

Some personal mountain history

This section shows a few photos from some of my early mountain trips. None of these photos are intended to embarrass the folks in the them.



My brother and I fishing from a raft on Granite Lake, above Bumping Lake in the area beyond Yakima, WA, 1957.



Basalt Columns above the Palouse River near Colfax WA, 1958. This saturday afternoon trip was my first exposure to rock climbing.



Parker Holden, the college friend who introduced me to the rock. We ended up spending many weekend afternoons climbing there, predominantly in the chimneys where the rock was a bit more sound. Here Parker rappels from a little spire that served to illustrate the ideas. The climbing methods have evolved in 45 years!



On the Mazama Glacier of Washington's Mt. Adams in August, 1960, with Mt. Hood in the distance. We are at about 9000

ft elevation here. This was my first experience on a big mountain.



I also did a lot of backpacking in the summer of 1960. Here's a view down to Shoe Lake in the White Pass area of Washington.



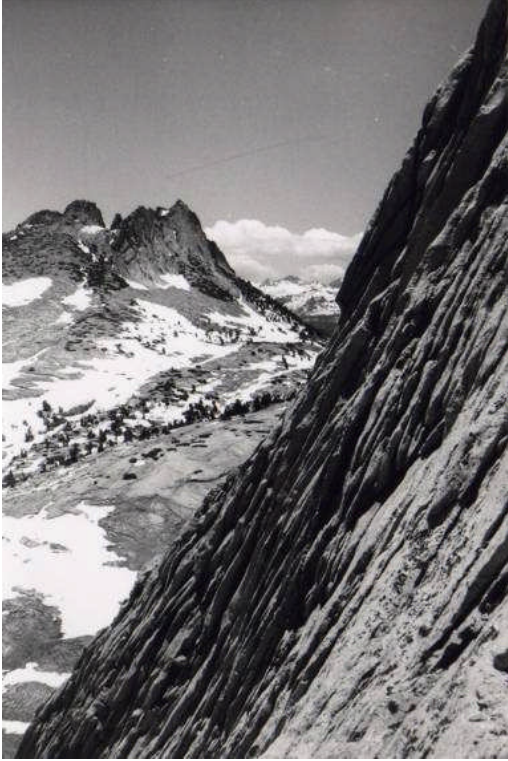
We moved to California in 1961, providing me with a wonderful sampling of the Sierra. Here's a shot of Mt. Lyell, the highest peak in Yosemite National Park. The water is the Lyell Fork of the Tuolumne River.



I got started with some winter mountain activity in that era. This is a 1963 overnight snowshoe trek into the Yosemite high country.



Cathedral Peak near Tioga Pass in Yosemite, 1965.



The Echo Peak Group from high on Cathedral Peak, 1965.



Panorama of Yosemite peaks seen from Echo or Cathedral Peak, 1965.



Not all of my 1965 walks were in the Sierra. Here's a view with my brother, Den (left), at Spade Lake in the area now part of the Alpine Lakes Wilderness between Snoqualmie and Stevens Passes in Washington.



We returned to the Northwest in the late 1960s. By then I had started to take the boys with me on mountain trips. Here's Ron's first overnight in 1968.



trip in 1969.

And here's Roger's first overnight



About 500 ft below the summit of Mt. Hood during my first trip up the peak, June, 1971. It was the last time we would have the place to ourselves.