



The
OBSIDIAN



Volume II.

Eugene, Oregon, September, 1938

No. 7

ANNUAL MEETING

The annual business meeting of the Obsidians, Inc. will be held on October 4, at the River Road Community Club House, at 6:30 P. M.

A chicken dinner will be served at 6:30 P. M. by the ladies of the River Road Community Club at the price of 50c. It is important that reservations be sent to Harriett Plotts, 2483 Columbia St., Eugene, Ore., before October 1st.

The election of Directors will take place at this meeting, and the nominating committee has nominated the eighteen members for this coming year's Board.

Two constitutional amendments will also be submitted for the approval of the club.

All members are urged to be present at this meeting as there are several more issues of importance to be discussed. Dues will be payable at this time.

Blanche Osborn is in charge of the picture contest. Any member may submit a picture and we urge you to dig out your favorites and enter them!

Following are the candidates nominated by the nominating committee to be voted upon at the Annual Meeting:

Paul Lafferty, Tony Vogel, Bailey Castelloe, Harold Trotter, Bryan Ryan, Bob Lemon, Hugh Currin, Vincent Gillespie, Louis Waldorf, Roland Burghardt, Tom Kaarhus, Joe Heidenreich, Thelma Watson, Harriett Plotts, Blanche Osborn, Minnie McCracken, Ruth Carlson, Eileen Baker.

The following constitutional amendment will be submitted for the approval of the Club:

1. To amend Section 2 of Article III to read: Any person of good character, eighteen years of age or over, who is in sympathy with the objects of the Club, and who qualifies as hereafter stated is eligible for membership. (Sec.

(Continued On Page Two)

TRIPS TO COME

Oct. 2—Sunset Bay. Leader: Charlotte Lemon. Asst. Miriam Yoder.

Oct. 9—Indian Ridge. Up the South Fork of the McKenzie. Leader: Cliff Stalsberg; Asst. Harold Trotter.

Oct. 16 — Boat Trip. From Scottsburg to Reedsport. Leader: Bob Lemon; Asst. Louis Waldorf.

The Obsidian Bulletin Board is at Hendershott's Gun Store, 770 Willamette Street. Anyone interested in these trips is welcome to join all trips and parties. Detailed information may be obtained by calling Local Walks Chairman, Harold Trotter, at Hendershott's, 151, or 2417-W.

There is a small Local Walks fee of 10c on all trips to cover incidental expenses, and the Club furnishes coffee or tea when advisable.

PICTURES IN PREVIEW

Photographers will have a chance to show their best snaps of the year at the annual picture contest this coming October 4th, at our annual meeting. Announcement is made by Blanche Osborn that the various classifications will be similar to previous contests.

It is hoped that some of the moving-pictures taken by the members can be shown at this time also.

Leave your pictures with Blanche Osborn at Tillman's, 858 Pearl St., or Eileen Baker at the Public Market.

Watch the local papers for more complete details.

CASH PRIZES!

Chief Big-Wind has been laid up for the past few days. We hope for a quick recovery.

Western Federation of Outdoor Clubs Annual Meet

By Paul Lafferty

The 1938 annual meeting of the Western Federation of Outdoor clubs was held Sept. 3, 4, and 5, at the Mazama Lodge, Government Camp, Mt. Hood, Oregon. The Portland Mazama Club entertained delegates and members at large from the twenty-four clubs of Oregon, Washington, California, and Montana, that are all affiliated with the Western Federation. The Obsidian Club was represented by Elizabeth Gullion, Don Woods, and the writer. Total number of delegates and club members attending the convention was approximately one hundred and fifty.

Weather was very poor for climbing or hiking. One party of climbers started out from the lodge at two o'clock the morning of the 4th, and had to turn back at Crater Rock; all showed the chilling effects of the storm and adverse weather conditions that were encountered on the mountain. Upon their return to the lodge, they all made a bee-line for the big fire place, and stood shivering around the fire for quite a time.

A party of about twenty made an interesting trip the 5th, over on the east side of the mountain, exploring the crevasses of Elliot glacier. The weather was still very unsettled, and they experienced all types of weather conditions on that trip.

Business part of the convention was mainly taken up with discussion of the newly created Olympic National Park; all of the clubs from Washington furnishing details and particulars of the Walgren Bill creating the new National Park.

The Forest Service was very well represented at the Convention by Mr. Brundage, Assistant

(Continued On Page Two)

"THE OBSIDIAN"

Member Federation of Western
Outdoor Clubs

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President Paul Lafferty
Vice-President Doris Osborn
Secretary Harriett Plotts
Treasurer Thelma Watson
House Chairman Robert Lemon
Outing Chairman Tony Vogel
Membership Ch. M. B. Castelloe
Local Walks Ch. Harold Trotter
Social Chairman Bryan Ryan

EDITORIAL

By Ray Sims

Walking

On the next Sunday, an hour or so after dinner, get out into the country and walk about five miles. You will return home as hungry as a ten-year-old boy and you'll be as tractable as a kitten. Not only this, but on Monday you will go to work fresh and ready to tackle anything. WALKING is nine-tenths of Golf and is the reason why the game is so popular. But golf isn't the only game that gives you the benefits of the outdoors.

This thought was copied from a publication called "Inklings", but it is one of the practical principles of an organization like the Obsidians. Although we have not limited our WALKS to five little miles and our appetites always show the length of the climb or trip. But before you attempt a major climb of a snow capped mountain, many of the five mile walks are essential. So Neighbor Obsidian, how about YOUR neighbor on the next Obsidian walk?

On a recent mountain climb, one of our members did not leave town until five minutes after the climbers had left the base camp. Yet, he was able to catch the climbers, because of his fine condition, before they reached the summit. This fine condition was obtained GRADUALLY, as the member has climbed the North Sister twice, Three Fingered Jack, Mt. Jefferson and Mt. Hood in the last FOUR weeks. Let's have some more LIVE members.

CANADIAN TRIP

By Elizabeth Gullion

To write a few words about an Alpine club of Canada summer camp is difficult, because one does not know where to begin.

The main camp was situated at the head of the Sunwapta Valley at the foot of the Athabaska Glacier at the south end of Jasper national park in Alberta, at an elevation of about 6,500 feet. There was a nice choice of rotten rock, snow and ice climbing, either one or the other or some of all three.

Perhaps the most interesting thing to me was the formation of the climbing parties. Every afternoon anywhere from three to eight trips were posted for the next day. Most of the trips were limited in number, ie., one lady and two men or three ladies and four men. Parties, for the most part, were made up of so many ropes—with four people to a rope.

One signed for the trip one wanted, then waited until after the climbing committee had met to see whether or not one had been scratched. One was scratched if one had gotten too tired on their last trip or if for some other reason the committee felt it was not wise for the person to go on that particular trip.

There was usually one trip every day which was not limited in number and on which no special equipment was needed.

ANNUAL MEETING

(Continued From Page One)

2 of Article III now reads: Any person of good character, twenty years of age or over, who is in sympathy with the objects of the Club, and who qualifies as hereafter stated is eligible for membership.)

2. To amend Section 3 of Article VIII by adding "except that the sum of \$1.00 instead of \$2.00 shall accompany applications received after April 1st". (The last sentence of Article VIII now reads: The sum of \$2.00 must accompany all applications for membership and covers that portion of the year up to the next following October.)

WESTERN FEDERATION

(Continued From Page One)

Regional Forester out of the Portland office, and his assistant, Mr. Jack Horton. Both of these men made very interesting talks, and contributed many informing facts about the recreational and the conservation set-up of the U. S. Forest Service.

Dr. Edwin Hodge, geologist from the State College, presented an interesting talk, and chalk description of the formation of Mt. Hood from early periods down to the present.

Another nice feature was presented Sunday evening; moving pictures embellished by sort of a travel-log lecture on the youth hotel movement, showing its size and importance in foreign countries, and the rapid advance that it is making here in this country.

Obsidians who have attended previous conventions, will be interested to know that Mr. F. W. Mathias of the Olympian Club was present at the Convention, and greatly entertained the entire group one evening by a recital of various choice stories of the Paul Bunyan nature.

Everybody seemed to have a good time, and the Mazama Club is to be congratulated on a very successful convention.

The 1939 Convention is to be put on by the Sierra Club and will be held at their Club house, located at Norden, California, 30 miles distance from Lake Tahoe, High Sierras, and 190 miles from San Francisco. They invite all club members to visit the Convention and take in the San Francisco Pacific National Exposition.

Sounds like a good idea.

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LABOR DAY TRIP

Determined to scale the lofty heights of Mt. Jefferson, seven Obsidians left Eugene Saturday afternoon, September 3. Seven others went along to visit Jefferson Park.

After camping on the ridge north of Jefferson Park, due to losing the trail in the fog and darkness, the party descended into the park at 4:00 A.M. Sunday, ready to climb. Since 3 o'clock, when the sky was clear, clouds had begun to settle on the mountain top.

As the group approached the mountain, the clouds settled lower and lower. The weather was not cold, and the climb could still be done. However, with the wind growing stronger and fog getting down below the glacier, the decision was made to abandon the climb.

To the south, a party of Mazamas climbed Three Fingered Jack. Another party of Obsidians reached the summit of the South Sister. But seven Obsidians in Jefferson Park, facing a long, difficult climb over one of the State's largest glaciers, topped by a perpendicular pinnacle, said, "let's play safe".

It might have been climbed successfully, but the risk would have been more than normal—more than necessary. And remembering the eleven summers past, with never a serious mountain accident in the club, the party abandoned the climb.

Rain was encountered on the hike out to the cars. Some of the party stayed an extra day in the park, and woke up Monday morning under a blanket of snow.

So another climb is anticipated on next year's schedule.

Could it be possible that Hoodoo Butte is having some strange effect on the climbers on 3-Fingered Jack?

Or had you heard about the Skyline-Trail 'Wrong Way Corrigan's'; who hitch-hiked home in a truck?

Or the two hikers who, a few weeks later, seemed to want to hike till dusk?

Renovation of Sunshine

Something that we have desired for a long time is about to take place. Through the kind interests of Supt. Perry A. Thompson of the Willamette National Forest, a good tight sheeting is to be put across the front of the shelter cabin, and triple decked bunks will be built inside, to provide good shelter and satisfactory sleeping accommodations for winter, and early spring ski parties that enjoy making trips back into the Three Sisters country.

It has also been suggested by various members of the club that an inexpensive airtight stove would be a nice addition to the facilities of the Ski Hut.

Some difference to arrive at Sunshine, well tired after a four to five mile jaunt, and find a habitable place, rather than a virtual ice-house that has always been half buried, and more than half-filled with snow.

PRINCESSES MEET

The Obsidian Princesses held their monthly meeting at the home of Princess Dawn (Elsie Dotson), September 13th.

The retiring President, Mertie Hamlin, introduced the incoming officers. The new president is Elizabeth Gullion; incoming Vice-President is Margaret Thompson, and Olga Mortensen is Secretary-Treasurer.

Plans were discussed for the coming year and the thought suggested that we as a group learn more of the State laws governing wild-life. Helen Kilpatrick was appointed chairman of the program committee and asked to choose her own committee.

(Whisperings were heard of a very interesting initiation to be held in the near future. WHERE or WHEN, we do not know!)

QUIET IN THE QUARRY

"How's Business?" a traveling salesman asked the quarry superintendent.

"Boy", replied the superintendent, "it's so quiet you can hear the notes drawing interest clear down at the First National Bank."

Attention to Someone!

Some of the princesses wish to ask our president or climbing committee chairman to have some climbing technique trips. We feel there will be lots of good weekends this fall in which to use ropes on rocks. Maybe some peons could be found to add a little more zest to the sport.

WHO BOUGHT THE TICKETS

An Irishman and an Englishman were waiting for a train, and to pass the time away the Irishman said: "I will ask you a question, and if I cannot answer my own question, I will buy the tickets. Then you ask a question, and if you cannot answer yours, you buy the tickets."

The Englishman agreed.

"Well," said the Irishman, "you see those prairie-dogs' holes out there? How do they dig those holes without leaving any dirt around?"

"I don't know," said the Englishman. "That's your question, Answer it yourself."

"They begin at the bottom and dig up." "How in thunder do they get at the bottom?" asked the Englishman. "That's your question. Answer it yourself", said the Irishman.

Prof—"If the President, Vice President, and all the members of the Cabinet died, who would officiate?"

Pupil—"The undertaker."

Judge—"How do you know he was drunk?"

Complainant—"Well, he shook the clothes tree and then started to feel around the floor for some apples."

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THREE SISTERS TRIP

By Margaret Thompson

Found, the perfect hiking or riding trip! Clear 'round the Three Sisters by base trails that keep you within four miles airline of the nearest summit at all times. Something new and interesting in every mile, and a mental picture of the great peaks that cannot be obtained in any other way. At the end of the trip you are right back where you started, with only a few miles of retracing to do, and that well worth seeing twice.

The forest service informed us that so far as they know, no one had ever made the base trip completely around before, much less by horseback, much less three girls alone—Cleo Bennett, Clea McCormick and me.

We had a swell time, and you can believe it or not, there were no mosquitos! We didn't even open our bottles of oil of citronella, and our mosquito netting was just excess baggage. And the weather was swell—second week in August.

Every Obsidian will be glad to hear that the old Scott trail has been completely reblazed and maintained to junction with the Skyline, and from there clear to the summit. We rode from Belknap springs all the way up to the summit on a trail that was the equal of the Skyline—but steeper, folks, much steeper.

We didn't bother with the Scott trail on the east side. We just took off easterly from Little Mathieu lake at Scott pass, and compassed out to the Trout creek road right through the brush. Try it sometime with a packhorse—never a dull moment. We hit the road right at Trout creek camp, a bullseye for two little ten-cent store compasses.

South of Pole creek camp, on the east side of the trip, following

the Green Lakes trail, we ran into a blowdown, several miles of dead trees with a jump or a step-over every five feet of trail on the average. A few miles farther we said goodbye to the North and hello to the South and Broken Top—wonderful views of both peaks.

Green Lakes was swell but cold at night. Then we went on to Sparks lake and saw our first human since the trip started—a California tourist. Camped at Devil's Garden and got a terrific urge for orange marmalade. The longer we did without it, the more we suffered. Strawberry jelly and blackberry jelly and syrup didn't help a bit. So we just had to go to Elk lake and get some orange marmalade. We ate dinner there, too, and the waitresses called the cook from the kitchen to watch us eat.

At Horse lake they told us Eileen Baker and Mandy Hicks and Bryan Ryan had been there a short time before. After this little side trip, we returned to the Wikiups and took up our loop trip again. This trip would be improved by cutting through on the Moraine lakes trail instead of going out to the road. It would cut off some miles and add a lot of grade-A scenery.

For the rest of the way, the Skyline was just as grand as ever. A couple of miles south of Sunshine Shelter, instead of dropping down to Linton Meadows, you will soon be able to keep right on at about 6000 feet elevation, around the slopes of the Middle, on the new trail which they are building this summer. It isn't done yet, however.

We saw quite a few deer, all on the east side. At Devil's Garden a mule deer came right into camp. We saw quite a few tracks of elk, deer, bear, and what have you.

At James creek shelter we met

a hiker from The Dalles who fills his frying pan, a good half-inch deep with hot cake batter, hesitates a few seconds, and then flips it with one motion. He never misses and by actual count, we saw him eat eight of these giant hot-cakes, besides two eggs and a whole plate of fried spuds and bacon. We wished the cook at Elk lake could see him. His name is Orville Williams and he was hiking from The Dalles clear to Crater Lake, with a fifty pound pack. He may come to the U. of O. this fall.

BABY AGREES

"Edison once said that four hours sleep is enough for any man."

"That's exactly what my baby thinks."

Frosh—"Why do those trees on the shore bend over so far?"

Soph—"You'd bend over, too, if you were as full of green apples as they are."

"What are the Harvard Classics?"

"The football games with Yale and the Army."

Farmer—"That land you sold me is no good. You said I could grow nuts on it."

Seller—"Oh no I didn't say that. I said you could GO NUTS on it."



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