



The
OBSIDIAN



VOLUME XI

EUGENE, OREGON - SEPTEMBER 1951

NO. 8



AUTUMN



FORECAST

Trips For Fall

- SEPT. 16 - MYSTERY TRIP George Korn, Leader. Don't miss this...You'll enjoy it ...SEE STORY ON PAGE 6.
- SEPT. 23 - SKYLINE TRAIL LOOP. Qualifying. Bailey Castelloe, Leader. From McKenzie Pass to Collier Glacier and Frog Camp.
- SEPT. 30 - ROSARY LAKES AREA, Willamette Pass. Virginia Drake, Leader. Rosary Rock is beckoning.
- OCT. 7 - CACHE MT. LOOKOUT, east of Mt. Washington. Louie Waldorf, Leader.
- OCT. 14 - WOLF ROCK. Qualifying. Near McCredie Springs. R.O. McWilliams, Ldr.
- OCT. 21 - BEACH TRIP. Blanche Beckett is Leader. We will spend Sat. night in a comfortable cabin, place to be announced later, and do our exploring and sight-seeing and potlucking on Sunday.
- OCT. 28 - WORK TRIP TO OBSIDIAN CABIN. - Lodge Committee, Leaders. Various clean-up and woodpile jobs will be the order of the day, but there will be time for a trip up the highway to see the fall colors.

Obsidian Annual Meeting

OCTOBER 2, 1951

COVERED DISH DINNER

Bring your hot dish and salad or dessert, and come to the annual meeting on Tuesday evening, October 2. The potluck dinner will start at 6:45 in order to give members time to vote and pay dues between 6:00 and 6:45 p.m.

St. Mary's Episcopal Parish Hall, 166 E. 13th Ave. - a very convenient location - will be the spot where our new directors will be elected and yearly reports heard.

The potluck idea was chosen this year, because it is a much more popular dinner form with the Obsidians, and is less expensive. A small charge will be made however to cover cost of hall rent.

Please make your reservation by Wednesday, Sept. 26, - call 4-9546 or 4-5168 or write to Doris Sims, 2181 Wash., Eugene.

Following are candidates for election; there are 9 directors to be elected, 6 men
 (Continued on Page 2)

1951 SUMMER CAMP REVIEW

by Glen Sims

Another successful Obsidian Summer Outing has come to a close. A total of 65 persons enjoyed the two weeks, August 5-19, at Green Lakes. Some were there for only the weekend, while others came for 3 or 4 days, but the mail group consisted of over 30 in attendance all the time.

A more beautiful setting for a camp would be hard to find. Three lakes, one for swimming, and most any time you could find bathers basking in the sun on its grassy banks.
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"THE OBSIDIAN"

MEMBER: Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs; Pacific Northwestern Ski Association; Central Cascade Recreational Council.

Board of Directors

George Jack President
Mike Stahl Vice-President
Doris Sims Secretary
Ray Cavagnaro Treasurer
Dorr Hamlin — Jean Hjelte — Frank Sipe
Clarence Scherer — Blanche Beckett

EDITOR: Blanche Beckett Phone 5-4569
REPORTER: Adeline Adams Phone 5-6526

ANNUAL MEETING(Continued)

and 3 women: Clarence Bankhead, Dale Carlson, Ray Cavagnaro, Dorr Hamlin, George H. Jack, Henry Jeppesen, Dave Knox, Allan Lindley, Clarence Scherer, Loyd Sims, Frank Sipe, Mike Stahl; Adeline Adams, Blanche Beckett, Virginia Drake, Jean Hjelte, Helen McGillicuddy, Ruth Onthank.

NEW MEMBERS

ACTIVE-Virginia Bloom-611 W. 11th, Eugene
ACTIVE ACTIVE
R. L. Cooper R. L. Medill
808 5th St. 2164 Laura St.
Springfield, Ore. Springfield, Ore.
ASSOCIATE JUNIOR
Beth Sims Dorothy Sims
1185 Norkenzie Rd. 1185 Norkenzie
Eugene Eugene

News Notes...

- * Jane Hall Jensen of Hood River dropped in to see some Obsidian friends the other day, with her two small fry.
* Dr. Ed Keller has received a commission of First Lieutenant in the Reserves and will probably be leaving us soon.
* Everybody's pal, Ray Harris, originating
(Continued on Page 3)

Annual Federation Meeting by Doris Sims

The FWOC Annual Meeting was held this year at Mazama Lodge over the Labor Day week end. And may we say right here for next year's meeting DON'T MISS IT!

Mazama and Trails Club members did a beautiful job in arranging a 3-day meeting packed full of fun as well as business. At this meeting members have the opportunity of meeting club members from California, Oregon and Washington and the officers who have so diligently and willingly worked through the past year.

One of the main interests of the FWOC is Conservation, and it is gratifying to meet such people as the Jack Barnards (Jack Barnard, FWOC President) who are helping defend our outdoor heritage.

As has been stated, we have lost an occasional fight but the percentage of our success is high, indeed. As we camp and hike and climb and ski from the Olympics to the Tetons and from Rainier to San Geronio there is hardly a range in the west that has not been protected, at least in part, from some desecrating scheme, by the activities of the Federation and its member clubs. We have mighty good friends in the Forest Service too, with such able men as Bill Parke, Herbert Stone, Preston Macy, Fred Overly and Lloyd Olson on the speakers list for the Federation meeting.

As Harry James, past president, told the members, "All the evidence indicates that the battle is going to be intensified so our efforts must be intensified too; they must be at least doubled if the children and grandchildren of the members of our clubs today are to have the joys and are to experience the soul-satisfying values that we have found in the out-of-doors."

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1951 SUMMER CAMP REVIEW by Glen Sims(Continued) The large lake, on which we were camped, was a fisherman's paradise. Rainbow and Eastern Brook trout 8" to 14" made several delicious fries for everyone. To the north was the clear little lake fed by a huge ice-cold spring. All these, between Broken Top, 9,165 ft, and the South Sister, 10,354 ft, with its crater's blue lake more beautiful than ever, makes this camp site one to linger in our memories long after the pack train has taken out our last sleeping bag.

Many trips - Cayuse Cone to collect lava or volcanic bombs, Moraine and Kidney Lakes, Dumbell Lake, high ridges and moraines, Fall Creek, climbs of Broken Top, Middle and South Sisters, and the numerous creeks and springs, made 2 weeks pass all too rapidly.

Some of the most enjoyable parts of the outing are the associations in camp. Loafing in the sun, sleeping under the stars, listening at night to the waterfall on the South Sister, hearing rocks break loose and come tumbling down the mountain, and last, but not least, the campfire. After dishes are done and the kitchen has been "buttoned up" for the night, the fire is lighted and the fun begins. Magic and sleight-of-hand, black-face minstrels, Dave orates and sings, Mary "sputs", songs, stories, popcorn, marshmallows, and finally to bed to sleep until another glorious day dawns.

Sounds Fishy

by Dale Carlson

They may not have been big but they sure were plentiful at the largest of our Green Lakes. Just ask the guys and girls that caught them. On second thought don't ask them for if you do they will tell you more tall ones than you'll care to hear.

Let's give Jimmy Sims, who was only in camp for a few days, credit for being one of the outstanding of all the fishermen there. His favorite method of angling is to let out enough line so as to catch the fish at the far side of the lake and then to spend a joyous five or ten minutes reeling them in. Ernie Keasling who spent but a few days at Camp was up each morning just shortly after the last hanger-oners had left the evening camp fire. He had a bad habit of rolling others out also - didn't matter who - so as to have someone to row for him. He was always rewarded with a nice mess of fish for his efforts. Glen probably spent more time fishing than any other but Mike was a close second. Glen not only brought his tackle to camp, he also brought an expert oarsman along. Every time Glen decided to spend an "easy day at camp" poor Florence could be seen rowing that scoundrel all over the lake. Glen claims it paid off as he brought in the two largest fish caught, one measuring $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

My heart bleeds for Mike, who, because he can't resist helping anyone in need, found it necessary one day to row a boatful of fisher girls around the lake all day long. He even had to help Marge Beckett land the first fish she ever caught and then bravely went on to help her bring in seven more before the day was over. Mike had planned to do so many pleasant things that day, poor soul. Ray Sims caught a good many of the fighting rainbows and brookies as did Virginia Bloom, Henry Carlson, Louie Waldorf, John Williamson, Doug Spencer, and Jim Newsom.

Ford fenders with salmon eggs or worms seemed to be the favorite bait. Early in the first week Ernie and Mike made some of the darndest spinners out of tin cans, ladies hats and what have you, that you ever saw, and what is more they caught fish on them. The poor fish got hooked as they stampeded away in fright.

Thanks to those who caught, cleaned and helped Viola fry them, we had trout as an extra with several of our meals.

Climbing and Exploring

by Mike Stahl

Summer Camp this year offered many fine opportunities for climbing and exploration - so many in fact, that we were unable to try many of them. We did, however, make 6 major ascents from camp; 3 of the South Sister, 2 of Broken Top, and 1 of the Middle Sister.

The climbs of the South were all made up the standard east side route which offers no particular difficulty to the climber, aside from the necessity for caution on the snowfields, and on the glacier higher up. Broken Top, while not at all difficult, does require a bit of rock work that offers thrills aplenty to the novice. The Middle Sister was climbed from the southeast. Here again there is little difficulty other than avoiding loose rock slopes.

Several exploring trips were made - to the 'Cougar's Den' and the ridge northeast of the lake, to the Chambers Lakes area, - and to Coyote Crater, to the southeast -- also called Cayuse Cone.

The Cougar's Den, a shallow cave high on the ridge, caused considerable speculation before it was visited and its mysteries solved. It required two parties to do this - the first one did not succeed in reaching the cave, tho they passed close to it.

The party that climbed the Middle did a bit of exploring on the way, climbing well into the moraines below Carver glacier on the South Sister, and reaching the large lake formed by recession of the glacier. From there they worked through the moraines south of Chambers Lakes, and crossed north on the ridge which is the divide between the McKenzie and the Deschutes watersheds. On the way they found that three lakes of the Chambers Lakes group, while close together, vary widely in color, one being very muddy, one a pale "pea soup" green, and one a clear blue-green. Differences in the source of water flowing into them causes the odd color scheme.

On the way back from the climb the party followed a lower route, passing below the moraines and crossing instead several large rocky flats with harder rock ridges between. This part of the Sisters area is truly a wilderness of boulder flats, rock cliffs, glacier streams, heather and grass "alps", snow, and a gnarled, wind-swept timberline of pine, fir and willow.

Coyote Crater, an area not before vis-
(Continued on Page 5)

They Dood It

ONE-A-DAY-NOT-ENOUGH

It happens almost every Labor Day week end and it happened again this last one.*

Virginia Drake, Ray Harris, Dennie Koupal, Helen McGillicuddy and Eugene Sebring "ran the ridge" of the Three Sisters and then passed over the hump of Little Brother for good measure. They started from Rock Mesa shortly before dawn and swung into Frog Camp just after dusk. Not until they cooked a big dinner at the Scott Lake camp "so we can get a good night's sleep", did they call it a day.

There was plenty of company on the mountains. The Mazamas were doing the South from Green Lakes; from the Middle they sighted Bob Barber, Bev Jarvis, Lloyd Lindley and Lloyd Plaisted and on the North they met two climbers from Portland.

In case you harbor a lurking desire for strenuous exertion, these figures might interest you: The map miles add up to a good 12 miles while the zig-zag and up-and-down miles go well over 16.

* No official Obsidian club climb was made on Labor Day weekend this year.

MUSINGS ON A MOUNTAIN

by Mr. Charles Kettering
of General Motors Corporation

Mountain sounds are eerie and thrilling. They come and go long distances. They fall from great heights and echo across long valleys or whisper close to you like hushed awakenings. All of these little unimportant things happened importantly to me. Some of them sang to me, awakened in me things that had been sleeping a long time. The whole afternoon became eventful with all the things I heard and felt and saw; I realized that I would never hear them and feel them or see them just that way ever again.

I would still be going up that mountain today, I'm afraid, if it hadn't been for the snow. A few flakes touched my face and turned me around and I knew in an alarmed moment that I should be going down. As the increasing snow began to hedge me in, I got really frightened and thought again that I should start running; but the wind and the weather whipped my ears and brought me to my senses. I got down to the base of the trail just about nightfall. I had had a full day. I was tired and hungry and feeling strangely victorious.

Victorious? What about? My ambition had
(Continued to top of next column)

been to reach the timberline and I hadn't even come near it. Where was the victory in that?

Well I'll tell you where it was, I think. It was in the same place that it is in all of life. It was in the trying! Though I didn't know it then, I realize now that it wasn't important that I reach the timberline. The victory lay wholly in the effort. Certainly in the light of the new perspective that the alphabet bombs are bringing us it's not important today that we break the heart and sear the soul in some false rapture over the unattainable. The important thing now is that we live each day for its own sake, as fully as possible - and as honestly and as deep in the colors of experience as we can make it. If we happen to hit the timberline, fine. If not, it's still fine. The main thing now, we know, is how is the going and are we living it fully, completely, eagerly, all along the way?

TREES TO KNOW IN OREGON

This booklet --TREES TO KNOW IN OREGON-- (1950) Extension Bulletin 697 from the Oregon State College Press can be obtained for the asking at Mr. Fletcher's office in the public market. It is written by Charles R. Ross (Oregon State College) and illustrated with maps and drawings by Hugh Hayes (Ore. St. Bd. of Forestry) and by excellent photographs. If you like our trees you will enjoy this booklet.

GREEN LAKES SUMMER CAMP REUNION

Make your reservations NOW for the summer camp reunion banquet on Saturday evening, September 22, in the Blue Room at the Osburn Hotel, at 7:00 P.M. Dinner is \$1.75 per plate and you may bring as guest one member of your family or your sweetheart. Bring your summer camp pictures - limit your color slides to 10.

Call Ray Sims, 4-9546, or see him at U.S. Nat'l. Bank, or call Mike Stahl at 7-9335, or see Ray Cavagnaro, 1st Nat'l Bk.

MORE NOTES

* Obsidian Princesses have been invited to the home of Helen Smith, 108 Monroe, on Monday evening, Sept. 17, at 8 P.M., for their first fall meeting.

* George Jack has finally come down from his mountain retreat after spending the summer spotting smokes for the forest service from the lookout on Rebel Rock. Harold Jack has written his family that he starts for home this week from Japan.

THE NORTH SISTER by Ray Sims

Thanks to the Search Committee, we were well watched over August 26th.

The 24 climbers of the North who drove in to Huckleberry Butte, then hiked on to Minnie Scott Spring on Sat., Aug. 25th, had one of those rare warm nights to camp out, and after the various dinners were cooked on the 6 campfires at Minnie Scott, and a little story telling, all 24 spent a comfortable night in the high country.

But this leisurely camping could not last; 4:30 a.m. came and the party was off for the black North ridge of the North. It was steep, with loose footing, and very slow time was made. At last the foot of Glisan Pinnacle was gained, base of Prouty skirted - to the foot of the ice-clothed chimney, where steps were cut.

Up the chimney and over to the box was like clock work to me as I can remember the first time I did that just 25 years ago. But this was 1951 and we had spent 9 hours getting to the top. In spite of short cuts, it was late when we reached Collier, which itself presented a long trek. The mud lake was passed just as the sun went down. Over the terminal moraine and back to Minnie Scott at 9:30. It was after 10 when we started for the cars.

It was a sleepy bunch driving back to Eugene that night. My house was reached at 4:15 Monday morning only to find a note saying that a search party - Glen Sims, Mike Stahl, Ray Harris, and Doris had already started for the McKenzie. If I got home, telephone McKenzie Bridge. I did.

Thank you Search committee, we won't be that late again.

M Y S T E R Y T R I P

This is one of the most popular trips of the year and you may expect anything to happen. It is the 4th Mystery Trip; the 1st one was a bandit manhunt in the Bohemia Mts. ending in a miner's cabin, and was very much a shooting affair. The 2nd was a hoax - leader George Korn was not even present and the trip was run by remote control; the group was looking for him and he was in far-off Seattle. The 3rd trip was a search for the Blue Bucket Mine ending atop Lakeview Mt. where a miner's skeleton was found.

Naturally, the mystery of this trip cannot be divulged, but it will be in the nature of a search and rescue with the Civil Air Patrol. . . . 'NUFF SAID! Sign up and be mystified! You'll enjoy it more. . . . if you make the whole trip!

A list of members whose dues are in arrears is posted at Hendershott's.

BOMBS AT CAMP by Dale Carlson

The bombs did stir up plenty of excitement when Les Cooper and Catherine Dunlop brought the first ones to camp but luckily they were not of the explosive variety. Les and Catherine pioneered the trip to Cayuse Cone and the following day a large group returned. Cayuse Cone on the south slope of Broken Top and but 2 or 3 miles from camp is an old crater literally "loaded" with thousands of lava bombs, of every size and shape and of many different colors.

Henry Carlson found the smallest bomb, one being hardly larger than a pea. He swore he'd only take the small ones so as to keep down the weight of his pack, but finally he "broke down" as he picked up about a dozen of the heavy ones. Florence

an interesting one which looks much like a sea shell. It is said that Les picked the one with prettiest color, and he earned it, making two trips to the cone. Somebody reported seeing Mary Donaldson remove a "pint" from her pack. Don't know if she was able to find any bombs or not. Louie not only found a lava bomb, but he found a lava larva in it. This find pleased Louie more than somewhat as for years he has maintained that the holes in lava were eaten there by an undiscovered grub which he called lava larva. No one had ever listened to his theory and at last he had found proof which he presented for all to see at the evening's campfire. Even our three scientists were speechless and are still spending sleepless nights in an attempt to dope out an explanation of this phenomenon. Mac and Nellie brought back some fine bombs as did Virginia Bloom, Adeline Adams, Lawrence Maves & Doug Spencer.

And finally a suggestion to those who may take this hike in the future: be sure to take a lunch! At the insistence of Virginia Bloom, who said we'd be back before noon three of us brought no lunch and had almost starved when at 3:00 P. M. we finally stumbled into camp. If it hadn't been for a small mess of tasty lava larva I would never have made it back.

**Don't miss Ned Graves' article appearing in the Summer 1951 issue of The Living Wilderness, entitled, "Portrait of a Mountain".

T H I S M A Y B E Y O U R L A S T
O B S I D I A N B U L L E T I N . . . I F
your dues are not up to date.

SECT. 34.66 P.L.&R.

