



The OBSIDIAN



VOLUME XII

EUGENE, OREGON - AUGUST 1952

NO. 6

FALL Activities

TRIPS FOR FALL

THE WALLOWA MOUNTAINS

1952 Summer Camp

LABOR DAY WEEKEND - MINK LAKE

Dale and Henry Carlson, Leaders

Two and one-half days in new territory! Mink Lake Basin is the locale and we will camp by a cabin at Cliff Lake. Plans are being made to have sleeping bags and personal equipment packed in by horses. Each person should include a packsack in his duffle as it will be necessary to carry out our own equipment. Each must furnish and prepare his own food, so plan carefully. Don't forget fishing tackle and swim suit. The fishing is excellent and the water fine! For further information see sign-up sheet at Hendershott's, QUICK! Duffle will be collected Friday.

SEPT. 7 - HISTORIC SCOTT TRAIL. Milton Koupal, Leader. Have you ever travelled the lower part of historic Scott Lake to Clear Lake road? The trips committee has scheduled such a walk for Sunday, September 7th. It is the tenth of the Wilderness area exploration trips. See page 3, Column 1, for complete story.

SEPT. 14 - WALDO LAKE. Roy Temple, Leader. This is the last of the Wilderness area hikes - from Gold Lake to the lower end of Waldo Lake.

SEPT. 21 - MYSTERY TRIP. George Korn, Leader. Another of those exciting, interesting excursions with a surprise ending that only George could dream up!

SEPT. 28 - DEER BUTTE. Bailey Castelleo, Leader.

The grandeur of the Wallowa "Wonderland" unfolded again to the Obsidians, as the last of the thirty-two 1952 campers, who wound their way up the nine miles of trail - some on foot and others on horseback - finally rested at beautiful Horse-shoe Lake. The committee of Glen, Gene, Mike and Ray had the camp "practly" finished, assisted by Florence, Doris, Margaret, Jimmie and Flo, as the last of the personnel arrived late Monday, August 4th.

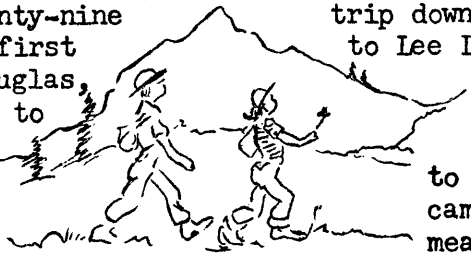
The first meal that evening, under the brand new "piped version" table with overhead covering, gave all the new-comers a chance to become acquainted as the threatening clouds made us disperse with the evening's campfire.

Tuesday was summer-like again and the afternoon's trip, led by Miriam Yoder, saw twenty-nine trip down the trail, first to Lee Lake, then Douglas, and finally to Moccasin. Then back to camp we came to a grand meal by our able cook Mrs. Trowbridge, "Flo".

Wednesday, under the able leadership of our president Mike, seventeen started, but Blanche, Jane, Gerry and Larry stopped at Mirror Lake, while the rest trudged their way up the snowy side of Eagle Cap. The summit was reached at 1:30 and Mike, Gene, Merle, Lois, Dale, Henry, Ray C. and Ray S., Catherine, Luhr, Margaret, Anne, Lloyd, and Glen registered.

Thursday was a day dedicated to just loafing and fishing; but Friday the Matterhorn was scheduled and sixteen signed

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1952 SUMMER CAMP(Continued)

up to be led by Ray Sims and Gene Sebring. Starting at 7 a.m., the high Mazama Ridge was crossed and the party dropped down on the Ice Lake side to skirt the ridge and many snow-fields to the foot of the "white marble Matterhorn". The 10,004 foot summit was reached at 2:00 p.m. and the party signed the new Mazama book which had been placed there last year. Not content with that height, Mike, Gene, Dale, Henry, Lloyd and Luhr went on to the top of wea - 10,033 feet, the highest point in the whole Wallowa Mountains.

Saturday came all too soon as fifteen had to leave the beautiful surroundings that had been home. Nature wept with them and pelted them the long trail out with a veritable cloudburst of rain and hail. The little mountain streams which are clear pools of beauty on a summer day, swelled to young rivers - turbulent and muddy, and the forlorn travellers soon gave up trying to find solid footing and ploughed through, over their knees often in rough, muddy water. But the sun was out again at Joseph; so they re-outfitted themselves (ask John Williamson!) and left regretfully.

Sunday, Mike and Lloyd left to explore another region and to send in to the rest of us some supplies by the packer who was to take out the available bags. We were not sure that Mike was going until the groceries were accompanied by his note:

Roses are red, and violets are blue

Lloyd's going to Glacier, and I am too!

Monday, Gene, Bob, Dale and Henry made a trip over the ridge to beautiful Ice Lake and such glowing reports were brought back that Anna and Catherine made the trip later.

Tuesday, with Helen Smith as leader, all sixteen left in camp made the trip to Hurricane Canyon where the trail drops sharply to broad meadows and a cold, rushing creek. The trip ended at the foot of the Matterhorn at an old miner's cabin. That night at campfire, it was suggested that we break camp on Friday and have a leisurely drive home.

The fishing was wonderful, and altogether some 210 fish were caught, some from our new new seven - or eight - or ten - man rubber boat, and some by the expert spinning reels, and many, of course by the lures of Luhr! - Jensen, whom we were fortunate to have with us. The just-plain-boating, especially in the evening, with songs coming in off the water from that speck of yellow, were enjoyed by everyone.

The campfires filled every evening, and were sparked by Ray Cavagnaro, the Baileys, Larry and John, who, with his uke, led us all in singing. The taking of picture-ideal was everywhere, and the trips to Unit Lake, Razz Lake, high on the ridge, Pocket Lake - where Luhr and Glen brought back thirty-seven trout in just a couple hours, made all the tales you hear about the Wallowa Mountains seem more like fairy-tales than ever. Several evenings, beautiful thunder clouds rolled up over the high mountains, and lightning cracked and thunder rolled; but the next morning, sun and serenity prevailed.

The new trails we walked will not be forgotten nor will the "blasts" down the trail each morning. On the last day, the report was so sharp that "if my tent had had windows there would be no windows to open" after that one! But they cleared the way for wonderful trails, and as we hiked out - down - down the trail to Wallowa Lake again and the smell of gasoline and the lovely cars that you could just sit in, we look back already to another grand Obsidian summer camp in another of Oregon's fine vacationlands.

(Sketches by Myrtle Smith) R.S.

HISTORIC SCOTT TRAIL (From Page 1)

This section is a continuation of the familiar Scott Trail which leads from Eastern Oregon, converges with Skyline Trail as the two pass over the summit, (about 3 miles south of Dee Wright Observatory); crosses the McKenzie Highway just above Frog Camp, then comes in to Scott Lake.

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SCOTT TRAIL(Continued)

In 1862, Felix Scott, pioneer trader and Indian Agent, led a party of 250 men, driving 100 4-6 oxen wagons and 900 head of cattle and horses eastward over the entire route. Gold had been discovered near Baker, and merchants of the fertile Willamette Valley sought to supply the miners. The party started up McKenzie River in late spring and it was late fall before they chopped their way through the forests and over the Cascade summit. Over some stretches a wider-than-usual clearing is still discernible. In other places the terrain is so tortuous that it is difficult to conceive how wagons could have been drawn over it.

On this jaunt, the Obsidian party will pass Benson Trail Junction; Tenas Way Junction, Coffee Lake, Melakwa Way Junction, Melakwa Lake (Boy Scout summer camp site), Irish Camp Lake, cross Deer Butte trail in Fingerboard Prairie, commence to descend Scott Creek from its source in the prairie, pass Cupola Way Junction; cross Scott Creek and reach Clear Lake Road.

In addition to points of interest along the route - the contrasting change of vegetation with elevation is fascinating. While descending from 5000 to 2000 feet one runs the gamut of nature's flora from scrubby Jack pines to bulky Douglas firs, and, with sufficient late August dampness a beautifully-colored and oddly-shaped fungus display can be expected.

As this is a one-way trip, some provision should be made to have a member of your party pick you up for the trip home. The leader's car will be available to carry drivers back to Scott Lake. Other groups may arrange likewise. A "Scott Trail" sign will be found on the east side of Clear Lake road immediately north of where it crosses Scott Creek - a good mile north of where the side road to Belknap Springs joins the Clear Lake Road.

The scientific committee needs your help and enjoyable company on this trip, much the same as you have supported preceding ones. They are working to preserve some of nature's handiwork for your continued pleasure. Your participation will help to bear out some of their claims - but anyway ...just come for a good time!

M.K.

DID YOU KNOW? . . .

that Louie Waldorf is our delegate to the FWOC Convention at Mountaineer Snoqualmie Lodge near Seattle - this weekend.

that Harold Jack is a private citizen again and working at the bank?

Impressions of Camp Stahl

"Gee, my hips are worn", many of us wailed as we were pulled from the saddles after 9 miles of jogging on horseback up the trail to Horseshoe Lake.

Picking a tent site was serious business, but finally Bachelor's Butte and Maiden Peak were settled, and life at Camp Stahl got under way. The sign on Bachelor's Butte. "NO WOMEN NOR CHILDREN ALOUD" was believed to be fairly effective until Bob Northrup showed up with a pair of girl's slippers found in Gene Sebring's tent. The foot to fit was not found among the girls in camp the second week, so all first weekers are suspect.

The scenery was gorgeous, and omnipresent. It met us as we rose from our sleeping bags and continued with us all day, whether we stayed lazily in camp, climbed Eagle Cap and the Matterhorn, or took middle-sized hikes to Hurricane Canyon and the Lakes. The weather cooperated in that frequent thunder and lightning storms resulted in rain only during the night.

A full moon and glittering stars added enchantment to the evening campfires. Among the stars that glittered especially brightly were our talent scout and M.C., Blanche Bailey; "Ivan and Olga" Cavagnaro; two maids from Hawaii, Nat Beckett and Gerry Fehly; John Williamson and his uke; "Smokey" Bailey and many others. Aunt Tillie and the Goof Stick were there to heckle first year campers again; and the Carlsons were always coming up with a good story.

President Mike presided at tea Friday morning, regally accepting the homage and gifts of a motley group of subjects whose attires defy description. Many feet of film will create a lasting impression of this annual social event.

No account of summer camp could fail to mention the successful efforts of the camp fishermen who supplemented our sumptuous fare with over 200 Eastern Brook trout. Occasionally a "volunteer" dishwasher made a caustic reference to fried eggs for breakfast; otherwise all remarks about the food prepared by Mrs. Florence Trowbridge were ecstatic.

Our heartfelt thanks to the capable and hard-working camp committee; Ray Sims, Dale Carlson, Glen Sims, Gene Sebring. And now - - only 345 days until Summer Camp!

M.Y.

The Obsidians extend their deepest sympathy to Bertha Deckmann, whose mother passed away recently.

I Was Thinking...

One of the best ways to see the most beautiful parts of the Northwest, and particularly of Oregon, is to attend a few of our summer camps. The last five of them - Husband Lake on the west side of the Sisters; Spirit Lake in Washington; the Tetons in Wyoming; Green Lakes on the east side of the Sisters; and the Wallowas in Eastern Oregon, have provided the opportunity for us to enjoy a large part of our country.

Many people see our Northwest every year. They travel the roads and look at the "scenery". But to enjoy the real beauty one must become a part of the land, a native, even if only for a few days.

For us that means, of course, leaving "civilized gadgetry" behind and becoming, as far as possible for people of this modern age, a part of the wilderness. We travel as the natives travel, live (to some extent) as they live. The wilderness becomes our home - we live in it and with it.

It reacts, of course, to our presence in it; but I think we react much more profoundly to our experience there. In a year or two our campsite is as much as ever a part of the wilderness; it has forgotten us; but memory of that wilderness experience will never disappear from our hearts and minds. And who knows how much influence it will have in our subsequent lives, in our thinking and doing?

WE have only touched the wilderness, and it has, in return surrounded us, sustained us, calmed our minds, strengthened our bodies, given us vistas of wonderful beauty - the Wilderness is a true friend.

And when we leave, it is as leaving a friend - as Lloyd Plaisted said, that Sunday morning when we were taking the final look at Horseshoe Lake, "It's sort of like leaving home, isn't it?"

Mike

Ed Keller in Mountain Troops

(These are excerpts from
a letter to Gene Sebring)

"Thanks to Paul Lafferty's suggestion to write to the Commander at Camp Carson plus a great deal of fortune, I was able to pull duty with the Mountain Troops beginning in October instructing in casualty evacuation in mountains and cold weather medicine. I'm sure looking forward to this break. Perhaps my skiing will improve next winter!

To make things even more interesting, I was chosen to accompany a large Army Reconnaissance expedition to the Arctic this summer and early fall. We leave loaded with immense packs of Arctic gear for the operations in several days from Camp Kilmer. The work will be top secret - many details I know nothing of as yet. We are to be accompanied by eight French Arctic experts, several of whom were members of the French Alpine Club and French Mountain Troops during the last war. They are glacier experts as well, and I hope to get some good pictures of crevasse rescue work.

Tomorrow I go down to Washington to the Surgeon General's office to get a last minute briefing and to read some of the Byrd reports and other Arctic papers. All in all, I couldn't have gotten a better assignment - one for which I will be forever grateful to the government.

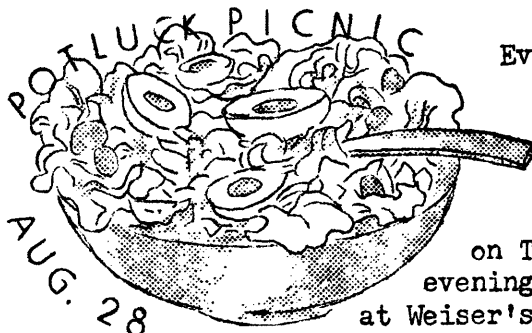
If the Obsidian paper is looking for any news of its boys in service, please give this letter to the editor. I've spent a lot of time thinking of the pleasant climbs with the club and of the many friends among its membership.

Sincere regards to them and to you!

Ed

His address is:

1st Lt. Edward B. Keller
Heavy Sled Detachment
APO 23, c/o P.M. New York, N.Y.



Everybody
come
to
the
picnic
potluck
on Thursday
evening - 6:30

at Weiser's Grove.

Paul and Helen have graciously invited us to picnic, play softball, and just visit around the campfire. Let's go!

SECT. 34.66 P.L.&R.