

Klahhane Club



1915 - 1965
Golden Anniversary

THE KLAHHANE CLUB
GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY
1965

founded in
1915

DEDICATION

To the men and women who founded this Club
our sincere appreciation

To future members
may this Club give you
the same deep contentment in the outdoors
and the same abiding friendships
that it has granted to its members
both past and present

PREFACE

The desire to explore remote places, to enjoy the out-of-doors, to conquer difficult terrain, and to share these triumphs with congenial souls, has been the motivating force behind the formation of many an outdoor club. So it has been with the Klahhane Club.

From the enjoyment of our heritage of mountain, sea, and forest, comes renewed strength and a spirit of delight which carries over into our workaday world. This is an enthusiasm which may be aroused in early childhood or later in life, but once aroused, it continues to delight throughout life, even after hiking days are done. May I conclude with a quotation from Mr. Thomas Gupthill, who wrote in the first Klahhane Annual of 1918, "Favored is he....who is privileged to join that charmed circle of congenial spirits who find inspiration and recreation in unfrequented aisle and far reaches."

by Primrose Bredl

PRESIDENT'S REMARKS

Klahhane or good-times-out-of-doors has meant more to me during my fifty years of membership than any other organization. Being president (usually when no one else would take it) has been only a small part of it. There is something inexplicable about its lure. You leave your safe comfortable home to go and climb a mountain. There, with smoke filled eyes, you bend double cooking over a campfire---you eat food seasoned with smoke and cinders---you sleep on the bumpy ground---in short, you suffer all sorts of inconveniences and still you go again and again. Somehow, as the years pass, the hardships fade and you remember little flower filled meadows---the painted splash of bright orangy red autumn huckleberry foliage---the graceful deer bounding thru the timber---the white storm scoured ghost trees---the view from the craggy skyline of rows and rows of distant peaks---the blazing campfire at night with its songs and stories---the stars thru the spires of fir trees when you have crawled into your sleeping bag to be lulled into sleep by the rushing stream---the friendships you have made along the trail. These all become priceless memories and you thank a kind Creator for the privilege of living and enjoying the beauties of the Olympic Peninsula.

--- Thelma (Chambers) Robinson

OUR PRESIDENT

Our president, Thelma Robinson, has the distinction of having been an active member ever since the year the Klahhane Club was organized - fifty years ago.

She has served on the Board and as President many times during the years. She knows the history of the club from A to Z. During the early activities of the club, Thelma was one in a group who climbed Mt. Olympus, the highest peak in the Olympics. Undoubtedly she has traveled more miles of trails than any present or past member of the club. Thelma's knowledge of plants, animals, and birds has added interest to many a hike and meeting; and in addition, her work on matters of conservation has helped preserve the natural beauty of our country-side for future generations.

At one time our president owned a cabin at Lake Crescent on the same grounds as occupied by the Klahhane Club. Later, when the club gave up that location, she had a cabin built at the Heart O' the Hills which she generously shared with club members until the National Park purchased it. We, who were members at the time, cherish the memories of the potlucks and overnights there; her hospitality was unsurpassed.

Thelma has always given willingly of her time and talents. The club has played a big role in her life. On the other hand she has meant much to the club. We salute her on this the Club's 50th anniversary!

by Edna Kelly

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Our sincere thanks to every member of the Club -
particularly those who contributed articles -
and to those who devoted many hours to research.

OFFICERS for 1965

President Thelma Robinson
1st Vice President Henry Kiel
2nd Vice President Lillian Keller
Secretary Catherine Leverett
Treasurer June Nelson
Corresponding Secretary Eleanor Naddy

BOARD of DIRECTORS

Lois Brannin	John Nelson
Eleanor Naddy	Bob Dalton
Leonard Palmer	Kenton Harris
Henry Kiel	

KLAHHANE BEGINS

Minutes of Meeting for Purpose of Organizing Mountaineers' Club

A meeting was held at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Ben Phillips on the evening of March 4, 1915, for the purpose of organizing a Mountaineers' Club with Mr. Phillips acting as chairman.

Those present were: Mr. & Mrs. Ben Phillips; Misses Helen Redington, Mamie Pazandak, Leah Babcock, Carrie Polhamus, Nell Mason, and Winifred Walton; Messrs. MacNeal, Regnier, Polhamus, Halberg, and Slattery.

Following a discussion as to whether or not we should become a branch of The Seattle Mountaineers or merely a local organization, it was unanimously agreed that we should be a local organization for the time being.

The following officers were unanimously elected:

President.	Mr. Phillips
Vice-President	Mamie Pazandak
Secretary.	Winifred Walton
Treasurer.	M. A. Regnier
Historian.	Helen Redington
Local Walks Committee.	Vernon Samuelson Clark Slattery
Entertainment Committee.	Carrie Polhamus Mrs. Phillips

Mr. MacNeal was unanimously elected to draft a constitution to be voted upon at the next regular meeting.

There being no further business the meeting adjourned.

Signed Winifred Walton
Secretary



E. B. WEBSTER

Upper Left

E. B. Webster, a leading spirit of the club for many years, discovered a new flower on Mt. Angeles which was later named Senicio Websteri. In addition to flower collecting, he wrote several books on the out-of-doors; including the "Friendly Mountain" and "Fishing in the Olympics." His books have given us an insight into his love of the out-of-doors; for example, in his "Fishing in the Olympics" he wrote, "one finds himself climbing the trails to hob-nob with the elk, bear and deer of the mountain parks, to gather the hundreds of varieties of brilliant hued mountain flowers, to feast on the blueberries, and secure an unrivalled collection of mountain pictures." In later life he became interested in rock gardening and his Klahhane Gardens at Heart O' the Hills became one of the show places of the peninsula.

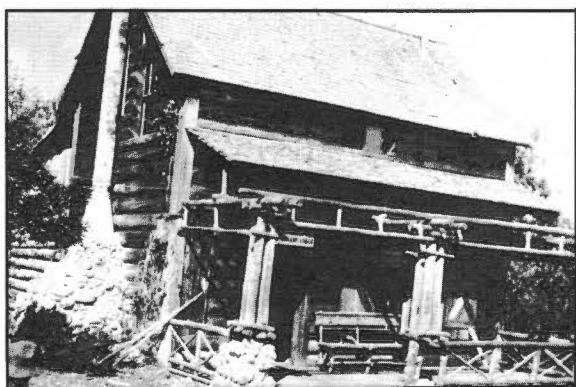
Lower Right

The old Louis Williams cabin was converted into a mountain lodge in 1920 and became the scene of many happy Klahhane gatherings until it burned down several years later.

2nd Peak, looking toward Agate Beach



Klahhane Lodge - 1920



CLUB BUILDINGS

Soon after the club was organized a search was begun for a suitable club-house. Such a place was found in the abandoned Williams cabin. When pioneers were taking up homesteads, Louie Williams, spoken of as a lawyer, scholar, and poet, had filed on a bench of land at the foot of Mt. Angeles. He built a two story house of cedar logs sawed and planed on three sides and dovetailed on the ends. The ceilings were beamed and the floors were made of two inch cedar planks. On the east side was a thirty foot porch with a good view of the distant hills. The club leased it from the Forest Service and began fixing it up, rebuilding the stone fireplace and adding a 22 by 24 foot kitchen and dining room with a men's dormitory overhead. Dishes and blankets were kept there and the lodge was used practically every week end.

New Year's dinners were held there with as many as sixty attending in spite of the fact that all supplies had to be back packed the last half mile and water carried from the creek a good block away.

Later the building burned to the ground as a result of vandalism. Now the forest has taken over. Twenty foot tall trees stand in its place and a moss covered stone fence is all that remains of a pioneer's dream.

In 1922 by private donation and a drive which gained 300 members, a town clubhouse was built on the bluff above the Ford Garage. It was a bungalow type building 30 by 35 feet with a large stone fireplace. Here the museum was started under the direction of E. B. Webster, also an aviary with fancy pheasants, peacocks, swans, etc. There was also Jo-Jo, the pet deer.

In 1924 Klahhane was given what is now Camp David Junior on Lake Crescent. Rock gardens were built. The birds were moved out and a hair seal was added to the menagerie. He became a great pet going on every swimming and rowing party. He would also follow one clear up to the pavilion if the pace were slow enough. Several private cabins were built on the grounds by different members and the work of caring for the place was to be done co-operatively. Plans did not work out well, and the property was returned to D. E. Thompson. Mr. Webster found land at Heart O' The Hills and developed his own beautiful rock garden which later was given to the Olympic National Park.

The present Klahhane Clubhouse was built there in the early 1930's after which the town clubhouse was given up.

KLAHHANE MUSEUM and CLUBHOUSE

Part I

In the course of the many years in which the Klahhane Club has been organized, several places were used for meetings and club houses. In the late 1920's and early 1930's, the Klahhane Gardens at Lake Crescent was the usual gathering place. In about 1932 E. B. Webster established the gardens at the Heart of the Hills in which he had a fine collection of native plants of the Olympics. Under his expert care it became a showplace, attracting many visitors to see the handiwork of this naturalist who loved the mountains and its wild life.

Under the guidance of Mr. Webster, the Klahhaneites began the building of a new Club House adjacent to the Gardens on the shore of Lake Dawn. Through the direction and supervision of Oscar Nelson the members spent many week-ends cutting and preparing poles, making shales and erecting this building which still stands as a landmark at the Heart of the Hills. It was first used as a museum, housing many interesting mounted specimens of wild life and Indian relics. In addition it now serves as a Club House where pot luck dinners and business meetings are held. The clubhouse kitchen was added on a few years after the main building was completed.

The building was kept open to the public for many years, but when Oscar Nelson and, later, Fred Leissler, who had acted as caretakers, left the Heart O' the Hills, it was necessary to close it to the public and keep it just as a clubhouse. A few of the exhibits were returned to their original owners but most are still there.

by Henry Kiel

* * * * *

Part II

About 1955 Club members decided to build a fireplace in the clubhouse. Before they started on this project, they took a good look at the building and found that the foundations had rotted away. Several work trips were held and the heavy work of putting in new stringers, joists, and cement blocks was completed. After the job of getting the building level, the Club contacted Ken Steffen, who had offered to do the brick work on the fireplace. Before he could start his work, Klahhaneites had to cut a hole in the wall and put in a concrete footing to support the fireplace. This proved to be a real job as the willing workers had to mix the concrete by hand. After the brickwork was completed, Roscoe Robinson cut two big maple slabs and spliced them together for the mantle. He also donated some andirons which were formerly from a steam boiler. Bob Dalton made a fireplace screen and helped finish the red cement hearth; and, at long length, the fireplace was finished to send forth its friendly glow and welcome heat at all Klahhane meetings.

In 1962 the Club began the construction of a new woodshed. Roscoe Robinson again directed the work and, after he had cut the various lengths of poles for

Klahhane Clubhouse and Museum
(continued)

the complete superstructure, the "dubs" hammered and nailed the logs together. To this day they are amazed at how fast this building took shape.

This past year, 1964, Leonard Palmer and John Nelson re-wired the clubhouse, putting in new outlets and a new box so the cooks can now brew coffee without blowing a fuse.

General work trips for washing windows, cleaning cases, and minor repairs, are held once or twice a year. The kitchen was painted in 1964 and many members put in hours of work refinishing the floor in both the kitchen and main room. One work trip many won't forget. It was the "year of the big snow", about 1952, when three feet of snow on the sagging roof scared everyone into working with shovels. In spite of the hard work there was much merriment, even when one member fell off the edge of the roof into a huge pile of snow. Soon after that new beams were added inside to help support the roof.

Through the years many members have donated things for use at the clubhouse, in fact, so many items that it is impossible to list them all, but among those most appreciated are the chairs and benches made by E. H. Keller.

The clubhouse is now in pretty good shape. May it be the scene of many Klahhane activities for years to come!

by John Nelson

* * * * *

Many of our friends and members will be interested in an additional fact which has come to light during recent researches. In 1940, when the clubhouse was open to all, 1,465 people registered there. Among these were visitors from five foreign countries: Alaska, Hawaii, Japan, Poland, and Alberta, Canada.

* * * * *

Excerpt from an Account of 1917 Doings'

Prominent among the festivities at the Lodge was the marriage of the Mountaineers to the Klahhanes, Jack Tussler impersonating the groom as a broken down old man and Miss Mary Rees as the young bride. Thos. H. Guptill, his face festooned with tree moss, officiated as the minister while other members represented the best man, bridesmaids, ring bearer and flower girls. The ceremony was quite an elaborate affair.

by E. B. Webster

KLAHHANE CLUB PROGRAMS

As well as providing its members with "good times out of doors", as its name implies, the Klahhane Club has given its members, as well as townspeople, a wealth of information about nature at home and elsewhere. When the club was first organized, it brought to Port Angeles a series of lectures which were advertised thus in the local paper:

Klahhane Club

L E C T U R E C O U R S E Seven Exceptional Entertainments One Thousand Matchless Pictures

PROF. J. B. FLETT
Mountaineer and Eminent Scientist, in an Illustrated Talk
on Mt. Rainier and the Olympics.

"THE MOUNTAIN"

PROF. J. N. BOWMAN
Department of History, U. of W., Enthusiastic and Leading
Member of the Seattle Club.

"RISE OF THE LOVE OF THE MOUNTAINS"

MISS LULIE NETTLETON
Chairman Conservation Committee State Federation of
Women's Clubs; Charter Member Seattle Mountaineers;
Club Historian; Member Board of Directors.

"CITY, STATE HIGHWAY, AND NATIONAL PARKS"

PROF. E. G. COX
Department of English, U. of W., Nature Lover and Irishman,
"A Friend of All Who Love the Out-of-Doors."

"MOUNTAINS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE"

ASAHEL CURTIS
Publicity Expert, Originator of the Seattle Mountaineers,
will Show Selections from His Many Hundreds of Slides.

"THE OLYMPIC PENINSULA"

Mt. ANGELES, THE HOME OF THE KLAHHANE CLUB"
A Showing of Several Hundred Pictures of Mt. Angeles,
the Soleduck-Hoh Divide, Happy Lake Country, the
Elwha Trail, Mts. Olympus, Meany, Queets, Christie,
Etc., from the Collections of the Seattle Mountaineers,
Curtis, Flett, Denham, Williams,
Webster, and Others.

In the last twenty years the programs have been varied. Artifacts, exhibits, and specimens have been featured, and we have traveled all over the United States and in foreign countries by means of slides and movies.

At two meetings we learned about the Indians of Washington and saw many artifacts, ancient and modern, from Mr. Agnew, a Port Townsend collector and our own Dave Harley, who is working with the Indian Bureau.

Thelma Robinson, one of the early members, and now the president, knows the trees, flowers and birds of the Olympics, where she has lived all of her life, better than most of the members and she has shared her knowledge with us on many delightful occasions, displaying pictures and specimens.

An interesting evening was spent at the showroom of Wilma Madison, a local authority on mushrooms. Besides knowing all about mushrooms, poisonous and edible, Mrs. Madison has made very life-like ceramic models of over two hundred species. Some of her collection is in the Provincial Museum in Victoria, and some models are in Mr. Grebin's crt store on Front Street. After this program, members, who had been hesitant about collecting mushrooms and some who had never collected them, were more confident as Mrs. Madison told very carefully how to tell the poisonous from the edible varisties.

Ruth and Louis Kirk's lectures and excellent slides have made us more aware of the geomorphology of our own Olympic National Park, and of other parks in the United States, as well as parks in England, Hawaii, Japan, the Philippines, and Thailand. We enjoy Ruth's books on the Olympic Peninsula more because we know a little about how the hills and valleys were formed.

Life in Alaska was the subject of two programs by Shirley and Leonard Palmer, who lived there, and by Ruby Knudson, who has a good collection of slides of Eskimos beyond the Arctic Circle, where she spent several weeks last summer.

Lieutenant-Commander David Gershowitz of the Coastguard gave us a glimpse of Antarctica in a film of Admiral Byrd's Expedition to the South Pole.

We have been to many far-away places with Klahhane Club members who like to travel--to Japan, to Scandinavia, to Germany, to the Holy Land, to Jamaica, to HongKong, to Singapore, and to Thailand.

We have re-lived all of our summer outings and other memorable trips in movies and slides shown between hilarious reminiscences of each trip. The "Oscar" of Storytelling goes to Henry Kiel for his inimitable way of combining bits of scientific knowledge with humorous incidents, which have entertained us many hours before the Klahhane fireplace.

Conservation and care of our parks and national forests have been emphasized in talks by the Conservation Chairmen and slides and movies shown by Park Personnel. In fact, Klahhane programs have enhanced our enjoyment of "Good times out-of-doors."

by Lillian Keller

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Klahhane Hallowe'en Parties

Things we remember best about Klahhane Hallowe'en parties....the costumes, the games, food, the atmosphere, the settings....

The costumes are the result of much mental effort with everyone trying to think up disguises and costumes with original ideas such as Man from Mars, walking lighthouses (complete with light and foghorn), the snowman who dropped ice cubes down unsuspecting necks, assorted gypsies, pirates, Indians, tramps, Roman gladiators, walking "gift boxes", and T.V. sets, men dressed up as gorgeous gals, plus lots of witches, goblins, spooks, and - just creatures.

And the games...men behind a curtain, exchanging shoes and socks to confuse the gals who had to sort out whose legs belonged to who...the prize-winning pair of hairy men's legs....Then there was the game that backfired which involved a real uncooked egg, which, when one contestant jokingly threw it, splattered in all directions.

And the food....we can remember popping corn by the fireplace, eating pumpkin pie, doughnuts and homemade cider...Who can forget the time the refreshment committee purchased what they thought was apple cider and it turned out to be vinegar!

Then there was the unusual and eerie silence, with everyone sitting around in a circle, silently waiting for the late comers, no one wanting to talk for fear of revealing their identity....There was one exception though...remember the person sitting next to a stuffed dummy and trying to strike up a conversation with it?

The clubhouse was always a perfect setting for parties, with all the stuffed animals and birds wearing hats and decorations, and with the addition of real cornstalks and pumpkins from the Robinson's farm, all casting eerie shadows in the flickering firelight....

And speaking of the Robinson's farm....remember the years the parties were held there or at Kelly's cabin - with a walk down the road to the old Indian cemetery as an added chill....

Klahhanzites have always made their own fun and here's hoping we will enjoy many more fun-filled Hallowe'en parties in the next 50 years!

by June Nelson



THANKSGIVING PARTIES

One of the traditional highlights of the year continues to be the Thanksgiving dinner enjoyed by Klahhane members of all ages. In the past 15 years, the dinners have been held at various places including Edna Kelly's cabin at The Place, the Boy Scout Hall, and the club house at the Heart-of-the-Hills.

My extra-special fond memories are of the dinners held at the home of Thelma and Roscoe Robinson. Their large kitchen with a wood fire in the range where food could be kept at the just right temperature by moving the pan -- not pushing buttons -- seemed to be a touch of home and family so many miles away.

Only a big kitchen could contain the hustle and bustle that were as much a part of the Thanksgiving dinner as the tantalizing aromas that drifted from the oven where a turkey was assuming the proper degree of "eating readiness".

Roscoe kept the fireplace and stoves stoked with fuel, but I'm sure the warmth of the house was created by much more than fire and wood. Family, a home, tradition, and the presence of distinct and fascinating personalities all blended together to make the day a very special one in a very special way by two very special people.

by Eleanor Naddy

A Thanksgiving of Yesteryear

In 1939 we took our turkey and other food for a Thanksgiving dinner to the Olympic Hot Springs. We were given the freedom of the Lodge, which was an artistically furnished rustic one with an enormous rock fireplace. We went up the afternoon of the day before and enjoyed a swim in the pool by moonlight. Some of our practical jokers gave us quite a start by hanging a form made of a pair of long-johns stuffed to resemble a man from the ceiling of the upstairs hall. No one has yet admitted doing it.

Klahhane cooks have a well-deserved reputation for being good; that dinner with the traditional turkey, cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pie was the best they had ever cooked. When the dinner was eaten in an atmosphere that was like "the good old days", sitting in comfort before the fire, and, afterwards, enjoying the good fellowship of lovers of the out-of-doors; this has left a happy memory of Thanksgiving at the Olympic Hot Springs.

by Lillian Keller

CHRISTMAS PARTIES

Every year just before Christmas the Klahhanes, like a large family, get together for a Christmas party. No one misses this party if he can help it. Ages may range from seven to seventy, but the years make no difference, everyone has a good time. The refreshment, games, and decoration committees between them never fail to produce a gay and colorful evening. In the old days there was always a special hike up to Half-Way Rock to bring back a Christmas tree.

(The very first Christmas tree was cut for the Klahhane party on December 13, 1919.) This is not possible now that Half-Way Rock is in the park, but the Christmas party is still graced with a tree.

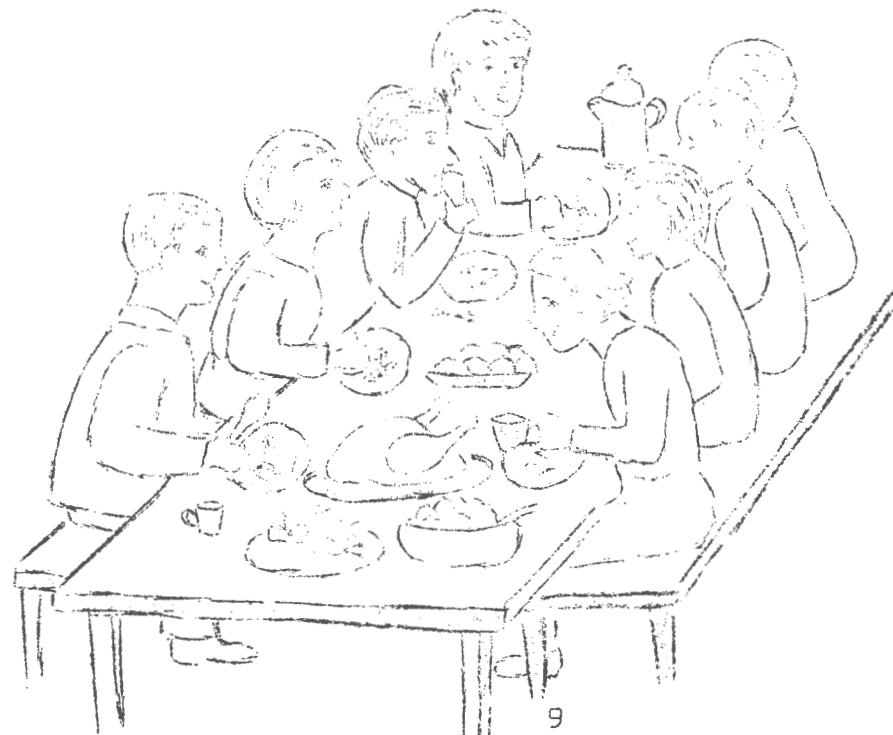
If the weather is too snowy, the party is held in someone's home; otherwise, it is held in the clubhouse at the Heart of the Hills. The clubhouse, which is also the Klahhane museum, seems to give the festivities a special atmosphere with its antler heads, stuffed birds and mounted sea lion. At Christmas time to add to the collection of wildlife, there is a wonderful collection of "white elephants". Beautifully wrapped in colored paper, these anonymous gifts are placed at the foot of the tree. When the time comes, some impartial method of distribution is devised. Just the same, one sometimes suspects a little maneuvering when a person receives a white elephant particularly appropriate for him, or perhaps one should say inappropriate. One of the largest white elephants was captured by Eleanor Naddy a few years ago. After removing layers and layers of tissue paper she came upon a single, large and very dilapidated hiking boot. Harry Lydiard, believed to possess the largest feet in the club, was immediately spotted as the giver. Harry no doubt thought he was well rid of his worn out boot, but a few days later a parcel turned up in his office. Inside he found his boot beautifully gilded with gold paint!

Another particularly famous white elephant was a batch of corn bread cooked over a campfire at Royal Basin by Dave Harley. The party planned to eat it on the way out, but never stopped and so the corn bread turned up months later at the Christmas party. Still recognizable, if not edible, it is no doubt secreted somewhere in cold storage awaiting another Christmas.

Many of the white elephant gifts have a special meaning to the Klahhanes recalling some hiking incident, and so too with the Christmas games made up to tie in with certain members of the club, or with some special Klahhane joke.

To most people the ideal Christmas party is one with their own family where there is that feeling of close association and shared memories of happy days. Klahhanes are like one big family in that they, too, at their Christmas party enjoy close associations and shared memories of happy days.

by Hope Hodges



EARLY OUTINGS

by
Thelma Robinson

Incomplete records are all that are available of the early annual outings. The first one in 1915 was to Mt. Angeles. It was a back packing trip in which most of the participants were girls who had never carried a pack before. When we look at the old trail where remnants of it are still visible, we realize that packing your own dishes, food, and blankets (sleeping bags were not on the market then) was quite a task. Mae Webster Duckering recalls a bit of humor on the first morning. The batch of pancakes which the girls mixed up for breakfast was lumpy. So to avoid razzing by the menfolk, they threw the dough onto a nearby ledge and stirred up another batch. The incident was not ended, however, for some of the boys sat down on the ledge to eat and soon had hotcakes on the seats of their trousers as well as on their plates. The week was spent in exploring the flower fields and rocky peaks between Little River and Morse Creek. Those on this first trip were:

Mr. & Mrs. Ben Phillips	Beth Webster
Leah Babcock	Cecil MacNutt
Mae Webster	Larry Mason
Mae Black	E. B. Webster
Bernice Campbell	

1916

In 1916 the trip was up the Elwha to Chicago Camp where they "neighbored" with a herd of elk. Travel up river was slowed down because the trail had not been opened after the winter storms and they had to cut trees out. From base camp, hikes were taken to Delebarre Park and the Low Divide from where Ben Phillips, Oscar Nelson, and Mae Webster climbed Mt. Christie. While exploring here they found signs of the old 1907 camp of the Seattle Mountaineers, and watched two deer on the ice on Lake Mary. The Elwha Basin was under deep snow as a result of an avalanche from Mt. Meany.

1917

A heavy fall of snow the previous winter necessitated a change of plans for this summer. The time was divided between Mt. Angeles and the Olympic Hot Springs with members of the Seattle Mountaineers joining the outing.

There were at least two annual outings to Hurricane Ridge before any road was built when supplies were packed on horses and the people walked up Little River. One camp was made at the big meadow, and hikes were made from there. Some of the men even went down to the Lillian River fishing, but rueful the day as they made the tiresome climb back up.





Potluck dinner, late 1940, Left to Right:
E. H. Keller, Lillian Keller, June Nelson,
Essie Sarff, Charlotte Jurgensen, Mrs. Fred
Leissler, Mr. Leissler, Thelma and Roscoe
Robinson.



Left to Right - 1953
Benedicta Cavanaugh, ??????,
Amy Wright, Eleanor Naddy



One day Inez McLaughlin and Thelma decided to have a bath. The gang threatened to take pictures of the process so the girls gathered up all the cameras and took them with them. However, Tom Guptill was an artist and when they returned to camp he sprang out from behind the trees waving a sketch and saying, "I've got it, I've got it!"

Upon breaking camp the party returned home via the Elwha. No trail was followed and it proved quite a jaunt. Hot, tired, and dusty they finally came out above the Humes barn, where they stopped to rest. One of the men threw his pack down and sat down beside it only to find he had landed in a yellow jacket's nest. The girls thought they were avenged for the sketch he had drawn.

A later Hurricane annual outing was held near the small lake beyond Obstruction Point. From there the country around Elk Mountain and Lake Lillian was explored. At that time stock was pastured on the ridge and one of the men couldn't resist procuring roast lamb for supper one night which was indeed delicious.



1920

The Mt. Olympus country was chosen for 1920, going up past the headwaters of the Elwha and into the Queets Basin. On this trip Ed Halberg remembers coming upon a camp of boy scouts who had caught more trout than they could use. The boys had stashed their catch in the ferns by every rock and tree. They gladly gave the Klahhanees all they could eat. Two teenage boys in the club group kept things quite lively. Sliding down a snowbank the matches in one of their pockets caught fire which required a quick seat-dunking in a pool of water. The number of bear was another interesting feature of this trip. Blue huckleberries were ripe and people literally couldn't move without disturbing a bear. It was fun watching them rake the berries off with both paws. Six bear were sighted from camp at one time. Maud Ulmer, while on an afternoon jaunt stopped to eat some of the luscious berries, hearing a noise on the far side of the bush she made some remark only to find she was talking to a bear.

Herb Wood, Vern Samuelson, and Herb Crisler made the climb of Middle Peak, and Wood and Tom Newton climbed Third Peak where, at that time, only 15 names were registered. Newton was a daredevil high rigger from Forks. He wanted to get back to a dance and the group watched him go up over the side of the mountain until he became a tiny speck in the distance. There were many tales told of his feats while topping trees, but he was finally killed in an accident at Coulee Dam.

1922

Mt. Olympus was visited again in 1922 by a party of eight. They left from the Sol Duc Hot Springs going over Bogachiel at an elevation of 4,500 feet, dropping down to 1,200 feet in the Hoh, then following a trapper's line to the Stewart cabin at 4,200 feet. From there they went down again to the 2,600 level of Glacier Creek which made them climb about four mountains. It rained eight of the ten days and people were wet to the skin most of the time.

The day of the attempted climb was so foggy that the party veered off to the left and when the fog had lifted after hours of hard work they found they had gone up the wrong mountain, there being no marked trails. It was then decided to go down and make camp in a small meadow below the Blue Glacier. They had no blankets with them and their only food was the remnants of their noon lunches. Charlie Lewis, the ranger, went back to base camp reaching it at nine o'clock that night and brought back food the next day. The men built a shelter and beds out of fir branches and took turns keeping the fire going all night. It was pretty chilly so near the Ice so there really wasn't much sleeping done.

After a necessarily late start the next morning, the party was able to reach and cross the White Glacier, but snow overhung so badly that it was deemed unwise to try to go the last fifty feet or more to the register. Members of this trip were:

Ben Phillips	Annette Swan
Commander James	Thelma Chambers
E. H. Eckert	Charlie Lewis
Evar Halberg	E. B. Webster

1925

There were other early annual summer outings of which no records were kept. One of these was from Nora to Neah Bay. Walking the sands at low tide was fun, as they poked into seaweed and admired pretty shells. When they were forced to climb the bluff or swim it was a different story. Following a dim Indian trail over fallen trees thru six to eight foot high salal brush tried the mettle of the hardiest of the party. They finally got thru and that trip was a conversation piece for some time.

Geyser House

A favorite hike of many Klahhanes is the one to Geyser house and farm. This interesting house is shaped something like a beehive. Someone said the home-stead was built by a doctor who was interested in bees. All the farm buildings are made of cedar shakes.

Old postcards depicting various parts of the country and an old 1927 calendar are pasted on one wall of the house. One room has a small creek running through it with two miniature falls where the water comes through the wall.

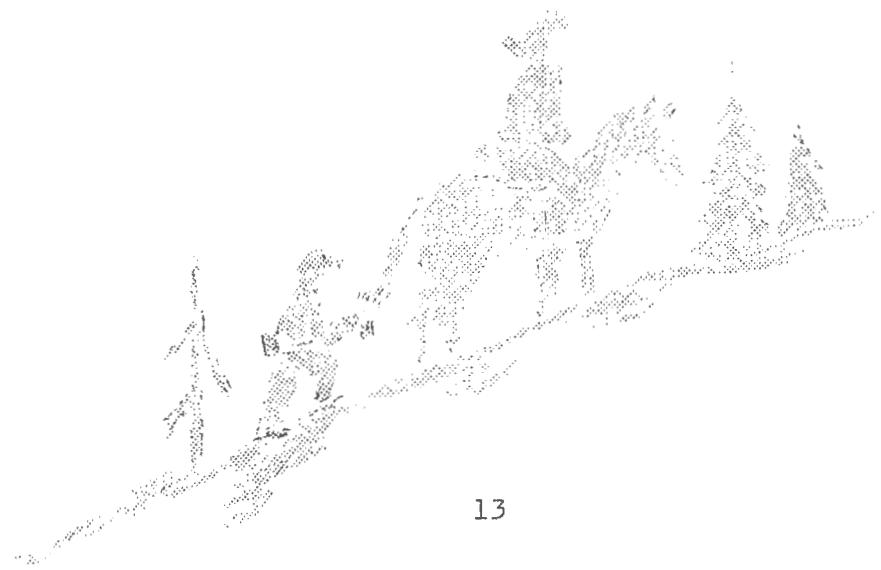
THE 1940's

During the war years Klahhane Club found its activities restricted because of gas rationing. The membership was depleted because many were in the armed forces. However, those at home managed to hike a lot, arranging trips that were closer to home with overnights to Edna Kelly's at the Place and to Thelma Chamber's cabin at Lake Dawn. Parties, potlucks, and meetings kept everyone busy enjoying good comradeship in the out-of-doors. Mt. Angeles, Lake Angeles and the Elwha River were favorite areas for hikes. Members explored almost every trail they could find near town and managed to have three annual summer outings, plus a few longer trips whenever they were able to hoard gas coupons. Then they would drive to Lake Crescent to climb Storm King or go to Hurricane. It took a bit of planning to squeeze as many as possible into one or two cars. Menu planning was a problem because of rationing, but no one minded inventing meatless hot dishes, sugarless desserts, and drinking imitation coffee; it tasted wonderful around a campfire.

One well-remembered trip was the one made in a snow storm up the Mt. Angeles road. Because of the dim-out, the club members could only use the car parking lights to find the way, but by hanging out both windows and giving directions to the driver, the car-load managed to reach Thelma's cabin where they spent a gay weekend, hiking and skiing.

Another interesting highlight was the time when seventeen Royal Air Force members of the R.A.F. Mountaineering Club of Sidney, B.C., were weekend guests of various organizations of the city. Klahhane sponsored a party and the following day a climb up Mt. Angeles to Heather Park. Needless to say there was a really big turnout on this outing.

On July 4th, 1942, a horseback trip was planned as a "trial" for later pack trips. With Oscar Nelson as packer the group left Lake Dawn and followed the Mt. Angeles trail to Heather Park. Then on over Second and Third Peaks to Starvation Flats, and down to an overnight camp along the ridge. The next day the route lay along Hurricane, down Little River trail, and back home. It was on this trip that Edna Kelly became known as "Hoss Tail" since she held on to any available horse by the tail. Members on this outing were Edna Kelly, Ray Sarff, Thelma Robinson, Louis Mook, Marjorie Jenson, Margo Aal, June and John Nelson.



In August 1942 the Club members decided to have a summer outing. Again Oscar Nelson was the packer and guide. Eight Klahhanes and ten horses left Slab Camp and followed the river to the Graywolf Basin, then over the pass to Dose Meadows. At this campsite they baked blueberry biscuits in a reflector oven. During the night several sleepers discovered they had chosen a well used deer trail to sleep in. Great was the commotion when the peaceful sleepers were suddenly roused by many deer walking right over the sleeping bags.

On the 1942 trip were Thelma Robinson, Margie Jenson, Louis Mook, Lillian Keller, Ray Sarff, June and John Nelson and the packer, Oscar Nelson.



In 1943 the highlight of the year was an eight day horseback trip. The Klahhanes left Heart O' the Hills, took the trail to Mount Angeles, then on to Hurricane Ridge, and finally to Waterhole where they spent the first night. The flowers on Mt. Angeles were at the peak of their bloom and nowhere on the rest of the trip did anyone see such variety. In the days that followed the party continued on their way to Obstruction Point, to Moose Lake, and then to Cameron Basin, an especially beautiful spot with waterfalls, snow lakes, huge fields of flowers, deer and marmots which kept camera enthusiasts busy.

On the way to Three Sons Camp the weather turned rainy so the intrepid adventurers changed plans and spent an extra day in this area. Seeing a bear not too far off, several set out in the fog and mist to try for pictures. After stalking the bear, they sighted a lone bull elk and followed him - soon they found themselves near a huge herd of over 200 elk. What a thrill it was to hear them whistle and watch them run when they caught sight of us! During the rest of the trip other smaller bands of elk and 23 deer were sighted, but this day was the highlight of the entire trip.

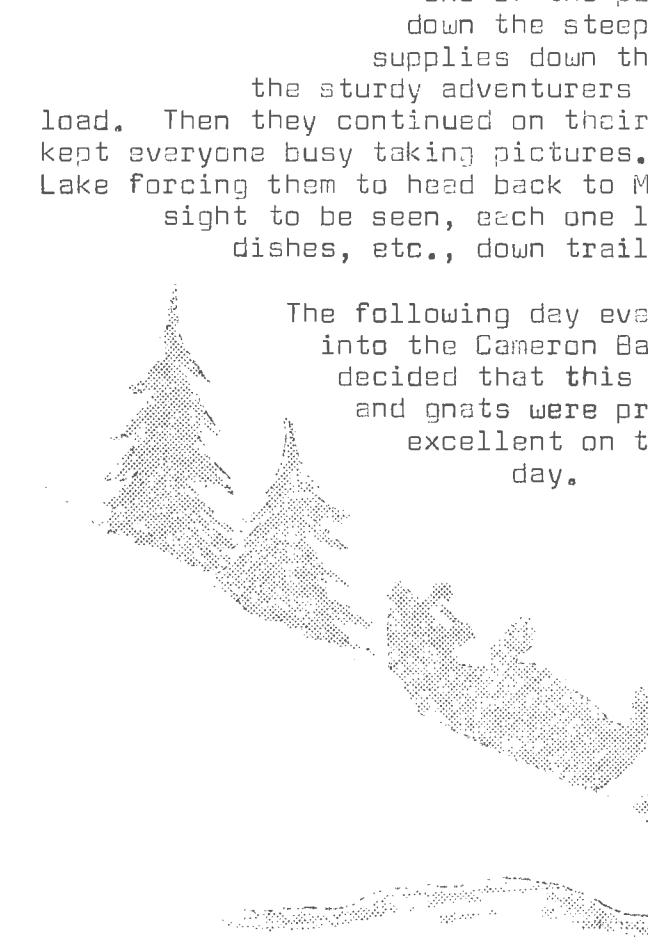


In spite of the cold drizzling rain, hornets and yellow jackets were present in such numbers that this annual outing became known as "The Bee Trip".

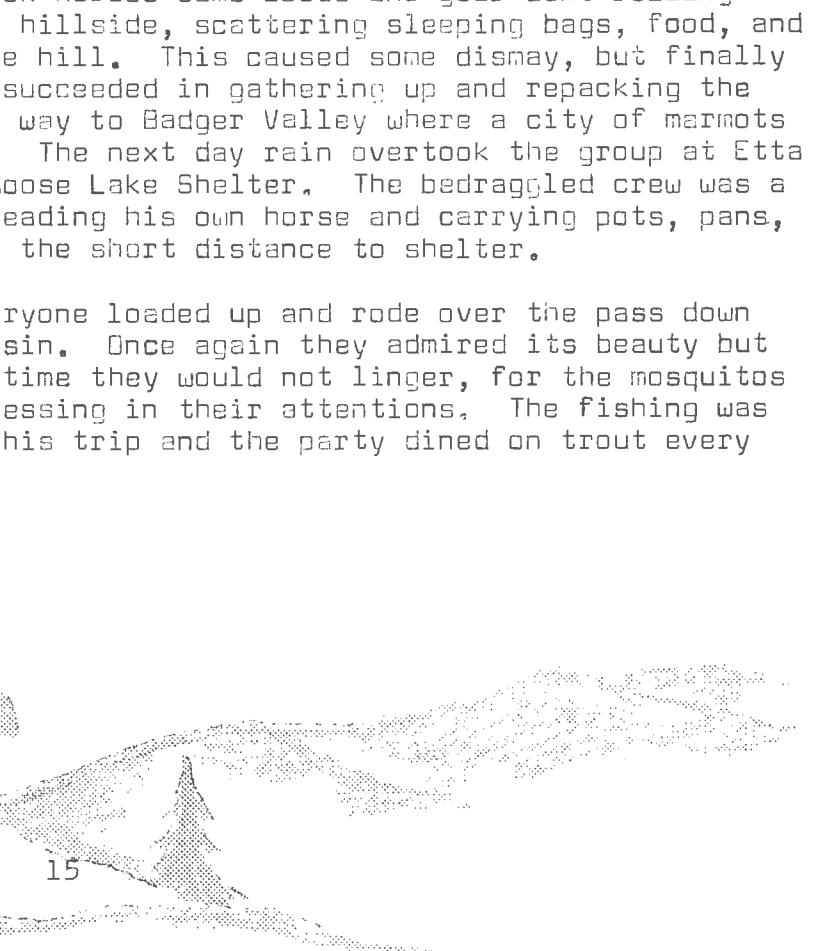
Those making the trip were Edna Kelly, Edith Swanson, Margie Jenson, Thelma Robinson, June Nelson, and packer Oscar Nelson. For part of the trip Ranger Bill Augustine and son, Bobby, were along helping to clear trail.

As there was no annual outing in 1945, by August of 1946 everyone was anxious for another horseback trip. Arrangements were made to head for the Cameron Basin. Starting at the 2-N Ranch, the Klahhane rode up to Deer Park for their first camp. Some of the party were not riding horses so they drove up the road and met the first group later in the day. Early the next morning the whole group went across Green Mountain toward Hurricane.

Suddenly June exclaimed, "That bear, what's he doing? Don't tell me he's taken up tobogganining!" Sure enough, a big black bear was sliding on his back down a snowbank.



A little later, on this same trip, part of the pack on one of the pack-horses came loose and gear went rolling down the steep hillside, scattering sleeping bags, food, and supplies down the hill. This caused some dismay, but finally the sturdy adventurers succeeded in gathering up and repacking the load. Then they continued on their way to Badger Valley where a city of marmots kept everyone busy taking pictures. The next day rain overtook the group at Etta Lake forcing them to head back to Moose Lake Shelter. The bedraggled crew was a sight to be seen, each one leading his own horse and carrying pots, pans, dishes, etc., down trail the short distance to shelter.



The following day everyone loaded up and rode over the pass down into the Cameron Basin. Once again they admired its beauty but decided that this time they would not linger, for the mosquitos and gnats were pressing in their attentions. The fishing was excellent on this trip and the party dined on trout every day.

Those who went on this outing were Thelma and Roscoe Robinson, Edna Kelly, Olive Gassaway, Lillian Keller, Bob Lander, Oscar Nelson, and his daughter, Nita, June Nelson, and the three rugged hikers who made it on foot all the way - Chuck Bradner, Willanna Priebe, and John Nelson.

by June Nelson

1948

A bit of pink showed in the eastern mountains at five o'clock in the morning on August 19th as six of the Klahhane members - June and John Nelson, Roscoe and Thelma Robinson, Ruby Knudsen and Edna Kelly - started on a summer outing. They were headed for Sol Duc Park which was to be the base camp.

Near the Sol Duc Hot Springs they met Minnie Petersen who was to pack the luggage. At that time Minnie was a husky friendly woman about fifty years old. She used four horses for the packing and rode the fifth herself. The hikers left her to come later. When they reached camp at 3:30 they were delighted to find their packer had just arrived too.

That night Ruby and Edna put up a brand new tarp near the campfire. Thelma and Roscoe hung their tarp in nearby trees and June and John put up a pup tent. From their campsite they watched six bear, a bull elk, and ten deer across the grassy plains. Before bedtime it began to rain and they turned in early. Much to their disgust, Edna and Ruby discovered that their brand new tent leaked like a sieve. This resulted in Ruby spending most of the night trying to keep the rain off a peacefully-sleeping Edna.

Saturday morning it stopped raining and, although it was foggy, the girls started hiking up to the High Divide, leaving good-natured Roscoe to protect the camp from bears and John to fish in Lake No. 8. On the ridge the girls came close to a three point buck deer and took his picture. Then they saw a family of grouse and watched as the rooster called his mate. Among the alpine flowers which bloomed in profusion were avalanche lilies, lupine, Indian paint brush, and arnica. Just as they reached Bogachiel Peak, the girls heard a voice calling through the fog. They called back, "Is that you, John?"

Back came the answer, "Yes".

The idea that John could have found his way in the fog across the valley to Bogachiel Peak filled the girls with amazement, but they were even more amazed when they saw three strangers approaching. They were from a California hiking club, and the one who answered to John proved to be colored. He quite enjoyed it when June remarked, "Oh, I thought it was my husband. He's a blond."

The new John laughed and claimed that it was the fog which had changed his color.

On Sunday Ruby started on down ahead with Roscoe and John, armed with fishing poles, helped her with her pack as far as 7 Mile Shelter. Then Ruby continued on alone, weighted down with a 25 pound pack and banging away on her camp plate to warn all bears to clear the tracks.

The rest of the group stayed two or three more nights in the hope that the weather might clear, but they were doomed to disappointment and finally gave up.

By the time they reached the Sol Duc Falls Shelter, they were so tired that they decided to go no further that night. The next day the boys went back up the trail to pick up a cache of groceries while Thelma tidied up camp. June and Edna packed a load a half mile down to the cars. Back to camp they headed, when suddenly they heard a terrifying splintering crash! A tree had just crashed behind them falling its full length along the trail; an exciting conclusion to a trip that, although it had dampened their clothing, had failed to quench their love for the outdoors.

Klahhane Outing 1949

One more outing for the 1940's - a nine day outing which took Klahhane hikers into Olympic high country from August 4th to the 13th.

Minnie Peterson of Forks packed the supplies by horses from the Jackson ranger station to Hoh Lake Shelter.

The first day's trek was through a fairyland of the Rain Forest to Olympus Guard Station, where the first night's camp was set up. After breakfast the next day everyone hiked the five and a half miles up to the mile high Hoh shelter. Hiking was difficult that day for the trail was very soft and covered with snow in many places.

The second day was clear with Mount Olympus and Mount Tom in sight. The group hiked up to Bogachiel Peak. In the Seven Lakes Basin they were rewarded by the sight of a herd of 70 elk. Another reward came in the form of trout, caught by those who went to Number Eight Lake where each fisherman caught his limit. That same day the party identified 56 varieties of flowers and found 13 others unknown to them.

Pouring rain which lasted for two days forced the hikers to stay in camp. While sitting around the campfire circle, various members whittled animals, totem poles, fans and other objects. They also sang, popped corn, drank coffee and watched the bears play on the hillside.



Hoh Lake itself was almost completely frozen over except for a few spots around the edges which were thawed during the day by the constant downpour of rain.

One day while hiking along the High Divide, the group came upon fresh bear tracks in the snow. When the bear, which was just a short distance ahead, heard them he looked up and then made for the timber. At the same moment a large cougar bounded from the woods. Both were soon out of sight.

The twelve Klahhanes on this outing were Mr. & Mrs. George Smith of Spokane, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Bradner of Seattle, Mr. & Mrs. John Nelson, Mr. & Mrs. Roscoe Robinson, and the Misses Essie Sarff, Ruby Knudson, Edna Kelly, and Gladys Carlson, all of Port Angeles.

by Ruby Knudson

SEVEN LAKES BASIN - 1959

After a lapse of several years an annual outing was scheduled for the summer of 1959. Three members, all female, began the hike on August 23rd from the end of the Sol Duc Road. They camped the first night at the pot-holes just above Deer Lake. At 5:00 a.m. the next day they were awokened by the whistling of elk, and for the next two hours watched them as they browsed across the hillside above. It was a thrilling sight to the two who were new-comers to the high country of the Olympics. By the time they hit the trail, the sun was shining brightly and became hotter with every upward step. No water, no snow, no canteen! By the time they reached the trail leading to Seven Lakes Basin the necessity of water had replaced any desire to camp on Bogachiel Peak, and they hastily dropped down to Lunch Lake to quench their thirst and set up camp. As they approached the shelter they were startled to see a large black bear lumbering over the hill with three boys in pursuit. They had emptied their packs, stacked their food neatly in the shelter and then made the mistake of leaving it unguarded while they explored the area for a couple of hours.

The day was clear and hot as the Klahhanees hiked through the Basin to the High Divide and a breath-taking view of Mount Olympus. It was like being on top of the world as they leisurely hiked along the Divide with frequent stops to gaze in awe at the panorama of mountains, lakes and valleys. In mid-afternoon clouds began to build up and the pace changed from a leisurely one to a speedy one with only one thought in mind - to reach the Heart Lake Shelter before some other party did. Rain and wind hit soon after they had finished dinner, and the evening was spent in vainly trying to plug the numberous large cracks in the walls.

It rained and blew all the next day so that the girls ventured out only for wood, water, and meals. They had hoped to hike into Cat Creek Basin. However, with the same foul weather the next day they couldn't face the thought of another cold day and another long night sleeping on uneven boards without an air mattress. So they hastily broke camp and headed for home, thankful that they had had three glorious days.

by Doris Stuart



KLAHHANE OUTING - 1960

(Hikers - Dave Harley, Regina Hoppova, and Primrose Bredl)

The first four or five days of the 1960 annual outing were not too eventful. There was the thrill of the rain forest with its luxuriant shawls of moss draped across the branches, the 70 or more Mountaineers and their horses that we met on the trail, and then the Boy Scout troop. This meeting was the first really memorable event. There were sixteen of these scouts with their two leaders.

I think we met them first at 16 mile shelter and the sight of these lively youngsters in the downpour of rain dampened our hopes of shelter at the Low Divide, where they too were headed. However, their leaders were most hospitable. It was a large shelter they assured us, lots of room for everyone. They would

go on ahead and have hot soup ready for us. They were as good as their word too, but the "large shelter" seemed to shrink before our eyes. Four bunks for sixteen scouts, under the two benches for the two leaders. Then there was the hermit and we three. Dave, Regina, and I being the last comers had the honor of sleeping under the outer edges of the shelter, with Dave lying on the edge of the mud where refreshing rain edged over the roof and onto his uplifted face. It rained most of the time, quite steadily for three days - and for three days we shared the shelter with sixteen boy scouts and two leaders.

On the fourth day the sun came out, the scouts headed off on their own and we spent a perfectly delightful day wandering up to the Martin Lakes. After this interlude the trip really began. We had breakfast Thursday morning and were on our way. It was around noon when we saw the mother bear and cub. We probably spent more time than we should have watching them and taking pictures. It was a beautiful day - sunshine, fresh air, and no scouts! Shortly after this we began to feel hungry so we hurried away from the meadow down to Seattle Creek, but before we arrived a hail storm broke and we were glad to take shelter under the tent of a bushy evergreen. There we enjoyed a sumptuous repast of nectar and ambrosia. (The next time I ate hard tack, butter, and jelly, I was sadly disillusioned.) Once the hail storm had passed we set out briskly, as it was then after 4 o'clock. We had traveled a mile or so and were looking for a spot to camp when suddenly a cloud burst occurred right over our unprotected heads! All around in the distance we could see sunshine, but not where we were. This was too much. Back we turned to a spot where we had noticed two conveniently spaced trees. Between them we stretched a rope and hung our tarp, while underneath the little hollow filled with water. Then came the task of lighting a fire with damp matches, wet twigs, and sodden paper. The sulphurous thoughts crackling through the atmosphere finally kindled a flame and we contrived a meal.

The next day was beautiful. We took a few pictures, and set off on the trail - the three musketeers, bound together by the joys and sorrows of the past few days.

At this point confusion sets in. Was this the day we ran the obstacle race? Thirteen trees stretched their length across the path, their branches interlocking. Carefully we wiggled a foot in between the branches; carefully we extricated a foot, stepped over the next tree and inserted a foot between the branches. Again memory fails - was it before or after this that we crossed a narrow dirt ledge with a hill sloping up on one side and nothing - absolutely nothing - on the other. The temptation to crouch and cling desperately to the tiny blades of grass was overpowering to me. Dave, lecturing very gently but very firmly about the center of gravity finally talked me across the horrible spot where there was width for one foot only. Was it after this that we found the trail washed out and spent three hours traveling the quarter mile to Lake Beauty? We tried to lower our packs on ropes, but when that failed Dave carried first one pack and then the other straight up a cliff and over. Regina and I made it up the cliff, clinging by our eyelashes. Once that hazard was passed we reached the Lake without further difficulty. After resting and taking pictures we found a convenient patch of snow where we ate a quick lunch washed down with snow. It was then that I decided to start off ahead for I knew perfectly well that I was the one who held up the party in spite of their cheerful lies. Stepping out at a good pace I hiked on my way. I must have marched for a good ten minutes when I heard voices. Just ahead of me and slightly above I saw a patch of snow and two people packing up lunch things - Dave and Regina. I was flabbergasted and somewhat discouraged.

That night we found a beatiful camp site by a dried up stream bed. We built two fires - one for cooking and one for warmth. We had a most satisfying supper, watched a lovely sunset, saw the moon come up, and finally crawled into our sleeping bags. It was a perfect night - much too perfect to waste in sleep. The stars were bright and one of them seemed to swing back and forth across the sky. Could it be a weather balloon? Later we found it was the first of the satellites.

The next day the sun was out and we were soon on our way. It was just as well we had had a good night's sleep for the climb up to Promise Creek Divide was steep and hot. When we reached the top Dave and Regina moved along the ridge to admire the view. I cuddled down on the rocks and sneaked a refreshing cat nap. After that, down we went again and this was the time we all three got lost. We followed the best worn path in the vicinity to nothingness. We were late making camp that night. It was after eight before we found a spot big enough and flat enough to accommodate three air mattresses and three sleeping bags. That was the night of the stormy sky. We didn't know whether we were seeing northern lights or a rainbow or what when Regina called out. The sky was weird and magnificent. We took one picture after another, our hearts in our mouths for fear they might not turn out. All below was black darkness, but above the sky kept changing and changing, its beauty growing more and more breath-taking. That night we slept the sleep of the just - though I nearly suffocated Regina, covering her with plastic to protect from the "still dews of night".

I've heard much of the beauties of the Skyline Trail but peering through the moist blanket of air I saw little. We did catch a glimpse of about 200 elk below us shrouded in mist.

About 5 o'clock that evening the three of us tucked away two of the so-called four man packs of pancakes. Then once again I set out ahead leaving the others to clean up. We had to make Three Lakes Shelter that night as time was running out. It was dark when Dave and Regina overtook me and we stumbled on by flashlight. After traveling up a "flowing" path and through a magnificent bog we saw a sign "Three Lakes Shelter $\frac{1}{4}$ mile". For two hours we searched for that shelter. Dave found a pile of bones and a pool of water that rose up over his boots, but no shelter. At length we bedded down in the bog, tarp below and tarp above. Sometimes during the night it rained; sometimes the moon shone bright. At one point I woke up thinking that I was sliding out from under the tarp into the rain, but no, while we slept running water had been "laid on".

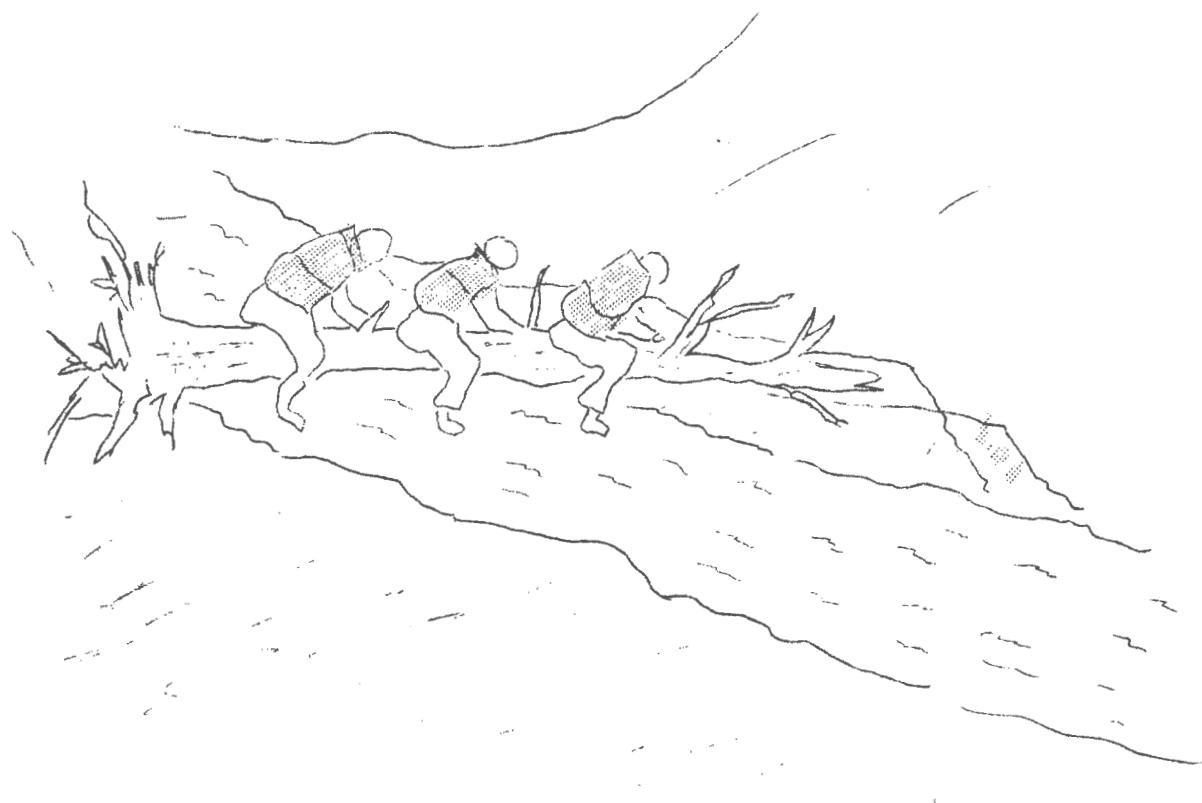
The next morning, Monday morning, it was too wet to make a fire. We break-fasted on blueberries which had to sustain us till 12:30 when we reached a spot where two streams met and when the rain let up. We built a fire and prepared a meal. That was the time when I had a scare, a real scare, for when I had bent down and dipped up water from the stream, my legs refused to raise me. I finally managed to hoist myself to my feet and got back to the fire where Regina, bless her, had hot chocolate ready.



A huge tree trunk spanned the creek, its bark peeled off, its surface gleaming wet, and slippery. The only way to cross was to sit and hoist ourselves along. Easier said than done. Dave led, I came next and Regina brought up the rear. First there was a bit of branch on the right side. I used both hands to lift my leg up and over, then a bit of branch on the other side and finally a stump in front. That was too much for me, but Dave reached back, caught the top of my kelty pack and tipped me over - just like the little tea pot! Almost helpless with laughter, I managed to move ahead, only to have my shorts catch. Fortunately Regina unhitched me and, somehow, with Dave to haul and hoist and Regina to unhitch, I made it across the stream, along the path and even back to the road near where the car was parked. We drove to Kalaloch where we washed, combed our hair, and changed our clothes. Then to the Lodge where we ate a veritable banquet prepared by someone else. Of the return trip in the car I remember practically nothing for I crawled into my sleeping bag in the back seat and promptly died.

It was a marvellously satisfying trip. I enjoyed it then and I've enjoyed it many times since in retrospect. Now I want to go back and from the Three Lakes Shelter end look for that mythical spot in daylight and walk the Skyline Trail on a bright clear day when I can see the Skyline View.

by Primrose Bredl



CAT CREEK BASIN 1961

The Klahhane Annual outing to Cat Creek Basin was enjoyed by ten ardent hikers: Pat Matland, Primrose Bredl, Lillian Keller, Doris Stuart, Regina Hoppova, Dave Harley, Carroll and Irma Smith, and Len and Shirley Palmer.

Having left the Sol Duc about 9 a.m., the hikers arrived at the lake late in the afternoon. The first official act of the group on arriving was to assemble and present a "birthday cake" to Pat Matland. Only then was base camp set up above Heart Lake from which subsequent trips were made.

Some of us made a two day trip to Cat Creek Basin. The first day was spent in the basin looking for a "lost Cabin", watching elk and bear, and exploring the area. The next day the group made a trip up the mountain as far as the trail allowed. Much to everyone's surprise Carroll, Irma, and Lillian joined us for lunch and watched another group of climbers making their way up to the top of Mount Olympus. Later in the day Len, Dave, Regina, and Primrose discovered a small lake above the basin. They were delighted with the spot and their enthusiasm proved so infectious that the whole group finally moved to a site by the lake. Because of its brilliant green the lake has become known to Klahhane members as Emerald Lake.

The morning after the move everyone was awakened by sounds of whispering and rustling as Dave and Regina stealthily reached for their cameras. A look at the skyline was enough to shake the sleep from everyone's eyes for, posed on the sky line, was a herd of about seventy elk.

That day camp at Emerald Lake was broken to return to base camp. As the hikers neared the top of the first ridge, they glimpsed another herd of elk which they watched for some time from the shelter of alpine trees. Then Doris, Dave, and Len decided to go on ahead to get some good close-up pictures. After allowing the "camera sleuths" time to get in position, Shirley and Regina decided to angle down the slope to another group of trees where they could watch. They had almost reached shelter when a terrific commotion broke loose. The two had come into the elk's bedding place and inadvertently started a stampede. Regina stood waving her hat and ice ax while Shirley scrambled up a tree only to have a limb break under her. About six feet away a huge bull stood raking the earth with his antlers and hooves. It looked like the end. Then suddenly the elk turned and made off to join his pals. After recovering somewhat from the experience, the "camera beavers" descended on the near victims with some pretty out-spoken criticism of their thoughtlessness in scaring the elk and ruining the chance for pictures!

Later at base camp, as the story of the elk unfolded, tension gradually eased and even the "victims" were able to join in a shaky laugh over what might have been their untimely demise.

ANNUAL OUTING--August 18-26, 1962

Eleven members left Port Angeles at 4:30 p.m., ate a hurried meal at a Drive-in, dumped their gear at the packer's home, and drove on to the trail-head. As they started down the trail, daylight was beginning to fade, so the pace was rapid until darkness fell. For the next mile various comments were heard, such as: "How much farther is our campsite?", "You don't suppose we could have missed it?", "Watch out for the tree roots. Let's not have a sprained ankle or broken leg before we reach base camp!" "Whose bright idea was this to start out tonight?". And the campsite might have been missed except for another group of hikers who were camped there. What a welcome sight that campfire was! After hiking about eight miles the next day, the group reached base camp at Big Rock in Royal Basin. The next six days were spent alternately relaxing, fishing, and exploring.

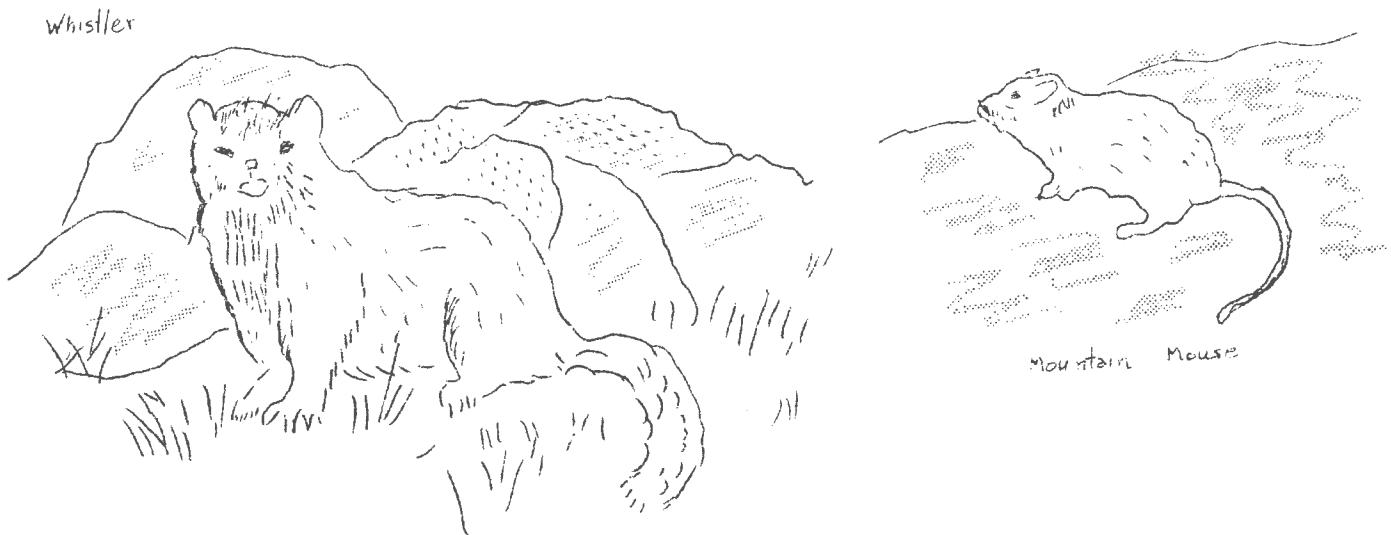
It was soon discovered that chipmunks and mice shared the living quarters, but not before one member lost a boot lace. Three deer visited the meadow each morning and two bear were seen on the opposite side of the Basin. About a half mile above camp there was a large colony of marmots who always whistled at the approach of humans, but still allowed pictures to be taken at close range. And hornets made their presence known when they attacked two members.

Royal Basin is a fascinating area from the geologic standpoint, and there wasn't a geologist or rock hound in the group. Although there was some colored rock on the Needles, the greatest display was near the top of the ridge east and north of Royal Lake. Some rocks had as many as three shades of red and green along with white or gray. Others obviously had been molten and then cooled rapidly, leaving a thin layer of hard, glassy, dark green surface over black rock.

At the upper end of the Basin, glacial activity was evident with moraines, a tarn, and a small glacier still remaining at the base of Mt. Deception.

Two mysteries went unsolved: (1) Who, or what, ate the pound of figs one night when someone forgot to place them out of reach? (2) What happened to the wooden stirring spoon the next night? Did someone use it as firewood? Or did a four-footed creature take it, and if so, for what purpose?

by Doris Stuart



AN OUTING TO REMEMBER

Every Klahhane outing is an outing to remember, but the Annual outing of 1963 will probably be recalled by the six hardy souls who survived it more often than any other.

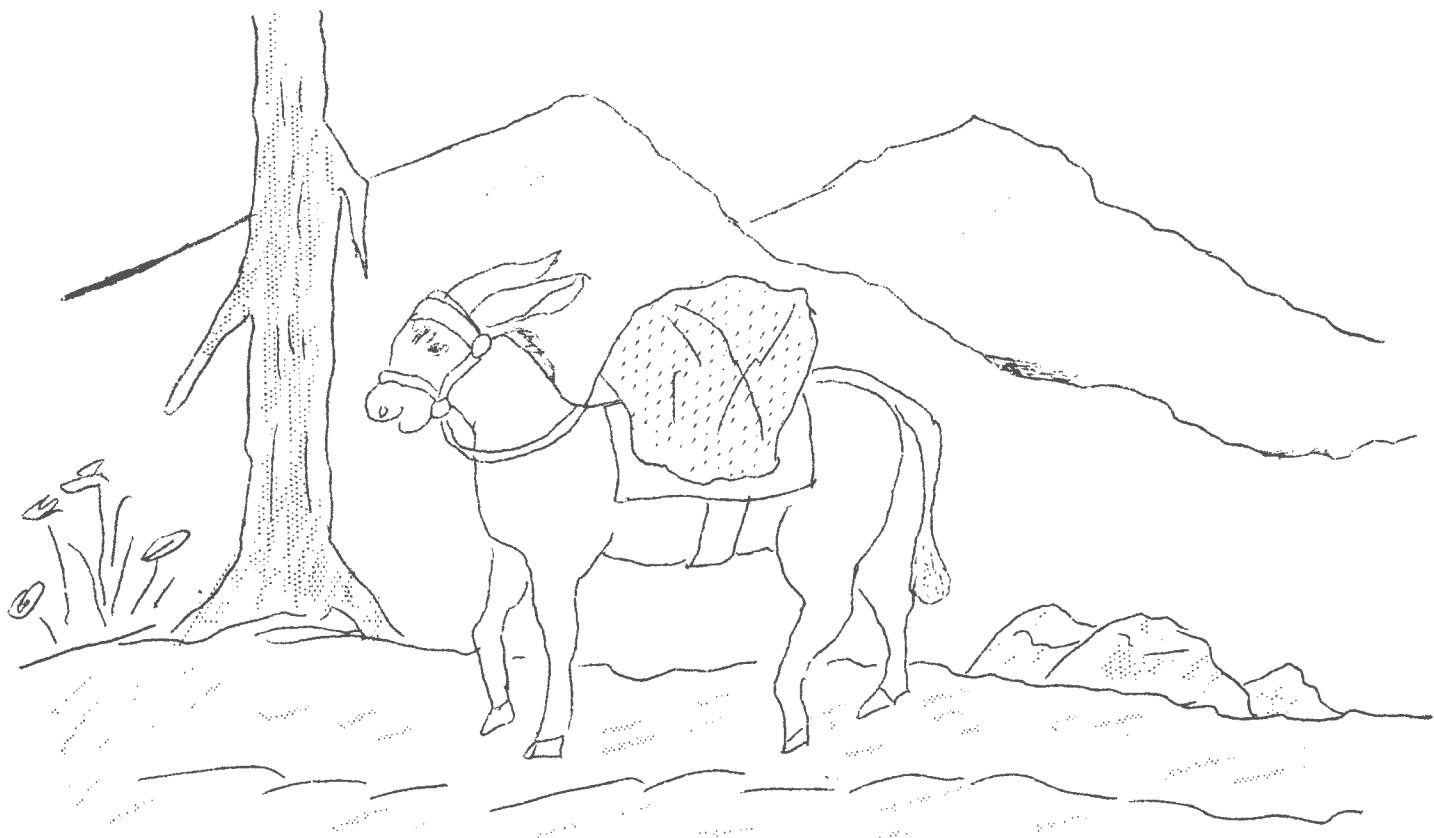
We started out with seven, but Regina Hoppava was allergic to burros, so she had to quit us after a day's trial. Or could she have had a premonition of things to come? The rest of us - Dave Harley, Leonard and Shirley Palmer, Doris Stuart, Eleanor Naddy, and Lillian Keller - certainly had no premonitions as we started out gaily from the Dosewallips Ranger Station that beautiful Saturday, August 17, 1963. Leonard had taken lessons in "burro skinning", but he evidently hadn't had enough practice, because it took several tries, with all hands giving advice, before the right hitch was evolved and the packs looked as if they would stand the trip to Honeymoon Meadows, our destination for the first night.

We were thirteen in camp that night - Brian and Tommy Lydiard had come to stay overnight with their dad, Harry Lydiard and Dr. Skerbeck's three teenage daughters, who climbed Mt. Anderson with Harry and Leonard on Sunday. Eleanor went along, too, not to climb the mountain but to see Anderson Glacier. The rest of us decided to save our energy for the trail ahead. So we moved to the Anderson Pass shelter with Daisy and Tico, the burros, a distance of only a few miles, most of it straight up. By the time we got there the blue skies were gone. Fog and a mist which turned into drizzle had set in. And our spirits were slightly dampened when we found the shelter apparently occupied. When the drizzle turned into rain we moved into the shelter, whose occupants had returned. We were later joined by two others - a father and his teenage daughter from Bremerton. The ten of us filled the bunks and all the floor space, but we kept dry and were quite comfortable, after we moved the fireplace to a spot where not quite all the smoke came inside.

Monday was spent in the shelter except for sallies out to gather firewood, move Daisy and Tico to new feeding spots or look at the sky. Whenever anyone said "There is a light spot over the mountain" or "I see a bit of blue sky" or "The rain has stopped", we all rushed out and stood with upturned faces oblivious of the raindrops that continued coming down. If it hadn't been for the good food we had and the good cooks - Doris and Shirley - we might have wished we were in our living rooms watching TV instead of sitting on hard benches, huddled together to keep warm, moving only when a gust of wind blew the smoke into our eyes. The time wasn't wasted - Eleanor read, the Bremerton girl spent most of her time with Daisy, who greeted her with an unearthly wheeze and nuzzled her joyfully. Leonard and the Bremerton man and Dave swapped stories about mountaineering experiences that kept those who had nothing to do entertained. And so the day finally ended, and we were glad to crawl into our sleeping bags which had been moved because leaks had developed in the roof during the heavy rain.

Tuesday - more fog and drizzle, but "surely", we said, "it will clear today". But it didn't, and all we saw of beautiful Enchanted Valley was an occasional waterfall through the mist. We did see several bears and a herd of elk on the mountain side. And there were flowers - lupine, larkspur, daisies, asters, Indian pinks, and scores of others. We were climbing again, having left the valley at the junction of the White R. trail. The trail was slippery and the burros had to be coaxed and prodded, Tico to go up and Daisy to go down. Every

blade of grass and every bush was an excuse for stopping to browse. We took turns pushing and pulling. Daisy went down a slope, Dave observed, like an awkward ballet dancer descending a staircase on her tiptoes. Besides, she had the habit of walking as close as possible to the edge of the trail.



It was this habit which caused her down fall. She dislodged a rock on the edge of the trail and began falling. Eleanor and Shirley almost had her back on the trail --- when the rope broke! Down she fell, to the bottom of a sheer rocky canyon at least sixty feet steep. We were afraid to look, sure that she was dead or had broken a leg. She landed on her back, the packing boxes were smashed and plastic bags and boxes were scattered everywhere. Leonard went down to her and much to our surprise, she got up and stood on all four feet. He could find no broken bones and only a few small bruises and cuts. He called, "She's all right, I guess", and we all said "Thank God". We were so happy that we laughed and cried. It was some time before we realized that we had a problem on our hands -- how to get her back on the trail. It took a lot of planning, going over the ground, and three hours of hard work on the part of Leonard, Dave, Doris and Eleanor, before Daisy was back on the trail and safe. Needless to say, we all hugged her and told her we were glad she was all right.

Fortunately, the mishap had occurred just a short distance from a delightful camping spot, with White Creek not more than 500 feet away. So, while Daisy was being brought up, Shirley and Lillian set up camp and had a good hot supper and plenty of coffee for the "mule skinners" when their work was done. The rain had stopped, we had comfortable beds and I'm sure we all fell asleep thanking God for the protection and guidance we had had.

Wednesday we climbed - to O'Neil Pass, 5,000 feet - in intermittent rain,

fog, drizzle, and almost clear weather when we got glimpses of the mountains and saw more bears and flowers. But by the time we got to Marmot Lake the rain was coming down as if it meant business. Our spirits, which had been high up to now, dropped. Our wet ponchos flapped around our legs, our packs were wet, we were hungry, and oh, so tired! The small shelter at the lake was occupied, there were two groups of Boy Scouts camped all over the meadows, and, as Shirley said, "We'd had it". But Eleanor, bless her heart, had scouted around and found a spot on the hill with a clump of trees under which we could put our sleeping bags. So we dragged the wet packs from the meadow below to the top of the hill and put them under the trees. And somehow the boys had managed to get a good fire going out in the rain. As usual a good hot supper revived our spirits somewhat and we had a hilarious time trying to fit our six sleeping bags under the trees. Getting into them and getting them propped up against the trees --there wasn't room enough to lay them down-- caused more peals of laughter. Strangely enough we all slept soundly, although Dave and Doris did have to leave our cozy corner to stretch out their aching legs.

We hadn't been able to dry out any of our wet gear, but we didn't get wet in the night, and it wasn't raining the next morning. Marmot Lake even appeared from beneath the fog long enough for a few ardent photographers to capture its beauty on film. We didn't linger long over breakfast, as we wanted to get to the Upper Duckabush shelter before the Boy Scouts took possession. Shirley and Lillian were dispatched to hurry on ahead, which they did, in wet shoes, with wet packs, on a slippery trail, down and down, to the Duckabush River, which had to be crossed on slippery rocks and logs. They arrived at the shelter just as the men who had been at the Marmot Lake shelter were leaving. A pair of hiking shoes was left, which we later learned had been left there by a Scout, who wanted to hold the shelter for his group. The group had arrived in the area and were busy pitching tents and getting firewood. We did feel guilty, especially because the Scout master had given us some hot chili at Marmot Lake when we stood dejectedly in the rain, wondering where to make camp. But we salved our consciences by observing to each other, "There wouldn't be room for all the boys, anyway, only the Scout leaders, and they are supposed to share the same hardships as the boys." Leonard knew, because he was a Scout leader. So, our consciences quieted, we proceeded to enjoy the comforts of one of the best shelters in the Park, with an unlimited water supply, the beautiful Duckabush River flowing gently by our door, plenty of fire wood, and good grazing for Tico and Daisy. Daisy, by the way, had been living the life of Riley since her fall. She had packed only her saddle and a few tarps, and every morning each one of us took time to rub her nose and give her a few "goodies". She hadn't made a sound since her fall, and we missed her wheeze. Tico had made a few half hearted attempts at braying, but his greetings lacked the "umph" of Daisy's. How wonderful it felt to sit in a dry shelter before a blazing campfire enjoying a cup of hot chocolate before crawling into our sleeping bags! We had all the comforts of home, even a clothes line on which socks, hiking shoes, and dish towels were drying.

The next day's journey began with Eleanor pulling Tico across the river, with her shoes swinging over her shoulder and tennis shoes on her feet. Daisy crossed of her own accord. The rain seemed to be over but we had to climb from the river to LaCrosse Pass, 5,600 feet, and then descend to Honeymoon Meadows, a long day's hike. We could see the mountains - Anderson with its glaciers almost due north, White Mt. to the southwest and Mt. LaCrosse not far away. We stopped at the Pass to watch the clouds creep up the valley, and to take pictures

of the view and flowers, and to watch the marmots, who appeared on the rocks and disappeared as quickly as they had come. Several bears ambled across the valley below as we descended through a lush meadow, dotted with white, yellow and purple asters. Soon after we got to Honeymoon Meadows the rain came and we ate with water from the sky cooling our soup. We dug trenches around the tents, but still our edges got wet. However, that night we were homeward bound, so "let it rain", we said.

The rain spent itself during the night and on Saturday morning the sun was actually shining! "I can't go home without seeing the glacier", Lillian announced at breakfast. Leonard and Eleanor, who had seen it a week ago agreed to go with her. Knowing how soon the weather can change the three of us hurried to get there before the fog or clouds would shut off the sight of both mountain and glacier. We weren't much too soon either, but we did see the top of the mountain with a bit of blue sky behind it and had time to take pictures of the glacier and the brave penstemon and mimulus that grew in the crevices between the huge, colorful boulders that the glacier had left at its edge. As usual, a cold wind brought in the fog and our teeth chattered as we ate our cheese and crackers on the least windy side of a huge boulder. Optimistically, we had worn shorts! When we got off the glacier area and began going toward the pass, the sun came out again. We sat on a big, warm rock and soaked in the warmth and said, "Oh, if we only could have had one day even like this!"



The rest of the group had gone down to our last stop, the camp at Big Timber. They had camp all set up and hot coffee ready when we arrived at one of the most beautiful spots for a night's stay in the Dosewallips Country. A small stream, bordered with beds of gorgeous pink mimulus, provided water, and the tarps were spread under tall Douglas firs. Life was beautiful again! On Sunday a short hike of four or five miles brought us back to the Ranger Station and we thought our troubles were over.

But not so! Daisy objected to going into the trailer, which had been left a mile or so down the road. After much pulling, pushing and coaxing she did go in, however. We were on the home stretch at last and all was well, or so we thought. We had gone a few miles down the road when Eleanor noticed that we could no longer see Daisy's head in the trailer ahead of us. Leonard stopped to see what had happened and found her lying down. "But she seems to be O.K.", he said. We paid no more attention to her until we got to Quilcene to have dinner. Leonard looked very grave after he had looked in the trailer and said, "I doubt if Daisy gets back to town alive". We agreed after we had seen her. Her eyes were glazed, she was lying in a most unnatural position and there were evidences of a severe injury. She had apparently tried to get up and had slipped. "Please, dear God, don't let her die!" was the thought that filled our minds all the way home. Leonard and Eleanor rushed her home. She was taken to the vets. He expressed grave doubts about being able to save her. "I'll do my best," he said. "She must have been hurt when she fell off the trail and the fall in the trailer aggravated the injury." He treated her and gave her owner instructions to stay with her all night to apply hot applications to the swelling. Leonard went to see her the next day and we were all relieved when he called to tell us that Daisy was better and the vet said she would be O.K. in a

few days. We were all relieved, to learn that she would not be sent on any more pack trips into the mountains, as she had served her time packing and deserved a rest. She would carry children around the farm, where she is a favorite with every one who knows her.

Thus ended the memorable summer outing of the Klahhane Club for 1963. The trip tested our mettle and faith and we came out a more closely welded group. BUT our next annual outing will be in the warm sunny Wallowas of Eastern Oregon WITHOUT BURROS.

KLAHHANE ANNUAL OUTING 1964

August 14, 1964, was the deadline date for the gathering of the Klahhane to hike 18 miles to a base camp on the Low Divide. For two, it was a first experience at backpacking -- Catherine Leverett and Louise Dunworth. Carroll and Irma Smith, Lois Brannin, Erna Fountain and her son Bill, Shirley and Leonard Palmer, Doris Stuart, Eleanor Naddy, and Dave Harley completed the group. Bill and Leonard did it the hard way by hiking 28 miles from Whiskey Bend while the rest started from the Ranger station at the North Fork of the Quinault. Mr. Brown, the packer, took in the camp supplies.

Excellent weather, magnificent mountains, beautiful lakes, poor fishing, too many bears, tasty meals, moonlight nights, profusion of wild flowers, lingering snow and frozen lakes were all a part of the nine days that will be remembered in a variety of ways by the twelve members of the group. For each there was a special adventure and collectively stories that will be retold many times.

Memories to treasure are Leonard's cave hunting expeditions, Martins Meadows and Lakes on Mt. Christie with late afternoon cool weather hastening the return to camp, Louise sleeping one complete day and night. Catherine forgetting to take a picture of the bear crossing the log toward her. Leonard, Eleanor, and Bill climbed the wrong mountain, and Carroll was a master at flipping pancakes.

None of these, however, will surpass the memories of the day the bear came to camp. For some reason Bruin approved of Doris' taste and it was her things he enjoyed most. Soap, candles, jam, and peaches were a part of his afternoon refreshments chased with the special liquid from the pack of Doris. He made certain many of the dishes would not be used again for another party.

And then there was the night of the bear. Perhaps details of this should be left to the story teller around the campfire -- of Carroll prodded by Irma to forget about his shoes to hurry to the rescue, the 3 a.m. moonlight stroll of the inmates of the White Motel, Shirley awaking to see Bruin in the shelter, the vocal power of certain individuals in the dark of the night in the woods.

by Eleanor Naddy

Local Walks and Beach Parties

by Mary Ress

(taken from The Klahhane Annual, January 1918)

No other club is more ideally situated for the beach party, the week-end at the mountain lodge, or the Sunday hike to some enchanting haunt of nature, than the Klahhane Club.

The walks are under the supervision of a committee. A schedule for the month is sent to each member. A leader is chosen for each walk; the time of meeting, destination and equipment are stated in the schedule.

Many a crowd has spent a never-to-be-forgotten evening around the glowing log fire at Klahhane Lodge. The forms of entertainment are many. Sometimes the young people spend part of the evening in challenging one another in athletic feats; sometimes in candy making or other amusements, but always the evenings close with the circle around the fire when songs and stories are called for. Then youthful spirits are subdued by the spell of the story teller. When the fire has burned low, beds are sought and all are lulled to sleep by the voices of the mountains and the story is continued by the breezes and the dying embers.

The many beach suppers and an occasional breakfast have been thoroughly enjoyed. The leader and his helpers go out early to the appointed place. When the crowd arrives they are glad to find a hot supper awaiting them. It is often served cafeteria style, the committee in charge arranging themselves behind a long log, while the hungry hikers, each armed with a plate, cup, and spoon, pass along the other side. When all are served they gather in groups around the big fire; when appetites are appeased, dishes gathered and each one in possession of his own, the evening closes with story and song. After the hike home we sleep soundly and awake refreshed and ready to face the day with greater vigor and clearer brain.

Overnight at Shi Shi Beach

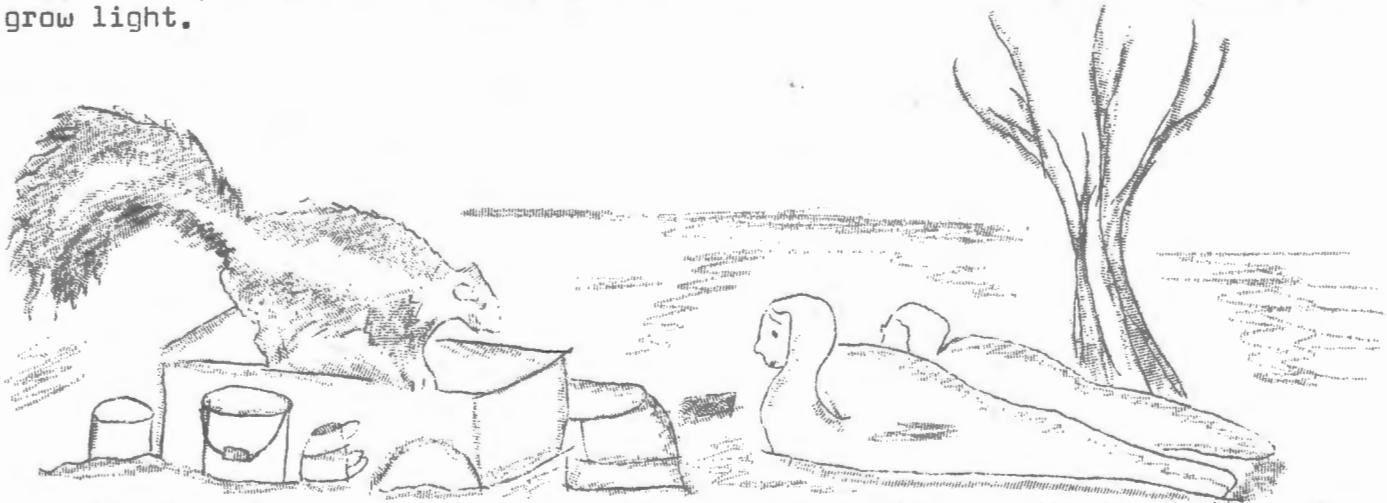
Among many memories of funny Klahhane outings, one that stands out vividly is the Shi Shi Beach trip.

It started out peacefully with five cars full of eager members driving the 90 miles to the ocean. As they approached their destination, the road gradually became narrower and rougher until it seemed to end in the brush. The leader merely waved his followers on and drove merrily into the overhanging brush and out of sight. All the Klahhaneites followed, with branches banging the windows and rocks scraping the bottom of the cars. Suddenly they rounded a curve and found the lead car stuck in a mud hole. The whole troupe disembarked, pushed the car out, whereupon it advanced to the next mud hole. The process was repeated for each car until all were in the clear. After negotiating a roadbed that had slipped four feet, all cars finally reached the end of the road and ShiShi Beach. Here they set up camp. Some, wanting to sleep right on the beach, set to work building shelters out of driftwood. The wiser ones picked a spot higher up (near the garbage pit). Dinner was soon ready and like true Klahhaneites, the party

made short work of steaks, weiners, and other goodies.

That night saw everyone bedded down early in anticipation of being lulled to sleep by the gentle sound of breaking waves. Instead of this soothing sound, the vibrations and crashing of heavy surf filled their ears with the roar of an express train bearing down upon them. It took a little time to get adjusted to this and, of course, there were dozens of last minute things to be checked, including the incoming tide, but finally everyone drifted off to sleep.

Suddenly strange scratching noises right near their heads awakened them. Hardly daring to move they flashed on their lights - to see a big skunk busily clawing the food box. As the startled watchers moved he turned and prepared to attack. Everyone froze, hardly daring to breathe. Finally the intruder lowered his tail and moved away, toward the next two sleepers. About that time a second skunk appeared and both creatures rattled boxes, pack sacks, and even climbed on the table. Keeping the lights on them and warning each other to keep still, the Klahhaneites waited until at last their visitors ambled on up the beach. Then breathing sighs of relief, the intrepid band went back to sleep. - But not for long. A sudden crash brought everyone up out of their bags again. This time one driftwood shelter had collapsed. Someone had rolled over in his sleep and dislodged a log. As the lights were turned on again, all that could be seen was a pile of driftwood, sleeping bags, legs, arms, packsacks, and more driftwood. After making sure there were no broken bones or other casualties, the would-be sleepers helped rebuild the shelter and, as they crept back to bed, were dimly aware that the sky was beginning to grow light.



The next day was clear and sunny and as they hiked up the beach they saw several deer and a big black bear with her cub. That day, among the casualties, there were several sunburned noses, one cut foot, and one wrenched shoulder. To be sure, the last injury resulted from one carefree Klahhaneite turning cartwheels along the beach and taking a heavy fall. By that time everyone was sure nothing further could go wrong, but the crowning bizarre touch came just as the caravan was ready to depart. Out of the brush, on the one-way road came a string of cars! The resulting traffic jam has since been the cause of many a reminiscent chuckle.

June Nelson

A "First Trip" With the Klahhane Club

On a very cold morning in the winter of '51 (temperature standing around 15° above zero) newly prospective members Gil and Catherine Leverett studied the thermometer and opined that the Klahhane Club hike would no doubt be called off..... surely people did not willingly seek the out-of-doors in weather that cold.

But shortly the telephone rang and all too soon we were part of a caravan headed toward Graymarsh Farms. Half way up the opposite side of Morse Creek Hill, a car suddenly zoomed around the curve, spinning round and round on the icy road barely missing our line of shuddering cars. Without further incident, we arrived at Graymarsh. After touring the famous estate, we set off for the duck refuge returning by way of the waterfront. With an icy wind blowing, it was exhilarating to say the least. I had never been quite so cold in all my life, but seeing tiny Anne Lydiard being carried upon her father's back without complaint, I covered the frozen ground too, without a murmur. So this was "fun in the out-of-doors".....

Catherine Leverett

Beachcombing

On a March day hike some Klahhanes reported seeing seals playing and diving in and out among the kelp, coming up to watch the funny people on the beach eating.

After the hike back out some of the group went on from Third Beach to LaPush where several whales were entertaining by cavorting, rolling and spouting not too far away from the shore.

"It was like a fireworks display!" someone said.

Others of the group went on to Neah Bay and the ocean beach, there to find a profusion of shells - mandarin and scallop shells of all shapes and colors - but no glass balls.

To top everything off was the balmiest of weather the whole day long.

* * * * *

On one April afternoon the Klahhanes met with surprising successes which kept them really busy. The proverbial bottle was picked up with a written message inside saying, "Please write me at - "; then followed the name and address of a gentleman from British Columbia. Large agates were there for the finding; one was almost the size of a small egg.

After the ravages of the winter storms driftwood lay in new piles along the shore leaving still visible the channels where the water had broken across the spit. As a consequence many pieces of driftwood in varying shapes and sizes are no longer where they were.

One of the most exciting "Picks" was an odd-shaped bottle which contained beautiful blue crystals. This bottle and its contents have been turned over for analysis to Wendell McCain and his chemistry students at Port Angeles High School.

Of Klahhanees, Birds and Goats

On Sunday, April 14, 1954, the Klahhanees took their guests to Lake Crescent and the Barnes Creek Trail.

This is another deep woodland trail which winds through big trees and at times, along the creek. Festoons of light-colored moss hang from the branches all around. This section is comparable in part to the more publicized Rain Forest on the Hoh. It is easily accessible from the highway and only a short distance from it.

Marymere Falls is about three quarters of a mile over an almost level trail. Most of the party hiked along the Barnes Creek Trail toward a higher falls visible from the top of Storm King. After reaching the third stream, they were unable to sight the falls, so decided to wait until the regular Storm King hike to locate them for a future visit. They reported seeing several wood ducks and water ouzels in the creek at various points along the trail. The spring flowers were in bud, particularly trilliums.



Four other Klahhanees decided to pre-condition themselves for the Storm King hike, so took that trail. This is up all the way with no respite, and at an angle that plays havoc with leg muscles that still rebel. It is most amusing to note how popular the rear position in line is in this type of hiking.

About half way up, the Park Service has erected, a little prematurely, a sign "Second Breath Point". Farther up the trail some masculine predecessor had lost a red rubber heel. It was tacked to the end of a fallen log along with the business card of a local shoe repair shop.

At three or four places along the trail are viewpoints of the lake, all different. It is only high above the lake that one gets the full benefit of its beauty in shape and color. At the last viewpoint, the whole of Lake Crescent, the snow-capped mountains to the southwest, the Strait and Vancouver Island to the North were all visible.

A fairly large bird flew over the four from way up in a tree. He flew like a swimmer, in breast stroke, wings out, then tight against the body for several feet, then out again, continuing the pattern until out of sight.



While lunching in a spot overlooking the back side of Storm King and the dense forest below, the hikers saw a mountain goat, white and fuzzy in his winter coat, high on a rocky ledge. He stood as if transfixed for the longest time looking into the valley below. Finally he sighted the four, but since the wind was away from him, he scented nothing and eventually went back to grazing.

Since the weather was threatening and a high wind started up, the group decided unanimously not to continue to the top. The return trip was much faster, and a relief at first. But about two-thirds of the way down, one of the hikers was heard to comment that her legs were nothing but jelly.

Isabelle Whitfield

SUCCESSFUL "HUNT"

Klahhanes saw animals, and plenty of them, on one hike from Whiskey Bend to Humes Ranch and the Elwha River footbridge.

Although there was not much sun, the weather was congenial for brisk walking and some picture taking. Since everyone was advised to watch for elk and deer, all eyes were on the look-out for signs of the animals.

On the drive up to Whiskey Bend, several deer were spotted among the trees watching the cars and the people in them as curiously as the humans who were looking at them.

As the hikers were walking through a wooded area near Humes Ranch, suddenly in a small pasture ahead of them, they saw a herd of 15 elk grazing. The wind was in the direction of the hikers so the elk had no warning. As quietly as possible the group brought out their cameras. Three sneaked as close as they thought they dared to get their shots. Still the elk were unaware of the trespassers on the trail. So closer yet the cameras went.

Finally one of the animals became alert to something disturbing nearby and ran to the center of the clearing to look. The others ran to him and looked up. When they saw the five people, too close for comfort, they sauntered and ran leisurely, but most reluctantly, into the forest. As the hikers proceeded along the trail, the elk gave up and started climbing, running and jumping to the safety of the woods above.

All in all, the Klahhanes saw 47 elk, 24 deer, 12 goats, a black bear, a harlequin duck, and a water ouzel.



History of Conservation Activities of the Klahhane Club
1915 - 1965

A few years ago, while hiking along a shrub-covered rock slide on the trail between Elk Lake and Glacier Meadows, a group of perspiring, tired adults came to a welcome halt; arrested in their upward trek by the sight and sound of a group of excited children eagerly searching among the stones in quest of a few of the myriads of small, black, hopping frogs which frequent this remote mountain area for a few days each summer. After a few minutes the excitement of this new experience dimmed and the offspring were again off hiking along looking for new delights in the world of wonders of one of America's great natural preserved areas; areas set aside and kept from encroachment for all children and all adults for all time through the dedicated work of countless individuals alone and grouped together into conservation organizations such as the Klahhane Club of Port Angeles, Washington.

The Klahhane Club, in its 50th year, can look back on as many years of effort in the continuing work to preserve some of our nation's heritage for present and coming generations to see, study in, hike through, drive in, and enjoy under the protected status of national, state, county, and city parks, forests, and wildlife refuges.

In the early 1920's the club conducted an attempt to introduce the wild turkey and Hungarian Partridge to the peninsula, but despite artificial feeding the idea failed, as did the effort to build a toboggan and bobsled run above Heart O' the Hills. More successful was the persuasion of the forest service to construct a shelter building at Heather Park and the 1934 protesting of the opening of the Mt. Angeles Game Preserve to hunting. During the 30's Klahhaneites worked hard supporting the movement which led to the establishment in 1937 of the present Olympic National Park. A few years later, during the Second World War various interests, supported, it would seem, by the National Park Service, sought to gain permission to remove large quantities of Sitka Spruce from the Olympic National Park to be used for aircraft construction. Klahhane Club members, alert to this threatened intrusion, led the successful drive to slow and ultimately prevent this unnecessary logging. Thelma Robinson, working as a member of the resolutions committee of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs in 1943 was instrumental in getting this organization to take favorable action on the matter.

Following World War II, the Klahhane Club's conservation activities were intensified, due in part to increasing efforts by selfish interest groups to negate, destroy and weaken America's preserved areas. Hell's Canyon, Glen Canyon, Three Sisters, Dinosaur, Glacier Peak, Indiana Dunes, McKenzie River, Oregon Dunes, Point Reyes, Echo Park, Grand Canyon, Bruce's Eddy, and many other names near and far became familiar to Klahhaneites as members gave their attention and energy to the job of making and keeping preserved areas for our country. Land mark conservation goals including the recently passed Wilderness Act found Klahhane devoting years of attention and work to attain. Locally the club watched and helped prevent the closing of public access to the Dungeness Spit; built and maintained for public use for many years the Klahhane Museum; sponsored delegates to W.F.O.C. conventions; placed registers on Mt. Angeles and Mt. Appleton; worked on the restoration of Camp



David Junior, and donated sums of money for conservation education and to aid the general effort to build and protect a wilderness system.

It has been said that to know a man is to ask his neighbor. A possible measure of the club's success in attaining their objective of furthering conservation is the unusually favorable attitude with which the general public of Port Angeles regards this field, as compared with the attitude of the general public in cities of similar industrial base in Western Washington. During these past fifty years Klahhane has been the group from which hundreds of individuals, working quietly, loyally, and with dignity, have performed many tasks, given thousands of hours of time, in the continuing effort to assure that there will always be a place in the wild, far from the bustle of civilization, where the youth of America can bend down in childish delight in quest of discovery.

THE HORSE - FRIEND OR FOE?

On one of our annual outing trips to the headwaters of the Cameron in the 1940's, our packer, Oscar Nelson, had to rent a horse that was very unhappy with the other horses in the string and with his rider, Edna Kelly. Every few steps he would grab at her legs in the saddle. Oscar suggested she rise at his neck each time, but that did not help so Edna tried every angle to make friends. At last she felt that they were pals.

On the last lap of the trip the saddle slipped under the belly of the horse and Edna Kelly, in her struggle to get out of the stirrups, landed on the horse's front feet. To everyone's surprise, not one move did the horse make!

While the horse was being resaddled, someone suggested Edna stand out of reach of the horse's jaws, but she replied, "I'm not worried, we're friends". Hearing what she had said, the horse made a grab and got a mouthful of shirt just missing Edna herself. Loud were the howls from the sympathetic(?) crowd.

PAST PRESIDENTS

<u>Year Joined</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Years in Office</u>
1915	Ben Phillips	1915, 1916, 1917, 1918
1915	E. B. Webster	1919, 1920, 1921, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1931, 1932, 1934, 1935
1915	Thelma (Chambers) Robinson	1933, 1936, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1960, 1961, 1964, 1965
1920(?)	Jim Blanchard	1921, 1922, 1923
1935	Pete Boye	1937
1940	John Nelson	1946, 1947, (Aug.-Dec.) 1948, 1949
1941	Louis Mook	1948 (Jan.-Aug.)
1944	Roscoe Robinson	1950
1946	E. H. Keller	1952, 1953
1950	Harry Lydiard	1951
1952	Gil Leverett	1954, 1955
1954	Bob Dalton	1956, 1957
1954	Doris Stuart	1963
1955	Len Palmer	1958, 1959
1959	Dave Harley	1962

THE KLAHHANE PLEDGE

Because I believe in
good sportsmanship, true comradeship,
and clean living in the out-of-doors,
I pledge my support
to the mountaineer's creed
and to Klahhane
which means "good times out of doors".

MOUNTAINEER'S CREED

A true mountaineer is not merely one
who climbs the highest peak,
but one who while climbing
can stop to see beauty
in the little things along the way
like bluebells nodding on the ridge
or chipmunks scolding from the rocks
one who can cheer a tired hiker
when the trail is rough
who can be a good sport
as he does his share
one who can add something of song or story
to the good comradeship of a campfire.

CLUB SONGS

Welcome Song (Tune - Remona)

Klahhane welcomes you into its circle
At evening when the hills have turned to purple
Its campfires, its mem'ries, its hikes
 out in the open air,
It needs you, your courage, your happiness
 in tasks to share,
So come where the heather bells
 are gaily ringing,
And come where at dawn the birds
 begin their singing,
Come find the joy and magic
 of our firelight circle,
Klahhane sings welcome to you.

In The Wild Olympic Mountains (Tune - Big Rock Candy Mountains)

In the wild Olympic Mountains
There's a peppy outdoor club;
They go by the name of Klahhane,
Meaning good time outdoor fun,
They climb up all the mountains
And they swim in all the lakes
And they hike the trails
Where the wild cat wails
And the big elk roam,
Near the cougar's home
In the wild Olympic Mountains.

In the wild Olympic Mountains
Where the bald headed eagles scream
The shaggy snow-white mountain goat
With envy has turned green,
To see these sturdy mountain folk
Go scrambling o'er the rocks
They're a nimble crew,
All good friends and true
And you can not beat 'em
Nor the things they do,
In the wild Olympic Mountains.

T.C.R.

K-L-A-H-H-A-N-E
(Tune - Sidewalks of New York)

K-L-A-H-H-A-N-E
That's the way you spell it,
That's the club for you and me,
Snow or rain or sunshine,
Whate'er the weather may be,
They are jolly good fellows,
So that's the club for you and me.

High in Heather Park
(Tune - When the Blue of the Night)

When the blue of the night
Meets the gold of the day
High in Heather Park,
And the glory of our fire
Makes a small gleaming spire
Flick'ring in the dark.
Upon our beds of heather
Beside the murmur'ring stream
We'll be lulled into dream
By the wind in the trees,
High up near the stars.

T.C.R.

Good Night
(Tune - Auld Lang Syne)

Our camp fire now is burning low
It's time to say good night,
On other hills we'll meet again,
Round other camp fires bright.
Klahhane Club now says good night
We'll leave its friendly light,
But meet again round other fires,
So now we'll say "Good Night".

T.C.R.

E. B. Webster

E. B. Webster was born in Iowa in 1868. He leaned to love the out-of-doors during his boyhood days spent in exploring the banks of a stream near his Cresco home. When he came to Washington and became owner-editor of the Port Angeles Evening News, he used the newspaper for continuous constructive conservation efforts.

Because of the nearness of the mountains, his interest in birds, flowers and animals continued. He took many lone botanizing hikes and compiled a complete herbarium of the plants on Mt. Angeles. On the talus slopes of Second Peak in about 1913, he found a low growing, many petaled yellow flower about two inches across. Its leaves were rather thick and slightly wooly. He sent it in for identification. It turned out to be a new specimen which was then named *Senecio websteri* by J. M. Greenman of Northwestern University, who was an authority on senecios. It was later chosen as the club flower.

Mr. Webster also wrote several books among which are "The Friendly Mountain", "King of the Olympics", "Fishing in the Olympics", and "Ferns of the Olympics".

When the Klahhane Club was formed, he became one of its leaders serving as president for many years. He also started the museum and aviary and built his own beautiful rock gardens at Heart O' The Hills. He was well-known to the public for his interest and knowledge of the flora and fauna of the area, but he is best remembered by the club because of his kindly quiet personality. He was quick to sense if someone was low in spirit and was usually able in an unobtrusive way to remedy the situation. He had a jolly wit and loved to get a joke on anyone. His untimely death in 1936 was a great loss to the club.

Ben Phillips

Klahhane owes a debt of gratitude to Ben Phillips for bringing together and organizing into a club a group of like minded people for more enjoyment of the out-of-doors. He was chosen as the club's first president and early meetings were held at the Phillips home with Isabel as a gracious hostess. When transportation was needed for trips, Ben's car was always available. After several years of active membership, banking and other interests claimed so much of his time that he dropped out of Klahhane.

Dr. Ludden

No history of Klahhane would be complete without a mention of Grant Humes and Dr. Ludden. Many were the happy week ends spent in their company. It was a ten mile walk to reach the Ludden place. Dr. Ludden, a man who tired of city life in Tacoma, came to the Elwha and carved a most unique home out of the wilderness. The house was built of logs and split cedar shales. Its windows were 5x8 negatives with the film cleaned off. The furniture was all hand made. Mattresses were straw ticks covered with flour sacks. He made wooden buckets and

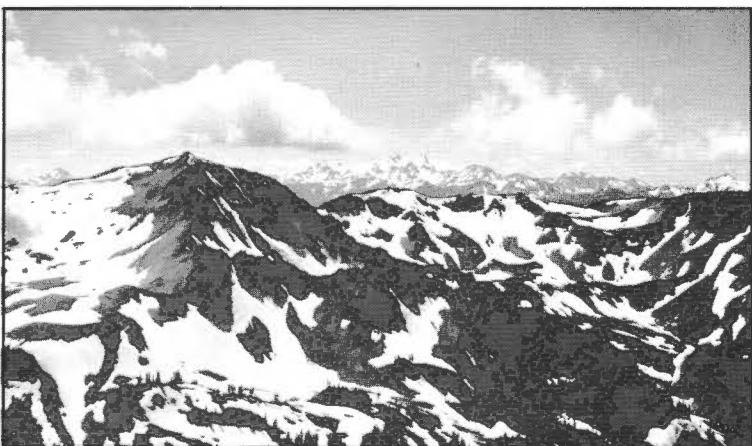
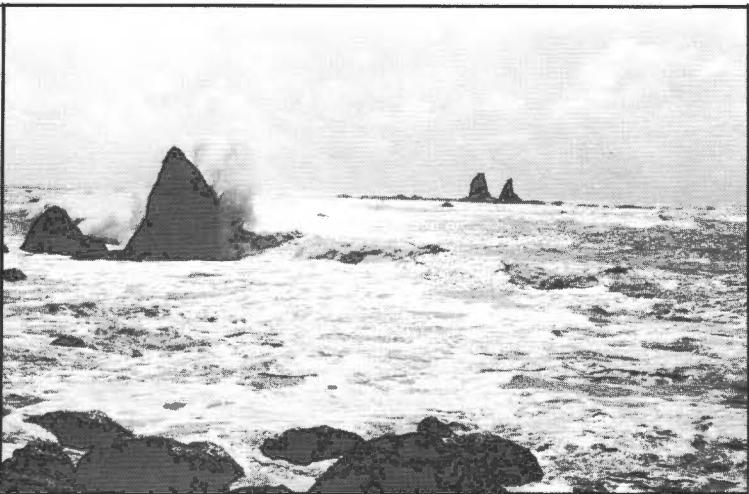
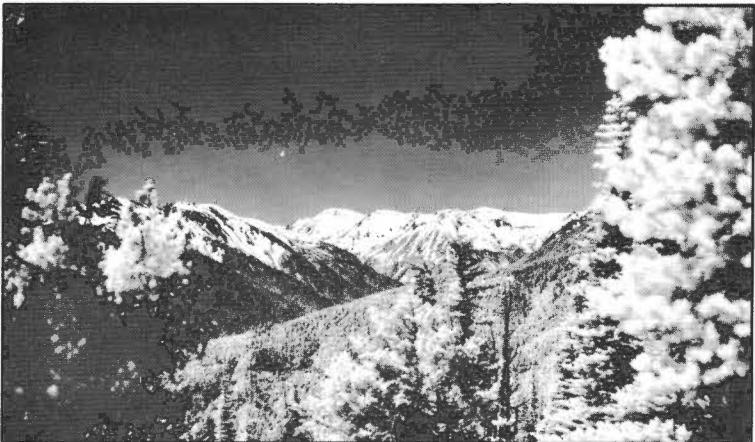
candle holders out of madrona wood. His clothes were made of deer skin tanned to a lovely soft gray. His black hair he wore long and it hung to his shoulders. He kept bees and sold honey to the many campers who passed his door. His hot biscuits and honey became famous. He had a hand printing press with which he made signs advertizing his place and tacked them to trees along the trail.

Grant Humes

Grant Humes, a native of New York state, came to the Elwha in 1907. His two room log cabin on a bench above the field where the barn was is still standing. He kept horses and even packed a mower in the ten and a quarter miles by trail to cut his hay. His water supply came from a spring on the hillside above and was brought down thru a hollowed out log "pipe". Deer came to eat salt which he put by the apple tree near his front door. He was a well read man. The shelves in his cabin were filled with good books and magazines. One wonders why he chose to leave civilization and live in the woods with only his hound dog "Bing" for company.

The Nelsons

Oscar and Eloise Nelson both liked mountains, so soon after their marriage they acquired rights to an old homestead at the foot of Mt. Angeles. Here they built a large home and, later, several cabins to rent. There was a meadow with a small stream flowing thru it which Oscar dammed up to make Lake Dawn. This was used for skating in winter and was stocked with trout for summer fishing. Eloise liked flowers and soon had a rock garden going by the house. Before the club-house was built, the Nelson home was the scene of many Klahhane gatherings. In the 1940's they sold the Mt. Angeles property and bought a cattle ranch in Texas Valley southwest of Sequim. Here Oscar had a string of horses and acted as guide and packer for several summer outings. His cheery personality and willingness to tackle any task was always a welcome addition to the group. He was sorely missed when this ranch was sold and the family moved to California.



A Worshipper of Nature

Therefore am I still a lover
Of the mountains; and of all
That we behold from this
Green earth; of all the
Mighty world of eye, and ear,
-both what they half create
And what perceive; well
Pleased to recognise in
Nature and the language of
The sense, the guide, the
Guardian of my heart, and
Soul of all my moral being

.....William Wordsworth

Dust of Snow

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of Snow
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued.

.....Robert Frost

Canada

1. Roger's Pass

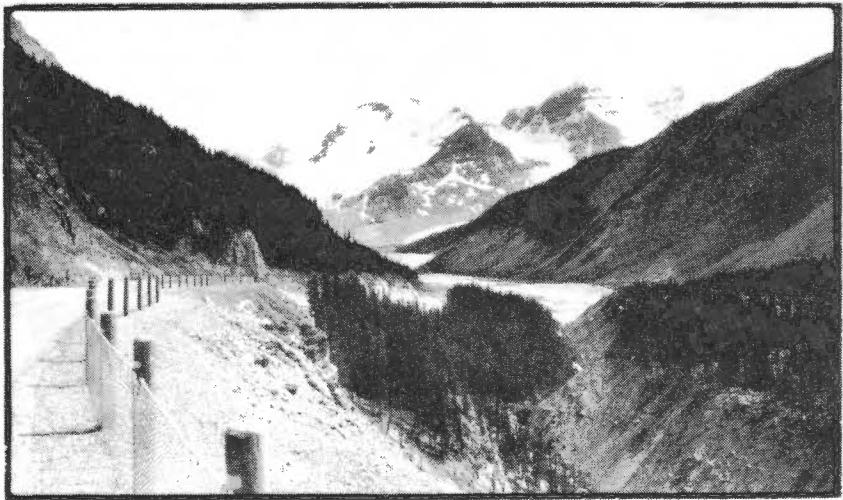
2. Roger's Pass

Barbara Nelson, Lois Brannin, Johnny Nelson, Ruby Knudson
Catherine Leverett, Charlotte Jurgensen, Eleanor Naddy

3. Jasper National Park

4. Takakkaw Falls

5. Yoho National Park - Emerald Lake



KLAHHANE CLUB

SUPPLEMENT

honoring

OUR

60th ANNIVERSARY

Appreciation to all contributos - authors and editors

Presidents Over the Past Ten Years

1965 - The Golden Anniversary

1965 saw the Klahhane Club celebrating its 50th anniversary. In addition to the usual activities there was a dinner at Harrington's Skyroom, an Open House at Heart o' the Hills, and a booklet commemorating the Club's Golden Anniversary.

The dinner, held on May 23rd was a gala affair, with members casting aside the usual blue jeans and hiking boots in favor of much more festive attire. As more than one person commented, appearances were so changed it was almost difficult to recognize your dinner companion. On this occasion special recognition was given to three Club members for continuous active membership. The president, Thelma Robinson, had been a member since the Club's first year, while Lillian Keller and Edna Kelly had belonged for 34 years. Table decorations, created by Catherine Leverett and June Nelson, a highly amusing program of "return to owners" by Eleanor Naddy and an old time Klahhane sing song with Isabelle Whitfield as accompaniest, made this another evening to be treasured.

Open House held on June 6th at the Clubhouse, was a tremendous success with almost a hundred present. The oldest guest was 89 year old Maude Ulmer who is an honorary member.

The anniversary booklet was officially presented at the dinner with thanks extended to all who had worked so hard to produce it.

For these memories of 1965 I am largely indebted to Catherine Leverett and her fine newspaper articles. Her work in publicity and that of Lucina Cahill kindled and interest in the Club by others who love the out-of-doors. This resulted in increased membership and new friends.

- - - - -

There have been changes over the years. Some of our members have moved to other parts of the country, while others have taken the journey from which none return. The sadness of such losses is tempered by echoes of their laughter and memories of their companionship.

Memories of old friends merge into memories of more recent experiences shared with new members thus strengthening the Club still more. So, through the years this "charmed circle of congenial spirits" has grown and grown.

by Primrose Bredl

Fiftieth Anniversary Dinner

1. Dave Harley Estill Cornett
 Mary Busch Eleanor Naddy Gary Gleason
 Lillian Keller
2. Ruby Knudson June Nelson
 Edna Kelly Catherine Leverett
3. Essie Sarff Nancy McLauchlan Dave Harley
 Earl Tuttle
4. Lillian Keller
 Len Palmer
 Shirley Palmer
 Doris Stuart
 Dave Harley
 Erma Smith
 Carroll Smith
5. Rachel Brown Lina Caney
 Thelma (Robinson) Priebe
6. Bob Dalton
 Lois Brannin



Fiftieth Anniversary

1. The Clubhouse

Catherine Leverett Dorothy Swanson, Maude Ulmer,
Lillian Keller Thelma (Robinson) Priebe Shirley Palmer

2. Dinner at Harrington's

Harry Lydiard Eleanor Naddy

3. The Clubhouse - A Hunting We Will Go

Bob Dalton Johnny Nelson Frank Schalk

4. Dinner at Harrington's

Thelma (Robinson) Priebe Primrose Bredl Karen and Gary
Gleason



Cat Creek - 1965

It was the Year of the Cat, Cat Creek that is, the Summer Outing of 1965, August 21 to 29, the largest outing of those years. Five of us trecked in part way on Friday, Russ and Martha Coryell, Lois Brannin, Lillian Keller and Catherine Leverett. Fourteen more arrived next day, June and John Nelson, Shirley and Leonard Palmer, Karen and Gary Gleason, Doris Stuart, Dave Harley, Eleanor Naddy, Louise Dunswoth, Nancy McLauchlan, Bethel Ostman, Dean Palmer and Bill Fountain, a total of nineteen. Incidentally, old records show that the cost of horses and food in 1965 amounted to \$26.86 per person.

Reluctantly I had accepted the chairmanship, being assured that Cat Creek was a ideal campsite with stove, table, even shelves. WELL there WAS running water, COLD! And lots of flat, empty space. The packers arrived in due time and deposited several hundred sacks (so it seemed) on the bare ground.

Have you ever carried rocks from a streambed over yonder to build a stove? They are heavy. Nancy, a Girl Scout not many years previously, set about building a work space with long poles, teepee style, lashing more poles across, a fine addition. Gradually a usable stove materialized, logs were carried in for seating, tents dotted the valley floor. . . and the sun shone beautifully all weekend....

Russ returned to civilization (Coast Guard duty?) and reappeared later in the week in the dark of the night, hiking in by the light of a miner's lamp on his head! AND - he brought FRESH MEAT, pounds of hamburger and a young hitchhiker he had accumulated along the way. What a treat, meaning the hamburger!

Now came the rain and bright orange, yellow, blue and brown hooded raingear became the uniform of Cat Creek. Had there been a passerby he would have thought us an Order of Monks, seemingly perpetually grouped around the campfire intently drying out socks and most important of all, MY soaking wet sleeping bag.

Meanwhile the business of Summer Outing went forward, rain or shine. We hiked to Bogachiel and were disconcerted to find the fine lookout station we remembered reduced to a pile of broken glass and boards. But the view still was superb. We visited the campsite of a former summer outing, 1952, and four of those who made that trip had a reunion picture taken, June and John, Lillian and Catherine. We also happened upon the Crisler cabin, on the "wanted list" at that time, being completely overgrown by the wilderness.

Most exciting of all, as we stood on the very end of the Catwalk one day, binoculars in hand watching the campsite of the scientists on Mt. Olympus, the supply plane rose in the air and flew directly toward us. We waved madly, June and John, Lois, Eleanor and I and the pilot, the late Bill Fairchild, saw us and wagged his

wings at us. I was delighted to get a picture of the plane flying over us.

So, the week flew by; campfire sings at night, Russ making merry on the harmonica, reciting poetry, the talentless (but eager) Chorus Line performing by popular demand. Bethel Ostman, a former member, entertained us with her experiences as a Peace Corps worker in the Philippines.

There were lazy days too, watching the bears on our mountain-side, picking blueberries and such. The rains subsided, time ran out and reluctantly we returned to the work-a-day world below.

by Catherine Leverett

Enchanted Valley Outing
June 17, 1965

Members attending were:

Lois Brannin	Henry Kiel
Erna Fountain	Dean Palmer
Bill Fountain	Len Palmer
Eleanor Naddy	Ken Roberts

Because of arriving at Graves Campground at 11 a.m. after the long trip from home, we decided that we should hike about four miles and stay at the O'Neill Shelter for the night, leaving a seven mile hike for the next day. However upon arrival at the shelter we found it taken with a three-man trail crew so decided we should continue on as the weather was deteriorating and we did not relish camping out in the rain.

By the time we had passed the seven mile mark most of us began to feel the strain and the pace slackened considerably. By 4 p.m. it began to rain in earnest and Len, Dean and Bill began relays of our packs when we began to fall some distance behind. What a blessed help that was! The boys must have travelled $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles more than the rest of us, helping us with our packs.

We passed the 10 mile mark with .8 miles yet to go and that was the longest .8 miles we ever travelled. We were right; it was approximately 1.2 miles but it helped that we did not know it while we were slogging along in the pouring rain. We missed our way to the river crossing and had to retrace our steps back to the river where Len searched back and forth for the crossing and finally found a narrow log felled across the river. At first glance we felt we couldn't cross it but on getting closer we found a wire cable strung as a handrail and very welcome it proved to be for crossing that slippery log. We were so wet, tired and cold that we missed a log over another small stream and waded ankle-deep thru the water and on to the chalet.

Things had changed at the chalet from the last time we had been there. Living quarters for the summer ranger now took up the south portion of the chalet and the stove now used by campers was a burned-out monstrosity that could not be coaxed into producing enough heat to warm a cold, weary hiker. Bill Lester, the ranger came over and told us we could cook our dinner on his stove and from then on, thru all 5 days of our stay, he generously let us do our cooking in his quarters. Long live Bill Lester!

Bill told us that one of his duties this season was to tag elk calves with a green tag, the Quinault area color. The Park Service was endeavoring to find out if elk of different sections migrate, and possibly get some idea of the age elk can expect to attain. We were fortunate enough to get pictures of Bill tagging a calf, one of three he tagged on the 20th. The little calf had a high, birdlike call with which he kept in touch with his mother when his mother was out of his sight.

Part of our group hiked up the Anderson Pass Trail where they saw a herd of 35 elk crossing the snowfields. Small patches of snow were encountered at several places in the valley but were not enough to impede hiking. On our way into the area we had crossed the remains of several avalanches but these too, were not hard to cross.

However an avalanche had come down the stream bed in back of the chalet, the source of water for the area. Coffee made from it had the strong, fullbodied flavor of fir needles. Ugh!

Enchanted Valley is well known for its bear population, due for the most part to the use of garbage pits; we could see bears just about any time of the day. One bear was intrigued by the tent of some campers out in the meadow. Unfortunately for the bear, his approach was seen by the campers who were inside the tent, and who routed him before he could get on with his investigation.

Horses, as a rule, are very uneasy in an area where bears abound but a large white horse belonging to the tent campers was an exception. He grazed nonchalantly along the meadow steadily approaching a bear who was intent on reaching the garbage pit. It was evident he was stalking the bear as he would graze a mouthful or two of grass, pause and check on the bear, then move on a few more paces and check again. The battle of wills ended with the bear loping away without having reached the garbage pit. Old Whitie actually looked triumphant; he knew he was the winner.

Outside of the day we hiked in, the weather was beautiful and it was with reluctance that we had to break camp and leave Enchanted Valley.

by Erna Fountain

Humes Ranch Trail

One of the very favorite hikes of Klahhanes and others is the

two and a half mile walk to Humes Ranch. The trail is fairly level although there are some ups and downs along the way to make it more interesting. It has the mosses, wild flowers and fauna peculiar to the wild country in this area. Part way along the trail one can look down on Krause Bottom where so many elk brouse and rest. One time we looked down upon 50 or 60 elk along the Elwha River in the Bottom. As you look down the height of the trail can be awesome.

For many years the old Ludden Place was an interesting spot to while away the time. The only part remaining was the old Bee House, called that because of the shape of the building. There used to be a small creek running through it. All that has gone now. Shortly after the start of the trail from Whiskey Bend the trail divides into the upper and lower. The latter goes along Rika Canyon where the space for the river is so narrow that the blue-green water just thunders through. Many madronas grow down there.

Humes Ranch, the destination, has been remodeled; the old building was destroyed finally after so many years of buffeting by the elements. The large flat area or meadow is a favorite place for elk grazing. One time Doris Stuart and I had gone ahead because nobody else showed up at the appointed time. The rest came later. As Doris and I neared the meadow and looked through the trees we saw 40 elk grazing quietly. So we managed to get our cameras out to take pictures. Then one of the elk raised his head and off they ran, the whole herd. We took pictures as they fled up the hill.

Another time, what year I don't remember, we were on the way back on the upper trail, Doris and Regina Hoppova were ahead and Ruby Knudson and I were strolling aways back. Doris was squatted down digging some thing from a dry creek bed. Regina was farther down looking for some thing in the creek bed. As we came through the trees, Ruby and I, we heard a commotion ahead. We looked up in time to see a bear and Doris scampering in opposite directions, the bear up the creek bed and Doris down. Neither one had seen the other, Doris' back was turned to the upper path, they both were so concentrating on what they were doing. Then simultaneously Doris turned and looked back and the bear looked up and Wham! Both made tracks.

There are so many memories as one looks back momentarily on that trail. Another time that I recall we were going to hike the upper trail and come back the lower one. We had been walking awhile when right in front of us was a huge washout. It looked as if a tidal wave of sorts had washed through. So we made our way down to the lower trail to continue our way.

A year and a half ago about twenty of us hiked out there again. Some went down to the lower and some stayed on the upper trail. As we gathered at the meadow and the Ranch to eat we looked back at the meadow and saw Vicki Van Calcar, Erna Fountain and Lois Brannin bending over doing something so we went over to see. In the creek that runs through they had found lots of water cress and they were gathering it in bags to take home. Mary Davis was nursing her recently

operated on feet, so she wasn't walking her usual speed. Well, so it goes, there are many other memories through the years of a very pleasant trail which has afforded many an enjoyable experience out in the open.

by Isabel Whitfield

Snowshoeing 1966

During the past ten years snowshoeing in January and February has become so much an accepted way of life for the Klahhane Club that it is difficult to realize it was not always so. Yet 1965 provides the first record I have of these excursions and 1966 provides Hope's best collection of slides on the subject. Among my keenest memories of these early snowshoe outings are the "flying" nuns, certain feathered friends, the unbelievable beauty of a calm clear winter's day, and the struggle to don snowshoes before starting out.

The first part of what became a regular pattern was a call at the lodge to sign the register and then a scramble up a nearby bank of snow. Once we were on top of that first bank came the tussle with snowshoes. Somehow it always seemed difficult to get the straps adjusted just right without freezing our fingers. Of course the fact that we were so well padded with warm clothes that we could hardly bend didn't make us especially agile, but finally, often with an assist from Len, everyone was ready and off we went.

The first part was downhill in the shelter of the trees which enabled us to get nicely into our stride. Then we came to banks of snow which meant digging in with the toes of our boots and clambering up only to go down again. On the level stretches, out in the open, we stopped to enjoy the intense blue of the sky contrasted with the dazzling white of snow, - snow covering the ground, snow piled high on flocked Christmas trees. Real icicles, glinting in the sun, bedecked those trees. On through the crisp winter beauty we ventured till we were ready to turn back or until we came to the end of the snow covered trail. About this time we were usually ready for lunch and lunch meant visitors.

I well remember one occasion when we found several logs in a nice sunny spot and started in to enjoy our lunch. Out of nowhere came one or two venturesome winged creatures. At first they were rather timid, but when I was so incautious as to put a large slab of chocolate between my teeth while I fished in my rucksack, the temptation was too much and I received a sudden surprise. One of those creatures, known as Canada Jays, Whiskey Jacks or Camp Robbers darted past and away went most of my chocolate. On another occasion when we stopped to eat, a whole flock invited themselves to lunch without any hesitation whatsoever. The photographers had a field day while Karen, Lillian and I held apple cores in our hands and the birds zoomed in to perch on our fingers or on the core itself. Often enough whoever was holding the core would be gazing off in one direc-

tion while the Camp Robber came in for a two point landing from an utterly different direction.

Usually by the time we got back to the bank near the lodge the know was covered with children sliding down on old rubber tires or on 'flying saucers.' One wintry day, however, it wasn't the children who held our attention but a group of nuns. Not a bit hampered by their long robes, they were enjoying the thrill of sliding down the hillside on a sled. Later we learned that they had lived in California until that winter and that this was their first experience with snow.

by Primrose Bredl

Annual Outing August 20-28, 1966

While one group of Klahhane members drove to various campgrounds for a week of day hiking and exploration of the Cascades east of Darrington, another group of eight shouldered packs and headed up the Suiattle River into the Cascades.

The first day was a long, hot hike of 8 miles in 90° weather through a deep forest with no breeze and very little view of either river or mountains. The second day was also very hot and the trail ascended very steeply 5½ miles to Image Lake. However, the last 3 miles was in open country, with an occasional breeze and spectacular mountain scenery to take our minds off hot, tired feet. The following day was one of relaxation, with time spent on short hikes around the area, washing out dust and perspiration from clothes, and just sitting and looking at Glacier Peak. On the fourth day it was Hup, 2, 3, 4 past Glacier Peak Mines, over Suiattle and Cloudy Passes and down to Lyman Lake. The first two miles were deep in dust and the only member not coughing and sputtering was the one in the lead. What a muddy, slippery mess that must be in wet weather!! We took the short-cut between the two passes in order to maintain our elevation. It was a one way trail and a bit tricky in a few spots, with a long slide to the bottom if one had slipped. The descent from Cloudy Pass was through beautiful open meadows surrounded by jagged mountains, and with brilliantly blue Lyman Lake at the bottom. The following day was spent relaxing and exploring the area. All of us enjoyed the climb up to Upper Lyman Lake at the foot of Lyman Glacier, with icebergs in the lake and flowers in the meadow. That night a cold, very strong wind buffeted our tents so hard that we wondered if we might not be blown into the lake. The clouds moved in and we had the first rain of the trip---in fact, it was so cold in the morning that we became concerned about the possibility of snow on the return climb over the Passes. It was almost impossible to cook a hot breakfast because the wind was blowing the firs horizontally, but perseverance finally paid off. On the return trip we retraced our steps except for eliminating the short-cut and climb up to Image Lake, reaching our cars after two long days of hiking.

by Doris Stuart

Car Camping in Oregon - Summer 1967

This interesting and hilarious week started out in hot, sunny weather as three cars and ten Klahhane members drove south to Portland where they immediately got lost in traffic. After each car had taken a different off ramp from the freeway, they passed each other at various intersections waving madly and calling directions. Luckily all met at the pre-arranged site in Gresham.

Our first four camps were at Mt. Hood, Tumalo State Park, Diamond Lake and Rogue River. From Mt. Hood we visited Timberline Lodge and the next day, after leaving the second camp, we explored the Lava River Caves. Here we hiked into the mile long lava tube, each carrying a gas-lantern. The coolness felt good after the 90° heat. At Diamond Lake most of us went swimming to cool off and shed some of the lava dust. At Crater Lake we took the 35 mile Rim Drive around the Lake with a side trip to some interesting rock formations, known as the Pinnacles. After much picture taking and a short hike on a nature trail, we left for the Rogue River Campground and hot showers!

After a slight mix-up over lost clothing some of us drove to Ashland to see a Shakespearian play. The next day Hope left us at Grant's Pass. The rest of us toured the Oregon Caves and then drove south into California to see the redwoods. That night found us camping along a river in the Myrtlewoods. The cool ocean air felt good as we drove north up the coast, but problems developed as the cars kept getting separated in spite of the little green flags attached to each one. Much time was spent going in and out of camp grounds looking for the "leaders" who were supposed to be looking for that night's camp site. When we finally got together at the Devil's Punchbowl we discovered that somewhere, somehow, the leaders had fallen behind and had been bringing up the rear. Since one car had all the food, and another all the pots and pans and the third had the stove, dinner was quite late that night.

The next day we all kept together and ended up at Cape Lookout State Park where we enjoyed hiking on the beach in the moonlight. The last day we crossed the Columbia at Astoria and were homeward bound.

Those making the trip were Lois Brannin, Catherine Leverett, Ruby Knudson, Hope Hodges, Primrose Bredl, Karen and Gary Gleason, June, John and Barbara Nelson.

by June Nelson

September 23, 1967

Klahhane members hiked from Obstruction Point toward Moose Lake. It was a beautiful sunny day with clear visibility, and winter storms

did not enter our minds. Yet, one week later two men were caught in a blizzard on this same trail and froze to death.

by Ruby Knudson

Gleason's House Warming 1967

During the Winter of 1966-67, we had our home build by the high school carpentry class. During the spring vacation period we hosted a "sleep-in" in the unfinished house. The April Klahhane pot luck was also held in the house as the sub-floors were in, also heat and lights but no furniture, etc. We had lots of room to spread out in.

In the fall, after we had moved in, we were surprised by a house-warming party one Sunday afternoon after returning from a Klahhane outing. Unknown to us, the Klahhane member who came to visit us in the morning was a scout to be sure we were in shape to receive guests in the afternoon. As we returned from the outing, we saw several cars that we thought sure belonged to members driving around Gales Addition. Gee, that's funny????? No sooner home, than Surprise! Surprise! We're here for your house-warming party. What a lovely party, with a silver tree. We used the silver to help acquire the painting that is in the dining room. Thanks for the party!

by Gleason's

Honeymoon Meadows 1968

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven."

(Shakespeare - "Merchant of Venice")

"What do you remember most about the annual outing to Honeymoon Meadows?" I asked. Came the unanimous reply, "Rain"

My slides bear out that claim for each one shows Klahhanes so enveloped in raingear that it is almost impossible to tell who each person is. One picture shows Doris, camera in hand, standing outside the tent under the plastic "porch" with Louise (I think) shrouded in a poncho although she too is under the "porch". Louise is inserting new film in her camera. Hope springs eternal!

One day, the day we lunched near La Crosse Pass, the rain lifted becoming a "moist blanket of air." I think that was the day that a swift hiker brought word that Mt. Anderson was visible. I got to the strategic point in time to see the peak for almost a full minute. Doris boasted that she saw it for ten minutes. Others were less fortunate.

Eleanor, Louise, Rena, Lois, Catherine, Jillian, Doris, and I

formed the manless expedition that made its way to beautiful Honeymoon Meadows only to find the one really good location occupied by a group of Girls Scouts. They assured us that they were leaving that weekend so we set up a temporary camp and waited. Sure enough, long before Len and Erna's grandson, Don Simons, arrived to spend two days, we were ensconced in the spot. The location even boasted a nearby throne situated in a lofty place from which no doubt one could survey the beauty of the countryside- weather permitting!

We were certainly well pleased but not so the Sierra Club who arrived in a very large body following their leaders, two men who to ward off the downpour, bore aloft two magnificent umbrellas! No wonder they were chagrined for some time earlier, they had sent an advance party to scout the area and choose a spot. Moreover, at the time of the survey, the weather had been beautiful!

We did have some excitement for about eleven o'clock the first night when most of us were asleep or close to it, a park ranger stopped to inquire about a group of horsemen who had been reported carrying rifles. Obviously we weren't the horsemen, but we couldn't provide much information either.

Three other visitors were a man, his wife, and their little girl. I don't remember their name, but I have a picture of the plucky little youngster sheltering under Eleanor's raingear.

Our chief occupations were picking blueberries, gathering wood, and trying to dry out. In spite of these circumstances we managed to survive and, stranger yet, we even enjoy reminiscing about those wet, wet days in Honeymoon Meadows!

by Primrose Bredl

Mt. Adams

August 16 - 24, 1969

An annual outing always leaves memories of some very special moments. The trip to the Mt. Adams area in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest the summer of 1969 was no exception. August 16, with final preparations made, the trek began that would take us over some of the best roads of the State of Washington and certainly some of the worst as we followed Gary's "shortcut" on roads in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest.

The first camp at Horse Shoe Lake at the elevation of 4,200 feet was established in an area where just walking around camp produced little clouds of dust-- a car going by was disaster. Still Karen was able to find spots of beauty in a marshy area near a little stream as her pictures of flowers later testified.

The next morning the caravan--Bob and Lucina Cahill with their

pickup, Len Palmer driving his Datsun, and Doris Stuart's sturdy Valiant reached a point known as Midway. The spectacular view of Mt. Adams, St. Helens, and Rainier brought drivers and passengers with cameras out of the cars. So much beauty just had to be recorded and treasured. The passengers were Catherine Leverett, Lillian Keller, Lois Brannin, Eleanor Naddy, Karen and Gary Gleason. June and John Nelson and Barbara were to join us later that evening at Takhlakh Lake.

This was the time of huckleberries and blueberries. Potato Hill was alive with Indians gathering the harvest of berries. Certain areas were posted to indicate exclusive picking rights for the Indians but we found a spot where the berries hung large and ripe, beginning to be picked. One of my very special memories is of Bob Cahill in the berry patch-- there was pure bliss as he gathered in the fruit. Warm sunshine--magnificent view--sunwarmed and sweet berries, more than one could gather--that was pure happiness.

Takhlakh Lake at the 4,500 foot level provided a good base camp for exploring the area. Johnny and Barb got in some fishing, the Tack Tack and Meadows led us through fields of lupine, bear grass, and gentians. Bog orchids were a special find. Huge piles of black volcanic rock were a sharp contrast to the lush vegetation but were a challenge to climb. A view of Mt. Adams with its glaciers and meadows was always sufficient reward for climbing.

A third camp was made at Cultus Creek. This was the largest of the campgrounds with 41 campsites--a popular spot. It was from here that we hiked to an area known as Indian Heaven, a beautiful area of small lakes and lush meadows. It was here that I felt that I must return some day. Little did I know how soon that would be.

The next day Len, Gary and I decided to hike a portion of the Cascade crest trail--a distance of about 14 miles, it seemed more like twenty before the end. John took us to the point where a road bisected the trail. In my hurry to get out of the car, I left my camera behind which was no doubt fortunate because we really did have a late start for that long a trip and picture taking would only have slowed the slowest of the trio. The trail was far from level as we traveled through timber, along long open spaces and up a "knoll" covered with blueberries, rich in color and fruit, to a viewpoint where it was possible to stand in one spot and see Mt. Adams, Rainier, St. Helens and Mt. Hood. Surely this moment in itself was sufficient reason for hiking. We did not have time to linger for the hours were passing more rapidly than were the miles we had hiked. At one point Gary forgot his walking stick and had to backtrack several miles. When we reached Indian Heaven evening was beginning to fall and we still had several miles to go--by sunset we were coming down off the mountain to a view of magnificent splendor as the brilliant sunset cast a glow upon Mt. Adams and in the distance, Mt. Rainier.

One final special memory--Karen and Gary's reunion with their first son, David. It had been a week since he had been left with his grandparents!

The Great Outdoors

1. Cat Creek

Johnny Nelson, Catherine Leverett, June Nelson

2. Arrival at Cat Creek

Doris Stuart

Shirley Palmer, Nancy McLaughlan, Bethel Ostmen, Dean Palmer
Catherine Leverett, Lois Brannin

June Nelson, Louise (Dunworth) Milhous

3. Rialto Beach

Catherine Leverett - Inspiration

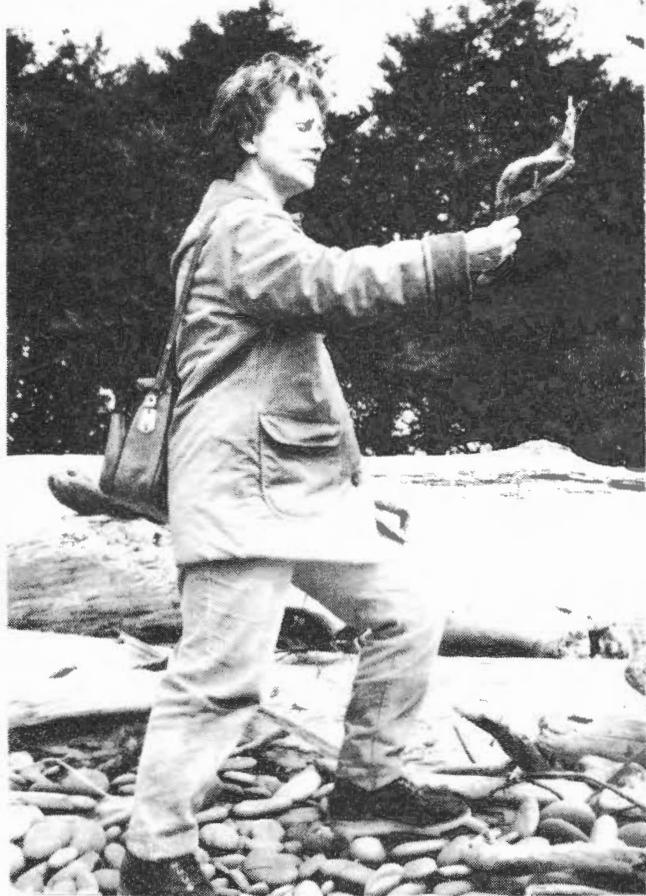
4. Mt. Adams

Lucina Cahill

Karen Gleason

Catherine Leverett

5. Shi Shi Beach



How to Start a Hike on Two Feet and End on Four

One August while we were still newcomers my wife and I signed up for a hike from the top of Hurricane Hill to the Ranger Station where the Whiskey Bend Road takes off from the Elwha. A Ranger and his wife had made a sort of a project of that trail and had told me so much about it I was eager to try it and so jumped at the chance when it was scheduled.

The day proved to be one of those bright warm days just suited for the adventure and we hurried to the rallying point at the Junior High, where we joined three others, Sally, Don and George. We decided two cars were enough so both took off for the Ranger Station, where we parked mine, then all five drove up the Ridge Road to the trail head at the end of the road, where we parked the second car. It was a fine day and we walked the paved trail to the top of the hill, then took off on the path into the woods, keeping to the right of the ridge. When we came to a spot with a great view of the Strait we ate lunch, then, fortified, set out through the trees. Soon we reached a large bare hillside where the path made a long switch-back down the hill.

Helen, bringing up the rear, scorned the switch-back and tried a new method, sitting down to slide on the grass to the lower end. This saved her feet, but had a drawback. The dried grass was as stiff as splinters and her jeans were vulnerable. After a bit of rest and recovery we again set out, and from then on the trail descended rather steeply, through the forest and across some tiny stream. It was a beautiful trip, but the trouble was my knee began to give out, and all the coddling I could manage did not relieve it. Instead it got worse. Finally I tried to walk stiff legged. Did you ever try that down hill? I got farther and farther behind, so they continually had to stop and wait for me.

Finally, coming up to where they were waiting for me, I said, "Why don't you go on and get some horses so I can ride out." It was not a question, I knew there were no horses in the Park, it was just something to say. But Sally immediately took me up on it, offering to go on and get the horses. After some discussion Sally and Don went on ahead, while George suggested a cane, and ended with two, one in each hand. I would stop and rest, get my breath, then make a stiff-legged rush as far as I could go without falling on my face when the path got steeper. How long that lasted would be hard to say, but finally at a stream where we could get a drink of good cold water I was flat on my back when Don came running back crying "Stop. We have the horses, wait where you are." He didn't have to say that again.

It seems that this was Fair Day and the back country team had saved up all their days off and had come in for the Fair, and their horses were there at the Station. Sally had won the day. While two Rangers were getting them saddled Don had come back to tell us. After our rest, waiting, I was able to get on the horse, Sally who

had ridden back kept her horse, Helen took the third, and we rode down some of the steepest trail I have ever met. The hike was an 8 mi. trip, I had made 7 of those, but I know that I could not have walked that last mile, it was the steepest of all, I would have been a babe in the woods all night, without even a sandwich.

Once down we dismounted and Sally asked for my car keys to bring the car up to where we were. When she got back you never saw such a reluctant group as they were to have me drive home. But they were game and finally let me do it, and I showed them I could. Then the need to bring down George's car. I offered to drive up, but they would have none of that. It was now dark so I really was relieved to have Don drive George up to get the other car.

I am not sure how the rest feel about that trip, but I surely welcomed the extra 4 feet Sally provided for my return. Any of you want to try that trail? It is very pretty, but be sure of your knees, you can't count on those horses again.

by Jim Mull

Overnights at the Clubhouse

A few hardy Klahhanes appreciate the clubhouse on Lake Dawn for overnights in the winter; namely, Lois Brannin and her grandson, Stanton; Len and Sally Palmer and their two little girl friends, Robyn and Kelly Joquin, and an occasional other "willing to give up everyday luxuries" member. What could be more enjoyable than snow around the clubhouse, a crackling fire which eventually gets the clubhouse tolerable, a good stew, hot drink and the quietness around Lake Dawn. One memorable overnight was in February, 1970. On Saturday we hiked around the Lake to get in shape for Sunday when we hiked up to Lake Angeles on a bright, sharp day with hard packed snow the last mile. Early that morning before leaving the clubhouse, a beautiful moment occurred when we discovered a red-breasted sap-sucker in the tree outside the kitchen window. New Year's Eve, 1973, was rainy and foggy which made it an easy drive (meaning no snowy or slippery roads) to get to the clubhouse for the Klahhane New Year's Eve potluck and party.

When the Klahhanes had departed, Lois and Sally were joined by Len who came up the hill after celebrating New Year's Eve on swing shift. New Years' Day dawned cold and sunny--fine weather for our first snowshoe hike of the year on Hurricane Ridge. A couple of other overnights were enjoyed under conditions where we practiced hiking in the rain and wind around Lake Dawn and Heart o' the Hills and then after dinner boning up on cards, other games and eating delicious "some-mores" (graham crackers, toasted marshmallows and chocolate squares). We are really thankful for our clubhouse.

by Sally Palmer

Annual Outing - August 1970

Touring Shuswap Lake in British Columbia by houseboat was this year's annual outing for the Klahhane Club.

This beautiful lake is actually two large bodies of water, joined at approximately mid-point by a channel, known as Cinnemousin Narrows; thus, there are four long arms and 1,000 miles of shoreline to explore.

Ten of us embarked from the town of Sicamous, in the north Okanagan country, where we rented two houseboats from one of the marinas. After the stowing of gear had been completed, part of our group was given a brief indoctrination course to familiarize them with the handling of these vessels, and we were ready to shove off.

The skipper and first mate on one boat were Bob Cahill and Earl Tuttle - on the other, Leonard Palmer and Harold Springer, who performed their duties remarkably well. They checked motors, pumped out bilges, positioned bumpers and anchors, and secured or cast off lines with efficiency, moving forward and aft, top side and below with ease. An interval of rough water and whitecaps while passing through Cinnemousin Narrows near Cape Horn did not dismay them, and they brought their craft through the turbulence in good order.

Except for this brief period the lake was delightfully calm, and the weather ideal. The days were sunny and hot, the nights cool enough for comfortable sleeping. Top deck, a favorite spot for sunning and observing the passing scene, also offered an opportunity to enjoy a full moon at night; this was where most of us spread our sleeping bags when it was time to turn in.

Tempting meals were prepared from a small but adequate galley. To supplement the menu, we picked huckleberries and blueberries. These were baked into delicious pies by Mrs. Bradley of Bradley's Tranquility Bay, a station for the servicing of houseboats. Also available at this place were home made bread and fresh produce from the garden, along with hand-crafted items and souvenirs.

Cruising around the lake at a moderate rate of speed was a good way to fully appreciate our surroundings. Grizzly Mountain, deeply furrowed and sparsely timbered, rose to a height of over 6,000 feet along Seymour Arm. In some areas massive rocks jutted abruptly from the water's edge, while in other places sandy beaches beckoned invitingly to the passing traveler. Clear, warm water offered excellent swimming, and with day temperatures in the 80's and 90's, this was a popular activity.

The Shuswap region must be a rockhound's paradise judging by the variety and quantity of rock that we saw. Mica was abundant, and in the shallower water tiny suspended flecks of it glinted in the sunlight.

An especially fascinating and colorful attraction was Marble

Point, where we found great out-croppings of this type of rock along the hillside and scattered on the beach in shades of red, pink, gold and pure white.

Further up the lake Indian pictographs were visible on smooth rock faces along the water's edge, a reminder of early inhabitants.

To investigate some of the surrounding country, we hiked a trail leading to Wright Lake, a distance of approximately three miles each way. There were a few tense moments as, working our way through some brush, we startled two bears, a mother and cub. If any of us ever had doubts about a bear's ability to climb a tree, our minds were quickly changed as we watched the cub deftly scramble up a tall cedar, then just as quickly return to the ground under his mother's firm guidance. For a moment it appeared that the female was advancing toward us, but upon hearing the other hikers approaching, she decided to retreat.

Those who took a nine mile round trip hike near the Seymour River felt well rewarded for their efforts as they viewed the mighty falls which cascaded down the rocks with a tremendous roar. The more courageous edged their way out to a high vantage point near the precipice for picture taking.

Another of our hikes took us to a remote wooded area at the end of Seymour Arm. Here stood a large Tudor style mansion built many years before there were any access roads, so building materials had to be brought in by water. Since the place was occupied and the grounds fenced, we were only able to view it from the front gate.

Near the lake shore about a half mile away was the Seymour Hotel, a high-ceilinged wooden structure, reminiscent of the early 1900's. A pleasant diversion was provided when we were invited by a family from the province of Alberta to join them in a "Sing-in" at the Seymour. These people were also traveling houseboat style. Their musical talent soon became evident from an enthusiastic, up-beat delivery of both new and old songs, accompanied on the guitar by one of their number.

On our return trip we tied up for an overnight stay at the Anglemont Marina. That night we noticed a cloud of smoke rising over the hills, and the next day a light dusting of ashes covered the boats and floated on the water's surface. This fire had broken out the day before, and was one of many which plague the British Columbia wilderness each year.

All of us thoroughly enjoyed this different type of vacation, and it was generally agreed that Lake Shuswap should be high on the list of "Places to Return to" - and soon!

by Lucina Cahill

Canada - Shuswap Lake

1. Harold Springer

Len Palmer

2. Ed Steuer

Earl Tuttle

3. Earl Tuttle, Velma Lathrop, Margrete Siemens, Ruth Belcher

Esther Patterson, Bill Lathrop

Sally and Len Palmer, Ed Steuer

4. Houseboat

5. Earl Tuttle, Velma Lathrop, Margrete Siemens, Ruth Belcher,

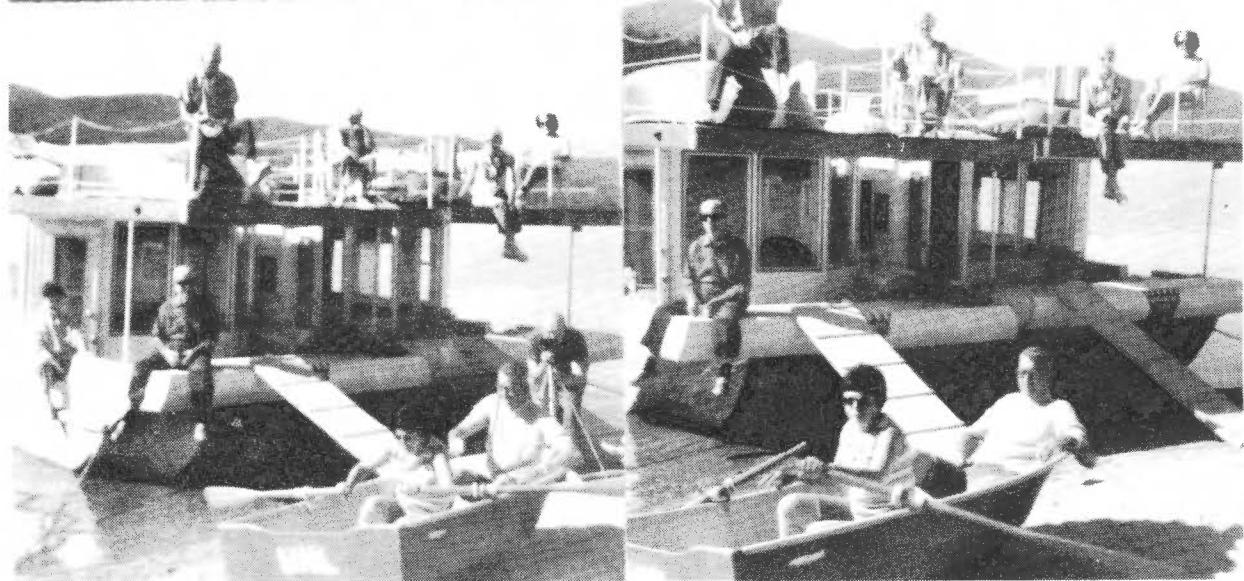
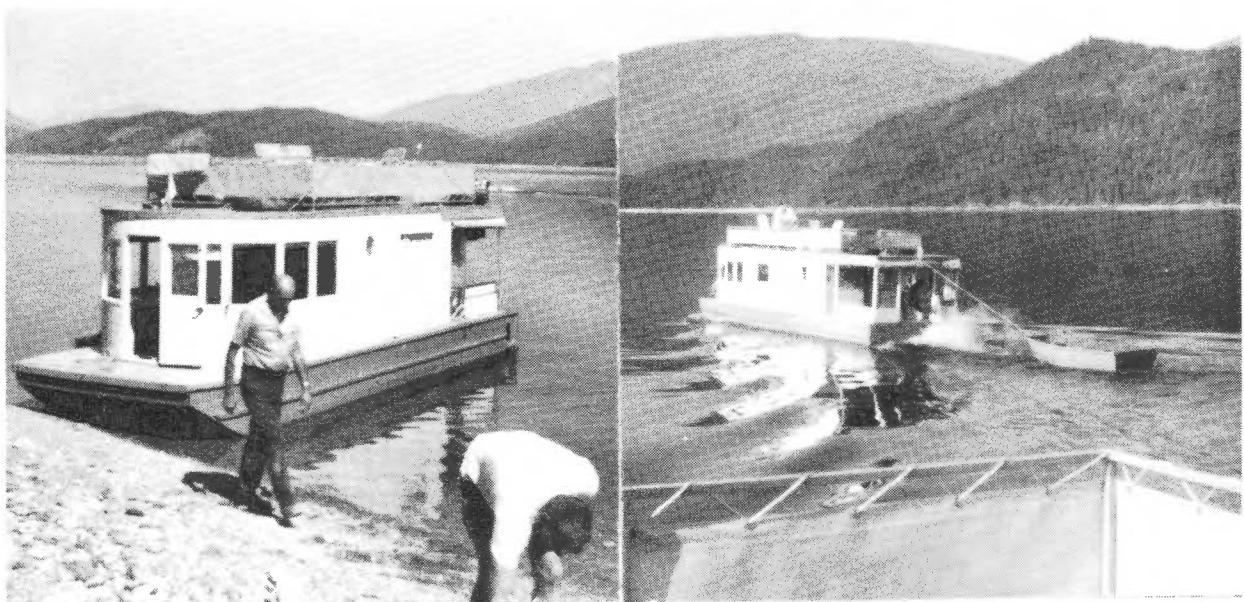
Esther Patterson, Bill Lathrop

Sally and Len Palmer

6. Earl Tuttle, Velma Lathrop, Margrete Siemens, Ruth Belcher,

Bill Lathrop

Sally and Len Palmer



Hoh Lake Outing--The Wet One!

Three members who were unable to go on the Shuswap Lake boat cruise went on a nine day swim up the Hoh River valley, over the high divide and down the Deer Lake-Seven Lake Basin route. Lois Brannin, Karen and Gary Gleason, with Len and Sally Palmer in for both weekends were the members. We found that a big spruce tree at Happy 4 shelter area would shed water for two days, however, by the third day it had begun to leak! We also found that the very steep trail up to Hoh Lake has a false top 2/3 up it. We spent a very wet and cold night at Hoh Lake until we got into the shelter next day. A sight to behold was the sharing of one hard, bumpy and narrow bunk by the Gleason's for the sake of warmth. Old worn-out sleeping bags should never be taken on cold, wet outings! We discovered that logs from the lake would burn if you kept them in the fire with some other drier wood. We spent several days at the lake while the Washington Mist swirled above our heads-- around our pale bodies-- and thoroughly dampened our spirits. Believe it or not, but the photography was marvelous in those conditions. The color were intense and there were hundreds of flowers, plants, and fungi to photograph around the lake. As always, it seems, the day you leave an area the sun begins to shine. We left the lake to explore the Seven Lakes Basin area... no fish but plenty of mosquitos. Len and Sally came in to the meadow above Deer Lake on Saturday and we all hiked out on Sunday.

by Gleason's

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October 3, 1970

This was mushroom identification walk with Erna Fountain as leader. We went to a favorite trail - the one leading from Olympic Hotsprings Campground to Boulder Creek Falls. The first mushroom to be identified was Lake Boletus. It is smooth on the bottom, has no gills, the flesh is reddish yellow. It is edible but tasteless. Another one was Polyporius, commonly called Chicken-of-the-Woods.

by Ruby Knudon

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Klahhane Initiation 1970

Klahhane is a most informal club, but even so we do sometimes get around to initiating new members. On these occasions we try to provide some of the rules we live by, some of our philosophy, our traditions and the "folklore" that makes Klahhane so meaningful to us. At the same time we like to know something about our new members so that we too may appreciate them.

September 15, 1970 was the day of one such initiation. Among the victims were: Clara Bednarek, Sally Palmer, Winnie Jamison

Jan Tuttle, and Bill Lathrop with Lillian Keller presiding.

Somewhat Bill Lathrop's concluding remarks seems to express the sentiments of all so, with his permission, I am quoting a part of his thumbnail sketch. (Editor's note:)

"When I realized I might have to make this confession I made a list of all the jobs I've had. It's a bad record. I'll read it to you and you will see why. Beginning with the year I started high school my first job was bus boy in a hotel. Nothing like getting off to a bad start. Then clerk in a book store, clerk in a women's shoe store, (this didn't help my career), and country school teacher. Then I worked in a portrait studio when I started college, then in a hamburger shop, then in a photo lab. After college I did photo-engraving, taught college seven years. When I couldn't get ahead at this I became an assistant county agent. I didn't have any training for this either, just a lot of nerve. Later I was field photographer for the Department of Agriculture, then writer and editor, and finally public information officer.

Naturally this left a lot of spare time, so Velma and I had a mink ranch for fifteen years, also a coin operated laundry business for a short time. There's one advantage in a career like this, by fiddling with so many things you've got a good excuse for not doing anything right. I wouldn't recommend it to anyone. But if you're going to try it be sure you have a very capable and patient wife as I had, to keep all the loose pieces together.

And now I want to thank all of you wonderful people for taking Velma and me into your club-- and into your hearts, we hope. To us Klahhane means more than just the great outdoors. It also means "dear hearts and gentle people."

Hurricane Hill 1971

It was in the summer of '71 that the Endicotts took my husband and me as guests on a hike with the Klahhane Club. We two couples had hiked quite a bit together in the Couchella Valley of California as well as in this area. The Endicotts had recently joined the Klahhane Club and thought we would be interested too.

This first hike was to Hurricane Hill- it was a hot day - the deer flies were out in full force. At every shady spot I tried to catch a rest. I remember walking and chatting with Winnie Jamison. The Lathrops were along as were Evelyn Lydiard, Charlotte Jurgensen and others, but I can't recall their names.

When we got near the summit there was a discussion as to whether to go to the Peak or branch off on the Elwha Trail. The Peak being the prescribed goal, and Paul, being an old infantry man and a no-nonsense hiker, had just kept right on to the top. I reluctantly followed and told him some were considering continuing on the Elwha

Trail. But not for him. He was ready for a "sit down strike" guest or not! After a rest we returned to the others, who by that time, were eating lunch. After lunch some, including Dawn and I, were ready to turn back. However, the more energetic hikers decided to make a short detour along the Elwha Trail and to meet the rest of us later at the cars.

The fantastic scenery - the many strange and beautiful plants - the nice friendly group of people appealed to me and I was hooked.

Soon after this Paul became ill and it wasn't till the following spring that the Endicotts took me under their wing and brought me through the hikes and other activites necessary to become a member. For a time I really doubted if I ever would make it. My continued status as a guest became a huge joke. Finally the Board met and I was legally accepted.

The Klahhane Club has had a tremendous meaning to me. After losing my husband, being admitted into a mixed group and enjoying the great outdoors together was just wonderful. Always the Klahhanes seem to care about each other. I never feel put down because I can't do gungho hiking. There's always someone who will go my speed without appearing to mind.

Thank you Klahhane!

by Ester Patterson

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Klahhane Hikes the Bogachiel 1971

October 10, 1971 was not an unusual day in the middle Bogachiel valley. Some rain. No sun. Grey skies. Falling golden leaves. A little wind. The river ran full, clear, and cold. The fish, abounding in these waters, reflected happily on the rains of the past few days which assured them of an easy passage upriver.

The intrepid walkers of that day travelled comfortably in their warm cars to a point where warm cars do not function faultlessly. However, the thought of three miles of double-ruts and puddle slogging was less appealing than car welfare, so, on went the cars! Amid spinning tires, sprays of muddy waters, tense worrying drivers and rock scraped high centered cars, on Klahhane went till the automobiles could go no further.

At the point where the road meets the river and the river has worn itself into the facing hill, the hikers abandoned their cars and boldly faced each other in the non-descript array of color and style which characterize the plumage of the American Walker.

The hike had barely begun when the first fording of two foot depth water was faced with varied footwear offering absolute protection to a water depth of four inches!

Primrose, Winnie, Rosemary, Lois and her grandson Stanton, Beverly Doris, Ed Steuer, Ed Tisch, Harry and other non-aquatic hikers reflected less happily than the fish on those waters which assured them of a wet passage up trail.

The crossing of streams is often a problem for Klahhane members and wet feet frequently result. On this day ingenuity was in the fore. While the women were alternately packed, dropped, nearly drown and practically suffocated, as the barefooted and barelegged men gallantly aided them across the cold water.

With progressively wetter feet the walker-riders ascended the river trail through the fine stands of stumps and second growth spruce which characterize the first mile of park along the Bogachiel. That portion of trail which marks the beginning of what is truly a wonderful example of wilderness path was soon reached. For many miles the trail winds through virgin spruce-hemlock-cedar forest, lined by oxalis, and covered with mats of sound absorbing needles. Serene, seldom used, Beautiful.

For the lunch break Klahhane clambered out onto the river rocks, and, perched on logs, or sitting on rocks, ate, talked, laughed, listened to the river, watched for wildlife, and rested or slept.

Returning, amid an occasional shower, the problem of stream fording was soon again faced. Adept puddle dodging and short detours had kept most feet less than soaked. Now near the conclusion of the day, the men, tiring of packing well fed Klahhanes, used good old-fashioned Yankee ingenuity. Sir Walter had done it before! But for a lesser personage.

Thus was born the plastic bridge! A four foot wide plastic sheet perhaps twenty feet long was placed across a broad slow flowing stream on the water surface and held by the men. Then the women simply and drily stepped onto the sheet, creating a temporary plastic boot at each step. All successfully crossed the creek except those who didn't trust it and waded.

Proudly the men hurried to the next crossing.

Here the stream was fast, narrow and over a foot deep. The men confidently placed the plastic across the rushing stream and nobly invited Hope to step forth, which she with confidence, born of trust and experience, did.

By grabbing quickly her helpers were able to keep her head above the water although her camera wasn't functioning too well for some time. With Hope safely though drippingly across, the plastic was again carefully placed on the water and adjustment made to assure the safe passage of the next crosser. Editor's note: Poetic License A now reluctant Primrose was launched onto the sheet. Again disaster. Amid shrieks and water powered plastic the intrepid hiker threw herself forward into the arms of her rescuer. Men tugging, knees dragging, flailing arms, foaming water, and enveloping plastic typified

the scene as a terrified Primrose, cold, wet, and barely safe, reached shore.

Hope's and Primroses lips formed grim smiles. They had crossed.

The others waded where the stream was wider, slower, and deeper.

There really wasn't much else to do but get home, then dry, smile a bit (time helps) and remember the day Klahhanes Invaded the Bogachiel

Annual Outing - 1971

1971 was the year the Klahhane members "went with the Moon" in the selection of an Annual Outing date. Catherine Leverett told us of friends of hers who always had beautiful weather on their summer trips simply by checking the phases of the moon beforehand. Well . . . why couldn't we do the same. And you know what, it worked! On a magnificent Saturday morning Lillian Keller, Primrose Bredl, Earl and Jan Tuttle, Erna Fountain, Gary Gleason, Len and Sally Palmer and your writer set out from the trailhead with our destination Royal Basin. The extension of the logging roads in the Dungeness watershed has made this trip a fairly easy one-day walk. Our packer was already at the trailhead, having taken in one load the previous day. Short of horses, he was going back in with us again this day. Gear sitters were guarding our belongings at the camp site under the Big Rock.

The by-word (or words) for this outing was (were) sunshine, heat and BUGS. Long lasting snow brought out every mosquito and fly in the basin while we were there. The sunshine was most welcome, although at times it did get just a slight too hot.

Len and Sally only stayed for the week-end and we bid them adieu on Sunday. With the good weather and a perfect camp-site we settled in for a delightful week of hiking the surrounding countryside, wild game of Zionchek Rummey, bathing in the lake, "no-luck" fishing, and sumptuous meals. Tuesday's dinner hour was highlighted by the arrival of Lois Brannin. Lois had been unable to come in with us on Saturday, so had hiked the distance by herself, blowing her whistle every few feet to fend off any bears that may have been following in her footsteps. After dinner, a few of the group worked out Lois' aches and pains by almost running her up and down one of the side hills several miles.

Our wildlife count consisted of a family of goats which walked through camp each morning and evening and several deer seen in the area.

Lillian had stuck fairly close to camp during the week and it was decided that she must get "up the mountain." The selected walk took us to the small glacial lake at the foot of Mt. Deception. The trip up was slow due to the steep snow fields we had to ascend. After

a fun-filled picture session of everyone sliding down snow slopes at the lake we began our trip back to camp. Two members were most solicitous of Lillian on the trip down and while everyone else slid down the really big snow slopes, they carefully "walked" Lillian down . . . to keep her safe. It wasn't until several days later that the two learned that, although Lillian deeply appreciated their concern, the only thing she really wanted to do that day was sit down kick her feet out from under her, and follow the gang down the snow.

The final evening at camp brought the first clouds of the trip, and Saturday's hike out was cooled somewhat by a heavier cloud cover. By mid-afternoon we were back at the trailhead, the packer had caught up with us and we were on our way home, having "followed the moon" to sunny weather.

by Rosemary Taylor

Thelma and George Priebe - 1972

Wednesday is choir night for Thelma and, although she had just changed her name from Robinson to Priebe, she had not planned on altering her schedule. On her birthday, February 1, 1972, Thelma and George Priebe had been married in a quiet ceremony at the First Lutheran Church in Port Angeles.

Catherine Leverett had spearheaded plans for an old fashioned shivaree for that Wednesday night. Henry Kiel was dispatched early in the evening to the Priebe home to drop in on his two old time friends with instructions to keep Thelma from departing even if it meant spinning one of his long yarns. Meanwhile thirty Klahhane friends gathered at Roosevelt Junior High parking lot armed with various pots and pans for noise making. Celeste and Thor Sponberg arrived with a contraption of bells and horns that made a "gosh-awful" noise. With subdued giggling and laughter the group surrounded the home of Thelma and George. Once the Sponbergs got into the action the silence of the winter evening was shattered.

Henry had done his work well, both George and Thelma were indeed taken by surprise--the ending of Henry's story remained untold. Some of the guests took command of the kitchen and soon the coffee pots were bubbling--punch, cookies and other goodies appeared. At the end of the evening the honored couple were presented with a collection of unlabeled cans of food, and the good wishes of the Klahhanes.

by Eleanor Naddy

Memorial Weekend Outing - 1972

Yes, a sunburn is possible on the Olympic Peninsula. It happened

to me on Ruby Beach during our Klahhane outing. Margrete, Ruth and I had a delightful beach walk followed by lunch in the sunny nook. This was on Monday the last day when we were regretfully headed home-ward from our weekend at Lake Quinault.

Just two days before our weekend at Ruby Beach, nineteen Klahhan congregated at Lake Quinault. Some came by car, others in campers and recreation vehicles. Those who came by car stayed either in cabins or in the lodge not far from the campground.

The first trail we took was a wooded one above the lake and lodg It was not long, but just the right length for a before supper hike. Later the walk to the lodge gave us another view of the lake and lodg Among the items we saw, were artist Irene Connor's sketches of wild plants of the Olympic Peninsula.

That evening after the tasty "home-cooked" meal, five of us (Rosemary, Hope, Ruth, Margrete, and Inez) played games until bed-time. Then to bed with four in the two double beds and me in my double sleeping bag between the beds and the dining table. It was no trouble for me to rise early the next morning and start coffee for my shivering friends.

The second day was overcast, but we took off as planned for the Enchanted Valley area. This meant we drove some distance along the other side of Lake Quinault past the farm house where pack trips often begin. At the fork in the road we parked our cars and headed up the trail. Drizzle that turned to rain finally drove us back. Perhaps the thought of a special dinner at the lodge that evening beckoned us back too. Before long we were at our homes, clean and dry and in the usual Klahhane mood for a festive dinner together.

Those attending:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mull	Erna Fountain
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Endicott	Catherine Leverett
Mr. and Mrs. Don Wildman	Lois Brannin
Mr. and Mrs. W. Lathrop	Ruth Belcher
Mr. and Mrs. L Palmer	Rosemary Taylor
Ed Steuer	Hope Hodges
Margrete Siemens	Inez Eckblad

by Inez Eckblad

Labor Day Picnics

On September 3, 1972, the Klahhane Club met at the Sponberg's "Hill-top Haven" in Eden Valley for the annual Labor Day picnic. We had a barbecue of hamburgers and hot-dogs. At this time the Sponberg had not yet moved to this location. There were 42 members present and most of this group hiked up the hill to the spot where a house was being built on stilts.

The next year 43 members turned out to enjoy a barbecue of legs-of lamb and a pot-luck. Once again most of the members hiked up the hill to see the stilt house completed and being lived in.

On September 1, 1974, the Club rejoiced in a barbecue of cornish hens plus a wonderful pot-luck. There was fog early in the morning, but by 9:45 the sun was out so that, for the third year in a row, the Klahhanes were blessed with warm weather. There were 45 members present and everyone enjoyed looking at the things made by the Sponbergs out of odds and ends of old pieces of equipment from their Ranch.

The Gleason children and the grandson of Lois Brannin had a good time playing on the swings and around the picnic grounds.

Now, with the rumer of a Hawaiian luau for next year, everyone is looking forward to more fun at the Sponberg's

by Celest and Thor
Sponberg

Editor's note: Among the "things made by the Sponberg's" were colorful tortoises, handsome flower pots, an evil looking serpent, and a modernistic piece of "sculpture" which appears to be grinding the rocks into pebbles. No wonder we enjoy exploring and looking at "Hill-top Haven"!

Unicorn Peak Trip

On August 4, 1973, an attempt was made by twelve Klahhane members to reach those fascinating prongs seen in the Elwha Range to the north of Hurricane Hill and known as Unicorn Peak.

Our hopes were high when we left town at 9 o'clock one sunny morning. We knew there was no trail but we did not know that it was an obstacle course. That we found out later in the day. A Park ranger had indicated that the trip was about one and one half miles each way and a survey of the route through binoculars previous to the trip did not reveal the rough going that followed.

So we started out: Don, Rosemary, Ed, Bill, Velma, Catherine, Erna, George, Jan, Doris, Sally and Harold, from the topmost part of Hurricane Hill. The first part of the trip was along a fair trail and easy going. Then we started down on rough trail with the way not well defined. As the going got rougher, seven of the group decided to go back and hike down the trail to the Elwha River for a time. Five continued on, looking for the best route and for a suitable place to eat lunch. Several goats were seen in the rocky terrain and one large one watched us eat lunch from a narrow ledge above. After lunch, and scarcely more than one fourth of a mile from our starting point, four decided to turn back and three to go on. The going was not easy, along a heather covered steep side hill, over

large rocks, through thick alpine growth, but there was the peak always in sight and alluring. Finally about four o'clock a deep saddle, covered with dense alpine firs, lay in the way of further pursuit and it was reluctantly decided to postpone the attempt until another day when there would be more time or for, possibly, an overnight stay.

A somewhat easier route was discovered on the way back and one more goat was seen. We hope there will be a next time.

by Harold Springer

Shuswap Summer Outing July 1973

We met at Port Townsend on the morning of Saturday, July 13, 1973 to board the Ferry to Whidbey Island. There were Velma and Bill Lathrop, Jan and Earl Tuttle, Lois Brannin, Esther Patterson, Erna Fountain, Ed Steuer, Ruth Belcher and Margrete Siemens. Sally and Len Palmer were to follow the next day. Up Whidbey to the mainland and the Canadian border. By the time we got to Hope, B.C. the cool, cool of the Peninsula was all but forgotten. Shorts, sleeveless blouses and thongs were on the shopping lists. It was hot on into Kamloops where we spent the night. In the morning we hiked to Safewa for food shopping, lists from Erna distributed among us. Esther, to whom I am indebted for refreshing my memory, noted in her diary "tomatoes 69¢ - we bought 8 (tomatoes!)."

Shuswap Lake, in British Columbia, lies about 60 miles east of Kamloops as the crow flies. In the shape of an "H" the lower left arm is Shuswap proper, the lower right Salmon Arm and the upper arms Seymour and Anstey. The town of Sicamous, headquarters for Waterway Houseboats and our point of embarkation is midway along outer Salmon Arm. Sally and Len had caught up having left Port Angeles at mid-afternoon rather than wait until morning. Len, as captain for the Okanagan Queen, and Earl, for the Adams Lake Queen, had briefing sessions which qualified them as navigators. Sally and Jan were designated first mates, the rest of us crew.

Remarkably roomy for their but 24 foot length by 9 foot width, the boats could sleep six. There was a 4-burner gas stove, good size refrigerator, ample kitchen space. Washroom space was less ample, and less frequented (shoreline facilities utilized). Poor Ed, who fit like a rubber stopper! A shower was a once-only experience, a bruised elbow every time an arm was raised. Top-side carried only the dinghy leaving room for deck chairs, and for most of us sleeping gear with a tarp for protection from dew and/or possible rain. Sleeping out under the stars, one of the joys of a summer outing. A light breeze warded off mosquitos.

A refreshing cold swim at Marble Point that first late afternoon and a chillimac/apple delight dinner complete with a salad with those expensive tomatoes! "Weighing anchor" we proceeded up the lake to

Cinnemousin Narrows where we made fast for the night, boats tied together and both secured to stakes on the shore. The lake waters were quiet; only an occasional rocking of the boats through the beautiful moonlit night. On shore, however, was an unduly argumentative group and there was no peace until well after midnight. Even Erna's "go to bed" and Margrete focusing her flashlight did little except to surprise them into momentary silence.

Erna's menu planning as well as general management, was superb. Dinners were joint affairs, one crew or the other doing the honors. Breakfasts were by boat; couldn't possibly have separated weak coffee from strong! It was soon evident who wanted which and one couples' preference was substantiated on return to the cars when the Palmers' thermos cup was found eaten through by coffee remains. Lunches were something else again - true Klahhane. On the fore deck of one or the other of the boats were assembled the making of salads and sandwiches -- such arrays of food. And always to top it off, a tin of homemade cookies or a loaf of cake.

A stiff wind came up on the second day out and the crew of the Okanagan Queen witnessed a thrilling rescue at sea from our sister ship! A combination boat seat/storage bag gone overboard was daringly retrieved by Captain Earl who hooked one of the carrying straps on the handle of an umbrella. Suspense!

The days seemed to fly toward evening. There were hikes on shore one fruitless in an effort to locate Wright's Lake while fighting flies and mosquitos but fruitful in bringing back luscious blueberries for breakfast pancakes. Another day we hiked and lunched in a lovely wooded spot where we picked blueberries and more blueberries, enough for cobblers for two dinners. Beautiful Celesta waterfalls there, too. At Marble Point there were beach walks and the finding of treasures - "gold" and "marble" stones and rock ships. An old abandoned lumber camp site produced old bottles for the glass collectors. There were lazy mornings and afternoons on deck, sunbathing and reading or knitting as we cruised. Beach walks in the evenings, or bonfires with star gazing and story telling. From Ester's notes describing the Seymour Arm, "glassy water, beautiful mountains; ah, serenity!" With over 1000 miles of shoreline to explore one could hardly imagine a more lovely, more peaceful area in which to spend a week or two.

Lake traffic seemed minimal. Though there were eighteen house-boats out from Waterway Houseboats the expanse of water and the separation of the various lake arms made us hardly aware of them. There were small pleasure craft and now and then some water skiing. Twice sighted was the old stern wheeler excursion boat which took passengers on day trips. And the flat freight boat which plied the waters on schedule delivering supplies to various small towns and developments along the shore. At Pine Grove Resort there was a Park store for souvenirs, etc. And there we re-gassed the boats. At Anglemont we spent two nights. Here we could buy fresh bread and milk.

Those 3 toots on the horn? A popularity contest, really, with Lois rating tops. Except for once when a pretty young thing tripping along the shore caught Len's eye.

Friday, July the 20th and our last day. Cooler and the first slightly overcast skies. Navigators and crews all a bit subdued at the thought of bringing to an end the fun and associations and of leaving this beautiful spot. After lunch at Marble Point Beach and underway again, rain and wind struck stormily and forcefully. Crew to the decks to bring down sleeping gear and batten down the chairs. Some "emergency" on top the Okanagan Queen took both Len and Ed to help Ruth and Sally, leaving the wheel without a pilot for a few minutes! Erna was on the other boat and Margrete down on all fours mopping up gelatine which was slopping in the refrigerator and running out onto the floor. Waves were riding high but our navigators held a straight course parallel to but away from shore, and all was well. This last experience made us really appreciate the wonderfully good weather we had had all week. Our final dinner in port aboard the Adams Lake Queen with a toast to "Happiness is a House boat." Another trip worthy of the traditions that bind Klahhane together.

by Margrete Siemens

Happiness is a Houseboat

Twelve lucky Klahhane, a trip did take
 On two beautiful houseboats on Shuswap Lake.
 Len was the Captain of the Okanagan Queen;
 And a worthier captain has never been seen.
 (Ask him sometime what 3 toots mean.)
 Sally was First Mate. What a great sense of humor!
 That she makes strong coffee is not just a rumor.
 Erna, our Chief Commissary Officer,
 Did such a good job, we'd all like to kiss her.
 Ed - a landlubber? Then where did he learn
 "Rudder amidships, and full speed astern."
 Margrete, as always, proved herself a winner
 With her helpful ways and her New England dinner.
 Last on that crew, (and Last out of bed),
 Ruth, nevertheless, was extremely well fed.
 Making a valiant effort not to bring up the rear
 Came the Adams Lake Queen, our sister dear.
 Captain Earl proved himself an ingenious fella;
 For a rescue at sea, he used an umbrella!
 Despite limitations a houseboat has,
 First Mate Jan managed a certain pizzazz.
 Bill, as co-pilot, helped with steering the boat.
 When beached, his main job was keeping Velma afloat.
 Velma, when hiking, always set a brisk pace.
 And she loved the water - but not in her face!
 Lois rated 3 toots every time she walked by.
 And neither berries nor old bottles escaped her sharp eye
 Fun-loving Esther, for a nominal fee,
 Might give you her secret for super iced tea.
 Hot hikes in the sun, then those heavenly dips.
 Frequent good laughs at humorous quips.
 Back into clothes, and more sunburn salve.
 "Come eat on our boat. Bring what you have."

Spread out on the deck - an abundance of food,
 And those blueberry cobblers - Boy, were they good!
 A sudden storm hits. Both crews are awakened.
 Jello sloshing, gear flying, games and wheel forsaken.
 Back in port at the end of the seventh fun day.
 All agreed, "It could not have been better. No way."
 You could say of our cruise (and of this little ditty?),
 "All good things must end. But alas, what a pity."

by Ruth Belcher

 Annual Outing--Low Divide

August 10/20, 1973

People making the trip were:

George Endicott	Lois Brannin
Bill Lathrop	Velma Lathrop
Ross Hamilton	Mary Davis
Gary Gleason	Rosemary Taylor
Doris Stuart	Ed Steuer
Vicki Van Calcar	Dick Van Calcar
Jan Tuttle	Erna Fountain

The group left Port Angeles on the morning of August 10, enroute to the North Fork Trailhead of the Quinault River. Arriving at approximately noon, we immediately had lunch in order to lighten the load as we prepared to pack in for several miles to the Mosquito Campground (our designation of our camping spot). Our second day's hike took us to 12 Mile Shelter for the night and Sunday's hike approximately 4.5 miles of steep grades and switchbacks brought us into camp in the lower meadow of the Low Divide just after lunch. Tents were set up after consultation with Ranger Larry McKnight with the shelter as our focal point and supply center. For some of us this was the second annual outing in the area and so we fanned out to explore and compare our recollections of our past outing.

We found the area in very good shape considering the many hikers and campers who use it year after year; in fact, the garbage which one used to find is now non-existent due to the Park's policy of removing the old garbage pits and requiring the carrying out of all types of garbage which will not burn. Ranger McKnight assured us we would have no bear forays into our camp supplies. He informed us the area was the home range of a mother bear and her two cubs but that she avoids the meadow during the summer and frequents the back country instead. In fact we caught no sight of her and her family in the camp area while we were there.

Sunday evening, the 12th, the pack train arrived amid enthusiast greetings from the group. With no dinner supplies in camp until the packtrain arrived, the greetings were unrestrained and we set to with

a will to get supper on its way.

Monday morning found half of the group on the trail to the Martin Lakes. They are nestled on a narrow shelf above Martin's Park and the view in all directions from this vantage point is magnificent. To the left is Mt. Christie with its gleaming snow fields and glacier at our feet some 600 feet below, is beautiful Martin's Park. To the right, a goodly distance away, is the Mt. Seattle complex. From this elevation one can look over the tops of the intervening ridges and see the wide vistas of the mountain stretching back toward the Skyline Trail, the objective of a day hike later in the week. The ledge containing the Martin Lakes has many quartz crystals of varying sizes and quality and some very good specimens were found.

All the area from our base camp in the meadow at the Low Divide up to Martin's lakes is a veritable flower garden and among those we encountered were Flett's Violet, Piper's Bellflower and the pink mimosa, all rather rare plants.

On our return to camp we went swimming in Lake Margaret which is the swimming lake, with Lake Mary, quite a few feet lower in elevation, the fishing lake. We did very well with the swimming but our efforts at Lake Mary were not so successful. Fortunately our menus were made up with no thought of supplementing our diet with trout!

Tuesday morning found the other half of the campers on their way up to the Martin's Lakes accompanied by the camera buffs who had been up there the day before. They had to be there at the right place at the right time to get those pictures for which they are noted, and which we appreciate so much at later showings.

Tuesday's hike for those not at the Martin's Lakes took them on the trail toward Mt. Seattle, Mt. Noyes, and the Skyline Trail. After travelling for some while thru the trees and grassy ledges this trail opens out with breathtaking views on all sides. Flower-decked trails and snowy peaks beckoned them on. The day's objective was to find Lake Beauty and some of the hikers went far enough that they caught a glimpse of it.

Most of Wednesday was spent close to camp picture taking, picking blueberries for the evenings' dessert and going swimming in Lake Margaret. Vicki and Dick hiked out in the afternoon travelling back down to the North Fork Trailhead where they were to meet out-of-state friends for overnight, returning Thursday thoroughly soaked with water squishing out of their boots due to Thursday's continuing rain. Sixteen miles out on Wednesday; sixteen uphill miles on Thursday. What magnificent endurance!

Vicki's return was greeted with a birthday party, Margrete Siemer having sent in a birthday cake for her. Fellow campers had been busy making a mobile depicting various incidents of the trip and Ross Hamilton presented her with a very nice specimen of quartz crystals from the Martin Lakes area.

Thursday morning Gary, Ross, Lois and Jan started out in the rain for a hike to the Elwha Basin hoping it would clear up soon, but it didn't. They had hoped to get to some ice caves in the Basin but the river was so high they felt it would be dangerous to cross in order to continue to the caves. They also returned thoroughly wet and with water squishing out of their shoes.

Due to the rain and a cold wind a large clear plastic tarp was secured across the opening of the shelter so we could cook on the gas stoves in comfort. The day had been spent in trying to keep the tents dry but it was a losing battle so the tents of those going out on Friday were taken down and dried and packed. They would then be ready earlier for their departure. Friday morning promised better weather so Gary, Vicki, Dick, Rosemary, Ed and Mary started their backpack out to Whiskey Bend.

Friday was a good day, altho cooler, the rain of the day before having been snow at the higher elevations. In fact, there was ice on the water Friday and Saturday morning and the stream flow in the small creek diminished during the night. We explored a rocky slope and streambed a mile below our camp looking for crystals, of which we found a few.

Saturday morning broke cold and clear and the remaining campers, George, Velma, Bill, Ross, Jan, Doris, Lois, and Erna started the 16 miles back to the trailhead, spending the night at Elip Campground

Another annual outing was completed and fourteen happy, contented people were on their way home.

Packer: June Brown of Quinault

by Erna Fountain

Vancouver Island Car Trip, June 17-23, 1974

On this camping trip a large group of enthusiastic Klahhanes got together in all kinds of vehicles. For the record here they are:

Winnebago	Erna Fountain Len and Sally Palmer Lois Brannin	Car	Doris Stuart Dave Harley Margrete Siemens Eleanor Naddy
Car (to sleep in)	Virginia Rosen		Travelall
Van " " "	Bill and Velma Lathrop		Ed Steuer Rosemary Taylor Primrose Bredl Hope Hodges
Camper	June and John Nelson Edna Kelly		
Camper	Harold and Neva Springer 2 granddaughters		<u>2 "motelers"</u> Jim and Helen Mull
Trailer	Al and Bea Gates		

We met on the docks Monday morning to take the 8:45 ferry to Victoria. Those of us riding with Ed were the last of the party, arriving at 7:30. By then the ferry crew had started to hand out numbers for the overflow to wait for the 1:45 ferry. Ours was 13. An unlucky number? At 8:40 we were still on the docks, but at the last minute there was a welcome signal and we drove on. A cheer went up from the Klahhanes watching on the deck above us. Good fortune and good weather stayed with us for the rest of the week.

The first day we drove up the Island as far as Comox where we had reservations at Talson Tent and Trailer Park. Jim and Helen met us there and joined us for meals as arranged. A meal none of us had expected was one with the senior citizens' club of Courtenay. To make a long story short Talson's had thought we were a senior citizens' club, and the hospitable Courtenay club had arranged to invite us to lunch, and insisted on coming out in cars to pick us up and drive us around. We did find some time to hike along the beach, and the early risers went after oysters.

After two nights at Talson's we headed off for Buttle Lake in Strathcona Park, and camped at Ralph's River campground. Here in the interior part of the island the scenery was wild and mountainous. Some of us hiked up Flower Ridge trail which was steep but comparatively short.

We were all puzzled by the excellent paved road which went on past the campground, but led nowhere judging by the up-to-date park map. Driving along it we discovered "Western Mines, Inc.", a mining company with a large sign "Visitors welcome." We learned from the young guide who showed us over the mine that the company had had the mineral rights long before the park had been established, but had only recently started to mine the property. The guide also told us that visitors could have dinner at the mine's cafeteria for \$2.50. As a result about twenty of us returned for dinner at 5 p.m. The cooks may have felt a little overwhelmed by so many extra people, but they provided an excellent meal. Looking out of the window there I saw a fat Raccoon who was also enjoying the mine's hospitality as he rolled an orange along between his paws.

We left Strathcona Park on Friday to spend the next two nights at Englishman's River Campgound, near Parksville. It was a long narrow winding road into the campground, and we began to wonder if we had lost our way, but eventually we arrived and found the other campers. That evening Erna found that the Winni needed more water in its tank. As she did not have the proper hose attachment for the taps at the camp, the men were carrying buckets of water to it, but were making no headway. It seems that their combined engineering and mechanical skills couldn't solve the problem! Finally someone thought to turn a small valve under the sofa seat to release the pressure. That did it.

Saturday evening, our last one, we all had a final get together around the camp fireplace to celebrate Velma's and Rosemary's birthdays.

These are just some of the highlights of the Vancouver Island car trip. Each of us will remember little things that happened in our particular camping group. I still smile to myself when I think of the morning the "tenters" were rushing around packing up while Ed was sitting on a log. He said "If you think I am not working, I am. I'm squeezing the air out of Hope's mattress for her." Others will recall the bear knocking over the garbage can at Ralph's River camp. I was happy to have slept through that experience.

It was a fine Klahhane outing full of fun, friends and laughter.

by Hope Hodges

To Beacon Rock

On June 17, 1974, fifteen Klahhane members left for a car hike going up the Columbia River Gorge to Beacon Rock.

Each starting in his own time we met for lunch at the Toutle River rest area. After lunch we proceeded on to "The Rock." Here we found a delightful place to camp among the trees at Beacon Rock State Park.

It was a beautiful, sunny day so after making camp we hiked down to the river's edge to climb "The Rock." A substantial walk zigzagged up one side of the rock to the top with railings so that a small child could safely make the climb. On reaching the top we tarried awhile to take in the breathtaking view up and down the Columbia River.

The next day we hiked up the trail on the side of Mt. Hamilton to some beautiful waterfalls. Three of the harder hikers going up farther than the rest had a rewarding view of the countryside.

The next morning we broke camp and proceeded up the river to Maryhill to see the museum and replica of the Stone Henge. We spent hours enjoying the many displays in the museum then went up to inspect the Stone Henge.

This was a beautiful spot though hot and noisy. The railroads and highways on both sides of the river furnished traffic that reminded us all through the night that we were not alone and the temperature rose to 107 degrees. However, we were pleased to find an orchard where we could buy delicious Bing Cherries, and that for a reasonable price. Needless to say we loaded up.

Here the group split up, some going home via Mt. Rainier and the Mulligans and Springers proceeding on to Hood River. Here we found the heat oppressive so continued up Mt. Hood to find a cooler spot to camp. We found it all right also a hungry host of mosquitos waiting to devour us. Taking refuge in our campers we survived the night then headed home to the cool country.

by Neva Springer

Vancouver Island - Talson's Trailer Park near Courtenay

1. Oyster Shucking

Bill Lathrop Ed Steuer

2. Helen and Jim Mull

3. Johnny Nelson, Sally and Len Palmer, Erna Fountain,
Velma Lathrop, Virginia Rosen, Harold Springer, Lois Brannin

4. Hope Hodges Ed Steuer
Doris Stuart Rosemary Taylor



Dungeness Spit March 2, 1974

The tide was out, the hard packed sand was unmarked by human tracks. For a while that morning there were no other people on the beach and we had a feeling of the wildness. The wind was strong and the surf white against the dark blue water. An owl watched us from his perch high upon a piece of driftwood. The gulls were practicing their Jonathan lessons.

When we turned we saw the white snow covered mountains against the clear blue sky. As we walked up the trail we enjoyed the fragrance of the trees in early spring. The wild pink currants were beginning to blossom.

by Ruby Knudson

Klahhane Summer Outing 1974
August 2 - 11

Late snow made a change of plans necessary and, after a heated discussion at the Van Calcar's, we finally decided on our route. We would go in at Slab Camp, drop down to Graywolf, up over Graywolf Pass, down again to Dose Meadows, up over Hayden Pass, finally descending to Hayes River Guard Station, then out the Elwha to Whiskey Bend.

Lois Brannin, Virginia Rosen, Helen Farrington, Sue Moe, Doris Stuart, Ed Steuer, Rosemary Taylor, and Vicki Van Calcar began the hike. Virginia had not heard that we pack lunch the first day, but she probably fared better than if she had been prepared. Dinner the first evening at Three Forks had an added touch - beans with fresh mushrooms. Ed was disgusted, but for all his complaining, he ate his share. Three Forks was the beginning of many luxurious privies. The first one was placed miles away from camp so by the time you got back you were ready to go again. Of course the moss covered seat made it all worthwhile.

Falls Shelter, our next stop, immediately erupted into laundry city. Here Dick Van Calcar and Ross Hamilton caught up with us, coming with "Anybody lose a whistle along the trail?" It was Ed's. Can you imagine anyone forgetting their silverware? Well, Ross had! He was given the serving spoon which meant he was the last one to be served, but he also had the pleasure of scraping the pots. And he scraped them clean!

After a marvelous meal we began reading from the "Hiker's Guide to the Olympics" about the next portion of our trip. "This hike now takes you across the river, thru a meadow, thru some timber, across the river on pebbles, and up the hillside." Then Dick did an interpretive reading, "Standing by the babbling brook, next to the roaring torrent, across stepping stones submerged several feet under water."

Our crossing proved to be more than a challenge especially for Vicki, who slipped and found herself straddling the log with her boots in the river. Finally arriving at snow level, we stopped for lunch enriched with mutilated fig newtons. We managed to pick our way along the snow, always keeping an eye out for the red or blue flags that the ranger was supposed to have left to mark the trail. Then the final ascent to the top of Graywolf pass - a real challenge. We now had to belay two at a time straight up the mountain side. One belay got us almost half way up to a ledge that Helen had built in the scree. On this ledge, brother and sister were found standing next to each other. For a time it was a question as to who was going to throw the other off, but then we were all a little on edge.

Once up, a toast was in order - particularly for Dick and Vicki. Then the task of locating enough level spots to handle all. We slept on something of an incline those two nights! Another classic privy. Marvellous scenery. Dick, after constructing the facilities, proudly announced, "We now have a her and a her'un or a his and a his'un or if you prefer a his and a her'un." We had a choice of two holes side by side.

Two days on the top of Graywolf Pass was breath taking. We almost wanted to stay the duration, but - supplies were down in Dose Meadows. Several of us were bribed by "gorpe" to stand on a ledge for a picture, taken by our incredible picture taker. (Who, but Ross would ever think of packing 40 pounds plus of camera gear). There was a close encounter with a bear; there was the night some of us kept the camp awake waiting for the moon to rise, "Are you sure the camera is set right?" cried Ross as he jumped straight up with a sleeping bag still wrapped around him; there was Vicki keeping Dick awake with "there's a bear outside" only to be reassured that it was just Lois, Doris and Virginia snoring. The last night as we stood around the fire a lone hiker appeared over the horizon . . With an astonished look at the array of hikers, he finally managed to ask, "Did anyone lose a wallet? Well, I don't have it. A family down the way does. If they don't catch up they'll mail it." Again property of Ed's. This lone hiker also asked if anyone had a camera and might like some film. Somehow he had forgotten his camera, but had film - two rolls. Who had just run out of film? Yes, Ross. This pulled him through till he reached his extra supply at Dose Meadows.

Just before we reached the Dose we met several of the other group looking as if they had just stepped out of a men's fashion magazine. And then at Dose we found a cold beer for all who desired one. Next to sort out our supplies and try to prepare a meal. It was bedlam! It was nice to get our supply of coffee (Dick and Doris just drooled), a clean supply of clothes, and some more cigarettes. The next morning laundry was done, hair washed, feet rested. Side hikes were taken by all except Sue who had orders from both doctor and nurses to stay in camp and rest up blistered feet - otherwise she would never be able to hike out.

Then up over Hayden Pass on newly cut steps in the snow - Dick's work. A final KYBO yelled to those down below. The long drop down

to Hayes River Guard Station, our muscles will never forget. That evening we relaxed around the fire talking. Somehow the talk drifted to the music of the 50's with Helen giving her version of the "The three little fishes and how they swam and they swam right over the dam." Then too we relived the graffiti which brings fame to the outhouse at Hayes River Guard Station. It was especially exciting to learn from it the news of Nixon's resignation.

We left the Guard Station rather slowly the next day. In fact when we met Dave Moe, he was sure we must have been helicoptered over all the passes. Our night stop brought us to Canyon Edge Camp. Then finally out faster than we had anticipated. One final picture by the sign at Whiskey Bend and another summer outing was over. But not without plans for next year - up and over Mt. Olympus.

by Sue Moe

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KLAHHANES

Klahhanes wander far and wide
 New places to explore!
 Their quest is never satisfied,
 They always search for more.

They're not the kind who are inclined
 To sit around and mope -
 In winter time you'll sometimes find them
 Ski-ing down a slope.

For that's the way it is when you're
 A rugged mountaineer;
 You learn to face each challenge
 With a minimum of fear.

You learn to love the great outdoors,
 And not to be upset
 If you end up at close of day
 All tired, cold and wet.

You may discover when you're home
 Your legs and feet are sore,
 But you'll return again to roam
 The mountains and the shore.

by Lucina Cahill

Day Hikes and Otherwise!

1. Cape Alava - Bear's Fish Story

2. Hume's Ranch
Ruby Knudson Inez Ekblad

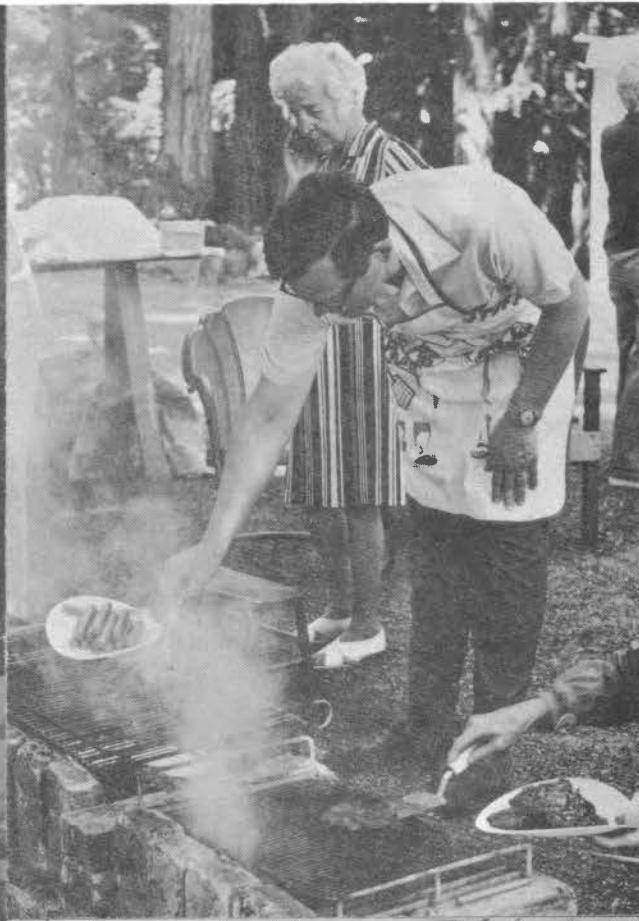
3. En Route to Obstruction Point
Lucina Cahill Erna Fountain and friend

4. Grand Lake Shelter
Eleanor Naddy Ed Steuer
 Velma Lathrop Mary Davi



Klahhne Parties

1. Hallowe'en - Prize Winner, Karen Gleason
2. Hallowe'en - Essie Sarff, Inez Ekblad
3. Thanksgiving - Karl Greubel, Johnny Nelson, Evelyn Lydiard
4. Hilltop Haven (Sponberg's) Lillian Keller, Gary Gleason
5. Thanksgiving Cleanup - Harry Lydiard, dishwasher -in-chief



The Sea

The endless tossing of the sea,
It pounds away relentlessly.
The waves in measured cadence beat
Against the shore and then retreat.
They mark their place upon the land
With spindrift on the furrowed sand;
And sometimes as they shoreward reach
Deposit driftwood on the beach,
Which lies in careless disarray,
In jumbled piles of silver gray.
The gulls wheel overhead and cry
Their plaintive call is wild and high.
It mystifies and captures me -
The vast and ever changing sea.

by Lucina Cahill