

Song of Wandering

HANS MOLDENHAUER

1. Go West, Young Man, Go West

AT last, the bus pulled out of New York City into New Jersey, and from Pulaski Highway there was that last sight of the big town: of the skyscrapers on the battery which the newcomer hopefully greeted 13 months before. Never did this famous skyline look more beautiful to me than on that summer afternoon, when I was about to turn my back to things of yesterday forever.

Evening sank over the rounded hills of Pennsylvania, the sun was setting in glory, the sky flaming for a while before the night came down to earth on quiet wings; the first night of the great trip to unknown futures. A reddish-golden moon swam from behind the wooded hills and rose over the continent which lay ahead.

After farewell, experiences turn to memories. While I was looking straight ahead, as one relaxed yet still trembling in a hidden fever, they crept up to my consciousness like friendly beings whom you greet and are grateful for. During 13 months of living in New York, I had never been beyond the Hudson Highlands. Now I recalled happy hours I had spent with the many friends I had found almost at once in the Appalachian Mountain Club, many of whose members had done extensive climbing in the Alps. Modest in height as the Hudson Highlands are, they offer plenty to the nature-loving hiker; they are surprising in their loneliness, considering the close vicinity to a city of eight million inhabitants, and they hold much variety for the rock climber who is looking out for practice.

The Arden Cliffs and Palisades, Storm King and Breakneck Ridge were visited on many Sundays. Fritz Wiessner was the first to take me out to Breakneck Ridge, the ugly name of which is contradicted by its solid rock and beautiful location. Who does not like the "Cat Walk" with its delicate traverse, the great exposure which prevails here and at the cliffs of Storm King just across the Hudson? I am still full of admiration for Mrs. Marion Millar, for she was leader of a rope on which I found myself with her and Percy Olton, not only on the "Underhill" route with its intricacies, but also on the difficult "Pollock" route where, in the

upper part of the rock wall, we were caught by a thunderstorm. I owe my gratitude to Beckett Howorth, Paul van Anda, Walter Spofford, to Joel Fisher of the A.A.C. and many others who helped me find the way again to mountains and companions. And there is one of whom I think quite often, companion on most highland climbs, a brilliant, modest, very young and charming man: Don Babenroth, of rare promise. He fell, fatally injured, at Arden Cliffs in 1940 and left us in brief and sorrow beyond measure.

They were an outlet, these hikes and climbs, these ski trips to Bear Mountain and "Old Silver Mine," the march to Tiorati Lake, across wild Fingerboard, along the "Appalachian" trail for many miles, Hook Mountain, rising steeply from the Hudson River and on Anthony's Nose gleaming in wintry sunset above the roofs of Bear Mountain Inn. I remember a deer jumping with grace out of the forest and across the road, and a thousand stars illuminating sky's wide cupola; the climbs on Undercliff and the sheer faces of the Englewood Cliffs; the slender spire of fantastic "Man in the Rock" next to Alpine; the night in camp at Hessian Lake, the last walk over Storm King Mountain from Cornwall to West Point.

A voice kept saying: "Young Man, Go West!" and the urge kept on, growing through the weeks and months. And now I found myself carried away by the relentless wheels, from East to West, through night and day, across the wheatlands and prairies, on Fourth of July next to the Rockies in Wyoming, without regret or homesickness for what was now behind, only joy of being on the way again, to capture distance, space, and opportunity, falling in love at once with what I saw (or thought to see,) from early morning when the sun was rolling out of the hills up into open sky, along the yellow river between reddish ramparts of rocks and sand dunes in Wind River Canyon, past the pinnacles and caves of Hell's Half Acre amidst the sandy vastness of the prairies, the far West where I was aiming. What had been missed for months, what I had dreamed of in dark hours, was delivered when I saw the mountain meadows, cool and blooming, stretched below the silhouette of distant peaks; when I saw endless forests, in states of which the very names were intriguing: Montana, Idaho, and then my goal, Washington State, northwest corner of the nation.

Those last three hours of the four-day trip, from Lookout Pass down through the valley, on to the blueness of the fjords, bays

which belong to quiet Coeur d'Alene Lake, the last stretch through the fertile valley, with Mica Peak and Mount Spokane framing the clear horizon to the West, brought me home again. Indeed, I felt it then; I know it now and pray in thankfulness that it came true: home for the wanderer, the aim of early settlers a hundred years ago, eternal hope of the last man on earth, striving with power of belief for a fulfillment which he builds himself.

2. *Home Again*

To live in Spokane means to be indeed one of the "Children of the Sun." Enough to say that here I found contentment in my work without which there is no happiness of living. The second night saw me exploring at Minnehaha, in the foothills of Mt. Spokane, less than four miles from the downtown district, full of rock walls, slabs, chimneys—everything at hand for climbing practice. The first Sunday brought an experience quite new for me: dense underbrush on Rugged Mtn. (5000 ft.), an isolated wilderness with virgin timber, bears, and rocky scenery, only 30 miles from town. The weekend after: Rocks of Sharon, another of the scenic spots within an hour's drive, and frequent goal thereafter. There also was the first night in the open, under the western skies, and many were to follow, the revue of stars parading with their magic gleam overhead, the flames of the campfire, and, best of all, friends to share the solitude when night wind sighs through grass and tree.

The first outing of major size was staged two weeks after my arrival. With members of the Spokane Mountaineers I set out for the Selkirk Range. We drove to Priest Lake, Idaho, camped at Hunt Creek, and had an early start on Sunday morning. This day I was to see, the first time, Gunsight Mtn., Hunt Peak, and amazing Chimney Rock, vertical monolith erected on the edge of the main mountain ridge. I climbed Mt. Roothan (7136 ft.), and thrilled by setting foot again on snow which stays forever on the highest slopes and rejoicing at the alpine flowers and the velvet softness of mountain meadows below giant cirques. Yes, this was home!

This was rehearsal only for a big assault. Still mapping out a major climb as I was used to doing in Europe, I suggested a weekend trip to Mt. Rainier (14,408 ft.). A car, packed with six Mountaineers and their equipment, left Spokane late on August 5th, exactly one month after I had come. The weather hardly promised

much, with clouds traveling fast over the desert. We slept scarcely four hours on the lawn before a school building near Yakima, and on Chinook Pass in the morning we saw the mountain before us, erect with its icy helmet, touching the sky in its height. We left White River camp at 11 A.M., after some talking back and forth with the park ranger who tried his best to discourage us from an attempt which, as he kept asserting, would be stopped by large crevasses running all round the mountain face like moats of a fortress. After he had put me in charge of our party and given me responsibility for it, we said goodbye and hit the trail.

Glacier Basin affords great contrasts with its alpine firs, the overwhelming nearness of the spectacular N. face of Mt. Rainier, loveliest flowers in abundance and grim avalanche tracks. There is a steep climb up Inter Glacier (some crevasses forced us to use the rope) to the ridge of Steamboat Prow, the last bare rock between the glaciers. Arrival in camp was at 6.30 P.M., and we pitched the thin Zdarsky tent on rough scree, 10,000 ft. above Puget Sound. Little Tahoma stood guard, a sinister looking neighbor, while Rainier still wore a ring of sun around the blue and golden gleaming summit. Later, we witnessed the shadow of the gorgeous mountain projected clearly on the eastern skies.

We were on our feet again at midnight, with full moonlight sweeping across the glacier on the wings of icy cold. No breakfast cooking in this altitude; sugar and raisins had to do. En route at 3 A.M., we had adventure which started right at the Prow with a stiff struggle, when we forced a way through ice, wildly broken by holes and séracs. Having this labyrinth behind, we found the going easy, though steep and lengthy as we gained in height. Monotonous trail breaking was often interrupted when the next crevasse offered up the problem how, without too much detour, the other side could safely be reached. Some of these crevasses were very wide and deep. Two ice-walls proved a special hindrance; one of them could be crossed from right to left in a traverse which caused some slips; the other, only 15 minutes below the rocks which form the summit crater, I climbed directly from Earl Ferrier's shoulders, not without first breaking the shaft of my beloved ice-axe. The upper lip of this bergschrund was vertical and the ensuing slope steep. No further obstacle arose, discounting the tiresome scrambling over lava rocks which bring the climber to the false summit, easternmost point of the extended crater rim. An easy hike along

the ridge, looking across the snow-filled crater (fumes of steam and smoke from the crevasses) leads to the highest point, Columbia Crest, 14,408 ft. in altitude.

There was no cloud that day and a superb view rewarded us. We stayed three hours, resting, sleeping, and had a fast descent over the Emmons Glacier, broke camp on Steamboat Prow and hurried into the valley. There came the big moraine and right beyond the carpet of alpine flowers: Indian paintbrush, roses, anemones. The last rays of the evening sun painted the landscape with soft odors: pink, pale blue, grey, and under fir trees (solemn, huge and silent) our campfire shone in friendly greeting through dusk. Beyond stood a lone guardian, Tahoma, "the Mountain that was God."

There came the fall with glowing colors, my first autumn in Spokane, and it brought numerous climbs of lesser peaks close to my new home: North Baldy (6185 ft.), W. of Priest Lake, with its gorgeous timber and a wealth of berries; Quartz Mountain (5200 ft.) and Horse Peak (5100 ft.), both on White Pine Ridge, to the steep rock summit of Shasta Butte (4868 ft.) and on to Signal Point of Mica Peak (5250 ft.), lookouts for the parade of lakes: Coeur d'Alene, Liberty, Hauser and Newman, Spirit and Twin, Pend d'Oreille, Diamond, and all the others. Mt. Spokane (5808 ft.) is only 30 miles away from the city, with many trails through the fine forests, its bald summit looking over the limitless country, the lakes and mountains that belong to Idaho, Montana and British Columbia. More than 100 times I have been up there in all seasons, in rain and sunshine, in frost and heat, when Bitter Root and Cabinet Ranges shone in the silver of the first new snow as I was taking mountain-ash berries and thistles home as a bouquet of fall's beauty; when frost coated the meadows and beargrass withered into yellow patches, when clouds and fog enveloped everything and we lit fires in the Vista House. When Christmas Eve fell on the mountain, snow and cold held a firm grip, the small flame of our candle light being the symbol of the Silent Night. We climbed to the summit on New Year's night in heavy snowfall and dense fog, to see a dead year out, a young one in at midnight on the forlorn outpost, shaking hands with a dozen hardy climbers, then searching the way down to Cook's Cabin through the darkness, to a hard bench next the fireplace. Winter had its supreme reign for all the months till May, with thrills of

perfect skiing on the wide open slopes and trails. I remember the E. slope from the Vista House and all the other fast runs from the top; the Tumble trail and Timberlane, Teakettle and the "Mountaineers" site. Yes, this was home again.

When spring arrived, (1940) I learned, against advice of knowing friends, that muddy roads prevent early approach to higher and remoter mountain areas. I found this out myself at Calispel Peak when our car got hopelessly stuck 13 miles from the mountain; a team of horses had to pull us out, we tore off the bumper, and three flat tires added to the experience. I learned it again when I intended to break through to Copper Butte, far N. in Colville National Forest, and had to stop on washed-out forest road between the towns of Orient and Curlew, not far from Kettle Falls. We did climb Bulldog Mtn. (6000 ft.) on this day in April, along steep Echo Creek trail, yielding a good survey of our first objective, and with a close-up view of Canadian mountains. After the last skiing days on Mt. Spokane, when we flew down the shining bowls of granulated sugar-snow, afterwards resting in spring sun on the granite rocks, stripped to the waist, with Easter lilies blooming all along the tumbling creeks; after the first rock climbs out in Minnehaha and at Sharon, with lilacs now fragrant, we were set again for the new mountain summer.

With 13 members in the party, early in May I led the climbing group of the Mountaineers over the N. ridge of Stevens Peak (6826 ft.) in the Bitter Root Range, a mountain on the boundary line of Idaho and Montana. Overnight camp was made in Fourth of July Canyon on the way to Wallace, and in the morning we drove our cars as far as to the Willow Creek Mine, next to Mullan. The climb was steep but fairly easy, on the tame back of a huge avalanche which filled out a gully coming down all the way from the main ridge to the trail. On snow and over simple rocks (deep cirques, steep cliffs to left and right) we followed the almost level ridge to the last pitch below the summit. There was extremely steep snow and then an overhanging cornice below the final cone, but soon enough we all stood at the cairn. Descent was made in avalanche tracks which were plentiful this season, and lots of fun was had by all when we glissaded most of the way down to Reindeer Mine, where we hit the trail.

Stuart Peak gave us spicier food to taste just two weeks later. This granite mountain lies in the Wenatchee Range, a part of the

Cascades. The long car trip on Saturday brought us to a campsite S.W. of our peak. We pulled in at midnight, to be aroused by Ome Daiber's stentorian voice at 2.30 A.M., making it hardly worthwhile to have gone to bed at all. It was a goodsized party which left camp at 4.00: 26 people, far too many for the tough climb it turned out to be. Over Stuart Pass we went on snow which had newly fallen, while summits all the way around shone pink and white, and Mt. Rainier stood dominating with all its grandeur. Mt. Stuart was ahead of us with rugged ridges, steep rock faces, giving the serious impression which always falls upon the observer at the first sight of a real mountain. There was the slip of one who dared glissading down the steep snowfield from the col, an incident which luckily did not result in fatal accident. Descending to Mt. Stuart's W. face, we crossed its foot through icy gullies till finally we started climbing upwards in a winding couloir which seemed to lead straight to the summit ridge. The snow was steep and frozen hard, rock walls on both sides held us in line, and our gully narrowed more and gained in depth the higher we ascended. There was danger from the falling stones, difficult pitches made us lose time, and at 1.00 in the afternoon there came the command from our leader to turn our backs to the inhospitable mountain. We were some 1000 ft. below the summit, with steepest ice and rock ahead, and the decision to retreat was wise. On the descent there was enough excitement from many slips, barely stopped by the belaying men, and it was a stiff climb back across the separating mountain ridge to the camp and the cars. After a 17-hours' trip we reached the end of our hike, and were in Spokane at 5 o'clock on Monday morning.

The Spokane Mountaineers tried again in 1941 and failed once more, due to bad snow conditions. A member of the party was caught by avalanche but fortunately could be liberated. In 1942, finally, the W. face of Mt. Stuart succumbed to the determined third attempt.

Here begins the story of a new acquaintance, when I went for the first time to Montana, into the mountains of the Cabinet Range. These peaks, between Troy-Libby in the N. and the Clark Fork River to the S., are not spectacular in height or size, but they hold all my mountaineer's heart wishes for: from snow and ice to rock face, talus slope, and ridge—the wilderness of forests, and brisk air above the timberline; lakes, alpine meadows, solitude. And all

this only 150 miles from home, easy to reach over a weekend. I started with a motor trip to scout approaches and went on the first hike to small St. Paul Lake, where the tremendous E. face of St. Paul Peak is mirrored in the quiet waters. From Milwaukee Pass we attempted Elephant Peak (7950 ft.) but were stopped 800 ft. below the summit by an extremely sharp rock ridge which could be climbed only with pitons. Ed Dennis and Lawrence Stark attained the summit on this day after we had separated and proceeded on different routes. A struggle with vicious underbrush prevented us from reaching camp before the night had fallen, and all of us were quite exhausted. Next morning I set out alone for St. Paul Peak, and tired still from the great effort we had undergone the day before. This was a fine experience, indeed, to be alone in the immensity of forests, meadows, boulders, rock, and snow; to climb a vertical chimney to a saddle in the summit ridge.

Two weeks afterward I climbed the peak again (St. Paul Peak, 7697 ft.). We camped near by Bull River Ranger Station on an ideal spot next to the road. Old Daily Trail brought our party to the steep rim of Moran Basin, where a clear glacier lake dreams amongst pines, sheer rock walls rising from the shore. From here along the tame N. ridge to the summit I went alone again, making the top in a short hour and cooling face and arms in the large snowfield on the highest crest. Sitting on small roof where the precipices break off into huge walls to E. and N., I spent my hour of reward, looking at legions of mountain peaks, looking for one which should be next.

An intermezzo followed, one in presto tempo, when I paid a first visit to Glacier Park. Leaving Spokane at 6.00 A.M. on Saturday, we hardly stopped the car till we had reached Logan Pass that afternoon. A furious thunderstorm was just unloading and the crashes echoed through the inferno of darkened mountains. Evening, however, came with peace when we pitched camp at Roes Creek near St. Mary Lake, with Red Eagle Mtn. rising steeply across the valley where we lit our fire. There was a full moon through the night, and the morning was cloudless for the sight-seeing trip we had planned. There was the trumpeting challenge of Going-to-the-Sun Mtn. (was ever better name invented for a mountain?); there was the citadel of Little Chief above the chalets of St. Mary Lake, the vertical bastions of Reynolds Mtn. and of Clements Mtn. and the large glacier fields of Mt. Jackson. From

Logan Pass, I climbed alone Mt. Oberlin (8150 ft.) which looks much steeper than it proves to be. I gazed at fantastic mountains in the panorama, and home we went that very afternoon, after the short stay amongst peaks and glaciers, marmots and bears, and all the lovely flowers of the Garden Wall. From Flathead Lake, of deep-blue color, we saw inspiring mountains in the Mission Range, and a fast journey through the prairies and from Ravalli all along the Clark Fork River, then passing through familiar country around Pend d'Oreille brought us home before 10 A.M., after 750 miles in 40 hours, including a full day's stay within the park.

Back to the Cabinets on August 10th I went with Hermann Ulrichs, who was then visiting Spokane, and with a friend of his, Ben Falkenberg. This time we tried a new approach, one which led right into the very heart of our mountains. From Noxon Junction we followed a forest road, the last two miles quite bad and rough, to Rock Creek Meadows, a beauty spot between the steep walls of surrounding peaks. Stars filled the firmament and, with this blanket of the heavens high above, we went to sleep for a few hours, next to the log cabin of Mr. Jenkins who is caretaker for a mining company. He told us at the breakfast table that he had seen two grizzly bears on the high ridge which we were aiming for, and that these bears had killed a hunter recently. With this not too encouraging prospect we set out on a good trail, leading to Rock Lake, which we abandoned about a half mile from the lake's S. end. Tackling the W. slopes first (quite steep but easy), proceeding then over the S. slope which consists of scree, we reached Ojibway Peak (7291 ft.) in short three hours. The view swept beyond Elephant Peak, Twin Peaks, Rock and St. Paul Peaks, all the way to Glacier Park. We built a cairn and left a note. Going along the ridge down to a saddle (anxiously looking out for bears and planning a defensive strategy), we then climbed on a short staircase (grass and rock) to the top of Point (7158 ft.), a mountain which presents itself from Rock Creek Meadows as an even pyramid, and could appropriately be "Grizzly Mtn." Again we built a cairn, for the ridge did not appear to have been visited before. Traversing our peak, we made descent along the sharp-edged S. ridge, with the S.E. face breaking off spectacularly to our left. From the next col, Ulrichs and I proceeded, slowly now due to the beating sun of high noon, following the N.W. ridge to the last summit of the day: Lost Horse Mtn. (7483 ft.)

which, like all other mountains of this region, has a tame side as well as a pretentious one.

We left a cairn here, too, and some notes in a can, enjoyed the view a little while, debated whether to continue to the neighbored Flattop Mtn., deciding finally that we had done enough. To spend some hours on steep slopes, covered with underbrush and slanting grass holds, the sun mercilessly beating down and not a drop of water to be had, was a finale which one gladly ends. However, the discovery of this remote section drew me for many further visits. The Labor Day weekend offered opportunity of coming back and trying more. After the ghastly drive to Rock Creek Meadows, whose last two miles wreck any car and tax the driver, there was again a perfect night for camping under open sky. We left the meadows rather late, stepping over many water snakes which crawled along the trail. The series of waterfalls which tumble down from Rock Lake's border high above added pleasure to our walk. The lake itself is beautiful, hemmed in by the smooth rock walls of Ojibway on the one side and the cliffs and towers of Rock Peak on the other. While our company stayed here, I left the lake at 10 A.M. with Frank Hefferlin, of the Spokane Mountaineers. We passed along the western lake shore, fought with a zone of dense underbrush, and finally climbed the narrow brook bed, through waterfalls and over smooth rock pitches, till we had access to the open meadows. A last steep slope ends in Milwaukee Pass, the same col which I had reached before from St. Paul Lake in the N. Out of the pass up to the summit of the mountain took us two hours of fast ascent through the interesting E. face. We traversed scree slopes, turning left below the towers of the N.E. ridge; then used the bed of a small creek, which is the outlet of an icefield we discovered later on. From the top of this gully our route went on steep slabs and through two conspicuous chimneys, the rope being used at only one short pitch. We reached the end of the N.E. ridge in a small gap, from which we gazed into the basin underneath the N. face with its vertical cliffs and hanging snow-fields. There was a short distance over the steep ridge to the top, which consists of twin summits of almost equal height, connected by a knife-edge which somewhat taxed our sense of balance. Again we found no signs of former visitors, and ours was the job of building cairns atop each of the lofty peaks (Rock Peak 7563 ft.) The wide round of the Cabinets

was displayed on this holiday from A and Snowshoe Peaks far in the N. to Engle Peak far to the S. There came a cool breeze from the glacier field high in the E. face of the mountain. We made a fast descent of two hours to Rock Lake, then broke camp and slept that night close to the pebbly shore of the Bull River, bidding goodbye next morning to another summer which had passed.

Again there came the many hikes during the fall, the lazy rests on top of Mt. Spokane, watching the haze of autumn air and smoke and blaze of forest fires, the days declining more and more while nature died in marvelous coloring. One night in town, before the fireplace of Hotel Davenport, I met Paul Petzoldt, known for his feats in the assaults on K2. From our meeting grew a friendship which was consolidated in later weeks when our skis skimmed over the early snow of a new winter. These days were full of thrills and I wish they had never ended, but we made sure of drawing the best from them.

I also met Glenn Exum, a friend of Paul's, who is familiar as a guide to summer visitors of the Grand Teton Park. And so the year came to its end, and 1941 opened with an event which I am happy to record: I was elected member of the American Alpine Club. It meant a big step towards the completion of a metamorphosis I was undergoing, from old countries' concepts to the ideals of a pioneering land. When I joined this club, before which there lies a world of mountain ranges to conquer, from Cape Horn to the northernmost glaciers of Alaska, there fell from me the last ties which chained me to the aged continent of Europe and her ideologies. I freed myself from fetters which had lost their grip, and I set out anew to *earn* the freedom which I gained at last, to merit it through my daily share in a united effort.

In the early months of 1941 I had planned to ski from Mt. Spokane clear down to Newman Lake, encountering the wintry wilderness which stretches out between White Pine Ridge and the saddle before Rugged Mtn. Fair weather on the morning of February 9th saw me climb to the summit of Mt. Spokane, alone, then heading in to a straight *schuss* down the bald spot and Teakettle trail, to join five of the Mountaineers (including May Dennis and Marion Blanc) at the hut. We laid our tracks along the watershed, mostly through thick timber, finally very steep, to the rock summit of Quartz Mtn. (5100 ft.). Then we had a good

run into the open saddle adjoining Horse Peak (5000 ft.). One of the boys suffered a badly bleeding wound in an unlucky tumble, but he held out bravely to the end of an exhausting day. The skies were clouded when we dove down from the summit rocks of Horse Peak via the steep S. face, and what followed was sheer agony. A long struggle through the virgin brush and timber, where it was hard to keep the group together, brought us as darkness fell to the saddle and the road. More miles to the appointed place where our cars supposedly should have been waiting; but there were no cars, (they were stuck in the mud somewhere, miles away) and on we went, for four more miles, carrying packs and skis, wading in mud and soaked by rain which kept on relentlessly. At last a friendly farmer, living at the head of Newman Lake, gave us a ride on his uncovered truck to the highway.

There is also fine skiing at Lookout Pass, on the boundary line between Idaho and Montana, under the auspices of the Idaho Ski Club which has built three long ski-tows and has created a number of first-class down-hill runs. Glenn Exum introduced me there, and I have gone back a few times since.

The climbing season of 1941 began quite early, with rock work practice at the nearby places: Minnehaha, Rocks of Sharon, and the tremendous granite cliffs of Tum-Tum, some 30 miles along the scenic river from Spokane and passing Long Lake on the way. During the Easter Week I met James Hilton, the English writer who is also a mountaineer, and on Easter Sunday, April 13th, there came the first dash back to the big mountains, to Montana's Cabinets. Wolf Flatow and Frank Hefferlin were my companions. We left Spokane soon after midnight, with a full moon illuminating road and countryside. Breakfast in Sandpoint at 2.30 A.M. that morning, and when it dawned we reached Noxon. The forest road was hardly passable so early in the season, but we came with good luck within three miles of Rock Creek Meadows. Easter morning was clear and cold, all mountains shining like silver in new snow. After a brisk hike to the meadows, we crossed the swamps and started climbing at the foaming waterfalls with which the creek enters the meadows. High above us was Flattop Mtn. (7590 ft.) the goal of our spring attack. The snow was deep and foul as could be, and we had come without skis. It was a wearing undertaking, about the toughest going

imaginable. We broke in with every step, but came finally to higher regions, where the quality of the new snow changed into powder, and now we had to plow the trail with snow reaching to our hips. A growing storm blew snow dust in big clouds, streaming like huge banners from every ridge and every summit. I reached some 7000 ft. this day, my friends having come to a stop much earlier when they had realized the hopelessness of our effort. We descended with the feeling of having experienced a good day in the mountains, just the same, in a wild scenery of rock and snow and flying clouds, and after 17 crowded hours I went back to work quite satisfied.

We climbed all of the peak before a month went by, this time, however, camping and having some rest before the start. We shared the campsite with the Mountaineers who went to climb Rock Peak on the same day. A bright moon was still gleaming when we rose at 2 o'clock, and dawn found us sitting down for breakfast at the waterfalls. There was a wonderful sunrise, with the snow summits radiating in sublimity, pink before blue in the crystal clear sky. Brush, meadows, scree and rock were succeeded by good snow which we found frozen hard. Scrambling and climbing very fast, we hit the col between the mountains of Flattop and Lost Horse, crossed a large bowl below the N. slope to reach the last ridge, with a fine view down the N.E. face and across Glacier Park with its characteristic peaks. Along the ridge, we soon were on the long summit (Flattop Mtn. 7590 ft.), and it was only 7.30. The splendid view was marked by nearby Engle Peak, lovely Wanless Lake and Rock Peak where our friends were climbing the E. face over steep snow. With the heat increasing and the snow softening fast, we did not stay more than an hour, then plowed down through the snow drifts and cornices of the steep N.W. ridge. Since we had time on our hands, I paid a new visit to Lost Horse Mtn. (7483 ft.) which rises right across the saddle, coming this time from the S., where fresh bear tracks on the ridge marked the snow. There were fantastic cornices and a huge snow helmet on the summit, but the stone cairn which I had built with Hermann Ulrichs on the first ascent stood free and now holds visiting cards of my two companions on this trip, Wolf and Herbert Flatow. Looking down the N. face, all rocks and gullies were full of ice and snow. We started the descent at 10 A.M., used long snow tongues for much fast glissading, and hit the trail at Rock

Creek Meadows before noon. After a long rest on big boulders by the rushing creek, with Flattop and Ojibway Peaks rising before our half-closed eyes, we returned to Spokane in the afternoon.

This summer of 1941 held other good climbing in store. The first big trip, aimed at Mt. Hood, began on Independence Day. It is a long ride to Pasco and then along the Columbia River, until one turns into the Hood River Valley. Evening approached as we drove up the last miles to the campsite near Cloud Cap Inn. Mt. Hood was most beautiful in its harmonious shape and challenging height. The alarm sounded at 1.30 in the morning, and our party left the camp at 3 A.M. We soon were at the timberline and moved towards the mountain along the big moraine that borders the snout of the Elliot Glacier. Day broke as we were crossing the glacier to the Sunshine Route, and with it there awakened all the mountain peaks, valleys, forests, lakes and rivers which surround the isolated lookout of Mt. Hood. I led a rope (in it was David Hanson who just had come back from Idaho's Lost River Range where he had climbed, alone, six peaks above 12,000 ft.), and over steep snow and some rock spurs we steadily approached the bergschrund which appeared to be the main problem. When we stood on the lower lip of the crevasse, we found it too wide open, unsurmountable, and we were forced to traverse a long distance on a steep snow slope to the right, with stones falling without interruption from the battery of the Horseshoe Rocks above. Finally, Stuart Twiss, who was official leader on this trip of Mountaineers, managed to climb the schrund over a vertical snow wall, with hand-and foot-holds carefully prepared. I followed across the crevasse, and then we hauled the rest of our team up to the ridge with a fixed rope. This last bit was extremely steep and what then followed to the summit, the snow crest of the mountain's N. ridge, was easy, though made spectacular by the impressive view which we enjoyed to left and right down the formidable precipices. The wooden shelter on the summit of Mt. Hood (11,253 ft.) was full of ice and breaking into pieces. The panorama was glorious and reached from Mt. Rainier to the Three Sisters and Mt. Jefferson.

A cold wind made us part at 1.00 P.M. via the Cooper Spur route. The fixed ropes which facilitate the climb on this side later in the season had not been put up yet and ice conditions did their part to make the descent rather hard. There was a 60° snow

slope, about three ropes in length and extraordinarily exposed, which brought us from the summit ridge down to the first rocks of the spur. The rocks themselves were full of ice, not always solid and extremely steep. I had Dave Hanson again in my rope and also Marjorie, his sister, and we spent some exciting hours, with snow and ice work changing all the time, before reaching the head of the gigantic snow field on which we glided down to the beginning of the huge moraine. Here we gave our ropes and shoes a chance to dry, and only when the sun was setting we wandered down to the camp amidst the pines and tumbling waters. The fire was kept burning long that night while we sang songs and told stories to prolong, if not crown, a full day's experience.

I rose before the others in the morning and hiked through the forest, to see from Cloud Cap Inn the mountain in the sunrise; followed the tracks of yesterday, visible clearly, and spent this hour in deep admiration. Mt. Hood from the N. is an ideal sight, combining harmony of form with a tremendous steepness, and height coupled with isolation always makes an impression of its own. This was the hour of meditation, and meditation leads quite simply into love, reverence, belief, hope, faith, and true devotion.

A jolly trip all round the State of Washington was staged late in July. On the first day we drove across Stevens Pass, through Everett and Bellingham to Baker Lodge, making quarters in a new ski hut, which had just been finished. The next two days witnessed two attempts by Kenneth Henderson, Frank Hefferlin and myself to climb Mt. Shuksan. Bad weather, fog and constant drizzle, prevented us from getting closer than to the glacier snout the first time. Next day's weather auspices were hardly better, but we ignored them confidently, to reach an elevation of some 7500 ft. on a route which proved increasingly hazardous. Immense heat of the past weeks had changed to ice the slopes which ordinarily were snowy, and rock and ice falls appeared imminent. It was 8.30 A.M. when we stood debating on a 65° snow and ice slope, with nothing but bare glacier overhead, séracs menacing our narrow couloir, and fog—dense, dark, and cold—increasing the odds against our venture. So it was a defeat again, and we retreated till we stood safe on the flat glacier.

Mt. Baker did not even show its face, so in turn we pretended to ignore the mountain altogether, leaving for Seattle that night. Tacoma followed and at last, the lookout of Olympia's capital.

That same evening, in clearing weather, we looked from timberline camp up to the rose-colored glacier dome of Mt. St. Helens (9671 ft.) which we climbed on the following day. There is not much to say about this peak, except that we scrambled up the steep moraine, composed of dust and scree, to reach the Dog's Head over pitches of volcanic rock. The glacier slope which extends thence to the false summit is quite steep, but going proves easy and the last part, across the snow-filled crater to the top, is merely a promenade. Light fog deprived us of the summit view, and fast glissading brought us back to camp after a round-trip time of only seven hours, including long rests. The best repose, however, came at Spirit Lake, Mt. St. Helens towering in blue and silver above the murmur of the peaceful waters, the silence of the tall forest entrancing us with joy.

I wanted to go on to Mt. Adams, but somehow evening saw our car heading for home, through Mt. Rainier Park (the silhouette of the gigantic mountain gorgeously projected against a sky of flaming shades). However, only ten days later, I left from Spokane, arriving at Cold Spring Camp, S. of Mt. Adams, at 3 A.M. the same night. After an hour and a half of rest I left the bivouac place alone. The sky was overcast, a light rain fell, extinguishing the dust along the trail. It was oppressive and yet exhilarating to walk all by myself, into the double-faced adventure of an approaching storm and a high mountain climb. Speed was essential, and in 20 minutes I reached Timberline Camp where the trail crosses northward to enormous, steep moraines. Their culmination, called the "Ridge of Wonders," was attained two hours after my start, and thence to the false summit took exactly two more hours. Rainstorms were loose by then, and I climbed without my coat and shirt, keeping them dry in my rucksack, with no danger of catching cold for I was steaming like an engine. It poured down on the white-gray snow which led in ever steeper incline to an ice-filled, narrow couloir between scree slopes of volcanic rock. Though visibility was poor, there could not be the slightest doubt about the right course on this mountain, and I continued on my way in spite of rain and howling wind. On the false summit the storm's worst fury broke, and soon enough the skies cleared up. There was the last wall of the mountain within reach, an easy walk across the glacier field, with big crevasses breaking up the E. face, and then the final slope, stretching monot-

onously on to the summit. This slope, made up of viciously loose scree, took me one hour and the last bit of stamina I had to throw into the effort after the quick change of altitude and air pressure which I had come through in too short time, 12,000 ft. from the Columbia River, and 8000 ft. afoot from camp. I crawled rather than I walked the last 500 ft. before I sank, falling asleep almost at once on the frozen scree before the look-out shelter, 12,307 ft. high on Mt. Adams.

When I woke up from cold and wind, they stood around me in friendly greeting: Mt. Rainier, most majestic; Mt. St. Helens, steeply coned and harmonious; Mt. Hood, isolated, noble and far. This was a splendid hour. To climb alone, to undergo strain and danger, lends more than anything to self-reassurance, and this is needed more than ever we can be aware of.

I made the whole descent in two short hours, having an excellent glissade from the false summit to the first moraine. There was the finest weather now, and I enjoyed the scenery with cheerful heart. My friends in Cold Spring Camp were still asleep, and slightly startled when they heard I had climbed Mt. Adams while they thought me resting in my sleeping-bag. We had a rough ride in the late afternoon over the dirt road through the Indian reservations, some 80 miles from Trout Lake to Randle, the W. and N. walls of Mt. Adams to the right, shining above the forests and the lakes. Next morning we had breakfast at Paradise, below the glaciers of Rainier, meeting a group of students one of whom was killed, only a few hours later, in a crevasse of Carbon Glacier. We did not know of the accident as we circled the mountain, to spend a dream-like evening in Sunrise Park, under a full moon which lighted the peak through the night. The dawn then painted the summit pink, and soon the Cowlitz Chimneys, Little Tahoma and all the other peaks around were bathed in the brightest sunlight. I sat on near McNeeley Peak (6806 ft.) and was more than ever reluctant to depart.

My modest collection was closed in 1941 by an excursion which was not quite free of a comic strain. When I awoke in our camp at the Bull River, in the Cabinets again, I reached for my nailed boots without finding them. While our baggage was put in the car, they somehow had been left behind, and it was up to me to decide whether to stay in camp, drive home, or hike in sneakers. Of the alternatives I chose the latter and my poor feet had to tramp

through all the wilderness for two solid days, protected only by light rubber shoes which were meant for the rock climbing. I went exploring with Wolf Flatow in the middle section of the Cabinet Range, and we climbed three unnamed mountains, 6742 ft., 7216 ft., and 7758 ft. in altitude. Trying to follow an old trail to Dad's Peak lookout, we soon encountered heavy underbrush, and heat and heavy packs made for more nuisance than fun. In the small saddle, where the trail crosses the ridge into the valley of Chippewa Creek, we pitched a high camp and started for the summits in the afternoon, climbing always along the crest with fine views to Chippewa Lake deep in the basin, and afar to Rock Peak and St. Paul Peak in the S. Pt. 6742 ft. could be named Saddle Mtn., Pt. 7216 ft., might be Chippewa Peak (it has a quite precipitous E. face), and Pt. 7758 ft. appropriately could be called "Cabinet Central Peak," for the governing place it holds in the main ridges which meet here and again depart to Snowshoe Peak and A Peak N., Bald Eagle Peak and Elephant Peak S., and the fine Ibex Peaks which tower in the W. We built cairns on all of the tops and left short notes; and on Central Peak, sitting right on the edge above the quite tremendous north face, we cooled our sunburned faces in the breeze which came up with the growing night.

A peaceful morning was abruptly terminated by the grim downhill walk with my sore feet, a pilgrimage more than a hike. Deep in the wilderness we met a hermit, a tall man who had been prospecting for 18 years from his primitive log cabin at Devil's Club Creek. It was a strange experience to see this man who had partly lost the ability to talk, forming words with evident difficulty and implying rather than describing the stories which he meant to tell: of bears which bothered him quite often; of minerals which he found on the mountain slopes and hopefully sent to the mining school for assay; and of books which were his sole companions. It was 1941, there had been a war for two years and he had never heard a word of it. He seemed quite happy, free from all ties, master of time and actions. Who knows, is he condemned or blessed?

3. *Metamorphosis*

This concluded the series of bigger outings in a year which was destined to be the last year of an uncertain peace. While we

anticipated the new winter, making the usual hikes and rock climbs during fall, war came to our country's shores, unasked, unwanted, and with cruel suddenness. It changed the life of everyone. There is a greater readiness now needed than the enthusiasm which incites adventures. The dangers which we undergo in climbing, we take voluntarily. But war is *must*, and must is always hard. In the New Year's night, after a few days of happy skiing on and around Lookout Pass, I said farewell for good to the past. Stars, cold, and snow were like a frame of purest steel for our pledge which was a solemn declaration of hard-gained freedom for a new beginning. And after the long winter came an Independence Day as bright and joyful as there had ever been, when I was sitting with friends on Gunsight Mtn. (7357 ft.) in the Selkirk Range, looking down to the camp at Gunsight Lake, that gem of beauty in the mountains' diadem, and across to Fisher Peak which I had vainly tried to climb on Easter Sunday. Here, on the rocky summit of a noble mountain, at the campfire on the night before, and later on the proud pyramid of Hunt Peak (7250 ft.), above the ramparts of iron rock and sparkling shields of eternal snow, I felt that I had grown a part of the new world: America.