

Personnel. McK[inley] Trip July 1967

Bill Babcock, leader of sorts, well meaning

Leo Hammon *[left trip] July 14

Gayle Nienhauser

Chet Hackney

Barny Seiler *[left trip] July 6

Jeff Babcock

John Ireton

Don Haglund *[left trip] July 6

& Papillotjes [Vin Hoeman, Grace's husband, nickname for Grace] *[left trip] July
24 (forced)

along with us:

Bradford Washburn's book

(to confuse us all) and his

altimeter, which functioned

most properly as a barometer

to indicate perpetual low pressure

system arrivals –

Journal of

Grace T. Jansen Hoeman

29 June – 22 August 1967

covering two trips to

Mount McKinley, Alaska

Preliminaries

June 29

Dave Johnston & girlfriend Karen Courtright came over in leaving to seek medical care for a throat infection – Dave Jagain(?) urges me to take k.(?) – We have too much gear_ I agree-I will not give ampicillin for the throat infection, it isn't needs and I can't spare any more antibiotics_ Stocking mask cap almost finished – Don John Jeff already at W. Lake.

June 30

Bill called – will pick me up to go to station – Finish [illegible] – See Art in town – he hobbles _ Mairius tells me I'm crazy to go to McKinley_I don't know_Even if I can't make the summits, the trip seems a magnificent event to me..Buy smoked cheese & smoked salami on Bills request – load now 55 Lbs!! To bed at 2330!!! All day it rained cats and dogs –

July 1

Saturday

It is my husbands request that I keep an adequate journal and I shall attempt to do that-Bill came to pick me up at 7:45 AM - We go to station – put packs on luggage cart & personally supervise loading. Slow trip to McK park Beautiful view of mountain.

Weather improving – Arrive 5:00 PM. Alice Brewster from Anch. Times (evening) is there to annoy us & take pictures- We have no transport but I manage to get introduction & wife of Wayne Merr (Cindy) is going on to Wonderlake & will take us. She picks us up at Hotel and we go to Wayne's house. He is in

_____ [sentence finishes on next page]

Dave tells me that girlfriend goes on Himalaya trp. Did Vin O.K this? It's all right with me.

Wonderlake. She goes now & children. We have supper & help her get packed. She is beautiful, made up w/ Avon products. A perpetuum mobile lacking in tranquility. Smoking a lot.. I love moments of tranquility_ _, Well, at least (at last) at 9 we go. The beautiful caribou herd. Almost at Wonderlake blue car goes clunk, click.. Barney, Gayle & me help her. The trouble caused by failure of garage monkey to tighten bolts. We lost 3 of the rear wheel!! Take one of each of the other wheels & limp on. Chet & Bill had already gone ahead in Don's truck (driven by Ed Paniak who went ahead with John, Don, and left on Wednesday)- We find the truck and our gear & leave for the river at 12:30 AM July 2. Cindy & her 2 children return to the camp. We were happy with the ride, she happy with Gayle's and my help with her children. En route to Wonderlake we meet a guy named Travis ?? Traver?? (Charlie Travers)

Who inquires about Vin.

Reach the river exhausted at 1:30 AM. Trail is like rice paddy. I on Korean boots. No trouble! There's only 2 tents & 2 one way set ups. Our tent is across the river. I'm told there's no room for me and I'm left outside. I sleep little - the lack of chivalry is very revealing to me. My, Grace Hoeman will sell her hide dear.

July 2

Day 1,

Sunday

Leave 6:00 AM w/ load across the river. Wading is not difficult. Chet falls in_loses footing_There he goes_head bobs_bobs_Leo throws off pack and

thus Chet gets footing, gets out. Move causes a all wet_ Ice axe lost – I suggest he go to Wayne and beg an ice axe of him, since I'm not inclined to use our spare at such early stage game. Bill agrees. We go across 3 times. (2 2 1/2-since the river. Think I'm too light for the 3rd trip in swifter water, my knee bothers me and I'm getting my period, so I'm happy with only taking 3 60 Lbs loads across. I'm maybe content with not being pregnant now. Imagine the possibilities of a misformed child due to O2 lack. What curse of heaven that would be.

The men (they call me the guy without the beard, funny, all of them are heavily bearded) ridicule my K[orean]. boots_ but they see that I'm doing so much better than their crossing the tearing streams. My panties get wet once and I fear for a cystitis exacerbation, but dry up quickly after. I'll be all right, I'm sure. Don & John stay on the Wonderlake side of the river tonight. Don refused to move a foot. It's Sunday he says and his feet are sore. So tonight I have the alpsport tent alone. After supper (I cook alone on my own stove & try to get gulls to pick a piece of corned beef. I see McKinley _ Karsten's ridge_ O my, what a mountain – I think I saw pippits [pipits] to-day. There I'm tip tip tip tip. and stop wagging their tails. They must be kniks last! O I don't have the book. I'm too heavily loaded in gear any way. The river rushes and I'm going to sleep.

G

July 3
(2)
Monday

6:00 AM. Don & John not here yet. I move up to Turtle hill with the others. Take my 2 cans (25 Lbs each) & small gear. Fill in all 60 Lbs. Leave stuff at Turtle Hill & come back for breakfast. All rest except I since John & Don, who came across the river, are wishing to go up Turtle hill. John chickens out, he thinks I can't lead the way. (gic! Them yonder round hill you know) Don & I go (my 2nd relay) Don races, I go slowly & finally make it to the hill first. Back again to the river we meet the others going up for their 2nd relay. Don & I have lunch. The tents are down and we cannot rest. It rains cats and dogs and everything drips. I take all my gear & leave for 3rd relay, this time 2 miles past turtle hill, where the tents are hitched. I rest at 4:00 PM a bit in the tent. Then back to Turtle hill for 2 more cans. At 7:00 PM I'm back, no stove, no food. Bill, Jeff, Barney finally give me to eat. Then we go back for another load at Turtle hill. Meet Don, crying since he lost his way, afraid of bears, he doesn't feel well it appears_ _I don't see much of his tremendous strength.

July 4-
(3)
Tuesday

Today our team still has to go back to the river. Don goofed us up but good, we are far behind_ It is my 4th time to climb Turtle hill and I never wish to do it again_ I have period and I'm clearly Tired. I come back with the last load, followed

by Don and John (poor John, he carries two heavy loads) – We have lunch – Don sacks out and John & I join the others in moving stuff further on. The other teams are going to help us, just to straighten us out. I'm annoyed with Don, moving like a turtle on Turtle hill, stewing and fretting about all things wrong. Goodness, I miss Vin_ _ We decide to stay tonight where we are. Break camp tomorrow & head close to McGonagall pass- Chet & Leo & Gayle suggest that since I cannot carry more than 60 Lbs it be natural for me to make more relays!! I see the most interesting birds, moor birds. Wonder whether there's a moor hen up here. One is quite friendly and whistling I almost come within touching range_ The flora is stunning- Time doesn't permit me to look closer. We carry the new book of Bradford Washburn_ Called McK, The Muldrow Route with Washburn's altimeter. Reason why is that Washburn asked the park to have a reliable partner take both book & altimeter and check certain things for him before the book goes to the printer. Why, the photographs are beautiful. Enough for today, I'm tired.

G.

July 5

(4)

Wednesday

My, what a day. Up 4:30 AM. Break camp. Carry personal gear & 2 cans fuel to river_ Cache Creek_ Consult Washburn's book_ Take his crossing. Strong current I put watch on upper arm_ Tie camera & binoculars close to neck. Bill wished to go on w/ Washburns Trail to "Pyramid" hill_ One man from each tent. I ask John to switch, since I'm

flowing so badly and don't want to relay too often. Afraid the perimen will get wet. So I take the tent on top of everything (by now 60+++Lbs) and stagger behind Bill and Gayle. We feel our way. Barney (not invited) passes on his own route, which proves better than Washburn's. Barney won't talk. We trot on to the Col under "Pyramid" _ Put up tents. _Delightful water in swift brook, sunshine over boulders. Oh, maybe tomorrow morning I can wash & clean up a bit. The rain, the rain, we're all soggy. After quick lunch back to the river. The mosquitoes bite & bother. What do they feed on when we're not here, Gayle demands to know. He limps, I think he has a "calcaneal spur" I give [illegible] w/ much relief for Gayle. Bill's pack holds up well, since Don mended the broken frame superbly last night. Barney furious. We took the wrong route. He went down to the Cache Creek fork and one isn't supposed to do that, since the [illegible] is too marshy. He wants no more of the expedition & wishes to return to Wonderlake. Will camp tonight alone down at the fork, only the bum[?], - Charles Leslie - from Salt Lake City, is there. That guy follows us way up to the pass! The altimeter is a nice barometer. The altimeter reading went up this morning and we know we're going to have another low pressure rain day. Chet & Leo took a bath in Clearwater ~~Cache~~ Creek.

Our second relay up "Pyramid" completed 6:30 P.M. Dog tired_ Don cooked excellent food. Will sack out now.

G.

July 6
(5)
(written
July 7 at
7:00 AM
Thursday)

The rain is beating on the tent, while I wait for Gayle, Leo, Chet to finish breakfast. So I write- Yesterday morning (July 6) Don packed all his gear (& my mosquito net & my waterproof watch_ Container w/ watches) Stuck his head in the tent and said : "Goodbye, I'm going back home, Barney." Barney had come back up from the river [In margin: Carlson Creek!], where he'd camped soaking wet under a tarp. Exit Barney & Don, we're going to have 2 tents from now. John to alternate between Leo's and Bill's tent. I to stay w/ Bill & Jeff. We go back to the river for another load. Leave surplus food there & cache rope. After lunch Bill, Chet, Gayle & I go up the creek. Drop our loads about 3/4 mile below McGonagal pass (we think). [In margin: Gunsight Mt!!] Back in camp 9:00PM. I fall in the river. K boots slip on rock & watch all wet. Kotex all wet, brr. Go to sleep after eating a bit of Jeff's cooking and taking a quick wash of torso & change of panties_

July 7-
(6)
(finally !)
Friday
Finished July 9

Bill comes in our tent 5:30 AM w/ bad news Chet led us up the wrong creek _ Bill check it over w/ Washburn's book and the compass_ We're way to the West_ Creek leading us to over camping glacier near Gunsight mountain. From there we cannot get onto classier_ Me, Jeff, & John leave to get things straightened out. Leo, Gayle, Chet & I to go up the Creek & pick up what we left there last night_ [illegible] I wish I had studied the map w/ Vin_Well, that's where we stand now. Lots of time & energy spent!

And there we are load after load up the little pass. Start east, towards the real Cache Creek, leading towards McGonagall pass_ We were apparently up Carlson's Creek. This what happens when you only take piece of a map along and don't consult compass_ A costly mistake.

[Diagram to the left of the page, showing the routes they took]

[line pointing to the route they took]__route we took-taking a lot of time & energy!! It not only rains, but it pours. We're soaked. After 3 deadly relays up the pass. We sink into Bill's & Jeff's tent. Gear all over puddles & mud_ During the day we see a majestic moose_running through the valley in a few minutes a whole valley has traverse. Oh, couldn't we catch one and have it carry our loads up to the pass! The Wilcox party, ahead of us \pm 2 weeks, rented horses! Brilliant idea. I swear that in the future, I'll only travel w/ airplane, utilize airdrips, utilize sherpas!

July 8

Saturday

(day 7)

Rain, rain rain. Since start of our expedition. We've had about 3 hrs of reluctant sunshine. Chet, Gayle, & Leo go back to set our tent and the cart gear of the Pyramid Col. Then we all proceed towards Cache Creek. They want to leave the soggy Alpsort tent behind but I take it. I hope for sunshine, want to dry out things in peace. I must be carrying close to 70 Lbs that relay. We see more moose. Up the valley of "no return" There were lots of Caribou_ We make camp on a bluff up the Valley. I set up the soggy tent. The sun comes out! We spread all wet stuff out_ Back up the mountain for another relay_ Back up the mountain for yet another relay. Cross river, Cross river

at 7:30 PM everything is on the bluff. We're now about 4 miles north of McGonagall pass. Finally on the right track!

July 9

Sunday

Sleep [illegible]. Sunday breakfast w/ omelette[sic], bacon. We'll leave George's tent here-some other stuff too_I've got to be sure to have enough aspirins with me though we eat Fruitcake, Almond rocas, the guys took out a bottle of blackberry brandy, the last drop of which I get – I have to watchout – they eat everything without giving me any- Finally I stick my fingers in the salmon can and get what's coming to me. I wash top to bottom in a little stream & talk to a seagull, who almost lands on my head_ We take off for McGonagall pass 2:45 PM. Bill, Jeff & I. The others wish to rest. We see porcupine, a sort of pheasant? I could have killed it if I'd been hungry – she played dead_ caribou etc. etc. Snowy path winding up along stream to the pass_ Heavy packs. 7:00 PM we pitch tent_ Muldrow beautiful Northpeak visible – Avalanches crashing down. I'm worried stiff about K boots the right one is shot - They're so wet. I should have brought two pairs!! We eat soup. Drink chocolate, eat goodies. I miss Vin _ lots of debris here up the pass_But, we're somewhere - Finally! G.

July 10

Monday

(day 9!!)

Get up 5:30 AM & go all the way back to old camp_ relay to fork towards bluff [diagram] McGonagall pass twice. Last time my knee

wouldn't do it & I had to wait for aspirin to take effect_ Then up again toward McGonagall pass. Arrive camp 9:00 PM_ 16-17 hr[hour] day. Crazy.

[diagram of their path going to McGonagall Pass, the bluff, and relay station.]

Washburn

recommends the rt[right] side of McG[onagall] Creek. He's wrong. The left side, until you hit the sharp bend, is better. Exhausted Down to the bluff again. relay to the sharp bend. Then up again, then down_ This up_ Leo & Chet think they work harder & could have been 2 days ahead. I think we're 4 days behind because of Chet's total lack of knowledge of where McG[onagall] pass is, but am too polite to say anything. I ask Bill to quit at 4:30 But he wants to go up the glacier. And there we trot through the water_ Leave some loads. Back in camp 9:00 PM. Nuts!! I tell Bill so. Weather fine today. The flora here at McG here at McG is nice_ Yellow anemonies??[sic] I take picture of them_ The sign on the pass reads; in memoriam Hermando Mangans 1926-1956. Crevasse victim?? McG pass is a big garbage dump. Old tins, frying pans, rusted shovel, discarded underwear & what have you_ Hopes and broken dreams.

July 12

Wednesday

Breakfast. Marvellous[sic] day. One should go across the glacier w/ airboat to the icefall. The lack of airdrop is awful-those who climbed McK would have never made the decision & vice versa - G -

8:00 PM. Finally got going 10:30AM. [Illegible] the sloshy glacier. Over the moraine. Follow route yesterday put out by Chet

it's an impossible route! Over moraine hills_through molasses_ blah, blah_ back at the tents, now pitched below the icefall_After lunch back to pick up loads. We take Bill's route-much better than Chets! And I get mad. What a waste of effort! Well, we finally select Bill's route back_ I lose a piece of leather of my snowshoe harness. I miss Vin badly. There would have been none of this nonsense with him_ I contemplate life, trotting back to the tents heavily loaded down w/ cans, rope, wands. My ugliness is just terrible and I sometimes think how much more chivalrous men will be for (or towards) a beautiful women. I fall badly and nobody even takes notice! Jeff cooks a good supper. We have hot milk. I hope the weather will hold. Into the sleeping bag.

G.

July 12,

Thursd[ay]

Up 5:30 AM to get loads at caches. Bill, Chet, Leo & I_ We all fall into the water to the waist. We carry the sled over the moraine like[sic] Brr. I finally bury my grey dacron[sic] pants. They were more holes than cloth. Into the windies. Pretty soon I'll have to put on climbing pants. After breakfast we advance further towards icefall. John ill, stays in the tent. We go, the six of us_ Dump loads at right side of icefall. Back again_ three relays now do it easily – weather good.. We stop at 5:00 PM. Set up tent. It's get windy & coldhere altitude 6333 ft _ . Trotting on my snowshoes along the way. I was thinking will not wish to go on any other expedition than w/ Vin. Watching Mt. Tatum visible

[in margin]

pallbearers and [illegible] fall into a snow covered shallow moraine crevasse

it's beautiful slope, I wish so much that our marriage will last – How easily things can get disturbed. Frank and Marianne's relationship straightened out, he wrote the interfering woman (a teacher) not to expect anything from him any more_ Marianne lived all through it with the most of dignity How easy woman attack marriage. how little regard for the happiness of couples! Tatum sends terrible slides down. Maybe it's good we advance along the right side_ Bill reads Robert Services poems while we are waiting for supper_ the one about the women in the drink isn't in his collection_ My favorite : A bunch of boys.....Not much birds today. Some snow busting yesterday – a few new gulls.

G.

Friday

July 14

Funny, how quickly impressions pass on a trip of this kind _ Further up today along the right side of the icefall. We burry along the overhanging glacier _ Goodness, if a piece falls down while you're walking up the [illegible]..... We set up camp halfway up the [illegible] icefall. John ill, stays in the tent all day. As we come back from our first relay, it becomes known that he's given up the race. While we are on our second relay after I have examined John. (I somehow dread having him more severely ill - and having misses the chance of sending him back w/ Leo and decided that John can stay, Gayle walks Leo to McGonagall pass. We take another relay (3) up to the new camp _ Then Bill & I return to John, ill in the tent. We stay with

him, while Gayle, Chet, Jeff stay at the new camp, halfway up comes icefall.

July 15

Saturday

14 days underway. We are a frail party now down to 6 members_ John better at 4:00 AM We move once more hurriedly along the overhanging glaciers & continue on beyond the camp halfway up lower icefall & establish camp up on top of lower icefall_ John somewhat better, I give O.K. for him to continue with us_ Then Bill (woolly Willy) John & I struggle back to lower camp & pick up loads_ The last stretch atop the lower icefall is on snow shoes again, away from the bergschrund V[indicates insert of paragraph on verso] V[As I take off my pack when we turn away from the bergschrund and there have to put on snowgloves to move back on to the glacier, my bedroll wrapped in plastic, falls off!, dropped in crevasse. Willy shakes head in disgust _ John give me belay and I retrieve the bedroll.]

Nice camp. While all the camp are gone for a last short relay, I see fit to wash pretty good in water I'd melted in my poncho. Now we're up to 7740 ft. After a short rest we take fairly light loads go on towards the upper icefall & dump loads there _ We're finally making some progress. It was a bit drizzly this AM. But now the sun is out again. My lips start to burn! I'm no good reporting today, too tired.

July 16

Sunday

V to

Halfway

We move on to foot of upper icefall by tonight (our camp is now 8100_ but altimeter suddenly rises to 8600 ft And we know we're in for bad weather. At 7:00 PM there's a whiteout & we disuade[sic] Bill from moving. It snows (wet) we sleep restfully Till 5:00 AM July 17

July 17-

Move our stuff further up upper

icefall. Then Jeff, John & I head back to break camp & Chet, Gayle, & Bill continue up the hill of cracks. It's very, very warm & we struggle up with our loads. Then follow the trail towards the [illegible]berg crevasses route _ We meet the advancing party coming down for another load _ We continue up to \pm 10,000 ft – put up camp. Then Chet, Gayle, Bill limp in _ We will have to go back once more to pick up the remaining gear & food. From 4 relays we're now down to 3_ John seems better, but I put him on oxytetracycline the huge cracks up here impress me. The day is alternating whiteouts & cleanups _ We use wands liberally_ Now are getting closer to Karsten's Ridge. Bill told me about John & [illegible] – We wonder what she wants with him. Such a good guy, but no education, not even high school_ She uses him?? Apparently his fall off the slope was caused by backing out of a snow cave and falling _ Before I left Anch[orage] Milly Cruz from recovery room told me (as did George Wichman) of this woman's emotional problems. She apparently neglects her child completely. Oh well, I hope she will not try to interfere with my happiness and tranquility. That's all that matters to me. Close to 10,000 ft doesn't seem to bother me_ I'd be so happy if I could tolerate high altitude!! I have now 1 K boot size 6 & 1 K boot size 10. Bad snow shoeing with that set up.

G.

July 18

Tuesday

Make one trip before breakfast to middle of lower icefall (icy) to pick up remaining possessions. Then have breakfast. At 10:30 All move up to Harper glacier _ foot of Karsten's ridge _ Hot, glaring sun, heavy packs. We almost died_ By 10:00 PM we pitch camp –after 2 relays. It's cold, we're chilly. Bill bitches once more about my failure to bring a thermos bottle, and I argue. I want my liquids. Those guys fill up their thermos and I go without. Nothing doing. We settle the matter. 11,500 ft up here_ (11,300 w/ bar. pressure adjust)

July 19

Wednesd[ay]

Big blocks of ice & snow thunder down Harpers _ One blast sends wind to be felt rocking the tent _ it snows. We sleep in late afternoon 1:00 PM. Bill, Chet, Gayle go up to Karstens ridge. John, Jeff & I go back once more (7 mile round trip, I've walked far over 200 miles so far and climbed this darn mountain at least 3 times) to pick up a cartload_ Harper is nosiy-

July 20

Thursda[ay]

Up early 5:00 AM_ Bill wants to go to Karsten's ridge w/ breakfast. I want tea. Don't get it though _ We go up, dump our loads _ go back for breakfast _ [illegible] bread instant breakfast – oatmeal. Then break camp. At this point it stops snowing a bit and things look more cheerful. We cash our snowshoes and odds and ends (medications) I wish I'd brought

[illegible] through, since , with all the days roaming the tundra & drinking from streams (?)[sic]diarrhea was picked up_ Well, we leave for our 2nd relay up Karsten's ridge foot – Bill tries out the ridge but with all the loose new snow, he considers it too dangerous & we establish camp here – planning, w/ good or improved conditions, to relay from here to Brown's Tower_My left K boot is no good. I'm going to shoot Dave, who insisted that one could both walk K boots & climb with them- nonsense. When I get back I hope my husband will buy me a nice fat ice cream cone, nice wibbly earrings, good gingerale[sic] and a juicy steak. The view from here –when off and on the sun comes through _ is marvellous[sic]. Maybe tomorrow we'll tackle the ridge to Brown's Tower_
G.

July 21!!!

Friday

Chet, Gayle, & Bill left at 300 AM, try up the ridge, but the loose snow (tons of it) made ascent impossible. They set out to shovel steps up. We (John, Jeff, and I relieved them 6:00AM) and made steps 2 ½ hrs _ the sun was out down the Muldrow and the [illegible] breathtaking. Harper sent one of its atomic blasts down _ clouds over clouds of snow & Snow Galls & iceblocks – Then the dark clouds came again_ 2 teams still finished steps up the

lower 1/2 of the ridge. We were the last team when the weather broke, snowstorm - We made it down. I leading. Our steps already obliterated, we were awaited by anxious Bill, Chet, & Gayle, who were considering going after us. No relay up halfway possible, all our labor in vain. We barely have time to secure the tents (an emergency igloo is already, just in case, containing our packs & loose stuff). We build walls in To-60 mile winds blew. I collect blocks of water, meticulously avoiding the urine stained spots. A proper urine, I have had no symptoms at all on this trip and it is beyond a shadow of a doubt, that this cystitis is introduced by Vin by his faulty hygiene possibly. Well, I'm thank-full to have no trouble at all.. We finally dive into the tents, Our camp looks like a fortress. Bill & Jeff play chess. We have not much luck with the weather indeed.

July 22
Saturday

Bill gets up 100 And because of gale force winds to finish the igloo. We move into igloo Everything Wet!! Bad weather prevents a move. at 2:00 PM things clear * we move up several [illegible] & establish camp on 12.600 – (12.100 ft?) _ at 7:00 PM - still lots of wind.

July 23
Sunday

We go up the ridge (6:00AM) but at the steep part. Jeff loosen[sic] his crampons. Cannot readjust them. We dump packs at the fixed rope & go back. Gale force winds tuck at us. When

we get back we see a party of 5 coming down cocks comb[Rooster Comb] really slow. I watch them thru my binocs' [binoculars] & make funny comments (#3 sits down, #1 talks, what the hell is going on) until it occurs to me that there's trouble. At one we go up again & meet the 5 man group who are staggering down among them Wilcox. One guy Lewis in poor shape. Bill takes his pack and he & John guide him down to camp (Joe Wilcox, Jerry Lewis, Howard Snyder, Paul Schlichter [sic], Anshel Schiff) - Bill put Lewis in the tent & starts to hydrate him, , hand & feet frost bitten, pretty badly, hands I get back & hot liquids massaging & normal, but feet?? I'm afraid there's some frostbite of the feet & I don't to rewarm[sic] & massage the feet in that case. Radio contact is established. Seven men of the group are still up. Nothing has been heard from them. They are in poor shape apparently and the question of rescue comes up. Bill will go up in forced ascent if the decision is made.. 8:00PM, another radio contact. Guarded waiting__ Jerry Lewis is in our tent. I have to tell him that his feet are frost bitten, which he takes quite to heart. Jeff tries not to feed me supper. I'm supposed to be in the other tent. Immature guy. All his damn equipment is wet, because he's been wearing it, and the wet (stupidly & at for low altitude constricted) igloo finished Bill's & Jeff's down equipment off. I'm excited & upset with the dirty cooking.

Develop a headache & fear the worst since my menstrual period is coming near. Finally Bill sends Jeff over to sleep with Paul & Howard, and Jerry, Bill, & I stay.

July 24
Monday

Wake up w/ migraine & awfully thirsty. Within an hour, despite desperate attempts at medication control, throw up. Bill makes radio contact. As soon as beastly weather clears, he wants to move doesn't intend to let me rest for a day to get over my migraine_wants me to either get up & go with him or go down w/ Willcox. I'm too sick to go up. So much to my chagrin I'll go down w/ Willcox, although I think this is putting quite a responsibility on Joe, since I'm even too sick to descend. They insist it's altitude sickness, which I doubt[?] since the day before I relayed up towards Brown's Tower w/ any difficulty. They really push me out - they fall over my dry down equipment like the hyena's. Finally Joe is ready and I descend Karstens Ridge between him and Ansell [Anshel].. My I'm too sick to go such a ridge. One gales move (I vomit repeatedly) and all three of us go down. The wind gusts push off the ridge. I'm through[threw] with Bill Babcock. I'd not be surprised if brother Jeff is going to use my nice dry stuff. The six of us-Paul, Jerry, Howard on one rope

Joe, Ansell, & I on another descent slowly. Harper, upper icefall, hill of cracks, lower icefall. By 5:00 AM

Tuesday
July 25

We are the middle moraine (Moraine Mt.) put the [illegible] tent up on ice & drop off to sleep like lead after eating my emergency goodies & Joe's excellent expedition food. It was definite migraine & not altitude sickness. For John Ireton Bill was willing to spend 2 days, but he couldn't wait to get rid of me. I'm impressed w/ Joe & Ansell, nice people, much nicer group than ours. They [are] impressed with my solid mountaineering performance, despite my desperate situation particularly on the ridge. They thaw up and become quite friendly. Joe is worried stiff about the 7 guys up high we continue, after steaks at McGonagall Pass, toward Wonder Lake – steaks cookout “McGonagall Street fry” & hot chocolate 2:30 - 4:50 PM. We feast w/ fudge, nuts, deviled ham, caramels _ then continue after Paul, Howard, Jerry down McGonagall Creek. I now heavily laden (70 – 80 Lbs) w/ surveyor's tripod on top of my stuff – At the beginning of Cash Creek we find the three sacked out in their tent & go on to our tent in driving rain. Reach that at 9:00 PM.

Wednesday
July 26

We wake up soaked at 3:00 AM.

Get going in rainstorm at 4:00 AM & made our way to Clear Water Creek. My this stream is now a rampaging brownish menace. I try to get to the island, Go in waistdeep[sic]. Shake with exposure & fatigue. Joe, after me walks up & down to find a suitable spot, goes in. Gets swept away almost immediately. Pack floats with him. He is thrown against one island. Can't get the pack to move. Finally he made it, Half drowned. The pack now must weigh a ton. He barely manages to pull it ashore. For hours Ansell & I try to get going, but it is too rough for us. I realize, that the horses, which we plan to send back to Jerry, never will be able to cross this. Ansell & I urge Joe to leave pack & run to Wonderlake and have a helicopter pick the other rope team & us up at earliest convenience. Joe then leaves. Ansell & I strip the tarp off the tripod, make a tarp tent on the bank & roll out our mattresses & bags and shivering and shaking dive into our sleeping bags to recuperate. We sleep a bit then eat our remaining goodies. Ansell feels exhausted in early afternoon and I decide to try to master crossing Cache Creek.

and get to the food cache we left on the bluff when Barney & Don decided to back out. Put empty pack on and leave. See Paul Howard & limping Jerry come over the hill & yell explanation to them. I can hardly get across the fury of Cache Creek and once more am almost waist deep in the city stuff. I get up on the bluff, load 2 cans w/ goodies & 2 fuel cans. Try to find the new rope in vain (possibly Leo took it home with him). With heavy pack I cross Cache Creek safely again_ Join the others. We boil water for soup, have a feast on our goods for a change. Paul, Howard, & Jerry decide to wait for the helicopter for a while. After supper we light a fire & start drying our belongings until it starts raining again. By 9:00 PM the helicopter shows up & we are ferried to Wayne's Wonder Lake range station _ We stay over night, shower_ sip endless cups of tea. Joe made the McKinley river all right. Wayne gave him dry clothes. He talks me into towing Jerry on the helicopter ride to Fairwell & the planes ride to And. Nothing has been heard yet from the 7 guys up high. Our group is climbing up. It sounds disastrous.

Thursday
July 27
(day 26!!)

Dave Jess ranger wakes me up at 4:30AM. I eat a hasty breakfast walk out towards the helicopter. Jerry is reader. Peet the pilot gets the

Thing going and we're off over the tundra once more. Very little wildlife visible. The streams are swollen, brownish looking. Uprooted trees stick against boulders_ We head West towards Fairwell. On the high ridge fog envelopes us and the pilot sets the copter down. He obligingly starts a woodfire against a huge boulder. I take out my stove, we get water from a lake boil it for coffee and chocolate, eat army surplus crackers & peanut butter & cookies. It is already 10:00AM. Then the fog lifts & we continue our journey. It is funny to see a black bear run for his life because of the copter. We're at fairwell 11:00AM. Everybody reluctant to give us a flight to Anch[orage]. Military doesn't want to hear of it. We're [illegible] at the home of Bruce Reed (geologist) and his wife. I like them very much. She is a paleontologist. Wants to do Stredsbale ??[stressable] with me to see the fossils [sic]. At 2:30 PM a rickety beaver appears on the scene (C.A.P.) We leave 3:00 PM. Jerry sleepy, legs hurt_ I sit up front with the pilot. The window will not close. I chuckle at the thought of a plane ride with open window. It's nice, cool, fresh, especially

since the pilot smokes cigarettes. We fly at 12,000 ft – window open_ Oh those Cathedral Spires_ are they beautiful!!! I must be close to them at one time or another. Jerry at times thoughtfully enjoys the beautiful Alaska scene, at times he naps_ We reach Anch[orage] by 5:00. An ambulance waits at Merrill Field. We run through town and the driver uses his siren, which makes me grin again. Taking Jerry off Karsten's Ridge, Muldrow, McGonagall Cree, Cache Cree etc etc etc. and then finally use a siren is really a plum. We dump Jerry at Providence where George waits for him, examines him & admits him for a few days. George gives me a ride home_ call Marianne and hear from her that Vin will not be home till late August. He apparently gave an interview to the White Horse paper. I fell utterly dejected. No mail, no nothing. A husband who, in the first 6 months of his marriage, is away half that time_ I sit down and almost cry_ look down my woolshirt, windies and dirty sneakers and tears fall

Papillotjes, You should have picked up your Kelty & run away from the kilcher farm as far as your feet could have carried you. This man wants you as a convenience.

--I go to Marianne, She washes my hair. I have quick supper there. Marianne & Frank have ordered my new earrings from Buffalo. This is good since my husband probably will never buy me a pair_ I go back to Merrill Field to pick up pack, snowgloves & shovel and hear that a CAP guy, just after we arrived crashed on Merrill Field & died. Life is only a spider thread_ I shudder when I think of our Beaver ride over rainy pass. Well, we made it_ I go back home and find I have visitors (Paul, Howard & Ansell have not yet arrived from the park)_ Dave is there, introduces me to Pete & Nancy Robinson & little one. I think they are great. I take one instant liking to Nancy. Hope we'll become good friends. We talk until Ansell calls from stations. Apparently he rode the train down to Anch[orage]. I go pick him up then we all talk till midnight. Little Ruis sleeps propped up on the sofa! End of McK Trip _ Next time better_ I'll have

to look for a sympathetic group to go with!!

July 28

I still feel very dejected. Decide to continue this journal till fate of Joe's party is known – Lots of phonecalls from news-papers- I drive Ansell to town We shop at H.C. He is a typical Jew, but pleasant. Has a Ph.D. in industrial (electronic) engineering. I go to ladies clothes section & buy new levies', sweater, shirt. When I come back the guy is still making selections in front of the mirror – My- I show him a bit of town, but he's worried about the missing 7. We drive home and ran almost into Paul & Howard, who arrive w/ Jerry's truck. I put everybody up in the basement. The guys

[in margin] equipment

& I put all our down outside and the back yard & sundeck are covered w/ greens, blues, reds. We go visit Jerry in the hospital_ His feet look fine_ He wants to go home tomorrow – I buy food for everybody & we have fine meal. Then I decide to reclaim my desk & start moving things back where they belong. Then Gary, Dave drop in, to tell us that Bill reached Joe Wilcox's high camp & they found one body (Stephen Taylor)_ I stop the

record player and we all go upstairs to talk. George Wichman also drops in. Apparently Taylor was too weak to make the summit_ stayed alone in the tent (!)_ Six went up to summit July 17, after Joe, Paul, Howard, Jerry & Ansell had started down to 15,000 ft camp_ bivouaced [sic] & reached summit July 12. They apparently never returned to the tent_ got lost in whiteout due to insufficient wandering of route -?? Taylor couldn't take care of himself & died_ the 6?? Dave & Gary tomorrow 6:00 AM will accompany military airdrop flight to ensure extra supplies. There are so many people up there. MCA (5 people) the 6?? still alive?? Western States (6 _ all seen moving fast & strong guys but w/out radio and probably unaware of tragedy and Boyd's party on the South Face. I postpone letter to Vin. Try to get my desk a bit better in shape and move most of Vin's stuff off. -G Tired

July 29

Period quite strong. Sometimes I wonder why I can't carry child with everything being so normal. It would mean so much to me to have a child of the only man I ever loved_ Especially since it looks as if I'll be alone

very often_if not again always in the future __ I try to hide my sadness from my guests. Howard fries bacon & eggs and he, Paul, and I have nice late breakfast_ Then I run into town, buy new sneakers, go to ADT to cook up old issues since I was told it said in the paper Vin wouldn't be home till late August. Can't find definitive information – Go once to give Ansell the car. He wants to drive along Turnagain [sic] Arm – After lunch (ham w/ hamburgers, cheese lettuce & tomato) Pete & Nancy show up. We'll go climbing together tomorrow. Later George brings Jerry home from the hospital The Colorado group start to pack the truck. Ansell is all packed up for his flight to Seattle tonight. Gary & Dave flew w/ the military & made good airdrops. No further news from mountain _ Pete will fix the garden and he'll tell me what he wishes to be paid for it. Dinner at Karson[?][house_ Paul, Howard & Jerry invite me. Good salmon. After supper I drive Ansell to airport.. I am lonesome for my husband _ will have to start working hard at neglected household & professional items & will get my mind off my disappointments by doing so I'm sure! _Get gear ready for climb tomorrow. G.

July 30_67

Oversleep_ Radio broadcasts that 2 more bodies have been found_ Blown off ridge.
How. Why ?? Wake up Paul & Howard & tell them. They[re] setting up to leave for Colo[rado]. I tell them to lock the door. Sorry to see them go. With all people running in and out I have no time to think about Vin not returning home. Race over to Pete's and Nancy's place and we all leave for independence mine. Go up towards the Needle. Nancy has trouble. The baby she carries is lighter than my pack. I hesitate to offer her to take the baby. She's all exhausted when we reach the lake. She'll stay with the baby while we climb a slab & after lunch Pete will take her _ We depart 1 hr 15 min. Rope up the slab_ Nice climbing_ rel. lasy_ Leave the rope_ Hop up the ridge & up the needle. 4920 ft (or 4950??). Don't dilly dally. Down some gorp & return quickly. Rappel down the slab. I get used now to the shoulder method_ Much better than my old Swiss technique_ Pete takes an old rusted shovel & pick as a souvenir. We rejoin Nancy & have lunch. It drizzles a bit. I offer to babysit, but Nancy doesn't feel good about it. I don't think, according to what Pete tells me, that she loves rock exercises. But I'd be happy to sit with the little fellow

Well, we decide to descend slowly. I pick flowers (goodness my knowledge of botany is terribly inadequate) We spot a practice rock. Hard. No holds. Pete and I fall off several times. Finally he makes it. long strong fingers. I concede. Felt still a bit tired from McK[inley] but irritated I can't do as well as Pete. Some more flowers go into the bouquet. Redback takes us to town. Nice Sunday on trip. The hospital left word for me to do 2 cases tomorrow_ We'll go to the drive-in tonight. I talk briefly to Hans on the phone (trying to locate Dave, who is not "at home" in his tent on George's property when he passes there in P.M.)_ Go to hospital_ have leftover supper_ feel ill w/ loneliness again. Don't know why Vin didn't realize that 2 expeditions is a bit too much_ too much & too long_ When is he ever going to write?? Off to drive-in. Good to prevent sadness I guess, watching a story on the screen. G—

July 31_67

written

Aug 12

Will close this diary. Vin returning 5:00 AM. This evaporates my sadness. Yet, many things we'll have to discuss ~ Happy to hear he accomplished everything he had set out to do_ I go to hospital for cases _ happy not to be alone any more. And so ends the account of this

fateful trip, in which I played a small part _ a trip which lost 7 members of the Willcox party their lives__

July 1-Aug 15

Plans take shape to reascend McK[inley] to identify bodies w/ park spt. G. Hall's blessings.

--This record wouldn't be complete I weren't to register some impressions of the aftermath of this experience. I'll copy from a few remarks I made in Vin's notebook & small additions)

(dramatic personae of 2nd climb, after several changes, dropouts etc. Ed Boulton, Charles (Chuck) Crenshaw, only negro to have climbed McK[inley], Dick Springate, Ray [Genet], Vin and I.)

Aug 19-

[In Margin: This was written at 10,000 ft on Kahiltna Glacier – alone in tent – snowing conditions and very depressed mood-]

Drove to Talkeetna (after hectic race to get Redback out o shop) – Vin off & doesn't return. Go driving around look at plants and eat berries. Fly in at 5:00 PM, finally to 10000 ft. Others (Ray, Ed, Chuck) flown in earlier in day to 7000 ft, are ferried up to 10000 ft (& we camp, all united 7:00 PM & in tents on glacier)

Aug 20. Climb to below Windy Corner_Too heavy pack_Sick_

Aug 21. No glasses, difficult writing (here is where journal starts as I finally find a few unused pages in Vin's notebook to write on and drive my loneliness away). Sick last night_ Take Phenergan inj[ection] and after restless night codeine by mouth. Much better, but weak. Vin insists I go down. I like to stay & sleep (it off). After

one day of rest I could manage. Much to my chagrin I have to go back to 10,000 w/ Vin and Ray. Vin then wants me to climb Mt. Capps, for which I'm too weak. But do nevertheless. I am pretty discouraged. Need much acclimatization, but nobody, not even own husband, will give time _ He shouldn't have let me carry that crazy pack yesterday. I sat behind alone and Ray & Vin return to Windy Corner. Very depressed. It snows hard. I have passed the afternoon carrying food to the tent, make team reading labels, digging a hole for bad weather. The poncho is too small to cover the hole and I'll have to use the tarp if the weather dictates igging in. I'm very upset about McK. After all, I stopped vomiting. And I don't think society will be overly appreciative of those who leave a woman behind, alone on a glacier. Well I'll defend Vin and tell everybody I ordered Ray and him back up. Still, something broke in my marriage, and it cannot be wounded any worse. I get cramps in my abdomen _ menstrual period, suppose. Same story as 4 weeks ago w/ Babcock, though this time more altitude effect (no acclimatization) I think I could write a story for the readers digest. If I only had a good pen (Vin's leaked just now awfully on the mattress) and paper. The tent leaks like a sieve. Days on the Kahiltna Glacier alone... Would be something different indeed. It pours snow. What else can I possible read? G

Aug 22

Written

Aug 27

5:00 AM_ Utterly clear morning. I would like to put on my pack and go up to Windy Corner, which stands out clear against the early morning sky_ Most of the night I tossed and turned (getting snow off the tent) It finally stopped snowing. Oh yes, it would have meant the world to me to go up that mountain again and do it. And my husband knew

it meant much to me. But he wouldn't make the sacrifice. Tears of disappointment roll down my cheek most of the night. What horrible feeling to be let down by your own husband _ Indeed _ _ Something broke that never can be mended. Papillotje, why, finally, don't you see that this man is not willing to do a thing for you. Why do you continue fooling yourself – tears obscure my vision, can't see what I'm writing. I must take pictures. Don will probably fly in and I'll to tell the world again of my failure. If I get my period my world will collapse completely. Oh how beautiful would it have been if I could have been allowed to continue with my husband. A sick body recovers quickly, but a shattered spirit and a dent in a marriage will not heal or mend.....(end of notebook pages)

(Rest written in Anchorage) – I walk to the end of the plane tracks, put boxes down. Take pictures. Have some ovaltine and chipped beef. Try desperately to get two ravens to keep me company. Their tracks are around the tent, even wing tracks (is that how they take off?) - They see me, sit on the ridge and talke to me – I find out I have my menstrual period which explains my sickness to my satisfaction. I put on crampons. Maybe I can climb that stupid hill again before Don come. I run up to the ridge – ravens gone. I try the last bulge_ twice as fast as yesterday, when I hear the plane drone. I run, run, run, ice axe in arrest position. Don just beats me to the tent. I load personal geat, then boxes. Don wants me to stay, then he wants me to drop the boxes. Then he makes me take the personal gear out. I finally hop in. I tell him of my intense disappointment. He needs oxygen. We climb & circle. Beautiful day. I take pictures. We see tents & people _ Boy

X

X they didn't make much progress. Probably first as altitude pooped as I was _ shocks!!! (The park will never give me permission to climb again and I'll have to do a [illegible]) We circle – I try the first drop. Never done it before. I hit the tail twice!! Don furious the door opens. He finally gets is shut_ We try again, I'm so flustered I only manage to drop one box. Thanks heavens I didn't hit the tail. Don threatens that if I do it again we'll crash. The door stays shut. Now I have confidence & drop the rest of the boxes in two approaches push them down w/force – Don pleased. I manage to shut window. Gosh, the air velocity is something. We circle. I see upper party pick up boxes & Vin and Ray at Windy Corner. We go back to 10000, load personal gear. Don want me to hurry. I loose Vin's pin, maybe an ice screw? We fly to Talkeetna. I try take pictures of [illegible]. Don sees my depressed mood, tries to make me laugh. We worry about tail (shakes landing at 10,000 ft). Make it all right down though – A piece of plastic of the tail broke. Nothing serious. Don can get it repaired easily he assures me.. I set gear out. Take his car keys & open Redback (no key for skunk on my wing!) Put gear in redback. Go to Pete's & return tent to him. He doesn't start work till 10 ? September & he is disappointed. I tell him that makes two of us. He also vomited at 13,000_ Probably I leave ice crew at his place?? I return to Anch[orage] in Redback, Wash up. Get redback in shape (new oil & hubcap). I am very depressed. For a report on the search for the bodies Vin's journal.

Potential friends

Bruce Reed –
 USGS 345 Middlefield Rd
 Menilo Park, Calif[ornia].
 DA 5_6761_
 Helicopter pilot Pat_ flew us_

[In margin] Vin

Summit day Second party
 July 18 11:00AM
 17 up late afternoon
 bivouac

One man (Taylor (Stephen))
 Stayed in camp sick
 We found today
 July 28 dead –
 (Dave has accurate recordings)

unaccounted for:
 Russel, Walt Taylor, James,
 McLaughin, Lichterhan [Luchterhand], Clark)

[In margin: Summit day 1st party]
July 15. Joe, Paul, Howard, Jerry made summit

[in margin] potential friends [arrow pointing to names on the right]

Bruce Reed

USGS Middlefield Rd

Menilo Park Calif.

DAS _ 6761 _

helicopter pilot Pat- flew us _

[in margin] Vin

Summit day Second party

July 18 11:00 AM

17 up [illegible]

bivouac

One man (Taylor (Stephen)

Stayed in camp sick

Westbound today

July 28 dead _

(Dave has accurate recordings)

unaccounted for:

Russell, Walt Taylor, James,

McLaughlin, Lichterhan [Luchterhand], Clark)

[in margin] Summit Party

July 15 Joe, Paul, Howard Jerry made summit

Items to be taken on future trips:

--hankerchief! [sic]

--washcloth!

--check K. boots before start

--rag

--paregoric

[Note: there are three and a half pages from a smaller notebook in the back of this one that Grace Hoeman wrote while on Denali on August 21, which she later copied into this notebook. These are not transcribed as they are the same]