



The OBSIDIAN



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We want to pay tribute this month to our Trips and Climbing Committees who do such a swell job of planning our fun-packed and interesting Summer events. And also honor our Summer Outing Committee who works so hard engineering and carrying out the "highlite" of the Obsidian Summer -- our Camp. This year, Thelma Watson guides the trips; Plaisted and Harris push the climbers; the Sebrings Summer our Camp. In addition to our mountain of thanks to these folks, goes our appreciation to all who act as leaders and are so important in making the climbs and hikes a success. In this issue you will find the reports of recent events, with the hope that those who couldn't attend to enjoy the comradeship of the trail, will find enjoyment in reading about their friends.

HEY, SUMMER CAMPERS!

Obsidian Summer Campers are full of anticipation of a really humdinger of an outing at Eden Park on Mt. Hood. The hard-working Committee is in great need of your deposit and fee. The camp funds are carefully accounted for separately from club funds, and there is considerable expense in pre-camp planning. HELP!

Any folks wanting to make a weekend visit to Camp, should sign up immediately. You want to eat dontcha?

And DON'T FORGET to prepare for the Camp Fire Entertainment and Skits.

And if you are planning on the ascent of Mt. Hood, be sure to arrange for crampons. The club does have several ice axes for climbers, but if the party is large there may not be enough to go around. Any equipment of this nature can be obtained at Trotter's Alpine Shop, 258 E. 16th.

*Have You Made Your Pledge.....
for the Obsidian Clubhouse?*

If not, please do so as soon as you find it possible. We need every dollar before we can attempt to build our long-needed, long-dreamed-of Clubhouse.

And if you have made your pledge, the committee will appreciate your prompt monthly payments. See or mail to Louis Waldorf or Ray Sims.

It has been very gratifying to see the dollars come in from near and far, many contributions being made by non-members.

Waldorf reports that Building Fund as of July 8th totalled \$2,355.00 -- just over \$1,100.00 of this amount paid in cash.

LET'S GO! F.W.O.C.

CONVENTION

SEPT. 4-5-6

The 23rd Annual F.W.O.C. Convention is being held this year at Nesika Lodge, home of Trails Club of Ore. on Larch Mountain.



There will be several interesting sessions to attend as well as numerous scheduled hikes in this beautiful area overlooking the Columbia Gorge.

F.W.O.C. President Wayburn advises many problems are on this year's agenda, and it will be the duty of member clubs to assist in the solution of these many conservation issues.

Frank Sipe is the official Obsidian delegate but all Obsidian members are urged to be at the convention. Reservations should be made as soon as possible. Applications may be secured at Hendershott's or from Ray Cavagnaro. Just \$10.00 covers the cost of meals and lodging for the three days, and for your holiday we can assure you it will be interesting, informative and it will be FUN. Registration closes "August 15th."

ALONG OUR

WILDERNESS TRIP JULY 3-4-5

By Ray Sims

The three day trip sponsored by the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, found forty-seven members and friends who hiked the many miles on the Ollalie trail from McKenzie Bridge, and proved to themselves that this wonderful country, "the last frontier" should always be a part of the Three Sisters Wilderness area.

Starting on the Ollalie trail before noon on July 3rd, the many hikers, four Forest Service officials, two boys, the packers and twenty horses and mules, soon found to everyone's enjoyment, that the trail was lined with beautiful rhododendrons in bloom, and many wild flowers were found during the rest stops.

Finally, the first night's stop was made at Pack Saddle Camp, where good spring water was found and the area was well suited for the fifty-four people assembled.

Al Schmitz, of the Mazamas, was the overall leader and toastmaster at the evening's large campfire, where everyone was introduced. J. Herbert Stone, regional forester, gave the main talk for the group's first campfire, but Brit Ash, Bob Appleby, and Bob Aufderheide also spoke for the Forest Service interests.

Ruth Hopson, Mike Stahl and Bob Lemon, as well as many others, spoke in the interests of the club's conservation policy. Dan Sellard and Bill Dean of the Register-Guard were interested spectators and picture-takers.

"Next morning" by seven, most everyone was on the next mile of trail to the top of Horsepasture Mountain Lookout. And what a lookout that is, nine of the ten Oregon peaks could be seen sticking their heads up into the blue, and Henry Carlson spotted eleven plainly seen lookouts.

The Ollalie Mountain Lookout house was finally reached after ten or twelve miles of hiking, and it was the last time we would be in the "high country" where the Three Sisters, Broken Top and the Bachelor could be seen so easily. We dropped down to Ollalie meadows where another fine camping place was found.

It was at this camp that a definite route home must be decided upon. The reason for this was because the recent rains had raised Horse Creek out of its banks. Brit Ash was one who thought we could go down Eugene Creek and Horse Creek, although we might get wet.

Thirty-five hikers, the four Forest Service men and Terry and Don Ash, on their horses, left for the "wet" route, and twelve under the leadership of Carl Neuberger, chose the "dry" route down Castle Creek Trail.

The trail down Eugene Creek was even more beautiful than any that had yet been seen, and then after four or five miles, and several foot log crossings, Horse Creek was reached. It was much wider, but the foot logs were at most crossings; yet, at one spot in the trail, a "blow-down" had occurred and it was quite a job getting the horses down.

The "bad" spot, which we had been told about, was a place where the trail crossed "raging" Horse Creek... but the log was thirty feet in the air, and a small one too. Only a few of the men were allowed to cross it, but the Forest Service horses came back to take many of the girls across, while many just rolled their pants up and waded, boots and all!

One accident occurred while the horses were wading the stream, the "belly band" broke on the horse that Bob Appleby and Terry Ash were riding and both plunged into the swift water, with the saddle right after them. The day was warm and a cool dip not unappreciated, but the two were fished out, and soon found dry shirts from their packs, and the party rolled on.

The last dozen or so crossings were made on large logs which had been felled for that purpose (there were 22 crossings) and along about three or three-thirty in the afternoon, the trail stayed on the left side of the creek and a half mile from the end of the road, the Castle Creek trail came into ours and Dan and Bill were just finishing too, as rear guards of the "dry" party, and by four o'clock the smell of gasoline was again upon us, with a few cars with drivers going after the rest of the cars. Soon we were all back, driving those nine miles back to McKenzie Bridge. The packers had come down the Castle Creek trail and were just an hour behind the hikers, and a good job was done.

We all gained a first-hand knowledge of this vast area and its importance. It was interesting, informative and it was fun.

TENDERFOOT CLIMB

DIAMOND PEAK - JULY 11

The annual Tenderfoot Climb was held this year on Diamond Peak rather than the usual Middle Sister. The gang met at Crescent Lake for a big pot-luck dinner the eve of the climb. It turned out swell, with the leader, George Hermach, bringing on a huge cake decorated with mountains and mountain climbers, and lighted with candles. We had a nice campfire later but missed the Obsidian song books.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear over the lake and mountain. After breakfast, a short ride to Summit Lake and then the trail to the mountain. All were on it by 8:30 A.M. Of the 78 starting, 62 reached the little ol' box on top.

Joe Daniel flew over about noon and dropped three loads of ice cream bars, by parachute on the "false" summit where many ate lunch. The party then went on reaching the top around 1:00 P.M. On the way down we ate the ice cream bars which were carefully packed in the snow. Several made the big glissade down the steep slope.

Picture taking was excellent and all with cameras took full advantage of the clear day. The entire Cascade range was visible and made an awe inspiring sight to the tenderfoot climbers as well as the old hands.

All in all I believe everyone had a swell time and enjoyed the climb. In fact some people didn't think the trip was strenuous enough and went on for a hike through the timber just to give their legs a good workout. Of this I'd better say no more, (eh friends)? In conclusion there is one statement I would like to make. That is: I sincerely hope the party who brought two boots for the same foot has them straightened out now, so that she can climb with us again next trip.

Lloyd Plaisted, Reporter

KEEP OREGON
GREEN
CLEAN
SAFE

\$\$\$\$ LOOK - WIN \$5.00 \$\$\$\$

Find three errors in your bulletin - fact or grammar. Then you will be eligible to contribute \$5.00 to the Building Fund. Those finding more than three errors can contribute within 25 hours or spend their time looking for a new Editor.

WELCOME TO
OUR NEW MEMBERS

KEENA SHAW

JIM HARRIS

LYOYD LINDLEY

TRAILS

MT. WASHINGTON

EAST SIDE

JULY 18

"You can't miss it!" said leader Dave Burwell, and he didn't, but the rest of us durn near did. Just over the McKenzie Pass you turn left and go along a dusty bumpy road to Dugout Lake. There we took off cross-country, following nothing but deer trails and Dave's excellent instinct as a woodsman and guide.

We were headed for a small lake very near the timberline of Mt. Washington, and Dave didn't miss it. A very interesting leader, Dave. He gave the hikers a good education in forestry all along the way. Had lunch on the shore of this beautiful lake, and received several flashes from the climbers on top of Mt. Washington. After eating and resting a bit, we hiked to the East timberline of Mt. Washington. There some pictures were taken and we proceeded down the canyon of Dry Creek. Glissading from the timberline snow fields provided some real thrills, and a large array of wet posteriors as the descent was long and steep. Following the creek the next few miles still cross-country was a real hiking treat. Dry Creek was far from dry, and we stopped to drink of its refreshing water many times, as well as to view the many falls it formed on its way down the valley. The last few miles were by trail, and about 3 P.M. we reached Dave's pick-up truck for hauling back to our cars at Dugout Lake. On the return trip however, Dave showed us a huge cave. None of us had known of its existence right here in our own back yard. After leaving Skylight Cave we toured to our cars and headed for home. Conversation all the way back was of the fine trip. "Trippers" were: Clarence & Dorothy Scherer, Lloyd & Bev Lindley, Catherine Dunlop, Helen Hughes, Keith Brunig, Henry Carlson, Ray Cavagnaro, Ethel Michaud (New Mexico visitor), Lee and Dave Burwell.

MT ADAMS - JULY 3-4-5

The holiday found a group of Obsidians in the vicinity of Mt. Adams. Leader Joe Daniel registered at Trout Lake Ranger station, Gene Sebring, Tom Bricher, Bob Northrop, Mario Gutierrez, and Bob Pfeiffer. Left camp for the climb at the cold hour of 4:20 A.M., reaching the peak at 3 P.M. The snow was ideal, Joe says, and, while the weather was clear, the cold wind on the summit blew at somewhere around 60 to 80 mph (and that's no wind!). Each climber spent about two seconds on top, as the shelter was iced over and the sign-up book deep in snow. On the return the gang met two Richland Washington climbers who failed in their attempt to reach the top and became lost on their descent. Obsidians did their duty and returned the folks to the proper trail. The total time hiking was 14 hours and about 23 miles were covered.

CASTLE ROCK - JUNE 13

Fifteen eager folks left Eugene at 8 A.M. arriving at the East Fork trail-site about 10 A.M. There is no doubt the trail goes "up" for about six miles, but boy, what beautiful miles! Leader Mike Stahl had his Geiger Counter along and tested the rocks - yep -- for uranium. He found a lot of "ribbing" but no uranium. Reached the lookout by 1 P.M. for lunch. Dorothy Stahl had spoiled everyone's appetite however by passing around a box of crackers at each rest stop. The day was overcast, and threatened rain (but not a drop fell) but Oregon never looked greener as we viewed the surrounding country from the Lookout. The trail down, and it is a good one, was made with less "puff" per mile than the ascent. Dean Patterson and Helen Hughes hosted the hikers with cake and coffee at the Patterson Summer home on the McKenzie. It was Rick's birthday and all enjoyed the refreshment the celebration provided. Those enjoying the hike, and the fireside refreshments were Ray Sims, Bob Northrop, Keena Shaw, Dean Patterson, Rick Pittman, Keith Brunig, Tim Moriarity, Bernie Lehrman, Dorothy, Pat and Mike Stahl, Henry Carlson, Helen Hughes, Nadine Michelson, Ray Cavagnaro.

HARDESTY MOUNTAIN - JUNE 6

After a slight delay caused by a misunderstanding as to which trail was the easiest - Switzer Creek Trail or Hardesty, the climb got underway. Leading the trip were: Margaret Markley, Bob Medill, Mary Kaneen, Adeline Adams, Bette Hack, and Nina Lynn Harmon, junior member, and granddaughter of Bob Medill. The question of who was the best leader was never settled as there was a vote of one for each leader. The group still full of boundless energy after the six mile climb.... reached the Lookout about 2:11 P.M., and all agreed the trail through the forest thickly covered with moss covered rocks, vine maple, every wild flower conceivable in blossom, vari-colored Rhododendron, and giant fern, was the most beautiful seen for a long time. They also agreed they wouldn't have missed it even if after viewing the panorama below from the Lookout, they noticed a road whereon they surmised they could have driven within a few miles of the Lookout.

McLOUGHLIN - JUNE 27

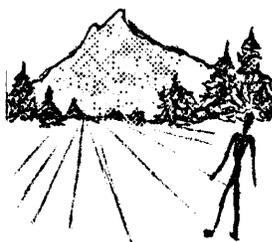
Bob Medill led the group, followed by Gene Sebring, Bob Pfeiffer, Mario Gutierrez (fellow from Argentina) the two Schepmans, Bob Northrop, and Keena Shaw, and Lloyd Staehle.

The stalwarts left camp at 6:30 A.M. and reached the summit at about noon, although the weather was very disagreeable, and the trail was hard to find because of the crusted snow. From base camp to the summit of the peak is some 6 miles, and the climbers did very well - no ropes being necessary.

LAVA BEDS NATIONAL MONUMENT

JULY 3-4-5

Just a nice carload took this holiday trip, and judging from the fine time they had, it really is too bad more folks couldn't have journeyed along. Margaret Markley was pilot - ably assisted by co-pilots Thelma Watson, Bertha Deckmann, and Nellie McWilliams. The gals report an interesting museum is in the park and several large caves to explore. The interest here is geological mainly, and the variety makes it enjoyable to the layman. They found a wonderful camp ground to enjoy and nice trails to hike. One night was spent on the shore of beautiful "Lake of the Woods." Some man entertained them with a giant fireworks display on the evening of the "fourth." The return trip was via Crater Lake for a quick look at this old favorite.



Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and

invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

PICNIC

AT CASTELLOE'S IN BAILEY HILL

POTLUCK

6:30 P.M.

Thursday, July 29

EVERYBODY WELCOME . . . BRING YOUR TABLES AND CHAIRS



TRAILINGS

A man too busy to find time to pray is indeed too busy. (DeBattista)

Our club received an interesting catalog of a line of dehydrated food and meals for hikers and campers. Anytype of diet can be purchased as well as entire meals. The brand is sold locally by Frank's Marina on Willamette St.

The Natural History Society has prepared an interesting and scientific synopsis of the Three Sisters area telling of the flowers, trees, vegetation, bird life, animal life, along with a very complete bibliography. A copy may be obtained from Frances Newsom. This is reading that will well educate you about our "home" territory.

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant. (c Buxton)

In the repair department this past month, we've had Doris Sims with transmission and differential trouble and Earl Britton with burned out bearings. Neither of these good Obsidians however got repaired at Clarence's Springfield Motors, but at Sacred Heart Hospital. We all wish them well and hope that their repairs will find them well on the road to recovery.

And then there are the Weisers who say "Don't shoot anything on our farm that isn't moving, it may be the hired man."

Wasn't that a swell party the Obsidian Princesses threw for the Chiefs? Lots of good food in the Sims' beautiful yard. Many thanks from the Chiefs, gals.

About sixty people attended the grand "Bruckart Day" celebration at the Weisers! Mr. Bruckart was made an honorary Obsidian Chief - named "Green Tree". We were very happy to honor this fine Forest Service representative who has been such a fine friend of our club.

"Mr. & Mrs." Dale Carlson are back from their extended tour of the North and Southwest. Covered more than 5,000 miles, Dale says. Glad you folks had a safe journey, and we extend every good wish for your happy future.

They tell the story of Ernie Keasling at the time he made application for employment at the bank. "I'm sure I'll make good!" he told the official. "I've always liked money."

Mae Beaman's car did a flip flop and dumped her into one of Albany's best ditches. A few days contemplating her bruises has convinced our Mae that she'd rather have a horse! Mt. Siyeh was never like this!

Did you know that our friend and member, Harold Trotter has a very complete shop where folks can buy or rent all types of climbing and hiking equipment? Harold calls it Trotter's Alpine Shop, and it's located at 258 E. 16th. Rentals run from Ice axes to pack sacks, from crampons to sleeping bags and boots. You can buy pitons-the pitons' brother & uncle-the works.

Overheard Frank Sipe on the trail Sunday making conversation with a newcomer. "I understand a scientist has discovered he can get milk out of a peanut." "My gosh! He must use a low stool" was the retort.

A recent visitor to Palo Alto called at the Faville home, learned that Dave was out to his singing lesson. Catherine said "yes, he's out having another scream test!"

Ladies!



Are there not enough ladies in the Obsidian Club who are not Princesses, yet who would like to organize and help our good Club as our Chiefs & Princesses do? Ah-h Ha-a, I thought so.

The group would have a name, and undertake projects of a little different nature than the Chiefs & Princesses. They would help various committees, and just a number of different things to add to the needs of the club. With the new Clubhouse just around the corner, there are a hundred things coming to mind to which the Ladies of Obsidians could well lend a helping hand.

Roxie Waldorf would like you to give her a jingle on the telephone at 4-5302. She'll tell you all about a meeting place and take your suggestions about such an organization.

OBSIDIANS, INC.

P. O. BOX 322

EUGENE, OREGON

Section 34.66 P.L. & R.

