                   | 1999 Bob Mittelstaedt             |                                                                                                                                                                             |
| 1948 Louis Ulrich      | 1976 Jim Christensen                | 2000 Jeff Hagen                   |                                                                                                                                                                             |
| 1949 Ed Keeler         | 1977 Bill Butt                      | 2001 Ed Lisowski                  |                                                                                                                                                                             |
| 1953 Marion Monter     | 1978 Bill Butt                      | 2002 Ed Lisowski                  |                                                                                                                                                                             |
| 1954 Dave Mahre        |                                     |                                   |                                                                                                                                                                             |

activities that we have but have not had the opportunity to do so.

If you have a friend or know someone who, in your estimation, would make a good member, and who would likely enjoy and benefit from our activities, make an effort to get that person to join.

In closing, we add only one thing—this is your Club, you can make it what you wish. We have been appointed by you as custodians and will do the job to the best of our ability, but we cannot hope to succeed without your cooperation.”

### 1938

**Louis Ulrich** was president of *The Cascadians* in 1938 and penned an inspirational message to club members in that year's bulletin. Part of it reads as follows:

“The Cascadians are embarking on a new venture. We want to be worthy of the pioneer spirit of our founders. We want to do more honor to Rusk [a founder of the group], who showed us the way up the beautiful and inspiring east side of Mt. Adams. We are therefore welcoming the man who wants to do something different, who wants to go the seldom or never trod “path” on the mountain, the man who enjoys rubbing elbows with the rocks, the man who would rather spend a sleepless night on an exposed ledge than miss the unforgettable experience of having won an apparently hopeless battle. We are welcoming the man who likes the unusual, the man who returns late at night from a climb, speechless, but happy; a tired man, but a new man. To this end let us all work together, hiker or climber, and let us make this year one of real achievement, a milestone on the landscape of Cascadian annals.

### 1939

**Curtiss Gilbert** expressed the following sentiments in the 1940 annual club bulletin:

“As I look back over the year 1939, I note that the Cascadians have given to their members an opportunity to enrich their routine lives with many excursions into little frequented regions and to superb points of vantage where they could receive inspiration sufficient to carry them over the daily discouragements in business life...”

Skiing, hiking, and mountaineering groups have worked harmoniously the past season and each has enjoyed a full schedule. It was my hope that more leadership could come from our club in furthering the three phases of our program among the younger groups of outdoor enthusiasts of this city. In skiing, the ski tow has been greatly appreciated at Gold Hill by the members of Clarence Truitt's Boy Scouts as well as our own members. In hiking



and mountaineering, Lex Maxwell, Louis Ulrich, and Curtiss Gilbert have led parties of Scouts on nine mountain climbs and 14 hikes.

At present our president is offering the best combination of instructions in mountain climbing and hiking through the course edited by “The Mountaineers” of Seattle, with Louis Ulrich as instructor. It will make mountain climbing a legitimate or scientifically arranged recreation, instead of a guess and haphazard affair. Those who have gone through this course will be educated in mountaineering as thoroughly as anything but long experience can offer...”

## CASCADIAN LEADER CITES MANY CLUB ADVANCES

By Annual Editor Hal Foss

The years of 1965-1966 were significant in the development of the Cascadians due largely to the North Cascades controversy. Leaving their more or less passive role of climbing and backpacking, they entered into conservation activities involving the proposed North Cascades National Park, the Cougar Lakes (Wilderness), and the Bumping Lake enlargement. They presented their viewpoints to the general public and found the public very receptive.

They also entered into community activities, playing a large part in the conceiving and developing of the Yakima Sunfair, which is now known across the state, and further, largely due to the Mt. Adams Community Climb. The annual cleanup campaigns in the Tieton Ranger District of the Snoqualmie National Forest have been a real contribution to

recreational promotion.

Mountain Rescue operations and safety programs have increased as more people, many with lesser basic knowledge of the outdoors, use our backcountry. There is every reason to believe that this portion of Cascadian development will increase.

Our membership is increasing steadily and it is especially gratifying to see the young people interested in climbing, conservation, mountain rescue, search and rescue and the outdoors in

general. It certainly proves that many of our youth don't need LSD, marijuana or motorized equipment to enjoy life.

Another pleasing factor regarding The Cascadians is the quality of the membership. It would be difficult to pick and choose and find higher type people representing all sectors of the community. Great credit is due our officers for presenting a program and philosophy which appeals to such people. We have every expectation that this will continue into the future.

## CLUB ANNIVERSARIES PROMPT PRESIDENT COMMENTS

### 70<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY – 1990

By Ray Paoella

This year marked the 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary of The Cascadians. In recognition of this milestone, it seems appropriate to reflect upon the Club's past as we chart the Club's future. A recent December hike up Yakima Ridge brought this into focus for me.

From a point near Rest Haven, my wife and I switchbacked up a faint trail to the top of the ridge. This trail was built by the Cascadians in the 1920s. Although difficult to find, the trail can still be seen from I-82 and the Noel Pathway just south of Selah Gap. This old trail receives very little use today and yet, it provides a nice conditioning hike within ten minutes drive of downtown Yakima.

This piece of Cascadian history also represents an opportunity for the future. Perhaps the Club could rehabilitate this trail and thereby provide a close-in winter hiking destination. There are undoubtedly other opportunities to enhance the recreational activities of our Club.

While keeping in mind the history and traditions of our Club, I am confident that we can build upon the full spectrum of outings. I sense a need to increase the number of less rigorous outings and consider scheduling outings for families with young children. I also hope that we can expand the climbing component of the Club. In my view, the key is to offer a wide variety of outings to meet the diverse needs of our members. Our success in this objective will depend upon members who step forward to volunteer their time and talents.

I believe it is important for us to continue promoting the conservation of natural areas where our members recreate. Individuals can have a substantial impact on the management of our public lands if they become involved in these important issues.

Finally, I want to thank all of the people who contributed to the success of our 1990 outings schedule. As The Cascadians starts its eighth decade, I encourage club members to lead trips and also share with the Board your thoughts on how the Club can best pursue its recreation and conservation objectives.

### 75<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY – 1995

By Susie Stepniewski

A year to celebrate 75 years of outdoor good times. The Club has been active for most of these years, except for a few around World War II. Our membership is now almost 400 (which includes families, so there's a lot more, really). At times, the Club has been down to very few members, when they met in people's homes, but there have always been a few people who made sure the Club survived.

In April we celebrated our "birthday" month at our monthly meeting. Sixteen past presidents attended the meeting, the earliest being Louis Ulrich, who was president in 1938. There was old outdoor equipment displayed, five big birthday cakes made by Paula Parker, and Jack Whitnall (whose parents were charter members of Cascadians) entertained us with a slide show of Cascadian outings since the beginning of the Club...

And a big thank you to all outing leaders, too many to mention; these are the people who get us out on the trail, to do what we love most. Skiing and



*Cascadian presidents gather at the Club's 90th birthday celebration in 2010.*

*L-R: Bob Mittelstaedt, Ed Lisowski, Jim Christensen, Susan (Stepniewski) Lattomus, Jeff Hagen, Gib Smith, David Hagen, Brenda Kelly, Ray Paoella, Aggie Toyoda, Ed Huang.*

hiking, backpacking and biking, breathing mountain air, watching snowflakes fly, seeing the colorful spring wildflowers, feeling a warm summer breeze, hearing the rushing stream, and the birds sing.

Cascadians have been doing this for 75 years, let's keep it going! We will with all the active people giving their time...

Bring a friend to the next outing, or meeting, lead a trip this year and –

Have Fun!

## 85<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY – 2005

By Gib Smith

Just a great year for The Cascadians. Can you believe it? Eighty-five years and still going strong!

This may sound a bit over optimistic in light of our declining membership. However, your board of directors has been working very hard for the last two years to stimulate interest in our Club.

This past spring we participated in the Yakima Outdoor Expo at the Central Washington Fairgrounds. At the event, we handed out business cards, information folders and arm bands with our logo on them. We also had a display of outdoor equipment for everyone to see. The Expo was attended by several hundred school age kids on a Friday and the next day by mostly adults. We did add a few new members who had seen our display at the Expo. I thank Bob Romero for inviting us to participate in this event.

Another event was our 85<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration in September which was highlighted by the attendance of 12 past presidents. The Club was also honored with an appreciation award presented by Marty

Lentsch on behalf of Central Washington Mountain Rescue. We handed out several door prizes and ended the evening with a large birthday cake.

I can't help being optimistic about the future of The Cascadians. With the interest shown by the general members and hard-working board members, plus all the people who contribute in so many ways, we can look forward to many more great years...

## 90<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY – 2010

By Aggie Toyoda

Welcome, Cascadians! To tonight's celebration of the Club's 90<sup>th</sup> birthday! Yeah – 90<sup>th</sup>! That's a lot of Cascadian trail history and an even deeper backpack of Cascadian memories! And what about all those incredible miles of worn treads, boots, and tires alike! And then there's the what's hot and what was s-o-o yesterday in the Cascadian world of Nordic skis and techniques.

Yes, indeed, there's been not only a lot of color on the summer slopes, but also a lot of delightful color in our own Cascadian culture! We've also had greatness in vision and service in the Cascadian membership down through the years. To those who preceded us and to those among us today, we are grateful because we are who we are, as Cascadians honoring our 90 years of happy trail blazing!

...this year, 2010 marks the finale of the first decade of this infant millennium and what a wonderful and eager organization we have, as Cascadians, to take us into the second decade, with a renewed sense of that Cascadian vigor and outdoor wilderness spirit, to adventure, to explore, to have fun and to enjoy Cascadian fellowship!

## ONE HUNDRED FOUR JOIN CASCADIANS IN 1920

The Club was organized April 9, 1920, with 88 charter members present. On May 5, the Club's second meeting, 16 more charter members were signed, making 104 in all.

Following are the charter members of the Club when it was organized in 1920: Anna V. Amundsen, S.I. Anthon, Arthur Beadle, Marian Bucher, Mr. and Mrs. W.W. Ball, Minerva Bandy, Mrs. S.S. Bush, Mr. and Mrs. E.W. Brackett, Mabel Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. A.B. Cling, Mr. and Mrs. A.R. Carico, the Rev. Edward Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, Helen Cameron, Mark Delle, Mr. and Mrs. J.F. DeVane, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Detloff, F.A. Duncan, Mrs. Nettie E. Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. J.V. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. J.M. Filloon, Mr. and Mrs. O.A. Fechter, Howard Green, Pauline Gerber, Mr. and Mrs. A.W. Hawkins, Max Hiscock, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Huedepohl, Mr. and Mrs. L.M. Holt, Mary Harvey, Mr. and Mrs.

I.R. Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. C.O. Kittilsen, Mr. and Mrs. John Kellett, Dr. C.H. Libby, A.A. Framboise, William McCarty, L.V. McWhorter, Mae Mark, Fred Means, Duvette Machette, Mr. and Mrs. Alex MacDonald, Roy Neilan, Mrs. Anna R. Nichols, Katherine Nichols, Jack Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. E.B. Preble, Mr. and Mrs. W.G. Price, Elizabeth Palmer, C.E. Rusk, Mr. and Mrs. O.C. Soots, D.G. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W.L. Steinweg, the Rev. L.J. Sawyer, Myrtle Siasor, Mrs. Irene Selleck, Mr. and Mrs. J.R. Vincent, Katherine Van Slyke, Edna White, Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe Whitnall, Rolland Whitmore, Mr. and Mrs. W.H. White, Mrs. Jesse White, Iris White, Lois White, Estelle Wickun, Mr. and Mrs. S.O. Hawkes, Rosalia Strobach, Stuart McKee, Lois Rodgers, Freda Noble, Mr. and Mrs. W.E. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Martin, Mr. and Mrs. C.M. Jones, C.L. Owen, Dr. C.W. Miller, Margaret Jennings, Richard Strobach.

**IN 1989 THE CASCADIAN BOARD AUTHORIZED THE PRESENTATION OF AN AWARD FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO THE CLUB. THESE MEMBERS HAVE BEEN SO HONORED:**

### **DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AWARD RECIPIENTS**

|                                      |                                          |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| 1989 – Ray Paoella, Don Havlin       | 2003 – Bob Mittlestaedt                  |
| 1990 – Ben & Eleanor Hayward         | 2004 – Kent Wilkinson                    |
| 1991 – Don Lines                     | 2006 – Gib Smith                         |
| 1992 – David Hagen                   | 2008 – Jeanne Crawford                   |
| 1993 – Don Havlin                    | 2010 – Claudia Christie,<br>Maurine Peck |
| 1994 – Ron Graham                    | 2011 – Jerry Kobes                       |
| 1995 – Clar Pratt                    | 2012 – Bill Dezellem                     |
| 1996 – Jean Chott                    | 2013 – Rudy Labernik                     |
| 1997 – Darrell Patterson             | 2014 – Phil Bird                         |
| 1998 – Susie Lattomus                | 2015 – Kim Hull                          |
| 1999 – Lee & Gisela Trivette         | 2016 – Evans Fletcher                    |
| 2000 – Susie Ball                    | 2018 – Darrell Patterson                 |
| 2001 – Karen Stotsenberg             |                                          |
| 2002 – George McHenry (posthumously) |                                          |

### **HONORARY LIFE MEMBERSHIP AWARD RECIPIENTS**

|                                                         |                        |
|---------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1989 – Chuck & Marion Hessey, Louis Ulrich, Lex Maxwell |                        |
| 1996 – Don Havlin                                       |                        |
| 2000 – Dorothy Egg, Paul Bowden                         | 2011 – Clar Pratt      |
| 2008 – Ben & Eleanor Hayward                            | 2012 – David Hagen     |
| 2010 – Earl Paronto                                     | 2014 – Jeanne Crawford |

HONORABLE MENTION DESERVES TO BE GIVEN TO LOCAL ARTIST, AUTHOR AND PHOTOGRAPHER **JAMES R. CHRISTENSEN** FOR HIS INTRICATE WILDLIFE PEN AND INK DRAWINGS THAT HAVE GRACED THE PAGES OF MANY CASCADIAN ANNUALS SINCE 1976. ENJOY THIS MONTAGE OF A FEW OF HIS MANY WORKS:



# THE EARLY DAYS OF CASCADIANS



Scaling Emerick Rocks, Naches Canyon

Ascending Mt. Adams east side route



Mt. Adams summit Aug. 19, 1921, 100% climb



Cascadians on Mt. Adams summit



Cascadian toboggan slide, Winter 1920-21

Last night in camp campfire, Mt. Adams



Descending Rusk Glacier



# 1920s PHOTO ALBUM



On Mt. Rainier summit Aug. 13, 1923



Camp Muir



Cascadians on Mt. Stuart 1927



Mt. Stuart  
May 30, 1926  
Steeper than  
it looks



Wayne signs Mt. Stuart  
summit register May 29, 1921

Ascending Mt. Stuart May 29, 1922



# Ron Graham's Local Hiking Guide Photo Collection

**LATE  
1980s**

*Comet Falls greets > hikers on way to Van Trump Park, MRNP*



^ Naches Peak Loop Trail, Chinook Pass

< Earl Paronto crosses snow & rock to reach Shellrock Peak



^ Rampart Lakes from Rampart Ridge, Snoqualmie Pass

v Mt. Rainier from Skyline Trail



^ Rock columns on Ironstone Mountain

< Mt. Fremont Lookout, MRNP

v Don Havlin points out the vistas of American Ridge atop Fifes Ridge



# David Hagen's Backpacking Images - Northwest to Southwest



*Camp & Needles, Canyonlands National Park, May 1991 >*

*< Brenda Kelly Looking North from Spider Gap, August 2009*



*< Larry's Bench & the Stuart Range, August 2011*



*Paria Canyon Backpackers, May 1992 >*

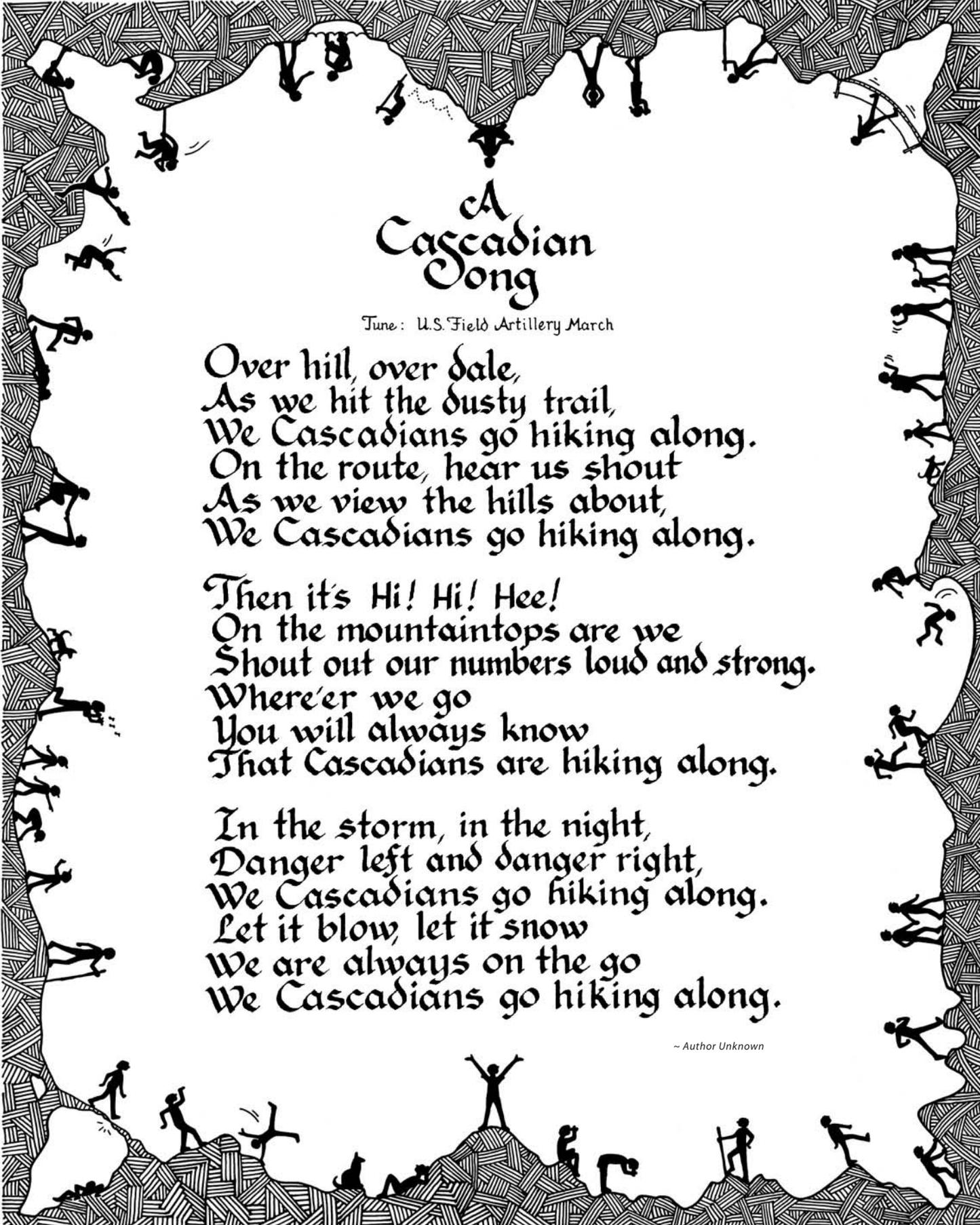


*< Paria Canyon, April 1992*



*Stiletto Meadows & the North Cascades, October 1996 >*





# A Cascadian Song

Tune: U.S. Field Artillery March

Over hill, over dale,  
As we hit the dusty trail,  
We Cascadians go hiking along.  
On the route, hear us shout  
As we view the hills about,  
We Cascadians go hiking along.

Then it's Hi! Hi! Hee!  
On the mountaintops are we  
Shout out our numbers loud and strong.  
Where'er we go  
You will always know  
That Cascadians are hiking along.

In the storm, in the night,  
Danger left and danger right,  
We Cascadians go hiking along.  
Let it blow, let it snow  
We are always on the go  
We Cascadians go hiking along.

~ Author Unknown





### CASCADIAN PARTY FINDS MANY WILD FLOWERS OUT ON AHIANUM CREEK TRIP

Local Hikers Are First to Penetrate to Conrad Ranch Up South Fork This Year

Flowers in abundance for this time of the year were found by the Cascadians on their trip up the South Fork of the Ahianum yesterday. Twenty-eight members made the trip which proved to be the most enjoyable outing held in some time, according to reports.

The party drove a little past the Conrad ranch, the last place along the Ahianum. They learned that their cars were the first to reach the ranch since last fall. Striking across the valley from there they climbed the south ridge overlooking the reservation. Splendid views of old Fort Simcoe and Mt. Adams were had.

Four varieties of flowers, many of them springing up out of the snow, were found. The list included blue grass blooms, buttercups, yellow bells and violets. The buttercups and yellow bells were numerous. After the descent the Cascadians drove down to the Narrows where they climbed a low ridge and enjoyed a camping dinner and program of talks and outdoor poems. R. E. Hull was leader on the trip.

### CASCADIANS GAIN KLOOCHMAN PEAK IN SNOW FLURRY

32 Hikers Scramble Over Rock and Reach Its Top Without Any Misadventure

#### ELABORATE FEAST ENJOYED

Enjoying almost every kind of weather except summer temperatures they were trying to avoid members and guests of the Yakima Cascadians hiked, scrambled and crawled to the jagged top of Kloochman rock yesterday. The climb was 100 percent efficient as every one of the 32 who set out to scale the gigantic and precipitous rock reached the top and everyone reached camp again in time to partake of nourishment in the evening. This trip has become one of the annual hikes of the Cascadians.

#### Real Greeting Sounded

The trip to the government camp at Hinawek was made in a caravan of autos which left Yakima early in the morning. Arrived at the camp the visitors were greeted with a song like that of snow geese. Some of the group thought it was a salute to them in honor of the Cascadians upon their arrival in camp. The eight powder monkeys placing the charges of blasting powder on the rock work of the dam and the chances of making their way to the camp in general. Some of the charges were counted in the morning. The hike through a number of the adults stayed in charge of the auto. The hike through a number of the adults stayed in charge of the auto. The hike through a number of the adults stayed in charge of the auto.

### MYSTERY LAKE NOW LOCATED

21 Members of Cascadian Club Have Great Outing and Swim in Icy Waters.

Mystery Lake is the name which the Cascadians would like to have given to the little body of water they discovered and explored in their trip up the Ahianum over the Fourth, with Harold and Vern Seward, age 10 and 14, respectively, as guides. The trip included swimming in "Mystery" lake which is surrounded by snow banks, the encountering of three silver foxes, and other thrills. It is considered by several members of the party as the most interesting trip of the year.

#### 23 Make Trip

Twenty-three made the entire trip which included a 21 mile hike in addition to the automobile trip of over 20 miles. The party left the city at 6 o'clock Tuesday evening, driving by automobiles to Fountain Creek above the Pine Ridge Soda springs that night. They hiked up the creek until 1 a. m. Wednesday morning. There they built a fire, sang songs and rested. Bands of coyotes howling in the moonlight contributed to the weirdness of the expedition.

At 4 o'clock in the morning the party started hiking again, reaching the summit of the pass 2 hours later. There a wonderful view of Mt. Adams, Goat Rocks, Mount Jefferson was observed.

#### 24 Cascadians Take Trip in Teton Snow Flurries

Members Will Meet This Evening at Club Rooms 7 1/2

Twenty-four Cascadians, quite undaunted by flurries of snow, spent Sunday morning on the Teton hills and going through the Teton tunnels. The hikers went through three tunnels. While on the trip they saw several shivering groundhogs and also a beaver. Whitley Renspie had the only mishap of the day—a sudden slide down some rock and a sprained toe.

This evening the club board will meet with the heads of the different committees in session at the Commercial club. The club will vote on whether or not it favors Rainier or Tacoma as the name for "the mountain." At a straw vote taken yesterday, all but one favored the retention of the present name of Rainier rather than either Tacoma or Tahome.

The following Cascadians made the hike: Mr. and Mrs. Bessie Simmons, Dick and Belva Tipple, Mrs. J. M. Streeter, Van and Bessie Whitman, Max Hisecock, J. M. Fillion, Murray Francis Beck, N. and Goldie Whitnall, W. F. Richardson, Whitley Renspie, C. F. Truitt, Clarence Starcher, the leader and the 20 youthful guides.

### CASCADIANS HOLD SERVICE IN SNOW STORM ON STUART

Climbers Are Roped Together Over Five Hours and Must Cut Many Ice Steps

#### 3 GIRLS REACH SUMMIT

Group Assembled on Peak Is Largest Number to Stand There at One Time

In the midst of a raging snow-storm, still roped together as they stood on the flat rock that marks the summit, 18 Cascadians and fellow mountaineers from Seattle, Spokane and Ellensburg conducted their Memorial day service on top of Mt. Stuart at the conclusion of their climb. While flower petals were scattered a hymn was sung and tape sounded. Joe Hazard and Clarence Starcher gave brief talks. The party remained at the summit 45 minutes, the largest group of people ever assembled at the summit.

#### Cut Steps in Ice

The 5000 foot climb was started at 2:30 Saturday morning and the top was reached at 11:20. The descent was made in 4 hours. For 6 1/2 hours climbing time the mountaineers were roped together. They expected to start the climb on Thursday, but ran into a rain storm and when they reached the timber line at 7000 feet were obliged to hike back eight miles to camp. They remained in camp Friday, when the eastern Washington members of the party were joined by the three from Seattle. The ice was so hard on the mountain side the hob-nailed shoes of the climbers would not stick into it and they were obliged to cut steps in the ice for a distance of several hundred feet. A new record box was installed on the summit to replace the one destroyed by lightning some time ago. Five peaks, Rainier, Hood, Glacier, St. Helens and Adams, were visible from the summit of Stuart.



#### Mountaineering Not So Dangerous

"Isn't it dangerous," is the query met by every mountaineer. Certainly there is some danger but not as much as crossing a busy street. There is a true line of demarcation between the difficult and the dangerous, which though sometimes shadowy, is not imaginary. So long as you only attempt what is well within his power he is not likely to pass the line or get into great danger, although he may have considerable difficulty. If the line is passed consciously, one passes from doing what is justifiable to that which is foolhardy and imprudent.

Some may ask, "But what do you get out of it?" Well, we also go scrambling over the rocks and through the woods to hear the benefits of mutual aid—that many difficulties can be met and overcome through the development of fortitude, prudence and courage, and we return home better fitted to take up our daily tasks.

Monday, March 28, 1927

### HIKERS PLAN FOR JAUNT OVER SNOW

70 Miles on Snowshoes Proves to Be But Appetizer to Hardy Mountain Trio

Crossing over cabins they didn't know were there is one of the many thrilling experiences of Miss Elsie Hanft of Spokane, Clarence Truitt and James Thompson of Yakima who have returned from a snowshoe trip through the Neches to Mt. Rainier. They were so enthusiastic over the trip they are already planning to take it next year and will keep it in mind by means of their 24 pictures.

#### Miss Snow-Covered Cabin

Fear of getting lost apparently never entered their heads and if the trip had any hardships, they have forgotten them already. The scenery was marvelous, according to the three travelers, all of whom are experienced mountaineers. They left Yakima by automobile Sunday morning, Mar. 20 and started hiking when they arrived at the American river. After walking 7 miles they put on their snow shoes and went on to Bumping Lake, where they spent the night. There was 6 feet of snow there.

On their snow shoes they went up Deep creek, starting at 6 o'clock Monday morning. They arrived at Copper City and went from there to Twin Sister lakes. They intended to make the night cabin their headquarters for the night but walked over the cabin before they realized it. The snow was 23 feet deep, they later learned.

#### Hole Proves Chimney

"Jim then discovered a hole which he first thought was the entrance to a mine, but we discovered that it went down to the chimney of the cabin. We found some steps in the snow and went down to the cabin. It was so dark down there we stumbled over some traps on the floor in getting in.

The following morning we started at 6 o'clock over 18 or 20 feet of snow. Then a chinook came up and it was so warm our progress was impeded. We sank into the snow and lost our trail twice but soon got back onto it. We arrived at Ohanapachoh hot



DAILY REPUBLIC

### QUALIFY FOR STUART TRIP

Cascadians Take 32 to Mt. Clemen as Test for Big Memorial Day Trip This Month

At a qualifying test for their big Mt. Stuart trip on Memorial Day, a party of 32 members of the Cascadians, Yakima's mountain hikers' club, made the ascent of Mt. Clemen Sunday from Horseshoe Bend, 21 of the party reaching the summit by this difficult route over logzooks and rocky cliffs. They found wonderful views of the valley and distant snow-capped mountains at the top and a big field of snow left from the winter fall which covered the top of Mt. Clemen.

#### Romp in Snow

At the top, which was reached at 1 o'clock in the afternoon by a four-hour climb, a lunch was held followed by a romp in the snow and a panoramic view of the skyline of mountain peaks, including Rainier, Adams, Goat Rocks, Mt. Aix and other snow-capped high points. Five women succeeded in passing the severe climbing test along with the men. The approach from Horseshoe Bend was pronounced the best trip to the top of Mt. Clemen ever made by the Cascadians, who have climbed this mountain from every side.

May 27 is next big date on the Cascadians' calendar, when they will take the Cascade railroad route up the Teanaway to its terminus, pack nine miles in to Stuart, and then climb the mountain from the south side, making a four-day trip. Stuart is 9470 feet high and the best real mountain-climbing test in the state, although Mt. Rainier is higher. The Seattle Mountaineers made a trip to Stuart, and only a few reached the summit. It is rated a major peak by the Cascadians, who put a notch on their alpenstocks for every major peak they climb. To be a major peak a mountain must be more than 9000 feet high, have a live glacier and be accessible only on foot.

"We expect to take at least 25 on the Mt. Stuart trip," says President Clarence Truitt of the Cascadians.

Mt. Rainier is the objective of the big annual two-weeks trip of the Cascadians this year. They expect to leave August 5, hiking in from the American river pass to the White River trail in the park, thence to Paradise Inn. A camp will be made at some point, probably Indian Henry's hunting ground, from where several side trips will be made, as well as the ascent of the mountain.

Guests will be taken on this trip, whether they are members of the club or not, paying the expenses of the trip on the same basis as members. Wayne Richardson, a member of the outing committee of the Cascadians, is listing all applications. A cook is being hired and a pack train is already engaged, so that those making the trip need only take blankets, tents and a mess kit, limited to 35 pounds each. The cost is estimated at about \$50 or \$60 for the two weeks.

The return trip will be on foot over the Cowitch glacier to Indian Creek and from there to a point where they will be met by buses which will bring the party back to Yakima. Any person desiring to go must apply by July 20 for reservations, say the Cascadians.

#### Cascadians Hold Picnic

An all-day picnic was enjoyed by 26 members of the Cascadian club at Eschbach's grove on Sunday. Interest was stimulated by several contests, during the day. A picnic luncheon was served at noon, and swimming, dancing and boating held nothing to be desired in the way of diversion. A horseshoe tournament was held and a baseball game was played

