

A Wonderful 1962 University of California Hiking Club Ski Tour And Winter Ascent of Mt. Lyell

Text by John Fiske, Photos by Eric Beals and Minard L. (Pete) Hall -- January, 2011

Background. The terrific idea of using the Sierra Club hut¹ at Tuolumne Meadows as a base for ski touring was Phil Pennington's. Phil was an engineering graduate student, a strong hiker and skier, and a superb photographer who developed his own 35 mm Kodachrome slides². Phil had obtained permission from the Sierra Club for the Hiking Club (UHC) to use the hut during the 1961/62 winter³, and had stocked the hut with (I think) 40 man-days of food and drink (primarily inexpensive red wine) during Fall, 1961, before snowfall closed the Tioga Road for the winter.

During the UC Berkeley semester break (January/February, 1962), seven of us students and a rock climber friend Wally Reed [six skiers: Pete Hall, Wally Reed, Bert Puchtler, Tim Taylor, one other (probably Mel Bernstein), and I ... and Eric Beals and Phil Pennington on snowshoes] went from Yosemite Valley (4,000 ft elevation) to Tuolumne Meadows (8,200 ft elevation) in two days, and four of us returned six or seven days after that... a never-to-be-forgotten ski tour ... the most ambitious I was ever involved with. I was the lousiest skier and had the least experience with snow camping so the trip leaders were others.

All of the photos⁴ used herein were taken by Eric Beals or Pete Hall. Probably other trip members took photographs, but I did not have access to those.

Yosemite Valley to Tuolumne Meadows.

The route we took on the first day of this two-day trip is shown as a red line on the topographic map at the top of the next page.

Early one January morning we departed from our cars at Mirror Lake and headed for the base of the Snow Creek Trail, which winds up the gully to the Yosemite Valley rim on the left side of Mount Watkins (photo).

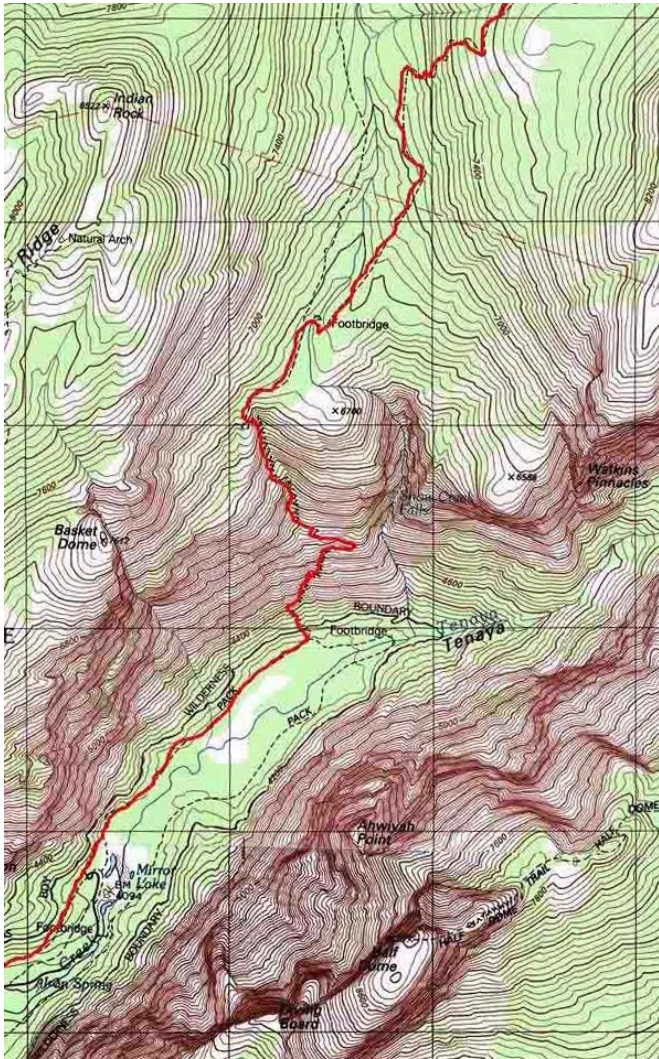


¹ Parson's Memorial Lodge.

² Developing Kodachrome slides was a complicated procedure, easily messed up. The rest of us simply shipped off our exposed color film to Kodak laboratories and paid for the development service.

³ During the previous mid-winter, two groups from the Hiking Club had traversed the Sierra Nevada between Yosemite Valley and the Silver-Eagle Lakes (south of Mono Lake). These groups had spent several days in the Tuolumne Meadows Sierra Club hut. Phil, along with Pete Hall and Keith Howard were members of those trips, and knowledgeable about hut use arrangements.

⁴ Almost all the photographs had color-shifted over the years, and I rebalanced the colors as best I could and sharpened the images and improved contrasts for clarity, using the computer software *Photoshop Elements* (Version 5). Eric merged some his photographs from summits into panoramas, and helped enormously by cleaning up specks and other image defects using computer software.



We climbed slowly up the Snow Creek Trail, getting acclimated, carrying packs with only two days of food, but with snow camping gear, including some heavy tents, and at least one climbing rope and ice axe. The upper right photo shows the view back towards Glacier Point.



The bottom right photo of Half Dome shows an unidentifiable skier (Bert?) coming up the trail near the Valley rim.



This photo shows a rest stop above the Valley rim. Left to right are Eric Beals, Mel Bernstein (although Mel claims that he wasn't on this trip), me, and Phil Pennington.



Upon reaching the Valley rim, the trail disappeared under the deep snow, and we simply worked our way up a ridge north away from the Valley seeking to intercept the Tioga Road. Night interceded at about the 7,500-foot level; this photo shows our camp. The large tent slept four or five, and had been constructed by Hiking Club members the previous year ... just the tent body weighed well over 10 pounds ... quite a backpack load. Pete Hall is on the left; I'm on the right. Skis were used *in lieu* of tent poles.



The route we took on the second day to reach the hut at Tuolumne Meadows is shown on the topo map below.



After about two hours of uphill trekking, we reached the Tioga Road, and saw a wonderful view of Cathedral and Tenaya Peaks. Eric commented, *Up to this point I was having no problem keeping up (on his snowshoes) with the skiers. However, the skiers found the Road, especially where it went downhill, to be easier.*



We proceeded eastward on the Tioga Road to Olmstead Point and the spectacular view of Poly Dome, Mt. Conness, Tenaya Lake and Peak, and environs.



Skiing downhill to the Lake, we enjoyed lunch **on** the Lake (that is, on the ice). We didn't know how thick the ice layer was ... nobody dared to cut through the ice to find out ... but it, and the snow covering, were sufficient to support our combined weight. The lower photo shows our lunch spot on the Lake.



That afternoon we had to get to the Sierra Club hut in Tuolumne Meadows; it was a long trek ...roughly 8 miles following the Tioga Road. Others broke trail and I simply followed (at the rear of the pack) getting further and further behind and more and more tired. It wasn't hard skiing, but I was out of skiing shape, skiing inefficiently for lack of skiing skills, and wasn't acclimated. However, Eric probably had a more physically-difficult time than I did because he had to break his own trail for his wide snowshoes for the entire distance.

Very late in the afternoon I stopped for a rest in the middle of the Tioga Road, perhaps with two or three miles still to go, all alone, and wondering/complaining *How much further????!!* Night fell, and still the trail continued. Following the trail on skis in the moonless darkness was somewhat analogous to reading braille. Finally, after about an hour of slow skiing in the dark I saw the lights in the hut, and was greeted with a spaghetti dinner, lots of water, and some red wine. It had been an exhausting two days! Eric commented *(P)robably as I first entered Tuolumne Meadows, my sleeping bag came loose, the nylon stuff bag was slippery and hard to secure. Rather than stop and fix it, I carried the bag in my arms the remainder of the way to the hut. ... also after dark.*

The photo shows Bert and me in the hut ... probably not that first evening because both of us look too rested.



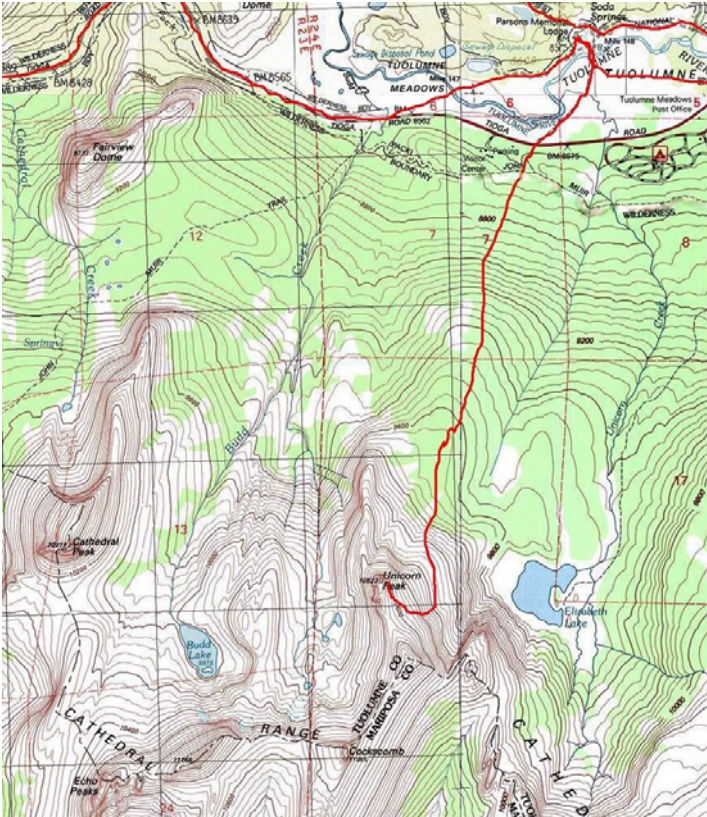
Day Activities and Trips around Tuolumne Meadows. We enjoyed excellent weather and used the hut as a base for daytime activities for at least two full days. One nearby activity was a ski lesson from Wally, an expert downhiller. One afternoon some of us skied on the west slope of Lembert Dome, below the granite face. The following photo (Tim, Bert, and Pete) may have been taken here.



The next photo shows Eric, me, and Tim (left to right) outside the hut. Lembert Dome is at the right rear.



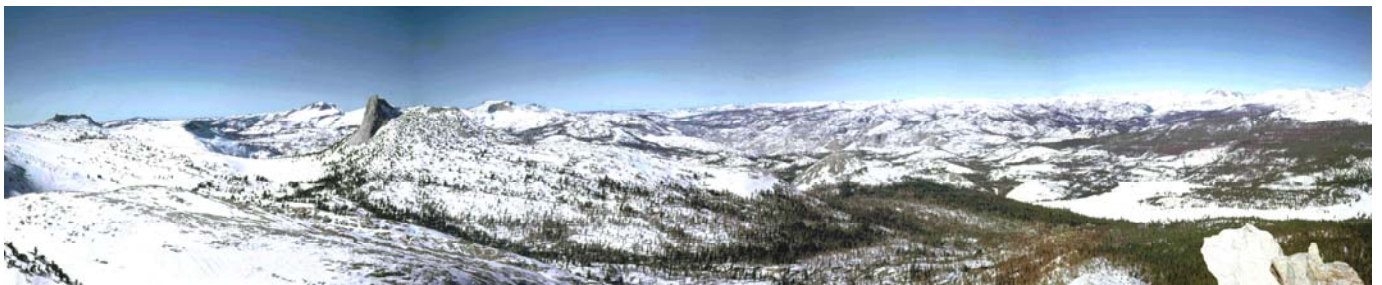
One day several of us skied up through the trees on the south side of Tuolumne Meadows to the saddle behind Unicorn Peak (the photo below shows the north face of Unicorn Peak), an elevation gain of about 1,500 ft. The route is shown on the topo map. Two photos (bottom and next page) show the skiing conditions we encountered. The solo skier in the photo at the top of the next page was Pete Hall.





Eric described how the skiers and he (the lone snowshoer) fared, *Skiing both in bright sunlight and shady areas was a problem for most of the skiers. Changing from melting snow in the sunshine to colder snow amongst the trees tended to add frozen snow onto the bottoms of the skis. This resulted in stopping to clean the skis off and to add new wax. For me on my snowshoes, which had no problem with the changing snow conditions, this simply meant waiting around.*

We left our skis in the saddle between the two summits of Unicorn Peak and scrambled to the northern summit to see the fantastic views. The wind-swept ridges had little snow, which made for good footing. Five photos made by either Eric or Pete (below and next 2 pages) were taken from or of this summit.



West to Northwest panorama. Tenaya Peak (far left) to Matterhorn Peak (high point, far right). The prominent buttress in the left middle ground is the fifth class face on Cathedral Peak.

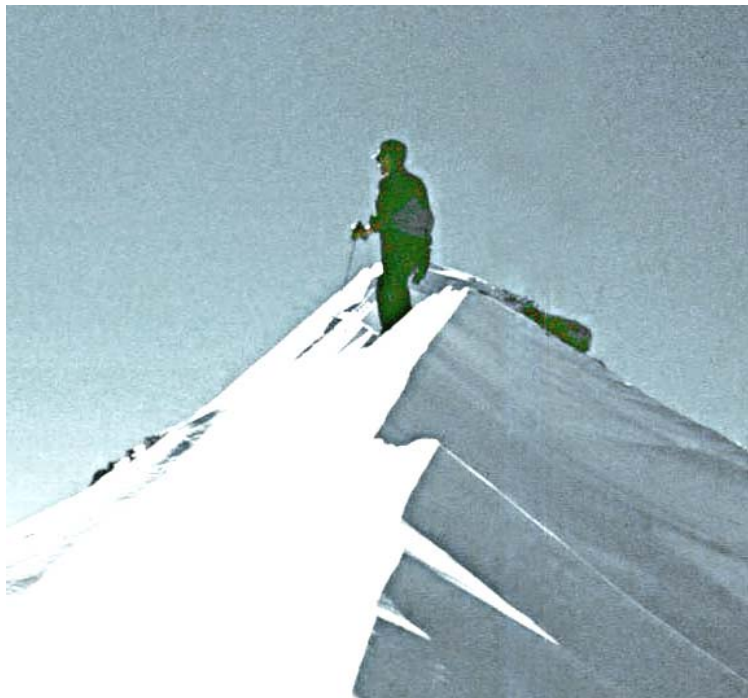


North to Northeast panorama. Tower Peak to Mount Dana (highest peak on the right). The Sierra Club hut is located on the right side of the large oval of trees in Tuolumne Meadows (left-central middle ground). The large dome partially covered by snow (center middle ground, east side of Tuolumne Meadows) is Lembert Dome. The high point on the middle horizon is Mt. Conness.



Southeast to Southwest panorama. South peak of Unicorn Peak (center) to Echo Crest (right). The prominent pinnacle above Tim Taylor's head (red hat) is the Cock's Comb; Mathes Crest appears above the saddle between the Cock's Comb and Echo Crest (right).

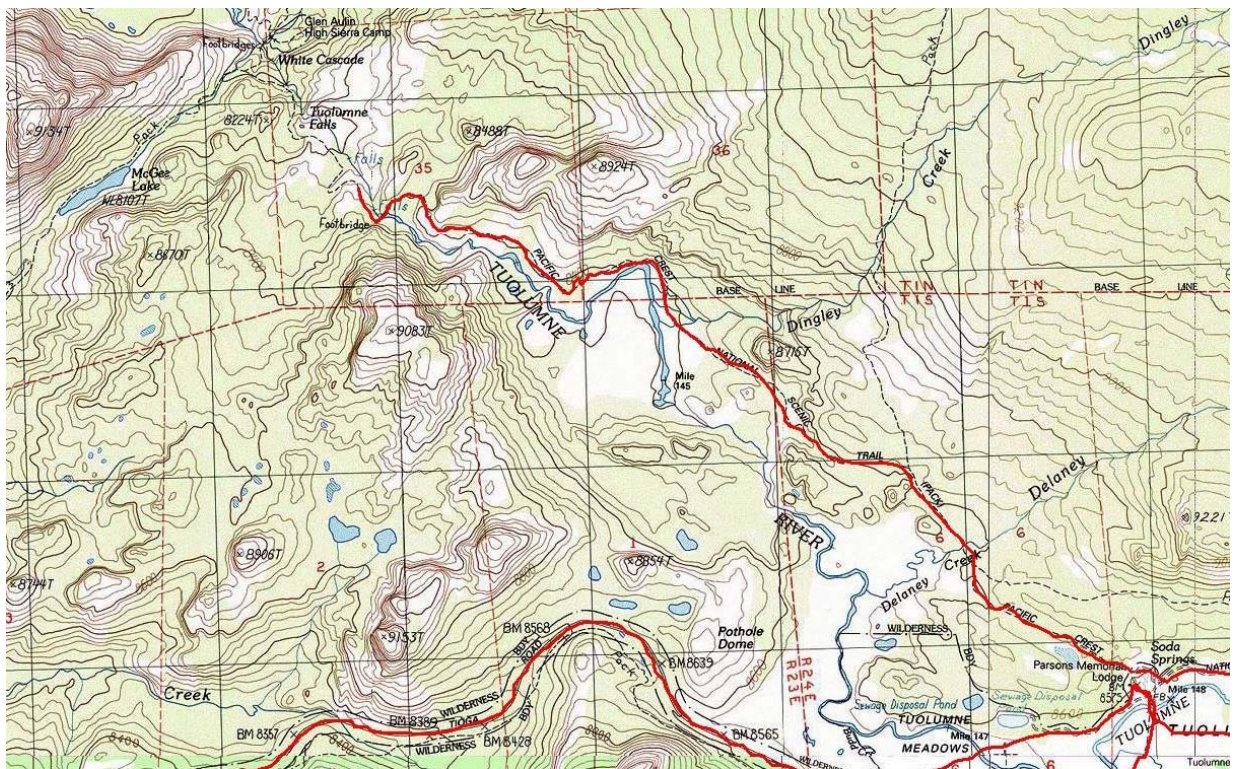
Wally Reed near the summit.



Eric (red hat in rear) and me near the summit.



On our second day at Tuolumne Meadows, the group split, with Eric, Tim, and others traveling down the Tuolumne River to Glen Aulin; part their route is shown on the topo map.



The photos, below, show a bridge over the Tuolumne River, and Eric gingerly approaching the ice-covered water and a collapsed snow bridge ... collapsed by another skier. Eric says that he was tossing one end of some parachute cord to demonstrate how parachute cord might be used by rescuers to find a someone buried in an avalanche.



This photo shows Tuolumne Falls, frozen ... at least the surface water. Tim is standing at the top.



Another photo of the partially-frozen Tuolumne River.





Tim headed back towards the Sierra Club hut after a full day of ski touring.



Evening, looking southeast across Tuolumne Meadows.

The same day that others went to Glen Aulin, Bert, Wally, I (and probably at least one more) skied north cross-country north toward Ragged Peak. The below photo shows part of the group skiing north towards Ragged Peak (Bert in the lead) ... Cathedral Range in the background.



Shown below are the Cock's Comb, Unicorn Peak (both peaks) and Cathedral Peak, with Bert, Wally, and me in the foreground ... maybe on Lembert Dome.



Tim looking across Tuolumne Meadows and up the Lyell Fork Canyon towards Mts. Lyell and Ritter and Banner Peak. The following day, some of us skied up the Lyell Fork Canyon.

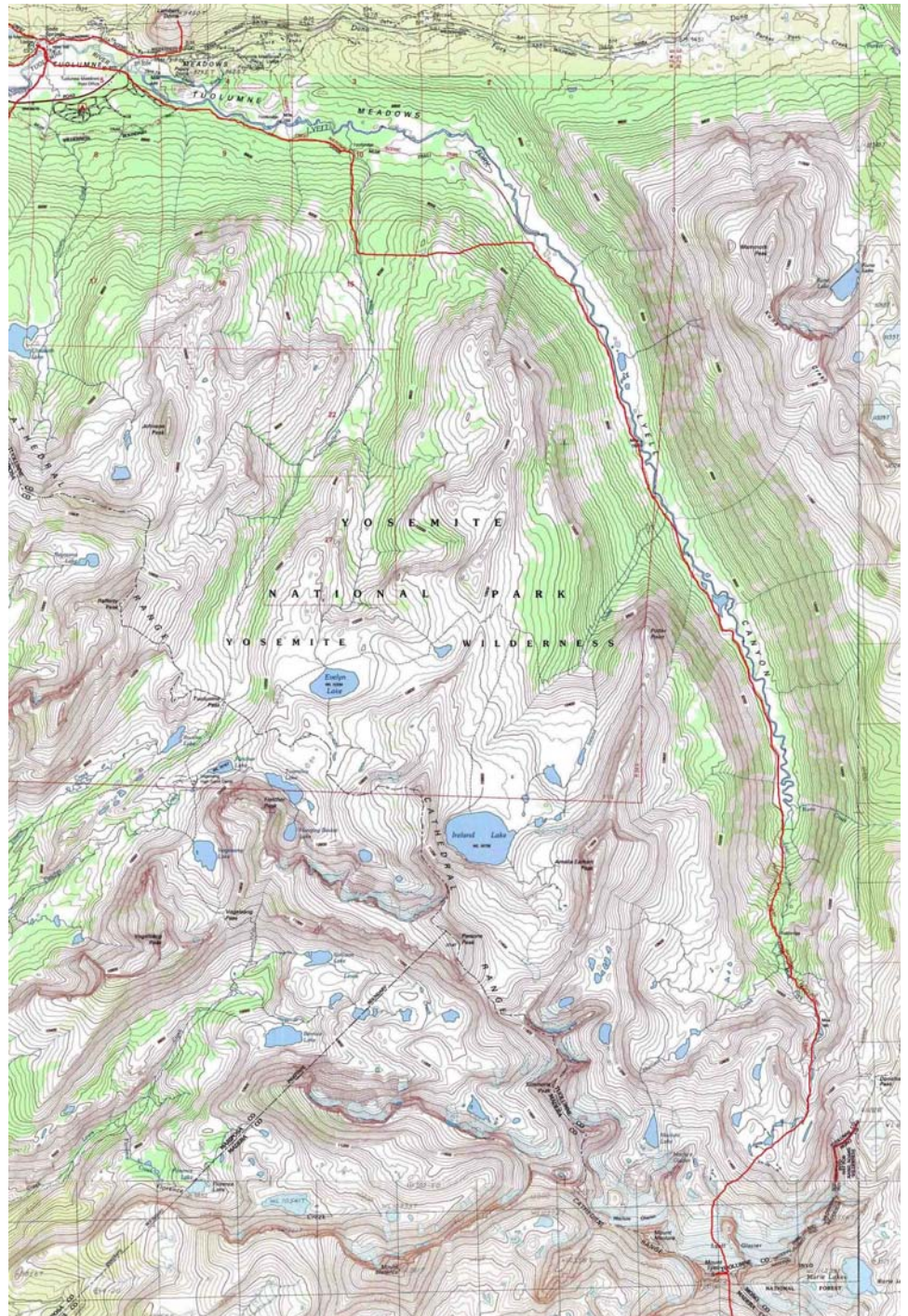


I remember one hair-raising ski challenge that day. We were skiing downhill (gentle slope), through lodgepole pines. At the base of one straight 50-foot long section was a large (about 3-foot diameter) log lying crossways over the ski trail, and the snow depth was sufficient so that momentum could carry the skier to the top of the log. However, about 6 feet on the other side of that log was a dense stand of pines; worse still, the trail turned 90 degrees to the left on the immediate far side of the log, with a drop of about 3 feet. So one had to gauge precisely the downhill momentum so the forward momentum would stop at the top of the log, permitting a carefully executed 90-degree left pivot followed by a jump down three feet onto the continued downward-sloping trail on the log's far side. With luck (lots of luck!) I made these maneuvers without falling, spraining, or breaking anything. This caused a much greater appreciation for the incredible skills of Olympic skiers.

Separate Routes to Yosemite Valley. On the third day at Tuolumne Meadows, a Park Service snow cat arrived to take snow depth and water content samples. The cat had been driven up the Tioga Road from Crane Flat. Some of the group (Phil Pennington, Wally Reed, Tim Taylor, and Mel Bernstein?) took advantage of the broken trail on the Road, and skied out to Crane Flat that day (and hitched rides back to their cars in Yosemite Valley). Apparently some of these skiers were towed, at least part way, by the snow cat ... comparable to water skiers behind a power boat, but skiing up snow embankments rather than over waves.

Eric, Pete, Bert, and I decided on a far more ambitious return route. Bert (a Swiss student) had seen the high peaks further south (Mt. Lyell and environs) and had said those peaks were more like the Swiss Alps he was used to, and that he would like to ski there. Some of us were familiar with Mt. Lyell or the Lyell Fork Canyon. I had climbed Mt. Lyell in the Summer, 1959, with my father and brother, Eric had visited the area in the summer, and Pete and family had hiked to the end of Lyell Canyon and had participated in the UHC winter traverse of Sierra Nevada the previous winter, which had passed through the area.

The plan was pretty bold ... maybe even foolish ... especially given my lack of downhill skiing expertise ... to ski up the Lyell Fork of the Tuolumne River (see last photograph) to a point where we could ski up to the ridge on the southeast side of Mt. Lyell (the ridge separated the Tuolumne and Merced watersheds), climb Mt. Lyell (if we could), then descend into the Merced watershed (unknown territory for all of us) and follow the Merced River Canyon back to Yosemite Valley ... a total distance of roughly 35 miles in 4 days! Our route up the Lyell Fork Canyon to the summit of Mt. Lyell is shown on this topo map. Note: the southward and eastern "detour" up Rafferty Creek (near the top-center of the map) shows Eric's route during an adventure, described below.



Up the Lyell Fork and Climbing Mt. Lyell. We took the large winter camping tent, sufficient food, but no wine ... all the wine had been consumed ... left the comforts of the Sierra Club hut, and headed up the Lyell Fork Canyon. Eric had his own adventure that morning.

We all started out together and the going was fine. However, shortly afterwards the trail left the Meadow and entered some trees where the skiers had to stop to work on their skis. Being full of energy on this bright and warm day, I decided to continue moving. After all, I had been here before in the summer and knew where the trail went, and how Lyell Canyon looked. Should be no problem, and once the skiers were into the relatively flat section of Lyell Canyon, they would be faster. So I started out by myself. I knew that as the trail rounded the corner from Tuolumne Meadows into Lyell Canyon it climbed a little bit going through the trees. The trail also was marked with blazes. I continued on following the blazes becoming a bit concerned as the trail seemed to be climbing more than I thought it should. But the way was well-marked with blazes so I continued. Until I came to an open space and could see the way ahead, it was obvious that this was not Lyell Canyon. Looking at my topo map it became clear that instead I was following the trail up Rafferty Creek towards Tuolumne and Vogelsang Passes. So off I slogged (towards a ridge separating the Lyell Canyon from the Rafferty Creek watershed). On reaching the top of the ridge I could see Lyell Canyon below me with a single skier, probably Bert, making a trail up the Canyon. I clomped down the ridge and joined him. He asked 'What were you doing up there?' 'Just a side trip to see more of the countryside.' was my reply.

In the Canyon, the terrain was fairly gentle. This photo shows Pete skiing toward our objective, Mt. Lyell (the high point on the skyline to his right).



Much of the time we skied on the ice-and-snow-covered Tuolumne River (left photo of Bert stopping for a drink).



Our lunch location, about 7 miles upriver, was on a river bank next to a large lodgepole pine (photo below ... Pete on the left; Eric on the right ... the blue color on the bottoms of the skis in the foreground comes from the affixed blue climbing wax). We were concerned about using precious stove fuel to melt snow for drinking water, so I tried to cut through the river ice to get fresh water. Looking down through the ice at the water I was fooled into thinking that the ice was only about a foot thick. After whaling away (for perhaps a half-hour?) at the ice with my ice axe, I gave up after cutting a hole about 18 inches deep, and seemingly no closer to breaking through to the River water than when I started.



We got well up the Canyon by evening, camping near the Lyell Base Camp (used by mountaineers to climb Lyell in the summer). We had skied about 13 miles that day. The photo (sunset over Mt. McClure) below shows what much of our uphill route would be like the following morning.



Since we knew that the next day would be a difficult challenge, we got a pre-dawn start towards the southeast ridge of Mt. Lyell. The snow conditions were icy cold, and Eric had another adventure.

We started up the steep slope, still in the shadows, with the surface frozen solid. The skiers were able to make their way up the slope using the (metal) edges of their skis. For me on my snowshoes, this didn't work and I had almost no traction. I used my ice axe, but it was very slow and hard work. Part way up I saw a flatter part and moved there thinking to rest, but the flat part was covering the top of a tree, and the (snow) surface was not strong enough to hold me. Very quickly I was down almost over my head. The snow below the surface was powder, giving no support. After struggling I was able to take off my snowshoes and put them on the surface holding them in place with the ice axe. I clambered out onto my snowshoes after a fair amount of work, and I was able to stand and put my snowshoes back on. Eventually I reached the skiers who had been patiently waiting, probably laughing at my antics. Other than the downhill road this was the only time that skis were clearly better than snowshoes.

The climb to Lyell's south ridge was quite arduous (not many miles, but gaining about 3,000–3,500 ft of elevation) and time-consuming ...we didn't get to the ridge until about 2-3 pm. This photo shows Eric, coming up the Lyell Glacier on the final approach to the ridge. Also shown is the glaciated canyon of the Lyell Fork of the Tuolumne River. Our previous camp probably was near the River, way below and behind the rock buttress on the middle right side of the photo



Leaving our skis and Eric's snowshoes on the low point of the ridge, we scrambled up the rocky southeast ridge to Mt. Lyell's summit. The photo shows Eric (red hat) and me at the summit. The view is towards Yosemite Valley. Eric and Pete took many great photos from the Mt. Lyell summit (through top photo on p. 25).



South-southeast panorama down the Sierra Crest to the southwest. Mount Ritter and Banner Peak in the left-center middle ground, Rodger's Peak in center foreground. The upper part of the Merced Canyon is in the right foreground.



Southwest to west panorama. Upper Merced Canyon (left foreground), San Joaquin Valley (long horizontal, thin, flat white area right-central rear near the horizon), and southern end of the Clark Range.



Clark range from Mt. Lyell (Mt. Clark right center). San Joaquin Valley in rear. Merced Canyon in front of the Clark Range.



North to northeast panorama from Mt. Lyell. Mt. McClure is the prominent peak at left. The Lyell Canyon is prominent in the right middle ground.



East, down to Donohue Pass (low point on the ridge, left middle ground) and into what now is the Ansel Adams Wilderness.



Southeast to south panorama from Mt. Lyell. Owens Valley, White Mountains and down the Sierra Crest.

We returned to the skis and snowshoes at the low point on Mt. Lyell's southeast ridge and had a brief snack and rest before seeking a way down an approximate 1,000-foot steep slope into the upper Merced River Canyon. Eric (red hat) is sitting on a snowshoe; I'm sitting on my pack. Banner Peak and Mt. Ritter are the two prominent peaks.



Down the Merced Canyon. This steep descent looked like a major problem for Eric and me. Eric's snowshoes were not designed to go down steep slopes, and I was still a poor downhill skier. Pete, a much better downhill skier than I was, also decided to ski



conservatively down this slope. Pete and I proceeded slowly, angling slightly downhill, maintaining control and stopping before reaching rocky areas, doing an approximate 160-degree kick turn, and angling slightly downhill the other way ... repeating this procedure until gentle slopes at the bottom were reached. Eric said he *went more or less straight down, squatting on my snowshoes with the ice axe in my hands. When I got to going too fast I would tip onto my side and use the ice axe to stop. Then get my snowshoes under me again I would proceed down.* Of course Bert simply swooshed down that slope. He and Eric had to wait a long time at the bottom for Pete and me to catch up. This photo shows Bert and the steep slope we descended from the Lyell southeast ridge. It does not look steep in this photo, but it was STEEP (in the opinion of this tentative downhiller)!

The photo below shows the southwest face of Mt. Lyell, the slope we skied down, and more of the upper Merced River Canyon.



Since it was late in the day and we were all quite tired, we made camp only about a mile or two further down the Canyon, maybe at the 11,000-foot level. The photo below shows the sunset on Rodgers Peak (left center). Our camp probably was just off the right edge. Three of us can be seen skiing in the right foreground (very tiny vertically-elongated dots).



I remember a large, very warming campfire at that camp ... probably burning whitebark pine wood. It was lit on a bed of wood placed on top of the snow. I think it was the only campfire on the whole trip, and that it burned down, melting the snow, with us (seeking its warmth) following the fire's sinking descent to the rocks below ... a vertical drop of something like 8 feet.

The right photo (actually taken on another winter ski tour) shows Eric in a sleeping bag ... what he probably looked like in the tent that evening. Away from the campfire it was cold!!

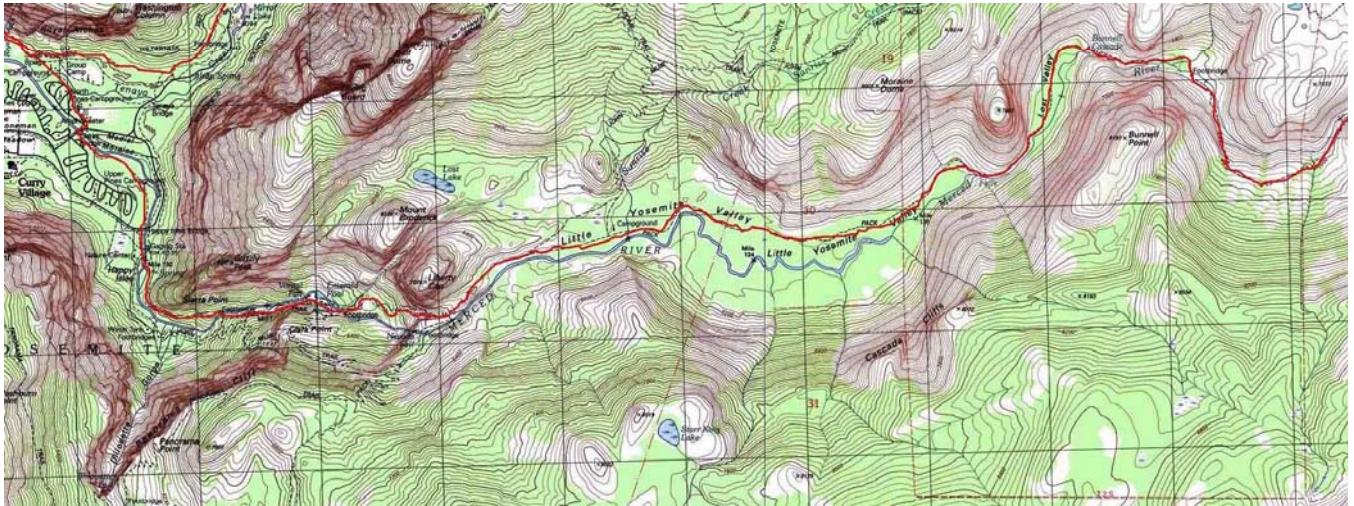


On the third morning out from Tuolumne Meadows we continued down the Merced River Canyon (topo map) about 12-15 miles, skiing over part of Merced Lake. The photo of the ice and snow on the Merced River in rough terrain, illustrates why we couldn't ski on top of the River.



I remember one scary (for me) spot below Merced Lake. We were skiing through trees on a steep, icy slope about 30 vertical feet above the south bank of the Merced River, and had to angle down the slope (parallel to the River) without slipping into the freezing water. I don't remember how Eric managed ... probably he was able to find easier ground for his snowshoes and got around that slope. After trying to ski down the "trail" made by the lead skiers, using my poles to slow my descent, I gave up and put "skins"⁵ on the bottoms of my skis. The skins provided enough additional friction to permit a safe, controlled descent ... the only time I ever put on skins to ski downhill.

Our last campsite was on a bench above the River at an elevation of about 8,000 ft, somewhere near Bunnell Point. Our route out to Yosemite Valley on the last day is shown on the topo map.



Skiing that last day through Little Yosemite Valley was easy and under warm conditions. Since we had had excellent weather throughout the trip, the ground snow cover had thinned substantially, and began to run out in Little Yosemite Valley. This photo shows me carrying my skis, but Bert (left) was still skiing on the thin snow cover.



⁵ "Skins", actually long, thin strips of tough mohair were attached to the bottom of the skis, with the mohair strands pointing towards the rear of the ski. Skins were normally used to aid in skiing uphill under conditions when waxes provided insufficient friction against the snow.

The Mist Trail was passable, so, even with carrying skis and snowshoes, we hiked down past Nevada and Vernal Falls. The base of Vernal Fall (photo) was impressive with the water spray, snow, and ice.

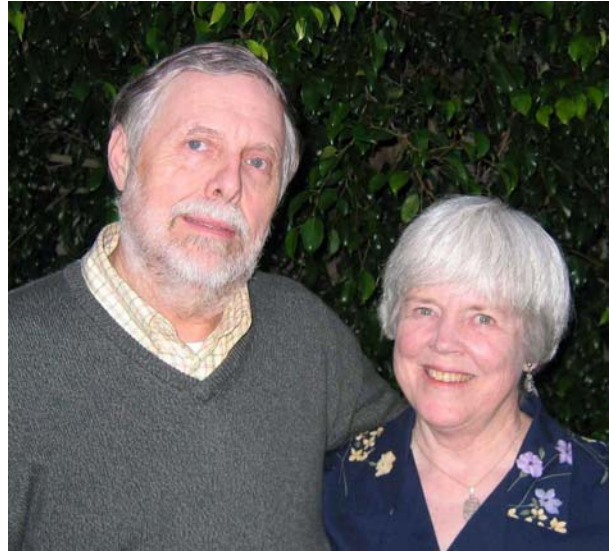


After reaching the car, probably more than one of us wanted to turn around and do this wonderful ski tour again, but maybe after consuming several pizzas and some good beer!

Epilogue (of sorts)

Pete suggested adding a very short summary of what happened to the participants since the 1962 trip, including more or less current photographs, something like a *Where are They Now?* Section.

Eric Beals *I married Kathy Connell, whom I met in the Hiking Club. After graduate school at UC Berkeley, I worked at the Lawrence Berkeley Lab as a computer programmer. In the 60's and 70's I did a lot of backpacking in the Sierra. Retired in 1990. We spend Summer and Fall at our home in Bradford, New Hampshire, where I do a lot of bike riding, weather permitting. Our permanent home is in El Cerrito, CA. We visit our kids and grandkids who live in Salem, OR and Ramona, CA three or four times a year. I still enjoy hiking, although I have had only one overnight backpack in the last 10 years. Eric and Kathy are in the right photo.*



John Fiske Served 5 years in the US Air Force (as a missile officer and instructor, mostly in Arkansas) after graduation from UC Berkeley. Ceased serious rock climbing, mountaineering, and ski touring after 1968. Returned to UC and almost completed a PhD in forestry, and had a career in silviculture with the USDA Forest Service in California,



retiring in 2002. Introduced my wife-to-be Jean (an urban lady) to backpacking and snow camping in the late 1960's; she still married me. We have two children, but now we're *empty nesters*. In retirement I'm very involved with amateur astronomy and volunteer-teach science in local public grammar schools. We live in Burlingame, CA, and try to do at least one short backpack in the Sierra each summer. The left photo shows Jean and me during a day of cross-country skiing and snowshoeing in February, 2010 ... same antique wooden skis with metal edges I used 49 years ago on the 1962 ski tour!

Minard L (Pete) Hall. Left UC Berkeley in 1962 to study geology at the University of Montana, thence to Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland for his geology PhD. Spent two years in the US Army, primarily at Hanover, New Hampshire. Taught at the University in Bogotá, Colombia, 1970-1972. Moved to Quito, Ecuador, 1972. Established the Instituto Geofísico in 1983 and continued as Director until 1997. Still studying and monitoring erupting volcanoes at the Instituto Geofísico, Escuela Politécnica Nacional. The right photo shows Pete (right), his wife Patty, and John Fiske at a December, 2010, reunion at a San Francisco restaurant.



Phil Pennington. I lost track of Phil after we shared a solid physics class at UC Berkeley in 1962 (Phil got an “A”), but I heard a little about his subsequent adventures through Hiking Club friends. The very brief summary below is based on an obituary written by Joan Harvey, *The Oregonian*, April 28, 2009 ... quotes from the obituary are italicized. The left photo shows Phil and his wife Keturah in 2006, receiving a civic service award in Portland ... Phil had contracted interstitial pulmonary fibrosis, a fatal disease.

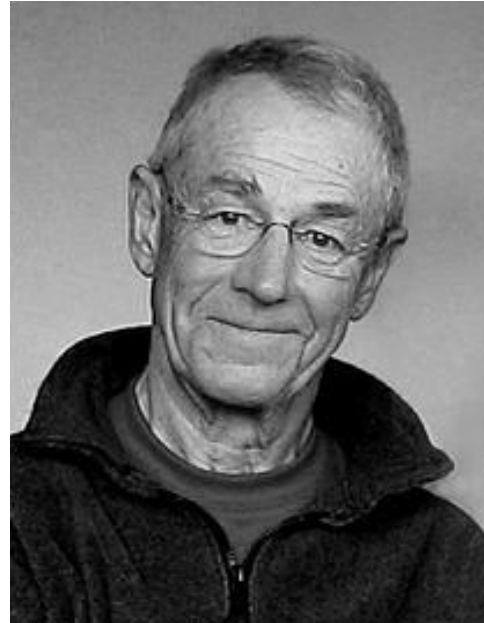


In the early 1960's, Phil was heavily involved with trying to save Glen Canyon from flooding (what became Lake Powell). Intimately familiar with the area through numerous trips, Phil tried to popularize what was at risk by giving numerous shows of his spectacular color slides. Later he wrote and produced a film for the Sierra Club. For this work, Phil and Keturah received the 2006 *David Brower Award* from the Glen Canyon Institute

Phil received his doctorate at UC Berkeley with a thesis on *dislocation-free growth* of gallium crystals (1965?), and later taught physics at Portland State University for four years. Phil and Keturah had moved to Portland in 1966, and both were *intensely involved in the affairs of their Hillsdale community*. They *kept an eye on their neighbors and took them to doctor appointments and grocery shopping. They organized street parties, worked on myriad civic committees, trained for emergency preparedness, and cleared, cleaned and built pathways*. For these and many other services, an annual public service award is named for them, also, an eight-mile trail in the Portland area.

Bert Puchtler. Shortly after the 1962 ski trip, we lost track of Bert. Recently Kay Hershey Loughman found an on-line obituary for Bert in the *Seattle Times*. Apparently Bert had an extremely adventuresome life. This undated photo of Bert came from a memorial website. The obituary reads in part:

Bert Puchtler of Seattle, Washington took his life on April 18, 2008. He was 71 years old. Bert grew up in and near Berlin during World War II, and immigrated with his mother ... to the USA at age 14 He studied political science at Wesleyan University and received a master's degree in history from the University of California, Berkeley. He was part of the first Peace Corps group to Nepal, serving in the town of Pokhara from 1962 to 1964, where he taught, helped build the local school, and made lifelong friends. His time in Nepal further fueled his interest in mountaineering; years later Bert would return to Nepal to climb peaks higher than any in the US. He married Catherine Howe in 1965, and they had two sons Bert worked for the US Agency for International Development in Vang Vieng, Laos where the family lived for five years. Inspired by the mountains he had climbed during college summers spent working on the Alaska Railroad, Bert moved his family to Fairbanks. There he worked for the US Environmental Protection Agency and the Alaska Area Native Health Service for over 25 years, traveling extensively to native villages throughout the state. Bert's independence and industriousness flourished in Alaska, where he built the family home by hand, and became an accomplished woodworker, glider pilot, bush pilot, hunter, fisherman, and mountaineer. Bert read widely and voraciously, and spoke English, German, Spanish, Thai, Lao, and Nepali. After retirement in 1996, Bert made Seattle his base camp for exploring new interests. Over several summer trips to Europe, he put 16,000 miles on his Vespa motor scooter, relishing the smallest switchback roads, and cresting every high mountain pass in the Alps. Each Fall, he migrated to windsurfing sites in Baja, Mexico, refining his skills with each trip. In winter, he joined a younger generation snowboarding on the slopes at Powder Mountain in Utah and at Kicking Horse in British Columbia, where he became a Canadian-certified snowboard instructor at age 67, and taught professionally thereafter. He could tear up the slopes and his most recent passion was hard boot carving on long boards.



Bert was the lead author for a book *Water-related Utilities for Small Communities in Rural Alaska* for the US EPA, (EPA-60, 13-76-104), which went through 6 editions, beginning in 1976.

Wally Reed. Wally probably continued climbing, backpacking, skiing, and ski touring through the rest of the 1960's. (We lost track of him.) I next and last saw Wally in a laboratory in the Botany Department at UC Davis about 1973 ... he was working with nasturtium plants, and hoped to use the research results to satisfy requirements for a PhD in plant physiology. He married. Recently Wally attended a 2008 reunion in Yosemite Valley, commemorating the 50th anniversary of the first ascent of the Nose of El Capitan (Wally had participated in that 1958 ascent). The left photo of Wally (from a website) was taken at that 50th reunion.



Tim Taylor. *My skiing high point was a Sierra traverse several years after the (1962) Tuolumne Meadows trip. After that it was two years collecting cosmic ray data in the Arctic, grad school, Draft, marriage (still going), and a year Army tour in Thailand where I was able to bring my wife. Then, more grad school, and thirty years-plus as the Oregon State University Physics Department's staff person. I had a lot of fun there and have always billed myself as a toy maker. Since my two kids left the nest, I've gotten back into hiking, skiing, and backpacking. I've been making ultra-lightweight backpacking gear that helps me keep up with the groups I go with, and am on a crusade against cardboard backpacker's food.* The right photo shows Tim (center) and his wife Joanne at a 2010 UCHC reunion (Bob Baron on the left).

