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Winona Bailey, Editor
T. J. Acheson, Publication Manager
Effie L. Chapman
Fidelia Davis
Mabel Furry
Helen Gracie

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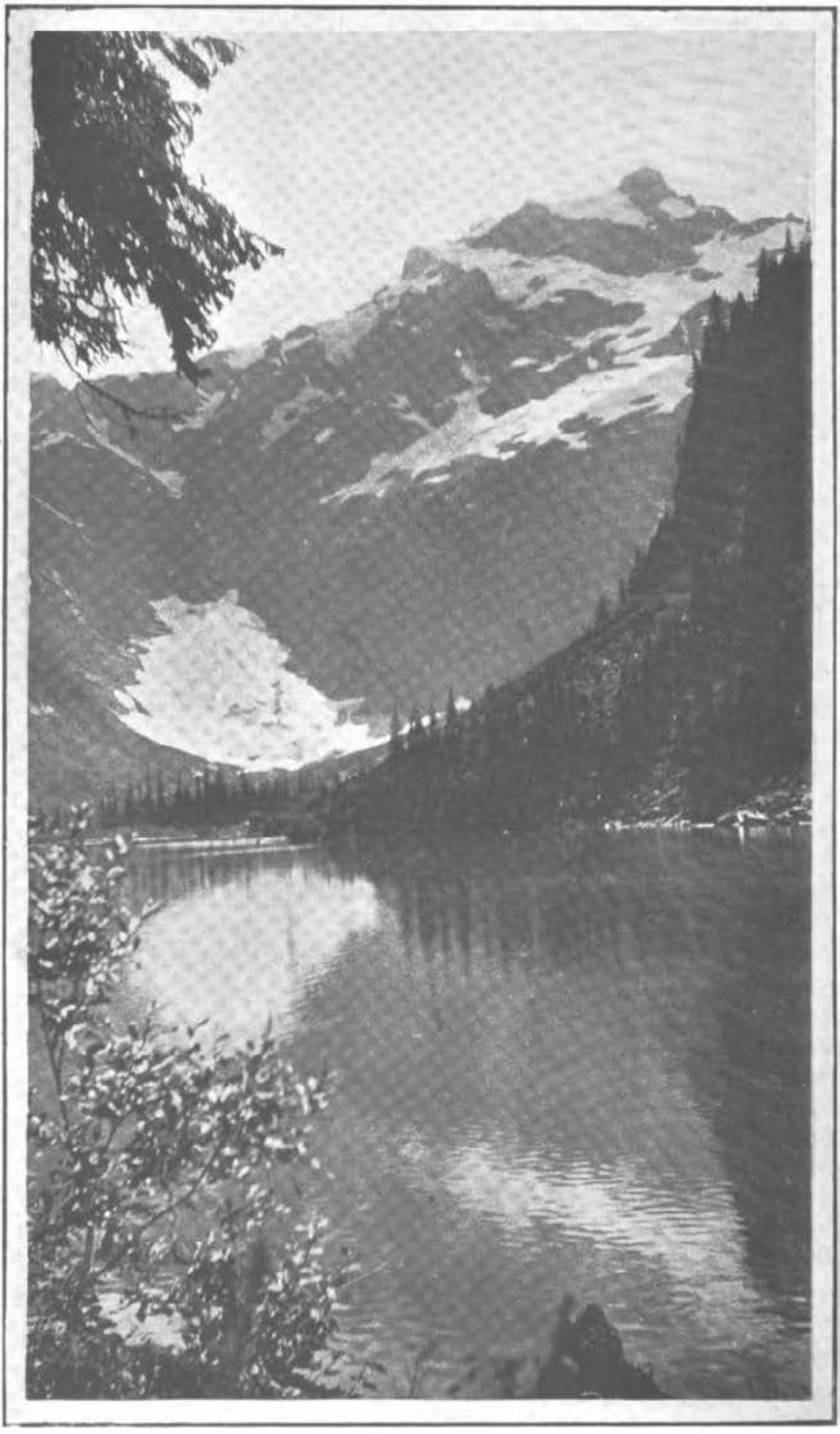

GOAT LAKE *Mabel Furry*

You Mountaineers, who have been serving on land or sea or in the air, with ambulance, in hospital, welfare hut or repatriation camps, you, who have been serving our Country anywhere in this great world crisis, you are asked to receive our greetings at this season sacred to love and remembrance.

To your grim task you have taken the strength of mountains, the healing of rivers, the cleanliness of snow We have followed you with prayer and hope. We now prepare to welcome you home that you may again become our comrades in the hills to enjoy the blessing of the dawn, the glory of the sun, the benediction of the stars.

Edmond S. Meany

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H. B. Hinman

COPPER LAKE From summit of Vesper Peak. Big Four Mountain at the right.

THE MONTE CRISTO OUTING, 1918

MARGARET D. HARGRAVE

NOW, everybody knows that of the genus Prospectus there are two species: Mountaineers and Mining. In the former we have always reposed an abiding and implicit confidence, but as for a Mining prospectus—! The obliquities of that document are so ingrained into the public consciousness that perhaps it is not strange that when the Mountaineers advertised an outing through a mining country, some of the mis-information of the Widow-and-Orphan's Delight should creep into our hitherto unimpeachable publication. In no other way do we like to account for the statement on page 10 of our 1918 Prospectus:—

"on account of absence of rain in the district"—

To give the phrase in full is a waste of footage; the quotation has become a classic and I'm not sure it isn't eligible for use at a Sunday night camp-fire!

It was in a fine drizzle that some thirty Mountaineers transferred at Everett to the Hartford jitneys. But nobody minded a drizzle, especially a drizzle that held off while we inspected Granite Falls, with its whirling waters and smooth-worn boulders. We were loath to leave its rugged beauty, but our leader's whistle called, so off we hiked, down an old road where overhanging boughs deluged the unwary with coolish shower-baths, until the welcome lunch hour. By the way, have you ever noticed that meal hours on summer outings are just twice as far apart as they should be?

After the last crumb had been prudently salvaged, we "hit the ties" and were soon in the wonderful Stilaguamish Canyon, for whose beauty we were somewhat prepared. We also found ourselves in a heavy shower; for which we were not at all prepared. Eeight miles of track we did, but not all in a shower; most of it was in a heavy downpour, and only three tunnels in the whole distance. More than one nifty hat there was whose camouflage silently faded away; many the boot, innocent of grease, that squashed into camp at Spithills. Our dunnage had passed us long before, and no time was lost in making camp. The women had fine quarters on a sandy river bank—sand is lots drier than grass—but tales of freshets went about, and nervous damsels retired to rest with one anxious ear cocked for the sound of rising waters. However, we were all able to answer the breakfast call without the use of rafts.

A misty, moisty morning it was, but the majority of the party toiled up Mount Pilchuck according to schedule, hoping for a clear view at the top. They returned to camp firmly convinced that the winter rains had set in. The climb had been strenuous; bedraggled they were, but undaunted, bragged of the cocoa served by the ranger and refused to envy the stay-at-homes even when we sang of the luscious huckleberry pies that Jim had given us at noon.

And right here is a good place to rhapsodize about our cooks. Billy was an old friend to many; Jim was a discovery Dr. Hinman had made in British Columbia. They were a royal pair. As Professor Meany said at our last camp-fire, we had sometimes had good cooks with uncongenial personalities; we had had poor cooks who were personally agreeable; but never had the Mountaineers been so fortunate in having two men who were both A-1 cooks and at the same time such a distinct addition to the personnel of the Outing. They were as expert with ice-axe and life-line as with wheat substitutes, they contributed to our camp-fire entertainment, and they let us dry our feet around the commissary fire!

We left Spithills by train and I suppose we'll never live it down. Bona fide Mountaineers travelling by train? "Impossible!" say you old-timers, and you mention Three Prunes, Lame Duck and the Sky Line. But wait; we got ours. Wait until you hear about Copper Lake.

Silverton welcomed us with blue skies and warm sunshine, and we had our first intimation of the character of the country we were in. Mountains crowded and jostled each other so closely they could scarcely find standing room, many with bare and rocky peaks where no snow could cling. And on the rocky slopes and in the lower forests as well there were mines, hundreds of mines; some mere prospectors' holes, others with elaborate cook and bunk houses, but deserted, dilap-

idated, haunted by memories of ardent beliefs, bitter toil and long-enduring patience. Silverton itself was once quite a mining center; three saloons at least; but many houses stand empty now and we were able to festoon our damp belongings all over the place. For that afternoon we were Sun-worshippers, offering our all to the blessings of a beneficent deity.

SNOW CAVES, SILVER GULCH *Paul S. Dubuar*

Several side-trips were made from Silverton; the first a jaunt up Silver Gulch, where the points of interest were the ice-caves, somewhat demolished by the melting sun, Hoodoo Pass just above us, and a large patch of the juiciest salmon-berries that ever supplemented a "squirrel" lunch. One small party visited Lake Kelcema, while another trip, ladylike in the extreme but well worth taking, was one to the snowfield known locally as Rucker's Glacier. A mile of board walk connects the snowfield with the railroad, but not even a board walk, with sophisticated-looking suspension bridges, could mar the bubbling joys of the little stream it followed, nor dull the rainbows in the hundred slender waterfalls dashing over the cliffs at the head of the valley. And who will forget the lovely meadow at the foot of the big snow slope, with its patriotic color scheme, red fireweed, white valerian and blue lupine!

In a class by itself was the side-trip to Copper Lake. Saturday morning, bright and early, the sturdy knapsackers departed, led by Dr. Hinman and with Jim as rear guard, and accompanied by others whose more moderate ambition was to spell the packers to Marble Pass and lazily spy out the land from afar. They carried food for

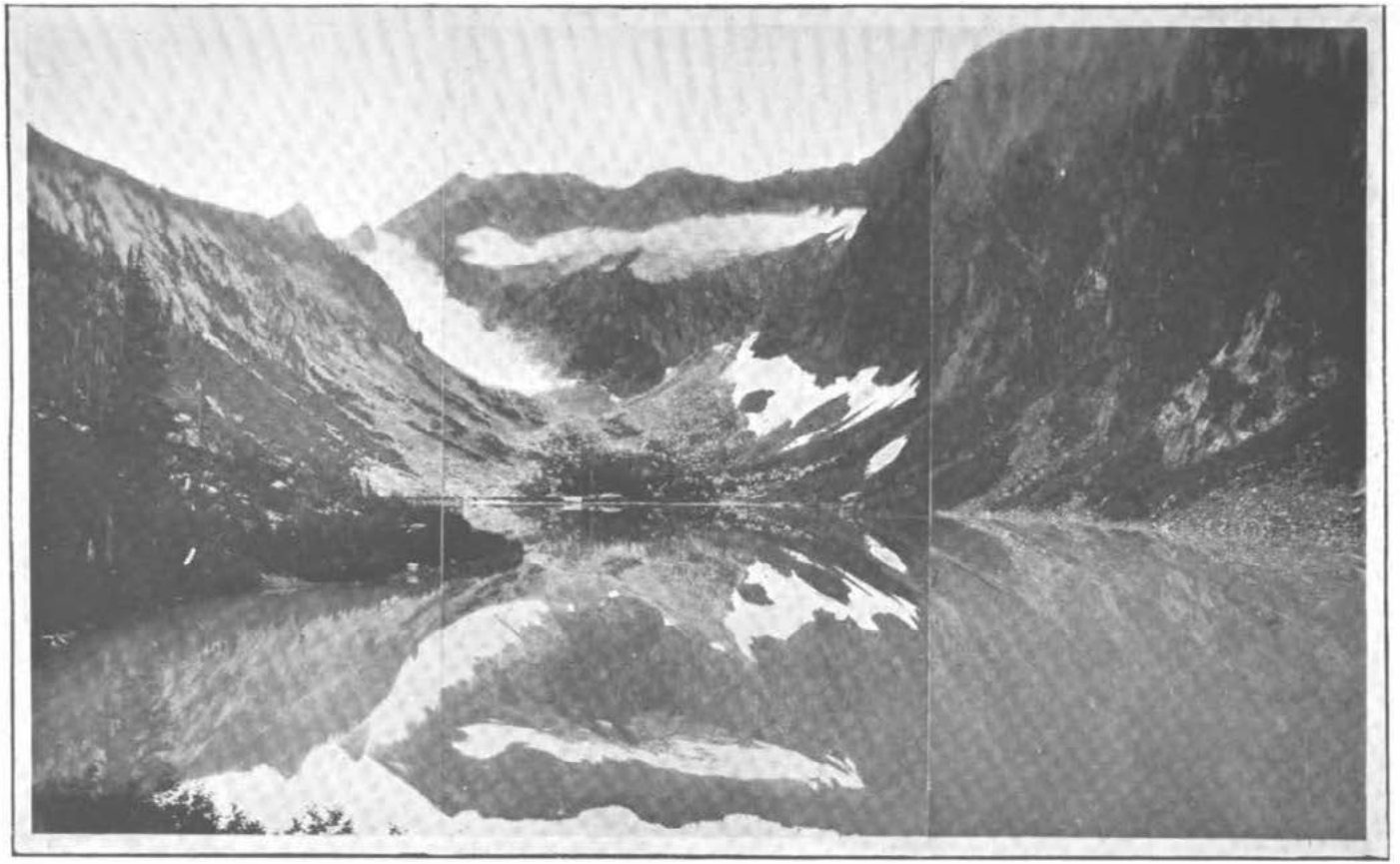
one day, expecting to reach their goal by mid-afternoon and return for dinner the next night. But we, waiting in camp at Silverton, waited in vain; no party returned to share our Sunday night ice-cream. Morning brought the news of the Doctor's midnight arrival, and soon the rest of the heroic band limped in, making a bee-line for commissary. It was some time before we could extract the least bit of information; and indeed the story of their exploits had best be told, first-hand, by Mr. Remey. He says:

"Leaving the supporting party of philanthropists at Marble Pass, we thirteen knapsackers started down the steep slope toward Williamson Creek, using an old trail until the abandoned Forty-five Mine was reached. From now on the difficulties to rapid transit were many. Williamson Creek had to be crossed, even if it did run in a narrow gorge. We crawled down the north wall on a slanting ledge, crossed the stream, and climbed the south wall on the remains of what once had been a ladder. Several hours of steep side-hill work took us over alternate stretches of rocks and fallen timber, and through thickets of cladothamnus brush. You don't know the difficulties of brush travel until you have bucked cladothamnus. It was like going up hill against a series of giant porcupines, with spines all bristling down hill. High temperature, lack of breeze, packs, hunger and thirst all contributed to our discomfort. Some of us thought we could go no further, but short rests and encouraging shouts from those in advance developed resolution to continue rather than die alone in the wilderness.

"The Forest Service had obligingly scouted a possible route for us, but to follow infrequent blazes over rough country proved hard work for cheechakos, not yet seasoned and quite unused to packing. Finally, in the dusk of evening, we reached the lake and camp was made. We had been thirteen hours out from Silverton.

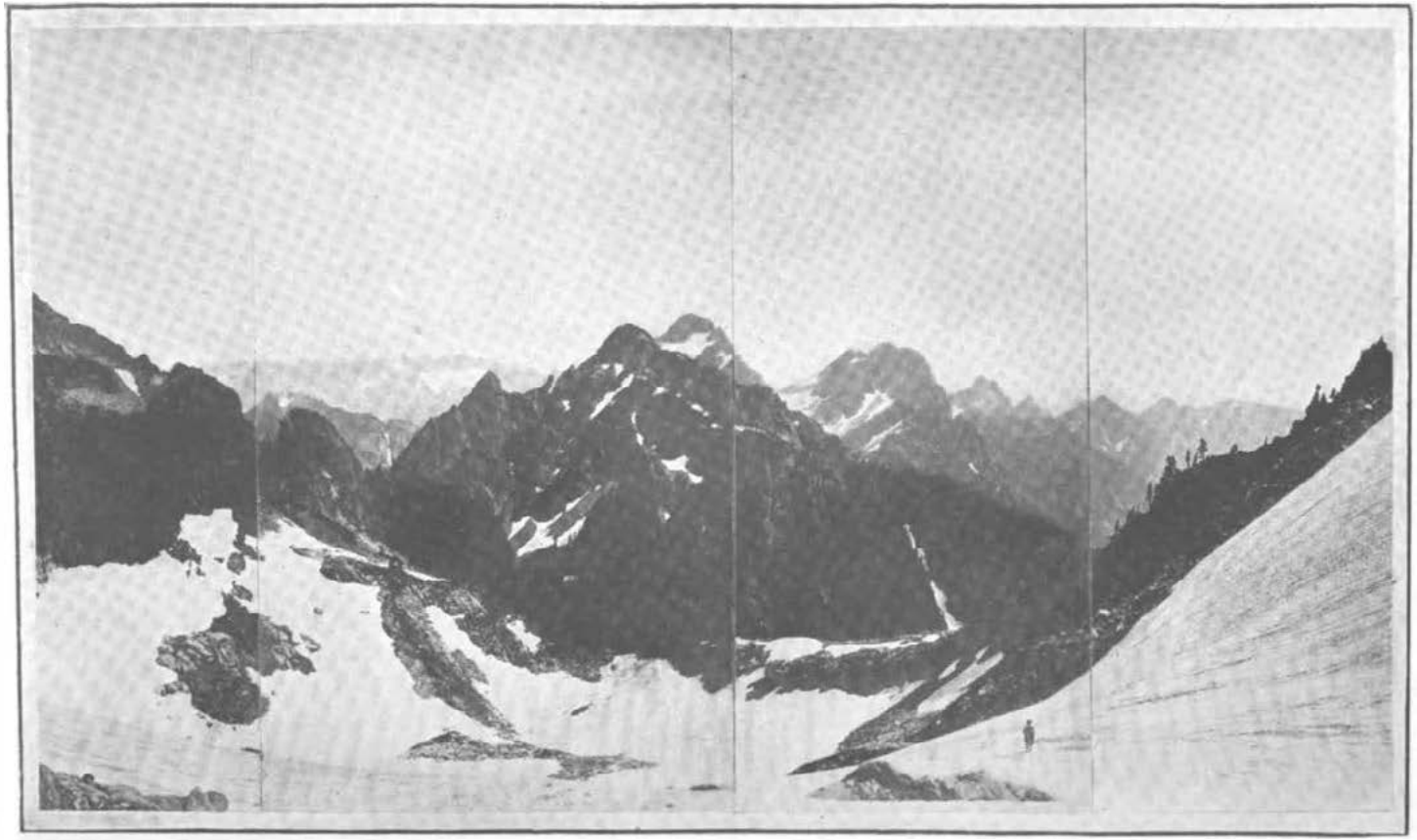
"Copper Lake (alt. 3227 ft.) is nearly a half-mile long. Steep talus slopes extend from the cliffs to the water's edge. The striking feature is the wonderful greenish-blue tint of the water, possibly due to copper sulphate in solution. At any rate, we drank it in only with our eyes. Commissary was located on top of a huge boulder, it being the largest area of anything within sight approaching the horizontal. After a slight supper and the usual evening song, we scattered to curl up in our sleeping-bags wherever a fairly level spot could be found.

"At six a. m. Dr. Hinman and Jim started on a scouting trip to the head of the glacier occupying the upper end of the valley to see if it would be possible to leave that way, and at nine they returned with a favorable report. We had already consumed our moderate breakfast of a cup all around of macaroni, bean and tomato mulligan, so off we started up the rocky talus slope and onto the glacier. The



Paul S. Dubuar

COPPER LAKE "Steep talus slopes extend from the cliffs to the water's edge. The striking feature is the wonderful greenish-blue tint of the water."



VIEW FROM AN UNNAMED PASS BELOW VESPER PEAK

Headlee Pass is the lowest gap at the left.

Paul S. Dubuar

slope became steeper as we neared the top of the pass, requiring frequent zig-zags to ease the grade and to avoid crevasses. From this yet unnamed pass we had a wonderful panorama.

"Continuing down the east slope, first over steep loose rocks and then over a snowfield, stopping once for a lunch that consisted mostly of tea, hardtack, water, fresh air and scenery, we finally encountered the Sunrise Trail, which led us over Headlee Pass down to the junction of Buck Creek and the railroad.

"Here, after 8 p. m., we made our second camp. Meager rations of tea, hardtack, nuts and raisins were doled out, but there was no camp-fire singing tonight; most of us were hors-de-combat. Only Dr. Hinman was far from "all in." In spite of the long, hard day, our plucky leader walked the eight miles to Silverton to report our safety, and to try to have a special car sent to take us in.

"The next morning a ravenous party rolled out of their sleeping-bags at Buck Creek, but there was no food in camp. We all sniffed bacon in the direction of Silverton, and soon a heterogeneous troupe of half-starved nomads entered base camp and took the commissary by storm. We ate, laughed and sputtered our experiences with our mouths full of food. With something on the inside, we soon forgot the fatigue and hunger, and the agreeable features of the trip held full sway in our minds. We had accomplished an unusual trip and felt satisfied with ourselves, our leader. our cook, and the world in general."

Our last day at Silverton, Dr. Hinman escorted a party to Granite Pass, which overlooks a wonderful glacial cirque. It was a hot, hot day, and after rounding Long Mountain and leaving the cooler shadows of Marten Creek, our trail simply evaporated. Did that give us pause? Not at all; we bucked brush, did some side-hill-nanny work, climbed a couple of waterfalls, crawled through more brush and finally emerged at the foot of Granite Pass, a boiling hot mass of boulders. Well, the boulders had nothing on us, and only a very few had the pep to carry them up the grade and over the top. Most of us preferred to take the Doctor's word for the fine glacial cirque, and spend the precious moments cooling off. For time pressed; it was already late, and we had a train to catch! And at that, the four-thirty car had to back up for the stragglers.

Fourteen strong, the second party joined us at Buck Creek, bringing with them a thunderstorm that sent us all scuttling under the forbidden commissary fly. It was the only community shelter available, except that one gallant gentleman accommodated two young ladies under the voluminous folds of his waterproof cape. That was helpful as far as it went, but what the situation really demanded was an octopus, one with Mormon tendencies, and with a circus-tent for a cape. However, Jim and Billy not only tolerated our presence in

their crowded quarters, but achieved a special dinner that was nothing short of a banquet, all the way from soup to wild blackberry pie.

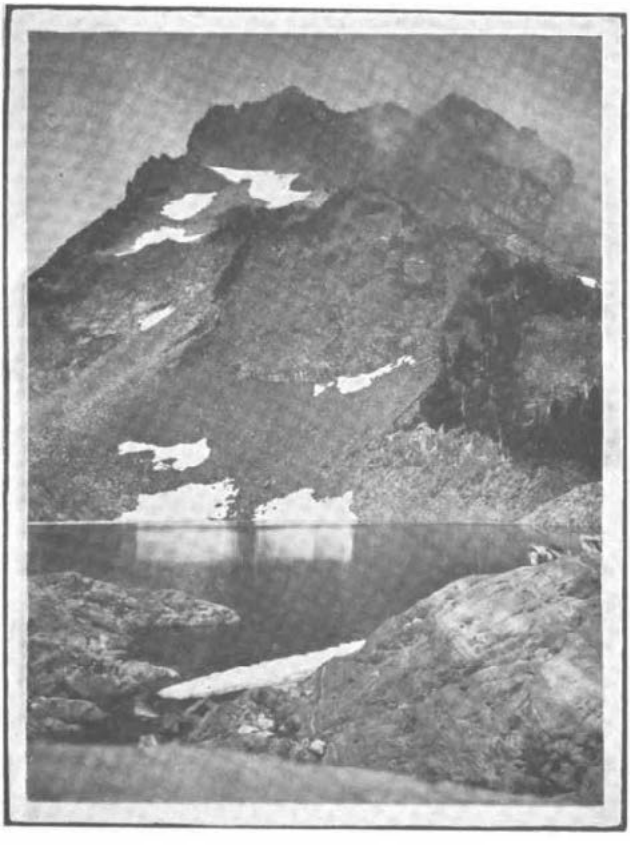
The climb of Vesper Peak was made from Buck Creek, under the leadership of Mr. Dubuar, who, for the first two weeks of the trip, was taking Mr. Morrison's place on the committee. The route led by forest up to Wirtz Basin, a grassy park strewn with enormous boulders, then by the Sunrise Trail with its thirty-seven switchbacks, over Headlee Pass. (The Sunrise Mine is one of the few now in operation.) The weather had been uncertain and by the time we reached the upper slopes of Vesper, we were in the midst of a storm. The wind blew so hard that the rain fell horizontally. But the clouds were breaking, and when we had crossed the snow and negotiated the great slabs of smooth rock covering the summit, the skies cleared and we had a wonderful view, Rainier and Glacier, Baker and a host of lesser peaks, while the peculiar green of Copper Lake glistened far below.

In announcing the climb of Vesper, Dr. Hinman had explained that if anyone cared for a two-day trip, it was possible to knapsack over Headlee Pass and so climb both Vesper and Sperry. He called for a rising vote on this knapsack proposition, but the only man standing at the time happened to be one of the Copper Lake refugees, and he sat down with speed and unmistakable decision. So no one climbed Sperry Peak. Another hike which was not taken was up Buck Creek to Dickerman Mountain. Dr. Hinman and O. J. Smith spent a whole day scouting this trip, but they admitted there was some brush on the way, and after that there wasn't any enthusiasm.

Goat Lake was our highest and loveliest camp. Leaving the railroad at Barlow Pass, we descended along the Sauk valley, passed Monte Cristo Lake and then turned again to follow the steep Elliott Creek trail. This leads through a wonderful forest whose aisles and colonnades were a fit approach to that crescent sheet of blue water—which, by the way, surely deserves a happier name. A poet might describe it; the place is poetry. A grove of magnificent hemlocks sheltered our commissary, behind this a long ridge shut off Sloan Peak from envious eyes—(for all idea of attempting Sloan had been relinquished)—another steep wooded hill rose opposite, while Foggy Mountain and Ida Pass seemed fairly to overhang the southern end of the lake. Beautiful by day, it was a fairy dream in the moonlight, and when one of our ranger-packers took his saxophone across the lake and played for us—Grieg, Scotch melodies, grand opera—the twilight dusk was enchanted indeed.

The next day a visit was made to the abandoned Penn Mine, lying far up on Foggy Mountain, but we found a greater novelty in boating on the lake. The boat, to be sure, had been out of water for seven years, and when launched, it was "all hands man the pumps!" and the timid stayed ashore.

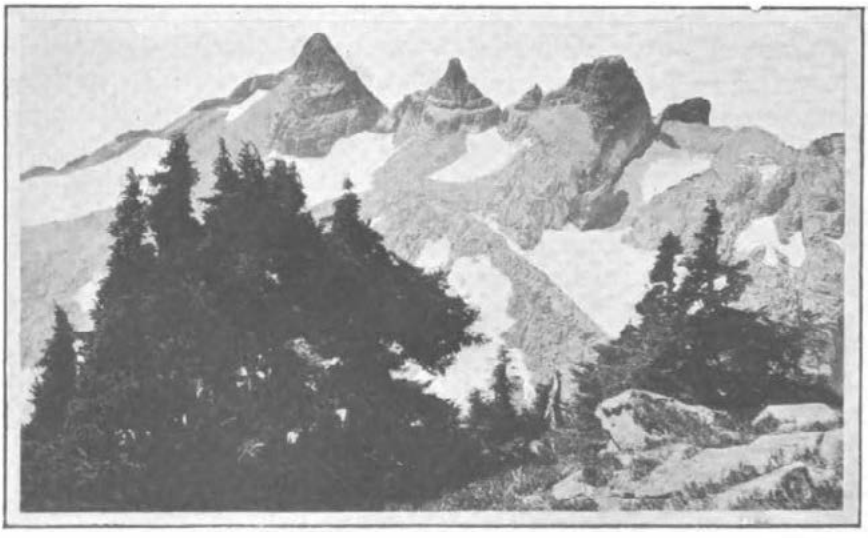
A select few of the "tough" ones left Goat Lake for Weden Creek via Ida Pass, but the green pools of Elliott Creek called to the fishermen of the party, and most of us retraced that lovely trail. If Buck Creek had the best swimming holes, Weden Creek had the best beds. To tell the truth, disciples of Leander were apt to find themselves in embarrassing situations, the streams of this district being so congested with fishermen and their wives that—. But let us return to the safer subject of the domestic appointments at Weden Creek. The



DEL CAMPO PEAK *O. J. Smith*

earth under the big trees was springy with needles and moss, interlacing branches made a reassuring canopy, and much of the river bed was dry and offered exceptional facilities for camp-fire stunts, laundry and shampoos.

During the Outing, the Mountaineers placed their official brass record cylinders on three mountain tops; Vesper (6190 ft.), Del Campo (6100 ft.), and Cadet (7100 ft.). Of these three climbs, I am sure a majority vote would award the palm to Del Campo. It is difficult



Mabel Furry

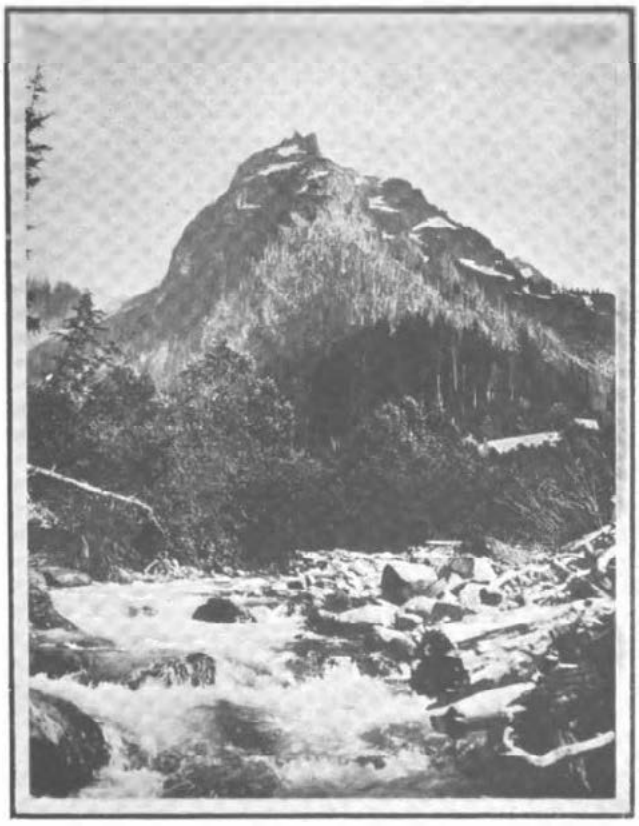
GOTHIC PEAK "The mediaeval outline of Castle Rocks etched on the horizon." View as seen from the ridge on Del Campo.

to compare views when all are superlative, but certainly Del Campo interposed the greatest obstacles and so gave our zest a keener edge. Two assaults of this peak were carried out from Weden Creek. A trail that was almost a boulevard led by an even grade to Tin Cup and Crater lakes. The larger party had a cool, foggy day for the climb and had that wonderful experience of watching the fickle wizard, Wind, inconstant lover of the shining peaks, as he swept concealing folds of misty drapery all about, then lifted them for a tantalizing glimpse, or with some regal gesture whirled them quite away. Well might the Wind know that if mortal eye could find fault with the beauties so disclosed, it argued but blindness of mortal soul.

Hot tea was served with our lunch at the lakes, and some of the party elected to stay here, while on the ridge above we lost still others. Truly the view demanded leisure; a level sea of white clouds below us, the tips of peaks protruding like rocky islands, and the mediaeval outline of Castle Rocks etched on the horizon. Leaving timberline, our party of eighteen traversed a snow slope and reached the real climb, a chimney of loose rocks, not difficult but still dangerous. "Watch your step" was the watchword, and we passed at last to the safer boulders which formed a veritable staircase to the summit. Only the treads were exceeding narrow, the rises sometimes knee-high, and the staircase zigzagged inconsistently. But oh the view! Whidby Island and the Sound, Baker, Skuksan, Three Fingers, the whole sweep of the horizon around to Rainier and back to the Olympics again. Descending, the life-line was used twice; once to give security down a steep heather slope, and again over a rock wall where the

Doctor and Jim directed our footsteps at critical points. Thus we avoided the round-about staircase. Gingerly we picked our way down the treacherous chimney, coasted, all too briefly, down the snowfield, and were soon regaling ourselves with more hot tea at Crater Lake, regretful that so thrilling a climb was over. No, not over; for some of us found the hardest part of the climb was the descent along the trail: the grade was too even! But the lamest knees and muscles were reanimated by the tonic of a douse in the Sauk, and responded nimbly enough when Jim called us to the best dinner yet.

That night a gentle patter disturbed our slumbers; the charm was working again. We breakfasted in a drizzle, broke camp in the rain and moved to Monte Cristo in a downpour. It was the day for the third party to join us, and this time the rain lasted four solid days. But if it had to rain, this was the least inopportune time. For Monte Cristo used to be even more of a town than Silverton, and we staked out our claims in vacant cottages, store buildings and assay offices. Only a very few stuck to their tents.



WILMAN PEAK FROM MONTE CRISTO *H. B. Hinman*

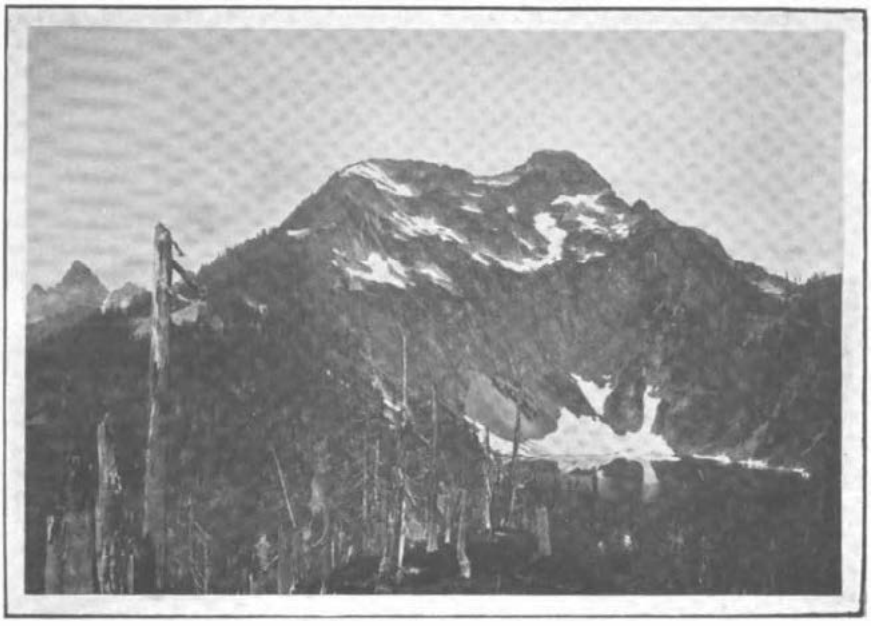
It was largely due to the undue precipitation that the knapsack trip to Silver Lake was called off. Or perhaps the plan was spoiled because the Monte Cristo horse put his foot in it. Certainly, wherever that unwilling beast put his foot, there he intended it to stay. Only by Herculean efforts did Mr. Diewert persuade him to drag a few boxes to our commissary; the length of Dumas Ave. was his absolute limit, and to have attempted packing to Silver Lake would have meant a life sentence for Mr. Diewert. But even without this knapsack trip, no one was idle. We met all the trains, we sacked the ruins of assay offices for exquisitely tinted (and chipped) crucibles, we foraged for wood for the fireplaces which graced our several abodes, we paid calls, and some good swimmers even reached Glacier Basin and Silver Lake. And after each and every expedition we returned to our respective hearths to drip and steam and change our socks. During the rainy season we also had two splendid indoor campfires. On the first occasion we were entertained at the "Tacoma Incinerator," the program including candy, bits of Monte Cristo history, games and a Virginia reel. On the next night the Monte Cristo Fog Horn published broadcast all the latest news, including the most recent affaire de coeur, caustic editorial comment and a juicy weather report.

On the fourth evening the weather cleared, and for the first time we really saw the little town that had given us shelter. Mountain peaks completely encircled us; Foggy Mountain, Wilman, Cadet, Coney and Toad, and down the valley Saddle Mountain caught the last sunset rays. Once more the cobbler was in demand, for we were warned to have our shoes well hobbed for an early start to Twin Lakes and Blanca Lake. Happy was he who heeded, for we travelled cross-lots through marsh and up rock slides, and moreover had a touch of cladothamnus; a perpendicular thicket of it, and when we emerged at the top I heard Dr. Hinman say, "There wasn't much as bad as that on the Copper Lake trip." (Which accounts for the fact that the Copper Lake knapsackers are, today, able-bodied citizens.) From the ridge we had reached, we looked across Poodle Dog Pass to Silver Tip, and in the curve of its wall, Silver Lake rippled in the bright sun.

Twin Lakes lie in beautiful park country, their dark blue waters guarded by majestic hemlocks and sheltered by Columbia's palisades; the outlet giving a vista of distant blue ridges. Those who were content to forego the sight of Blanca remained here, stretched out happily on heather couches, absorbing the view and longing to camp some day on these inviting shores. Late that afternoon our Blanca friends rejoined us,, footsore but voluble. The trip had been strenuous, but they talked less of aches and blisters than of the opaque, milky green of Blanca's water, and of beautiful Columbia Glacier which debouched directly upon the shores of Blanca Lake, in a fan-shaped terminal moraine.

TWIN LAKES *O. J. Smith*

COLUMBIA GLACIER *C. G. Morrison*



Lloyd Smail

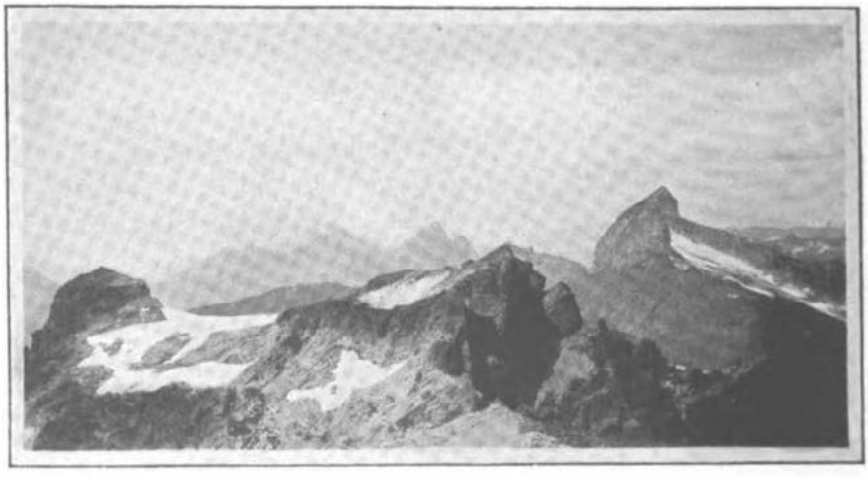
SILVER TIP PEAK "From the ridge we had reached, we looked across Poodle Dog Pass to Silver Tip, and in the curve of its wall, Silver Lake rippled in the bright sun.

We returned to camp by a shorter route, leading down the famous '76 Gulch, first by trail and then turning off to follow a dry, precipitous water-course—or was that trail too? Anyway, drooping willow boughs overhung it, and we progressed chiefly in the fashion of our arboreal ancestors, dropping down hand over hand, our feet occasionally touching a high spot but more often dangling restfully in mid-air. After reaching the floor of the valley and passing the old '76 Mine, the trail became the Trail Ideal for home-coming Mountaineers; it landed us plump in the middle of the commissary!

Another perfect day we had for the climb of Cadet, Mr. Morrison leading. Just at the edge of Glacier Basin, where the ice age has left such legible history. we turned to the north and struck an old mining trail. When this petered out, we scrambled straight up over heather and rock, and, without encountering any real difficulty, were soon breathlessly grouped on the summit. The rain had washed the valleys clear of fog, and the view included even Adams, dimly visible on the horizon. Glacier Peak was so close it was startling; few of us had dreamed it was so beautiful. But the eye was drawn again and again to craggy, lop-sided Sloan, quite close, a challenging puzzle; and to our newly-named Monte Cristo Peak, a huge pile of red rock just across Glacier Basin to the southeast.

That night, for the last time, our camp-fire stunt was organized, and under a thin veil of mirth we tried to express a little of our appreciation of our leader. Dr. Hinman was to leave for Y. M. C. A. service in France just two days after the close of the trip, and we knew that only by great personal sacrifice could he have found time and energy for the many labors which are synonymous with a successful outing. So while we cheered our Committee to the echo, and our President, and our cooks, our hearts held just a little extra measure of gratitude and loyalty and well-wishing toward our beloved leader.

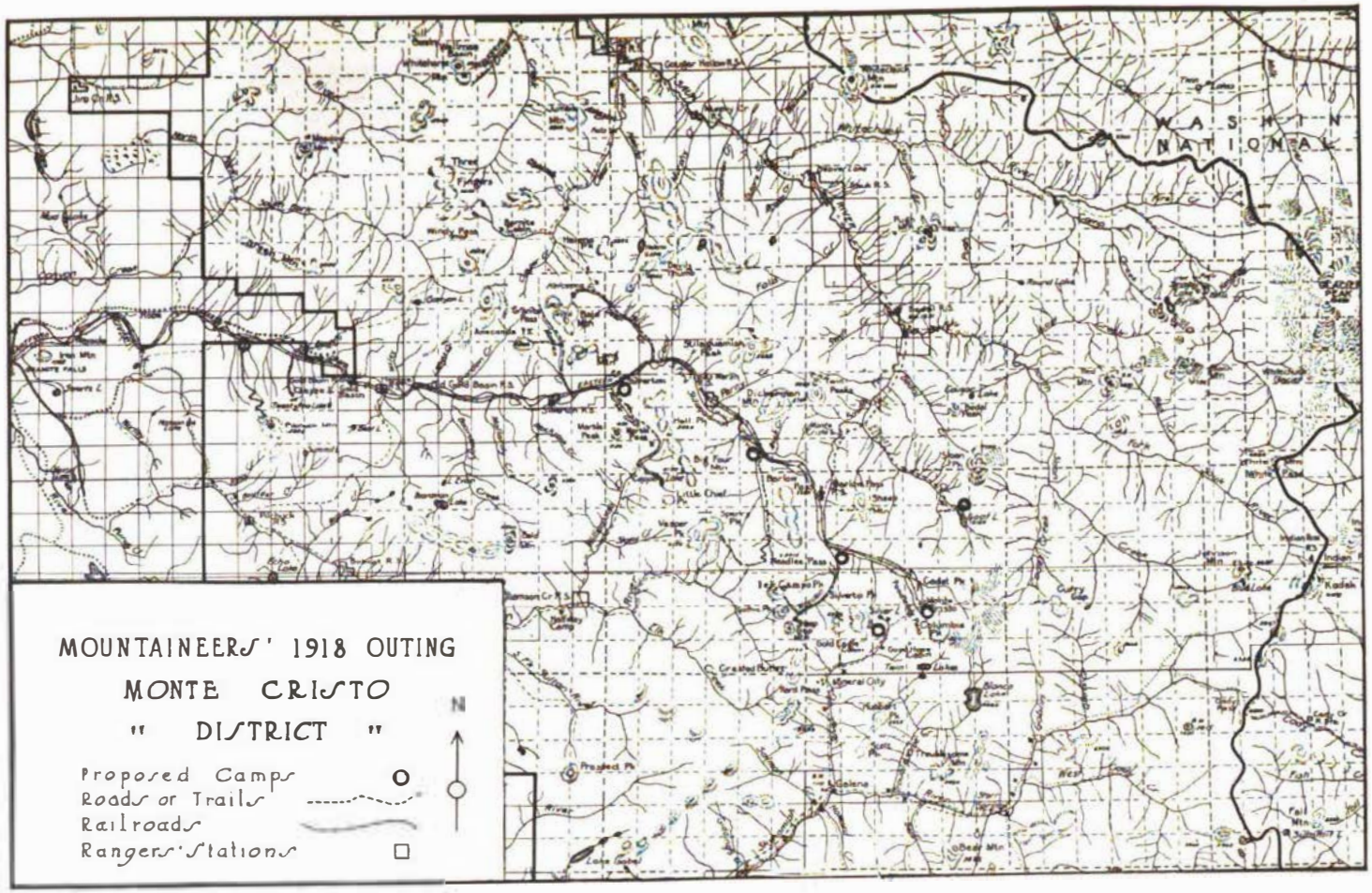
As we packed up the next morning and boarded the little gas-car, we realized we were leaving a wonderful, beautiful region we had but partially discovered, a country to which we could return many times without disappointment. The skies themselves wept softly at our departure. Swiftly we sped over the shining rails, cheering each camp-site in turn; singing and munching while our eyes bade reluctant farewell to the peaks and the forests. The Stilaguamish Canyon was a gate that closed behind and shut us once more into city streets; but there are no locks on Nature's gates, and we shall pass that way again.



C. G. Morrison

SLOAN PEAK FROM CADET

"But the eye was drawn again and again to craggy, lop-sided Sloan, quite close, a challenging puzzle.



The camps were made as proposed except that the Silver Lake camp was omitted.

MEMBERS OF THE 1918 SUMMER OUTING

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THE MONTE CRISTO DISTRICT

GEORGE E. SAWYER
Forest Ranger

THIS country is one of sharp peaks and deep canyons and the valleys are, for the most part, glacier carved and narrow, not becoming broad twenty or thirty miles from the stream sources. The rock is mainly of granite formation. J. E. Shurr, of the U. S. Geological Survey, made quite a complete examination and report of this mining district in 1900, which report can be found in the Seattle Public Library.

The town of Monte Cristo, at an elevation of about 3,000 feet, is practically at the headwaters of the South Fork Sauk River, lying on a point of the ridge forming Wilman and Columbia peaks, and is about fifteen miles west in an air line from the main range of the Cascades. The nearest high peak is Columbia, 7134 feet in altitude.

We first hear about the Monte Cristo country when the Wilman brothers came over the divide from Silver Creek and the North Fork Skykomish in the late seventies and located some of the first mining claims in the Monte Cristo district. About this same time prospectors began to come up the South Fork of the Sauk from the main Sauk and Skagit rivers. It was not until 1887 that the Everett and Monte Cristo Railroad was built from Everett up the South Fork Stilaguamish and South Fork Sauk to Monte Cristo by Rockefeller interests, which at that time held considerable mining property in the vicinity. Several surveys were made for a grade up the Stilaguamish Canyon, but finally a water grade was decided upon, that is, the track was laid directly in the canyon not far from the river, necessitating numerous rock tunnels and blasting work. However, the scenery along this canyon is quite remarkable. Grades and curves on this line are very bad, as the grades average from 2 to 4 per cent and there is one curve of at least 25 per cent known as the Shoofly. Two switchbacks were necessary before Monte Cristo was reached. By 1896 Monte Cristo was supporting a population of nearly one thousand people by the mining, concentrating and shipping of base ores of gold, silver and lead. At Silverton, about twelve miles down the line, the mining industry had also gained considerable proportions.

It is reported that several million dollars' worth of gold and silver ore were shipped to the Everett smelter from this district, and all indications seem to point to the reliability of this statement. However, it is believed that a larger amount has been spent in prospecting and development work. There are miles of underground tunnels and shafts in solid rock in this district. On the Penn Mining Company's property, near Goat Lake, there is over 11,000 feet of tunnel work in hard

rock and no ore has ever been shipped. One reason for this large amount of work is that the surface showing of mineral is very good, but veins or leads do not extend to any depth and the rich ore deposits were found mainly in pockets or "kidneys," so that considerable work is necessary to locate the valuable ore. Most of the ore shipped from Monte Cristo was from the Pride and Mystery mines.

By the summer of 1897 the district had attained its maximum development, and during November of this year floods destroyed long sections of the Everett-Monte Cristo Railroad and it was not until about four years later when the Northern Pacific took over the road. Therefore, the mining industry suffered a very severe setback.

This mining community, like many others, had its notorious characters. One of the most prominent at Monte Cristo was perhaps M. T. J. Commins, called locally X. Y. Z., or the Count of Monte Cristo. Commins was educated to be a Catholic priest, but fell into evil ways and was attracted by the fabulous stories of the mineral wealth of Monte Cristo. He had a number of claims but never made his stake. Having some knowledge of astronomy, he would, when under the talkative influence of John Barleycorn, give wonderful prophecies of the future of Monte Cristo as told by the stars, much to the edification of the assembled miners. Jakey Cohen, a jovial bar tender, was also one of the noted characters of this camp, and to this day there is a rock resembling a human figure—more particularly Jakey—on a high cliff to the south of the town, which is known as Jakey, or Sentinel Rock. There were many games of chance on pay-days at Monte Cristo and several shooting affrays resulted therefrom.

The Stilaguamish Valley is well timbered, hemlock and cedar being the predominating species. Several small shingle mills are in operation in the lower part of the valley, and a 500,000,000 ft. B. M. sale of hemlock and white fir for paper pulp is being talked of. Timber for mining purposes, however, was shipped in from the vicinity of Granite Falls, since only Douglas fir was considered of value for building and mining purposes in the early days. Prospectors, however, have been able to find timber enough for their cabins on their claims. The Penn Mining Company and the Forty-five Mining Company erected small sawmills and manufactured lumber for all their development work, timber being secured from their claims. One cabin has been built near the head of the South Fork Stilaguamish on the Sunrise Trail, of entirely whip sawn lumber.

Several bad fires have occurred along the Everett & Monte Cristo Railroad, resulting in most cases from sparks from locomotives, the Long Mountain and Buck Creek fires being the largest and covering five or six hundred acres. These fires occurred in 1897-8. The soil was badly damaged on Long Mountain and has eroded considerably

since the fire. The Forest Service, however, planted the remaining portion of this burn having suitable soil, in 1914, and these plantations together with some natural reproduction are doing well. Planting operations were carried on on the Buck Creek area in 1910-11 and 1914-15, another fire having occurred on this area in 1914 which destroyed some of the plantations. Most of the stock used in the planting operations was raised at the Silverton Nursery, where at one time there were 800,000 Douglas fir and white pine seedlings on hand. There are at the present date some pine plantations on the Buck Creek area having an average height of four feet, some trees having attained a height of six feet.

Most of the trails in this district were built by miners. The Forest Service, however, has done considerable maintenance work in recent years, and a great number of interesting trips can be taken from Barlow Pass or Monte Cristo over these trails.

For the past two years the Forest Service has maintained a lookout on Pilchuck Mountain, having telephone connections with the District Ranger at Silverton Ranger Station. This lookout, in connection with two others located on Pugh and Higgins respectively, has located a considerable number of fires in time to result in the saving of many thousand feet of timber.

POINTS OF INTEREST IN THE MONTE CRISTO DISTRICT

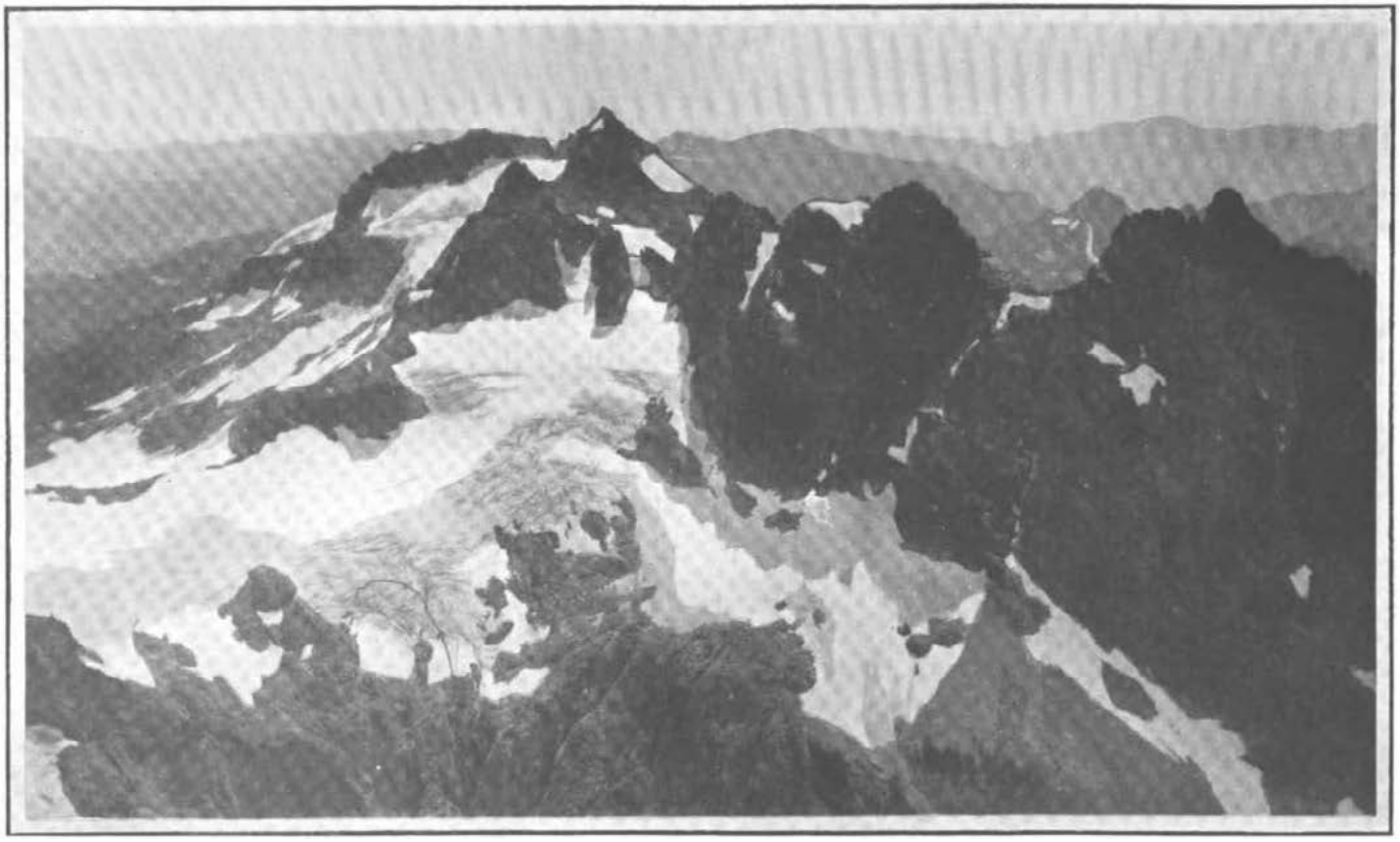
H. A. Fuller

THE mountain region traversed by the Hartford & Eastern Railway, which embraces parts of the South Fork of the Stilaguamish and the South Fork of the Sauk rivers, is known locally as the Monte Cristo district. It extends from Hartford to Monte Cristo, Washington, a distance of 42 miles. Connection is made by auto stage with Everett, 10 miles west of Hartford.

In order from west to east the chief points of interest reached from stops on the railway, many of which have been visited by the Everett Mountaineers in either one or two-day trips, are as follows:

Granite Falls: Falls of the same name distant about a mile; Worthy Creek and Pilchuck River; Canyon Creek and Trout Lake. The canyon of the Stilaguamish River from Granite Falls to Robe is picturesque and interesting.

Stead: North side Forest Ranger's trail to Mount Pilchuck (5,334 feet).



Mabel Furry

MONTE CRISTO PEAK

"Newly-named Monte Cristo Peak, a huge pile of red rock across Glacier Basin to the southeast" from Cadet Peak.

Gold Basin: Canyon Lake.

Silverton: Bender Creek and Marble Peak (5,156 feet). Marble Gulch and Marble Pass, from both of which views are obtained of Hall, Little Chief and Vesper peaks; Copper Lake and Williamson Creek canyon; Silver Gulch, with snow caves, and Hoodoo Pass; Marten Creek and Granite Pass; Long Mountain (5,109 feet) and Anaconda Peak (4,986 feet); Deer Creek and Lake Kelcema* and Bald Mountain (4,773 feet), with views of Three Fingers, White Horse and Jumbo mountains, and head of Clear Creek.

Camp Glacier: Snow caves.

Buck Creek: Sunrise trail to Headlee Pass, Vesper Peak (6,190 feet), overlooking Vesper Glacier and Copper Lake, and Sperry Peak (6,000 feet); Dickerman Mountain (5,766 feet) and Twin Peaks (5,995 feet).

Barlow Pass: Pass into the Sauk Valley; Monte Cristo Lake, Elliott Creek, and Goat Lake; Sloan Peak (7,790 feet), reputed unclimbed, and Foggy Mountain; Ida Pass (6,000 feet) to Glacier Basin and Monte Cristo; Sheep Mountain (6,120 feet), Mount Pugh (7,150 feet), and Red Mountain (6,930 feet).

Weden Creek: Crater Lake, Del Campo Peak (6,500 feet), and Gothic Peak (6,100 feet).

Monte Cristo: Glacier Basin, Cadet Peak (7,100 feet) and Columbia Peak (7,134 feet); Silver Lake and Silvertip Peak (6,100 feet); '76 Gulch; Twin Lakes and Blanca Lake.

*Wrongly spelled Kehema on U. S. G. S. Quadrangle.

DISCOVERY OF MONTE CRISTO

THE last camp of the 1918 summer outing was in the old mining town of Monte Cristo, in the heart of the Cascade Mountains. At the campfire of Friday evening, August 9, Edmond S. Meany, president of the club, read the following chapter of history, giving the record of the discovery and naming of the district. It was taken from a book entitled "Mining in the Pacific Northwest," edited by L. K. Hodges and published by the Seattle Post-Intelligencer in 1897.

"The manner of the discovery of the great mineral ledges of Monte Cristo was not only dramatic, but was itself an evidence of their great size and richness. Prospectors had for several years explored the Silver Creek district, directly over the divide to the south, and had found the mountains everywhere stained with great red streaks, where

surface influences had oxidized the iron in the surface ore. Joseph Pearsall pursued his explorations up the east bank of Silver Creek and climbed along and up the steep sides of Hubbart's Peak until he could see over the divide to the mountains forming a jagged amphitheatre around the Sauk Basin. He could look sheer down over 2000 feet to where the two creeks unite to form the Sauk and where Monte Cristo now stands. But another spectacle rivited his attention: this was a broad, glistening streak on the side of Wilmans Peak, overlooking Seventy-six Gulch. He also saw that all the mountains which shut in the valley beyond were streaked with broad red bands from summit to base. But that glittering streak more fastened his attention and he examined it from the distance with a field glass and convinced himself that it was galena. He was looking for galena, as were all the prospectors of the Cascades in those days, and waving his arms in delight, he exclaimed: "It is rich as Monte Cristo," and named the mountain after that master of fabulous wealth. This happened on the Fourth of July, 1889, and when he afterwards climbed to the spot and made his first location he named it 'Independence of 1776,' a name which has become abbreviated to Seventy-six and is now applied to this claim, the whole ledge and the gulch which exposes it and the creek flowing from it."

Asahel Curtis

MONTE CRISTO — Taken in 1906, showing the Monte Cristo mill in operation. A mine may be seen at the extreme left near the pass, another is near the top of the mountain. Wilman Peak, center, Seventy-six Gulch, right.

MINES AND MINERALS OF WASHINGTON

MILNOR ROBERTS
Dean of School of Mines, University of Washington

NEARLY all the metal mines of Washington are situated in the northern half of the State, a region of highlands and rugged mountains. The mines are not confined to a few localities but are widely scattered. At least one hundred camps and organized mining districts are listed, besides many individual mines.

The principal coal mines are located in an interrupted belt lying along the western slope of the Cascade range, although in Thurston and Lewis counties the coal fields extend westward into the valley lands. The Roslyn field is the lone occurrence of coal that has been developed on the eastern side of the Cascades, where its position in the foothills corresponds roughly to that of the fields in the Puget Sound region.

In the group of non-metallic minerals other than coal, many useful substances occur abundantly in Washington. Large stone quarries, cement factories and lime-burning plants are in operation. Certain other industries are based upon deposits of natural materials not so well known, such as diatomaceous earth, magnesite and epsom salts. Clays are being burned to a variety of products; our ceramic resources, in fact, are of such importance that a special study of them is being made through coöperative efforts between the College of Mines and the United States Bureau of Mines station located at the University of Washington.

In addition to its natural resources in minerals, Washington possesses remarkable advantages as a center for the treatment of ores and metals. Numerous transportation lines centering here bring in ores from mines located throughout the northwest and along the shores of the Pacific from Alaska to Chile, with occasional shipments from the Orient. Hydro-electric power is cheap, fuels and building materials are present in variety and abundance. These favoring conditions have led to the establishment of such important metallurgical plants as the extensive copper smelter at Tacoma; the iron furnaces at Irondale, operated in conjunction with the steel plant at West Seattle; the Northport smelter and many smaller plants.

Gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc make up Washington's principal production in metals. Lead, which in point of value led the list in 1917, and zinc, which ran lowest, were produced that year in the northeastern counties only, although they are found in numerous

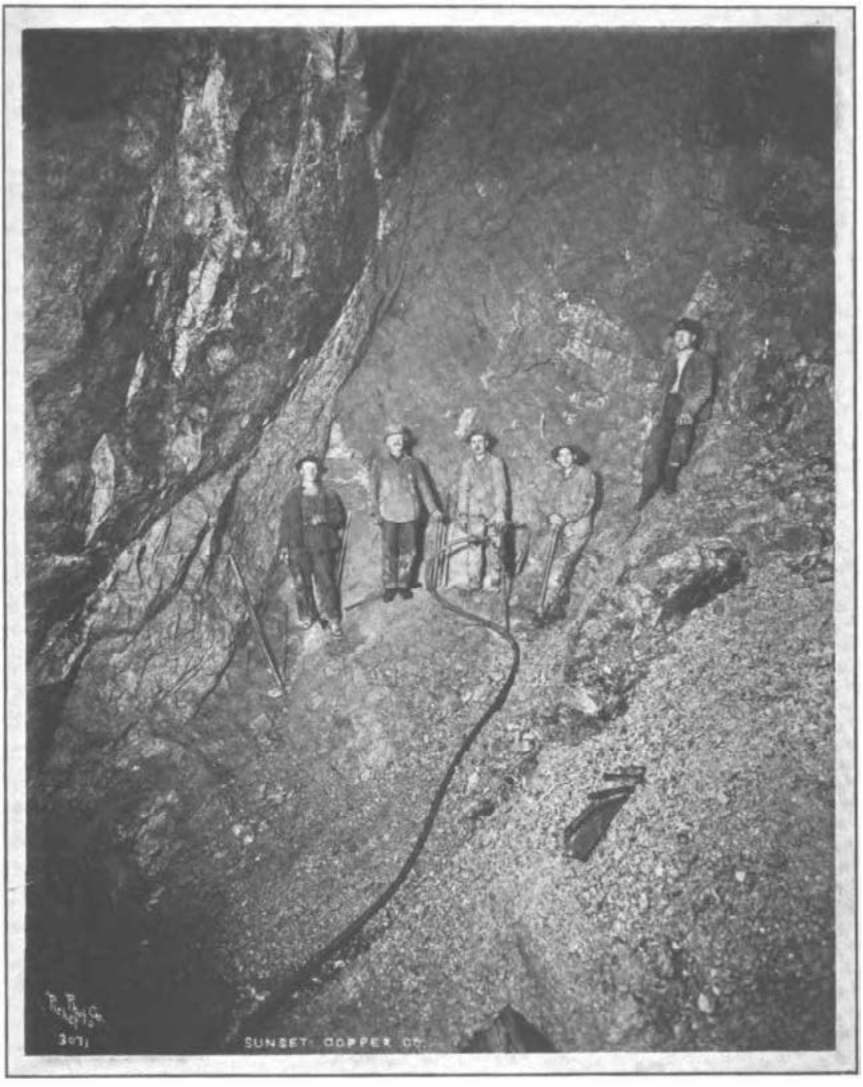
prospects elsewhere. Gold, silver and copper are produced in most of the metal mining counties from Puget Sound to the Idaho line, the active localities varying somewhat from year to year.

The most important gold camp in the state is Republic, in Ferry county, where several mines maintain production. Among the individual gold mines elsewhere, one of the most successful is the Boundary-Red Mountain, located northeast of Mount Baker and near the Canadian boundary.

Placer gold is being mined on a small scale along Swauk Creek and its tributaries, where a total of several hundred thousand dollars was extracted in the years preceding the Alaska rush in 1897. An interesting trip through the Swauk and Blewett districts can be made by staging sixteen miles from Cle Elum to Old Liberty, then tramping up Williams Creek, crossing north over the Wenatchee range through Blewett pass and following down Peshastin Creek to the Great Northern railway near Leavenworth. In the neighborhood of Old Liberty are the pits of the former hydraulic mines and also the arrastres built of rough hewn stones in which quartz carrying coarse free gold was milled, the power being furnished by huge water wheels built in primitive style.

At Meaghersville, two miles up Williams Creek from its junction with the Swauk, a few men still carry on underground drift mining in gravel channels. The gravel is hoisted to the surface by horsewhim and washed in sluices, the gold being coarse and easily saved. Nuggets worth many dollars are not unusual and a few have been found of several hundred dollars' value. The gold was doubtless derived from quartz veins in the adjacent hills similar to those that are now being mined. Specimens of vein quartz containing very beautiful "fern" gold may be seen in some of the miners' homes. Two miles above Meaghersville in Cougar gulch is the Cougar mine, a quartz property with a ten-stamp mill.

From the Cougar mill to the highway through Blewett pass is about six native miles in a northwesterly direction over pine-clad hills, dotted with odd shaped monuments of sandstone. A few miles north of the summit is Blewett, where the first stamp mill in the state was erected. Since 1874 both quartz and placer mining have been carried on almost continuously in this locality. Cinnabar as well as gold is found along Negro Creek; a few miles to the westward in the Mount Stuart region deposits of copper, antimony and other ores are being explored. Shipments of iron ore have been made from a property on the highway south of Blewett.



A STOPE IN THE SUNSET COPPER MINE

This mine is on Trout Creek seven miles above Index. Width of vein shown, fifteen feet. Photo used by courtesy of George H. Stevenson, President of the Sunset Copper Company, Seattle.

Copper in the form of sulphide minerals is probably found at more widespread points than any other metal in the state. A greater or less output is kept up by mines scattered over an area covering the northern counties and extending southward through the Cascade range. A copper mine easily reached from Puget Sound cities is the Sunset, near Index, which employs sixty men and has produced more than a million pounds of copper in the past two years. Formerly the

ore was hand-sorted for shipment, but in August, 1918, a mill was completed at the mine. Approximately one hundred fifty tons of mine ore is treated daily in this mill on tables and by flotation, the concentrates being shipped to the Tacoma smelter. A railway with terminus at Index extends seven miles up the north fork of the Skykomish and its tributary, Trout Creek, to the mine.

The most southerly and also the most elevated producing copper mine is that of the Mount Rainier Mining Company, located on the northern slope of Mount Rainier at Storbo Camp, at an elevation of 5935 feet. Incidentally, Rainier is the only national park in the country in which mining is permitted. The United Copper at Chewelah has for some years been a steady producer of gray copper carrying silver values.

A striking feature of the ore deposits of Washington, especially those in the higher mountains, is the freshness of the minerals at points just below the surface. The "iron cap," the rusty, oxidized zone commonly found for some distance below the surface in other mining regions, is lacking in most of our camps. Here the glaciers have carved their way downward through the rocks and laid the ore bodies bare at their hearts. Since this exposure took place, so comparatively short a time has elapsed that the agencies of weathering have not yet made marked changes in the ore minerals. In rock-bound glacial basins the sulphides of the base metals often appear in unweathered condition directly at the surface. Pyrite, chalcopyrite and galena show almost their usual lustre at the outcrops of many veins situated above timber line. At lower altitudes these minerals may be found in a similar state beneath the covering of moss or glacial drift.

Of the metals that have been in especial demand for war uses, Washington makes intermittent production of chrome, manganese, molybdenum and tungsten, each of which is used to give special properties to steel. Shipments of chrome ore have been made from deposits in serpentine on Cypress Island opposite Anacortes. Manganese ore has been shipped from Okanogan county and also from prospects above Lake Cushman in the Olympic mountains.

Tungsten occurs at a number of points in the state. The largest mine is the Germania in Stevens county, which during the first year of the war was operated by Germans who were supposed to be acting for Krupp interests. Tungsten derived from Germania ore is said to have formed an important part of the cargo of the submarine freighter Deutschland on her homeward voyage from Baltimore.

Molybdenite, the chief ore of molybdenum, is found in many of our mountainous regions, especially in areas of the deep-seated rocks

such as those of the granite family. Most of the occurrences, however, are small. The principal production has come from the Crown Point mine located on Railroad Creek, on the trail from Lake Chelan to Glacier Peak. The Crown Point, although not active, is an interesting mine to visit. The vein, which outcrops in blanket form across the face of a cliff in a glacier-scoured valley, is notable for the perfect specimens of molybdenite it has produced, some of which are as large as the palm of a man's hand.

Other minor metals such as antimony, arsenic and quicksilver are produced in the state from time to time. In fact, Washington makes up in variety what it lacks in quantity of mineral output. At Monte Cristo arsenic minerals are the chief carriers of gold and silver. The Tacoma smelter finds enough arsenic in coast ores to yield a steady production of white arsenic.

The greatest development in coal mining has taken place in the fields lying east of Seattle and Tacoma. Here the coals are of two types, bituminous and sub-bituminous, the one grading into the other. Renton, Newcastle, Issaquah and Grand Ridge are typical mines of sub-bituminous type. The coal does not coke; it has a fair calorific value and is useful for domestic and steaming purposes.

The bituminous coals in these fields differ from one another in their properties and uses. Black Diamond is a representative of the class of non-coking steam coals, while Wilkeson and Carbonado make strong coke. South Prairie is used especially for gas making. Other bituminous fields have been developed at Cokedale near the Skagit river and at Roslyn and Cle Elum in Kittitas county.

The southwestern counties are underlain by considerable areas of coal, which ranges in character from sub-bituminous to lignite. Tono coal, classed as black lignite, is extensively used under locomotive boilers. Farther south in the neighborhood of Castle Rock on the lower Cowlitz river are several small mines of brown lignite.

Elsewhere in the state are other occurrences of coal of unknown worth. In Moses Coulee, in the midst of the Columbia river lava fields, a borehole recently put down in search of water struck a bed of lignite underlying a thickness of several hundred feet of basalt. Exploration of this bed is now taking place. Of a similar nature is the occurrence of natural gas in the Rattlesnake Hills west of the Columbia river in Benton county, where wells sunk through basalt have encountered gas under strong pressure.

Two fields of anthracite are found in Washington but no producing mine has been developed in either of them. Both are situated high in the Cascade range. The Mount Baker or Glacier field occupies rugged

ground on the ridges that buttress the western slope of Mount Baker. A well-built trail leads up from Glacier to several of the coal openings. In addition to gangways driven in the coal, exploration has been carried on by diamond drilling.

The Cowlitz field lies fifteen to twenty miles southeast of Mount Rainier, between the Ohanapecosh river and the summit of the Cascades. The usual route to the field is by the trail leading up from the Cowlitz river settlements to Cowlitz Pass. The Skate Creek trail from Longmire also leads to the Cowlitz anthracite field. Interesting occurences of coal may be seen in those places where intrusive igneous rocks have altered the coal to natural coke and even to graphitic forms. The latter are ignited with difficulty and merely glow without being consumed, thereby furnishing a true example of conservation of fuel.

Most of the coal mined in Washington is given treatment at the surface to prepare it for market. After preliminary sizing on screens, the clean lump coal is picked out by hand while the "bone and slate" are thrown aside. The remainder is screened into market sizes and washed to remove the clay, shale and other impurities that are mined with the coal.

Among the non-metallic mineral substances other than coal, the group comprising structural materials is of prime importance. Five cement plants are in operation in the state; two located in eastern Washington, two at Concrete on the Skagit river and one at Bellingham. Limestones of high purity are mixed with shales or clays in the process of cement manufacture. Similar limestones are used for lime burning, an especially large plant for this purpose being located at Roche Harbor on San Juan Island.

Granites, sandstones, tuffs and basalts for building and road construction are quarried at a number of points scattered over the whole state, while northeastern Washington countains some beautiful marbles. Common brick are made from local clays in most of the counties. Higher grades of brick of many standard types, tiles, hollow ware in great variety, vitrified pipe and pottery are being manufactured in increasing quantity, these industries centering near Spokane and Seattle.

An industry established in recent years in central Washington is that of mining diatomaceous earth, a peculiar white rock of such light weight that it will float in water until its minute pores become saturated. One of the principal uses of diatomaceous earth depends upon its absorbent power. The earth is also used in pulverized form as the abrasive in fine polishing powders.

Pumice, another rock of floating tendencies which is valuable for its abrasive qualities, is plentiful on the surface of certain mountain areas where it has lodged after being ejected from some volcanic vent. It coats portions of the mountains west of Lake Chelan with a blanket varying in thickness from a few inches to several feet. The polishing power of this pumice is appreciated by the prospector in that region, who attacks his pots and pans with a few fragments of it and gives them a lustre that seems transcendental in comparison with their usual state.

The Mountaineers when on their summer excursions often have opportunities to visit mining districts, especially those in the Cascade range. The excursion made in 1910 to Glacier Peak passed near several prospecting camps. The party that made the circuit of Mount Rainier in 1915 spent several days at the Storbo copper mine. In the following year, on the Mount Baker trip, a visit was paid to the Lone Jack, a former gold producer located not far from the Boundary-Red Mountain mine. The Monte Cristo district, where the 1918 outing was held, contains a variety of interesting ores and serves to illustrate some of the difficulties that beset the miner in the region of precipitous mountains and deep snowfall.

If a mine or prospect appeals to the eye of the mountain traveler largely by reason of its spirit of independence or its location at a remote point in the heart of a wilderness of peaks, the mines of Washington should attract the Mountaineers. No wilder locations could be pictured than those of the mine cabins perched on cliffs among the glaciers of the northern Cascades. The prospector, armed with abundant hope and a few sticks of dynamite, has surely had an eye to scenery when posting his location notices in those mountain-goat pastures.

In these days of coöperation throughout our land, the Mountaineers may at times be able to assist in the development of our mineral resources. Molybdenite, for instance, is a mineral that members who have a liking for ore would do well to bear in mind. Trifling deposits of it are found at many points, but ore bodies of workable size are rare. It is often mistaken for graphite but the distinction between the two minerals is plain. Since molybdenite occurs in the regions frequented by that migratory and gregarious species, the Mountaineer, some member might be fortunate enough to locate a useful deposit of this valuable mineral.

Both the College of Mines and the Northwest Experiment Station of the United States Bureau of Mines, located at the University, are glad to identify specimens sent in for examination and to advise as to their uses and values.

GOAT LAKE

Mazama's proud defiant poise
On silent cliff of old
Where crags of circle rampart gleamed
In mirror waters cold.

In flash of fire at morning light
The hunter's bullet sped—
On terraced field of lingering snow,
The first rude splash of red.

The slumbering ramparts all awoke
At thrust of miner's drills,
Yet here serene were limpid smiles
At feet of shaking hills.

While powder roars in rending rock
And saws cut deep their scars,
The mirror waters calmly sleep
And hold the waiting stars.

The ferns again may claim their own
At glow of tardy dawn
And rippling waters gently kiss
The lips of timid fawn.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

SILVERTON IN THE CASCADES

The river's song through alder brim
Liquid bell and rumble stone,
A forest cadence, Nature's hymn,
Ere man was known.

For pine and fir, no ax or knife,
That olden day, nor flaming scorch
In all the miles of swaying life.
A star, the only guiding torch,

To light a pristine forest world,
Where crept the miner, rock to rock,
And quenchless passion-hammers hurled
To wake the hills with powder shock.

The river's song through alder brim,
Liquid bell and rumble stone,
A pledge of future power for him,
Who toiled alone.

A hearth, a trail, rude shop and school,
A man-built town in mountain nest,
Where strength matched strength, the manhood rule,
Since hills were new to miner's quest.
Above each hill glowed stars of hope
Where sledge and drill new tunnels planned,
Then grinding wheel, an iron rope
And loaded tram o'er canyon spanned.

The river's song through alder brim,
Liquid bell and rumble stone,
In city whirl of noise a dim
Forgotten tone.

Then O, the years of slow decay!
The grinding ceased when faith had fled.
Huge wheels, once changing night to day,
Are still. In darkness all seems dead.
There's grass around the schoolhouse door.
The men, so few, are bent and old,
Their sledges rust on th' great mill floor,
The empty furnace, bleak and cold.

The river's song through alder brim,
Liquid bell and rumble stone,
Now sighing past the ruins grim,
Will gain its own.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

SURGICAL PROPERTIES OF SPHAGNUM MOSS

GEORGE B. RIGG

Department of Botany, University of Washington

THE extensive use of sphagnum moss for surgical dressings during the World War was due largely to its high absorbency, its lightness, its resistance to decay, its abundance and its cheapness. Among these factors the high absorbency is extremely important. This moss has much greater absorbing power than other materials that are available. It absorbs both water and pus readily. A pad made from good surgical sphagnum moss will absorb from 14 to 20 times its own weight of liquid without dripping. Absorbent cotton will take up only about 4 or 5 times its own weight.

The reason for this high absorbency is that the larger part of the substance of the leaves of this moss is composed of empty cells with porous walls. These empty cells are colorless, since they do not contain the green bodies which give color to ordinary green leaves. Water readily enters them not only through these holes but also by soaking through the cell walls, and is thus held in large quantities. The ordinary green cells of these leaves are much narrower than the colorless empty ones. A very conservative estimate based on the leaf cells of the four species that are useful for surgical dressings indicates that the total bulk of the colorless empty cells is 15 times that of the ordinary green cells such as make up the leaves of other common mosses. The leaves are only one cell thick, so that both sides of every colorless cell are in direct contact with water when the leaf is submerged. In two of the surgical species the green cells are not exposed at all on either surface of the leaf so that the entire leaf surface is composed of the colorless cells. Whatever green color we see in such a leaf is due to seeing the green cells through the colorless ones. The surface layer of both stem and branches is also composed of these colorless empty cells with porous walls. Mosses other than sphagnum do not have these empty cells and this fact readily answers the question so frequently asked as to why they are not good for surgical dressings.

Sphagnum moss makes a very light surgical dressing. Since a pad made from dry sphagnum is light and springy it is less heating on a wound that a heavier, more compact dressing. This tends to make the patient more comfortable than with pads of other materials. The discomfort of the patient is also decreased by the fact that sphagnum pads do not become so stiff and hard when they receive the discharge from a wound as pads of other materials. All of these qualities combine to make the sphagnum pad as comfortable a dressing for wounds as has been found.

Experience has shown that this moss is not so readily attacked by organisms causing decay as other plants are. When a sphagnum pad is placed upon a wound it does not become foul so quickly as, for example, a cotton one. However, its values does not lie in any antiseptic effect upon the wound. Although the moss itself does not decay readily, it does not prevent the growth of organisms of decay or disease in surfaces with which it may come into contact. Every pad is sterilized before being placed upon a wound. This resistance to decay also makes it easy to store the moss. It is not necessary to dry it before storing as would be the case with other plant materials. Supplies of this moss have been stored for weeks or even months in fairly warm moist conditions without injury. The gunny sacks in which it was stored have been found so badly decayed that they could not be moved without coming to pieces and yet the moss was still of good quality and showed no decay.

It has been known for a long time that sphagnum moss is very abundant in the Puget Sound country and Alaska. It is also fairly common in certain other parts of the United States and is abundant in certain portions of Canada. Sphagnum grows only in moist places. If the climate of a region combines moisture and a mild temperature the conditions favor an abundance of this moss.

It has been known for years that it is useful for surgical dressings. An account of it appeared as early as 1882. When it came to using it extensively, however, as was done in this war, it was found that many species of sphagnum were useless for this purpose and that only four of the twenty-six western species were suitable. These are the larger, more leafy species which when dried form a looser, fluffier mass. These four species are superior because their absorbency is higher than that of the others and because they form a lighter and more open pad.

Two of these species are very abundant in certain parts of western Washington. The supply of suitable moss was found especially abundant in Pacific County and Grays Harbor County, though occasional supplies were found in bogs near Seattle and Tacoma, and in other localities. Altogether, the supply of good surgical moss was found to be abundant in western Washington and Oregon. The enormous supply in Alaska was really not drawn on at all. Smaller supplies of good moss were also found in other parts of the United States and some large supplies were found in Canada.

The gathering of sphagnum moss for surgical dressings has never been made a commercial matter so no one has exact data on its cost. During the war the raw material was always free. It would seem that this might continue to be so at least for some time if its use were continued, because its removal does not in the least lower the commercial value of the land from which it is taken. The items of cost in the

product ready to put into pads would then be harvesting, transportation, sorting and drying. The labor involved in these items was all donated during the war as was also a good deal of the transportation. No other material was available of which so much of the expense could be eliminated by donated service. No data are at hand as to the cost of moss ready to be used in pads if all services and other expenses in connection with its collection, transportation, sorting and drying had to be paid for. The question as to whether sphagnum moss will continue to be used as a surgical dressing in peace times cannot be answered with certainty. Its desirable qualities will tend to encourage its use, but it must be remembered that its cost will be greater in peace times because none of the expense will be donated, while the cost of other materials that might replace it, e. g. cotton, will be less in peace times than in war times.

The following recent articles on sphagnum may be of interest to those who care to pursue this subject farther.

1. Frye, T. C. Illustrated key to the western Sphagnaceae. Bryologist 21; 37-48, 1918.

* 2. Hotson, J. W. Sphagnum as a surgical dressing. Northwest Division Am. Red Cross, Seattle, 1918.

3. Hotson, J. W. Sphagnum as a surgical dressing. Science, N. S. 48; 204-208, 1918.

4. Nichols, G. E. War work for bryologists. Bryologist 21; 53-56, 1918.

5. Nichols, G. E. The sphagnum moss and its use in surgical dressings. Jour. New York Bot. Gar. Vol. XIX, 203-220, 1918. (Reviewed in The Literary Digest, Dec. 14, 1918.)

*Dr. Hotson has 150 copies of his illustrated article, "Sphagnum as a Surgical Dressing," which he will be glad to distribute to the first 150 Mountaineers who care to apply for them. Address Dr. J. W. Hotson, University of Washington, Seattle.

A CLIMB OF MOUNT FUJI

Joseph T. Hazard

FIVE hours after touching shore in Japan, three hours from Yokohama, our little party, my wife, Anton Katala, a Russian, and I, left the train at Gotemba station. With us was a confused impression of the teeming life of the Orient, ahead the first trail of the ascent of Fuji-san. We had watched a sunset upon Fuji the evening before. As the Suwa Maru steamed into Tokyo Bay we faced a panorama of white capped waves, darting sails, a horizon thunder storm, and above all a dark mountain, contoured like Saint Helens, thrust against a flaming sky.

Mrs. J. T. Hazard

MOUNT FUJI-SAN From the shrine village of Subashira within ten miles of the summit.

At Gotemba we hunted up a highly advertised horse tram. We found it a lean ribbed steed attached to a dilapidated chaise. Tram tracks there were none, and after a jolting half mile we walked. Terraced rice fields, unique houses, myriad children and the kindly country folk of Nippon made fascinating the miles that led gradually upward. With elevation came groves of post-card trees, and still higher dense forests of small trees matted together. After seven miles we entered Subashiri, a village at the foot of the mountain, with an elevation of three thousand feet. We spent a pleasant evening upon the one street followed by the unobtrusive curiosity of most of the children of the country side.

That evening two facts bearing on our ascent became evident. The total English vocabulary of the village was found in two words "Horso" and "Guido." Naturally "Fuji" and a pointing finger supplied the connection and told of our plans. The second fact, a stern one, was the breaking of the most destructive typhoon of the year. For two nights and a day we were storm-bound in a real Japanese hotel, with savory Oriental food, floor cushions, immaculate matting, and the truest spirit of hospitality that it has ever been our fortune to experience.

The morning of the second day was partly clear. The blanket of rain had ceased. The wind was as high as ever but good weather was seemingly on the way. At seven o'clock we took the trail with three horses and two guides, the latter fashioned in strange contrast. The head guide was a stocky little man "built like a brick house." The second was a thin-shanked agile fellow, with strange hieroglyphics,

indicating some sort of priesthood, emblazoned all over his black tights.

After four miles of soft, lava strewn road we reached the first station of the real climb. It was a wayside tea house, one of a series dotting the side of the mountain offering all too frequent food and drink.

PACKER ON FUJI-SAN *Mrs. J. T. Hazard*

In the first four miles we had wasted much sympathy upon our stocky little "guido," who had carried our extra sweaters, coats, and provisions upon his back, resolutely refusing through some strange code to let the horses take the extra pack. As we now began to climb a switchback road we passed coolies going up and down, really loaded. One old man, a wizened little fellow with a face indicating a century of trail and travail, bore with sturdy unconcern a backpack that would have done credit to a moving van. His load was pyramided high above his head and contained enough merchandise to stock a small tea house. For the next two days we passed an endless chain of these sturdy fellows, working up and down the mountain side.

From the first station we made elevation fast, alternately riding and walking. At the second station it began to rain, our typhoon having lurked on our trail all morning. As we approached the third station, about 6,340 feet elevation, we passed out of the forest upon gale-swept lava slopes. We dared no longer burden the horses and sent them back from the third rest house. By this time we had learned that the Goriki, or coolie packers, were different from Mountaineers in that they were always ready to eat and drink. At every rest house they drank tea and ate sugar cakes.

From the third station we struggled up the mountain against sheets of rain and a sixty-mile gale. The trail was a half-road, six feet wide, firmly made and switch-backed with perfect judgment. In fact there are no dangers in the entire ascent for this broad trail extends now to the top, rock stairs even being fashioned where the

steepness demands. Toward the top these steps were needed, for added to the push of the gale was the confusing lash and sting of wind-blown lava pebbles. Often during the climb the sun broke through the storm and we saw double and triple rainbows which ribboned the hurrying clouds and the green vistas far beneath our barren trail.

At 10,200 feet we reached the seventh station. It was only three o'clock, but the violence of the typhoon had increased until it was impossible to go farther. In a squatty stone hut with a rock anchored roof slanting from the contour of the mountain we found mats, some bedding, rice and a charcoal fire. We dried out and retired early, resting but sleepless in the howl of the storm.

At two a. m. we were startled from half sleep by wierd, savage cries out on the mountain side. Katala, the Russian boy, had left his blanket. Soon we heard his voice at the other end of the hut. After a time he returned with an explanation of the turmoil. From a soldier and the guides he had learned that three hundred Japanese soldiers were maneuvering in the night, during the typhoon, 2,100 feet below the summit of Fuji. Truly they should be hardy fighters. A company of ninety had been missed and the calls were to locate these men and to guide them to shelter.

Morning broke with the typhoon waning. Through fleeting clouds piled in gigantic billows we could catch glimpses of the green Paradise of Nippon. Far beneath, at the left, was a large lake surrounded by miles of barracks, the great training ground for Japanese soldiers. Beyond were green hills lifting to a distant mountain range. In front and at the right were the gardened plains of Japan stretching to Yokohama and the Pacific. As we watched there formed above that phenomenon famed throughout the world, the morning shadow of Fuji. It lifted darkly and in strangely pure lines against a huge fleecy cloud bank. We watched it until it faded, then prepared for the final 2,100 foot climb.

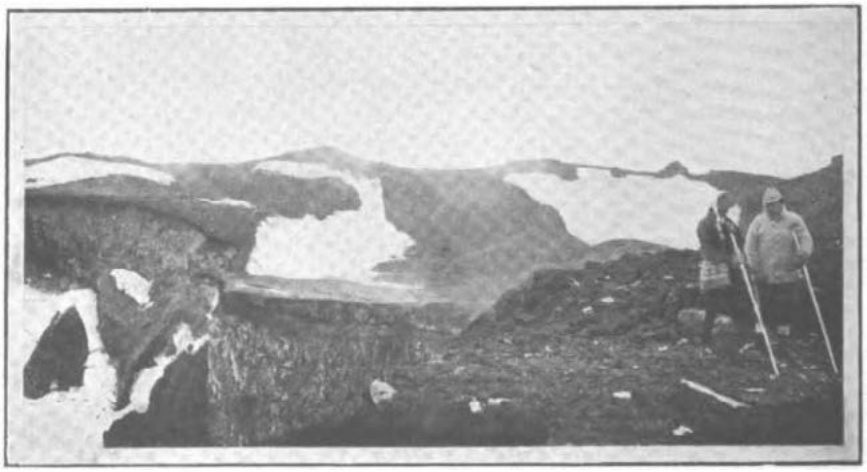
The wind tore from the summit in chill forty-mile gusts as we started. Three hundred Japanese soldiers and several squads of white robed pilgrims climbed with us and we made the summit in record time, rising from 10,200 feet to 12,390 feet in an hour and fifteen minutes, arriving at 7:45 a. m.

The top of Fuji is a yawning crater, 2,000 feet across, lined with snowslopes. On the side of the Subashiri ascent are many stone shelters enabling parties to sleep on the summit. We had our climbing sticks officially marked in Japanese "Top of Fuji," took some pictures, and after a last fifteen minutes with the wonderful panorama we started on the down trail. We had climbed 8,000 feet the first day and now after a final 2,100 foot ascent, faced 10,000 feet descent and nine miles distance to the Yoneyama Hotel at Subashiri.

A thousand feet below the summit, despite the horrified warning gestures of the goriki we angled across to an 800-foot snow finger. That portion of the Japanese army then on Fuji halted in amazement while the crazy foreigners slid on their backs 700 feet toward the rocks below. The coast was a safe one, not even steep enough to slide standing, yet the Japanese all marvelled at it. With their cotton clothing and straw sandals one can understand that coasting is to them a strange and untried sport.

The descent was monotonous save for the tea houses, always new and strangely interesting. Despite buckling knees we made the last four miles in an hour, arriving at Subashiri at twelve o'clock noon.

Any mountain more than 10,000 feet high lifts one far beyond the commonplace. Fuji, in itself, is an ordinary mountain of even lava contours, offering no thrills and slight diversion. But add to its desolate peak, a genuine typhoon, the smiling, enterprising, picturesque Nipponese, the clean, handswept, green, well gardened landscapes, the altitude-born panoramas of Nippon, and there is offered to the mountaineer a playground to be forever cherished in memory.



Mrs. J. T. Hazard

SUMMIT OF FUJI-SAN — In the left foreground is the precipitous brink of the crater into which one is forbidden to descend.

SUCCESS CLEAVER ROUTE TO RAINIER'S SUMMIT

J. H. Weer

VIEWED from right or left, or lengthwise, Success Cleaver entices those fond of rock-work in mountain cilmbing. Untraversed by any glacier it is one of only two all-rock formations connecting timber-line and Rainier's snow cap, the other unsurmountable. Extending downward, southwesterly, from Peak Success, Success Cleaver has been ground by glaciers to a remarkably narrow and sharp ridge. At its right the cirque of South Tahoma Glacier impressively displays the destructiveness of Rainier's glaciers.

This article is based chiefly on observations and experiences of three Mountaineers, R. S. Wainwright, H. McL. Myers, and the writer during an ascent on August 23, 1918, the descent, on the following day, having been via Gibraltar route. Previous ascents via Success Cleaver are reported to have been three in number, by small parties under leadership of guide Joe Stampfler, from the last of which the descent was accomplished via same route.

Five days of heavy rain, during which the three climbers and T. Bisgaard camped in Indian Henry's Hunting Ground, were followed by several remarkably clear days and nights. Camp (6500 feet) at north base of Pyramid Peak was left at 2:15 a. m. and climbing was easy for a few hours, but after passing the 10,000-foot level difficulties were ever present.

At intervals every form and variety of rock entering into the structure of Mount Rainier was repeatedly encountered, ranging from fine sand to enormous upstanding projections at whose base it sometimes was necessary to crawl under outjutting ledges. The route at no place affords breadth of more than about fifty feet in width to pick a course. Sometimes progress was along the very comb of the jagged cleaver, pulling and crawling up onto a huge rock and dropping down beyond. Again upstanding masses were skirted to right or left, though usually to right where the glaciers have not produced a sheer wall as has the South Tahoma.

That which seemingly makes this route impracticable for general use or for any other than experienced mountain climbers is the succession of treacherous chutes of rock, snow and ice, extending sharply downward to the main bodies of Kautz, Success and Pyramid glaciers. These chutes must be traversed at varying angles at their very tips. During the climbing season their surfaces are mostly loose fine rock or sand, affording very insecure footing. On this occasion two inches of soft new snow increased the difficulties. A descent via

Success Cleaver holds vastly greater hazards than an ascent.

This party found, to their surprise, and gladly used, ropes in position for scaling at elevations of about 10,500 feet and 13,000 feet. These appeared so new it was assumed they had been only recently placed. Later it was learned that Joe Stampfler had placed them in 1914 when making his last ascent, and the only descent, via this route.*

Nearing the top of Cleaver, and under Peak Success, the course swings to right up onto a snow slope leading by easy grade to the saddle between Peak Success and the crater.

Views of surpassing splendor by moonlight and at early dawn in the first stages of the ascent occasioned slow progress. Later, difficulties of the climb made speed impossible. Thus, over fifteen hours were consumed in reaching the saddle. Another hour was required to reach and cross the smaller (west) crater to its north rim, making total time sixteen and one-half hours. Hot lemonade and tea were made over steam jets at crater rim, then sleeping quarters were selected in one of the nearby steam-heated ice caves, and—but that's another story.

Note: * This party included Margaret Hargrave, Mountaineer, the only woman to climb via this route and one of the only two people, according to report, to have ascended Rainier over three of the four known routes.

MOUNTAINEER ACTIVITIES

CELIA D. SHELTON

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.

HOUGH the days when the little people roved unmolested through the forests and up the mountain sides, have receded far into the dim and romantic past, the fairy spell of the forest glades has never disappeared. It beckons from the topmost peaks, it is abroad in the green woodland, it sparkles from the frozen hillsides, the lure so insistent that few mortals can resist it. Over the centuries that fairy glamour has endured, to invest the soul of the hardy hiker, and to drive forth the Mountaineers, imbued with the divine unrest, early or late, on long trips or short, to attain that serenity of spirit that the wee folk seem to have possessed, and that only the great outdoors can yield.

On any fresh Sunday morning, in mist or rain, or sunshine, you may see them,

"trooping all together,

Green jacket, red cap," and here and there a jaunty feather to keep in mind man's ancient friendship with the feathered creatures of the world. The party is usually a heterogeneous one, its members drawn from all the varied social groups of a big and busy city, and perhaps at the outset of the walk a trifle strange even to one another. But a few miles of brisk exercise, fresh air, and friendly chat, makes comrades of them all, so that when lunch time comes with its cheerful crackling fire, and a bit of time to rest or play a game of ball, the ice is broken and even the most retiring strangers have found some common bond of interest as a source of conversation or even of most eloquent silence.

It is a mooted question as to which season of the year is most delightful for tramping in the Northwest woods. The springtime seems perhaps the ideal time, when the first tender green is beginning to show in the dark pines, and when the soft scents of the mouldering earth are mingled with those of early flowers and herbs. Nature seems to have prepared for herself, in this season, the most delicate and becoming of veils, so that no one may suspect how ancient she is, but be deluded into imagining her a rosy young thing all bedecked with the alluring charms of youth. So the haze and mild atmosphere of the early spring days make Sundays out-of-doors seem imperative. Then the local walks attendance rises to the breaking point, when boats are chartered and special cars are necessary, and the Committee must scheme to make the coffee planned for one hundred and fifty, spread out to welcome two hundred. Spring brings with it certain walks which have become annual events, such as the Rhododendron walk, when we all come home joyfully brandishing great armfuls of plump pink buds and glossy leaves. walks on Bainbridge Island or the mainland overlooking Hood Canal; in fact, all walks that feature a boat trip hold first place in the popular favor, particularly those mentioned in the bulletin as "over old roads and trails."

With the heat and dust of summer, the local walks are discontinued, and all the talk is of the summer trip. For it is out of the first ambition of its pioneer members to explore the peaks and the mountain ranges of this northwestern region that the club and its numerous activities have grown. The great occasion of the year then, is some such exploring expedition into the Cascades, or the Olympics, or even into neighboring states to try comparisons with other climbing clubs. The trip usually occupies the first three weeks of August, when the weather is most apt to be settled on the dry side of the question. Its leaders have thoroughly scouted the chosen region, cached supplies

R. L. Glisan

CLIMBING SILVER PEAK — Granite Mountain is seen in the background across the valley of the South Fork of the Snoqualmie.

at convenient camping places, and have made all their plans for several try-out trips before taking the party on the big climb. Sometimes as many as a hundred people take this delightful summer outing, and at least seventy of the number qualify for the main climb. For many of these hundred people it is apt to be a soul stirring experience, when for three weeks they may be freed from the artificialities of life in the world of work, and when they may sleep under the open skies, the gypsies of the mountain-sides, learn the lessons of the deep silences, and feel the purifying breath of the winds from off the mountain tops. No one who has felt these things can ever be the same again. He has gained that magic something, perhaps he's touched with the fairy spell, that makes him forever long to return once more to the high places. At intervals he must go back to feel again the wide free air, and to catch again that fleeting vision of the meaning of life and the Infinite that seems to come to him who holds communion with the hills.

When the summer trip is over and the pilgrims have returned, the course of Club events is once more resumed. The Bulletin announces the first walk of the season, on which everyone must go to hear and tell accounts of the summer's experiences.

If spring time is popular for local walks, the Autumn season, too, has its devotees; those who love best the crisp, clean air, the clear views, and gorgeous colorings of October and early November. For beauty of scenery, no month can excel October. when a trip across the Sound, or a climb in the Cascades affords the most magnificent opportunities for distance views and color effects.

R. L. Glisan

SUMMIT OF SILVER PEAK As seen on a snowshoe climb, Washington's Birthday, 1918.

But there are many hardy souls among the Mountaineers who love old winter best of all. When the days are short and rainy and the climate of Puget Sound seems dreariest, the real Mountaineer is in his element. Instead of spending a dark day indoors, he dons his suit of forest green and what he fondly hopes are his waterproof boots, and hies him forth in the dim winter morning light, to rejoice that the air is fresh, and the scudding clouds like pictures, and that the good earth under foot, though wet, is full of life and health. It is almost a tradition in the Club, that there is no day so wet that it does not clear up for at least a few hours of the trip, and there are enough exceptions to prove this rule. Where then, is the good Mountaineer who would miss a local walk on account of rain?

With winter come the snow-shoe outings when local walks lose something of their charm. The winter outing to the Lodge or the annual snow-shoe trip to Mount Rainier seem to occupy the center of attention. Then conversations on the trail turn inevitably to the burning question of snow-shoes, pacs, and the most dependable make of harness. The Beaver-tails and Bear-paws hold heated arguments with the Canadian trappers, and even now and then a timorous Cook's Inlet shoe dares to put in a word. The masters of the gentle art of skiing take on a superior air, and let it be known that the lowly snow-shoe has no caste at all in the world of winter sports. A trip to Snoqualmie Lodge is usually enough, however, to establish the snow-shoe solidly in favor as a very present help in trouble, with skis holding first place in the popular opinion on Lodge Lake and the toboggan course.

Snoqualmie Lodge is indeed an ideal mountain home, far enough

up in the Cascade Range to be a center for trips to numbers of high peaks, yet accessible from Seattle and Tacoma for week-end parties at any season of the year. The big comfortable log cabin has been the scene of many a jolly gathering in the four years since it was built. Winter and summer, hardly a week-end is it left alone, for private parties are almost as common as scheduled trips, particularly in the summer time when members can take their vacations there. The policy of the Committee has been to make this mountain home available for outings to as many of the Club members as possible, and for that reason during the past year, trips were scheduled once a month.

The first winter outing of the year took place October 13 and 14, 1917, one that its members will not forget very soon, for the weather was perfect, the air clear, and the autumn colorings magnificent. One party climbed Silver Peak and another made the trip to Snow Lake. The sweet scents and gorgeous colorings of huckleberry, heather and mountain ash that cover the high park country above Snow Lake were reward enough for the long steep climb up the rocky slopes to the paradise that seems to nestle beyond them and to hang just above the Lake. In contrast with all this riot of autumn coloring the dark massive rocks and the deep blue of the mountain lake, set low among the steep hills is indescribably beautiful. In October of 1918, another party made the same trip, three of its members, Ben Mooers, Mrs. Lewis and Jules Guenther ambitiously side-tracking to climb Chair Peak as an after-lunch diversion. Still another group from this party, Fairman Lee, Norman Huber, and Llewellyn Lewis, made a record trip, climbing Mount Thompson and Red Mountain between Saturday morning and Sunday afternoon.

The second large outing to the Lodge to take place in the winter of 1917, was the annual New Year's trip. For several months the Bulletin had been holding out alluring promises of a New Year's High Jinx and Snow Shoe Carnival at Snoqualmie Lodge. But in spite of breathless anticipation the outing did not start very auspiciously for the week before was one of continuous rains. It was a fortunate few who left Seattle on Saturday morning, December 29, for the rains brought floods and the floods held up trains so that no additions could be made to that party. The snow so carefully prepared for had melted near Rockdale, the party was belated and the trail washed out, so that the trip to the Lodge was a real endurance test. Once up there, however, there was no lack of good fellowship and entertainment. Enough snow had survived the downpour to make short snow-shoe trips possible and the party made up for the lack of tobogganing by highly original indoor sports.

Those who were disappointed in December, found snow conditions all that they could desire for the annual Washington's Birthday

outing. The snow was fresh and deep, making snowshoeing and skiing a delight, and the large party found the time joyfully occupied with tobogganing, races on the lake, trips to the Divide and attempts at skiiing. Nothing could be more beautiful than the woods during this season, the branches of the tall pines bending with fresh snow,

TOBOGANNING

Stanton G. Smith
Midwinter sport at Snoqualmie Lodge.

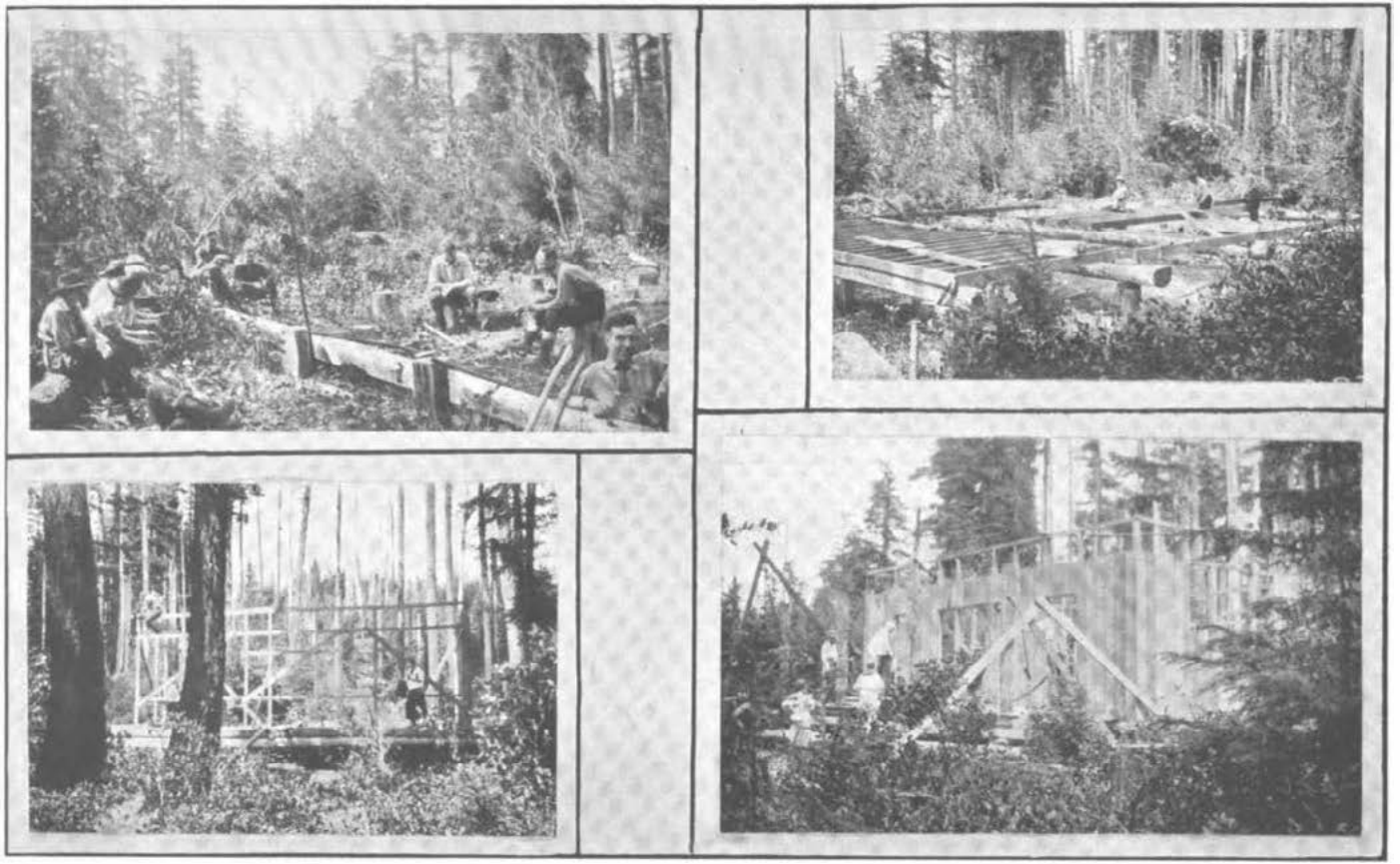
and making in every direction some new and striking picture where the powdery masses piled up in fantastic shapes around bushes and logs. Or again a distant view of one of the opposite peaks would be most effectively framed between the snow laden treetops. The long

postponed snow-shoe carnival materialized on this outing. Indeed the sports and races occasioned such enthusiasm that a plan was formed for building a ski and toboggan slide that should end with a long course across Lodge Lake. The chairman, Reuben Hagman, carried the plan far enough to collect sufficient funds, so that now with the war over and the return of our soldiers in sight, it is to be hoped that some such dream may soon be realized.

Small outings to the Lodge have given opportunities for most interesting climbs. One little party, particularly, in March, 1918, felt sufficiently proud of what seemed a record trip, for they succeeded in reaching Silver Peak on snowshoes, only discarding those unwieldy appendages to climb the last one hundred feet through the tough little mountain pines, which, laden with ice and frozen snow served the purpose of icy ladders. That was a day of days for a snowshoe trip, very clear and sunlit, the snow packed fairly hard, and the distance views perfect. Every mountain seemed to be picked out of a clear blue background. The view from the ridge below Silver Peak was especially fine, the whole Humpback Range in sight, with Mount Rainier rising above them all as if enthroned, and bathed in the most delicate opalescent tints that transformed the stately monarch into a sort of mysterious fairy mountain. The trip back to the Lodge, as the sun declined and the long shadows began to suggest the chill of evening, made everyone in the little party remember his weakest thong. Indeed thongs and cord and even common string proved to be the dearest possession before the party finally caught the welcome twinkle of the kitchen lamp glimmering through the moonlit woods.

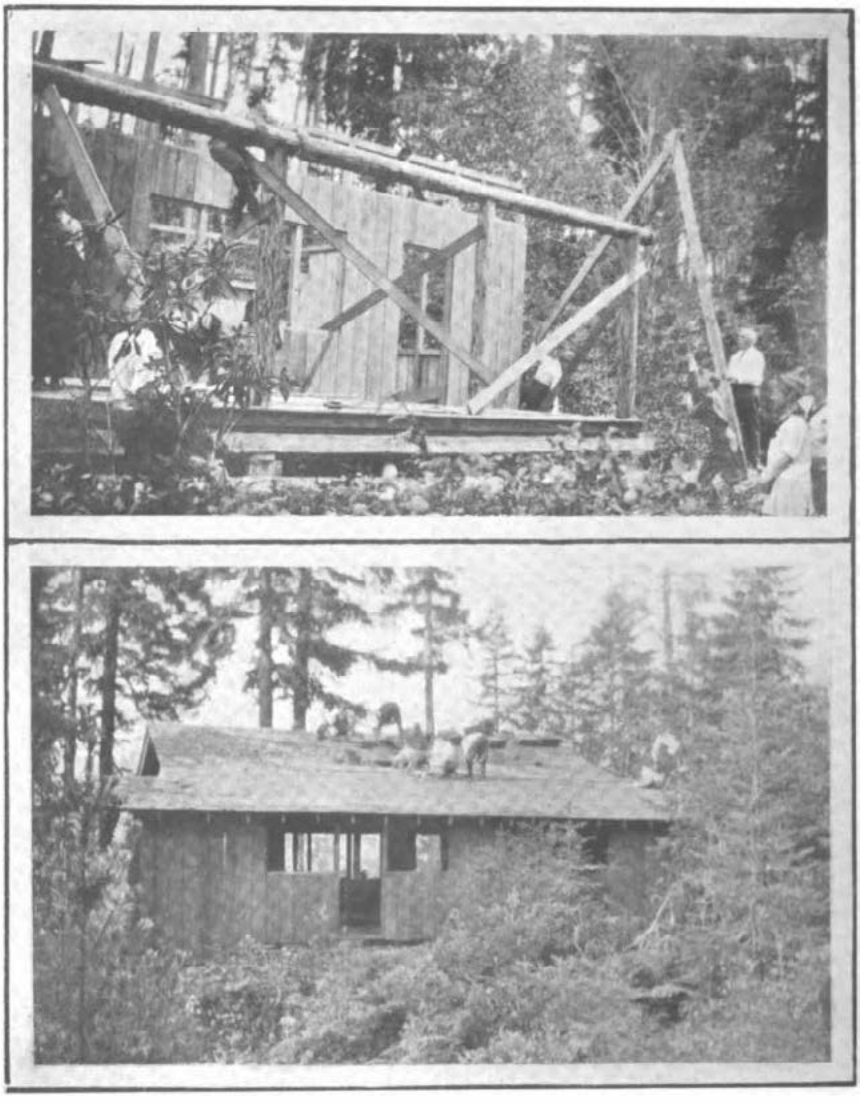
Other trips that have been most successful were an outing in May, and still a larger one over the Fourth of July, when a climb was made of Chair Peak.

For those who find the trips to Snoqualmie Lodge too ambitious, the Mountaineer's summer home, Kitsap Cabin, seems to fill a real need. Recently, the old farm house has been deserted for a new cabin on the clearing overlooking Hidden Ranch, where little parties or large gather for jolly evenings before the new fireplace that everyone has had a hand in making. No matter what the weather, Kitsap Cabin and the Rhododendron Park have a fascination. Even in the rain the tall pines with their festoons of gray moss seem to hold out a melancholy comfort to the belated home seeker, while in fine weather they stretch their heights upward with a fresh invigorating grace that seems to encourage the waving rhododendrons and to make way for the best view of sparkling huckleberry and lacy-patterned kinnikinnick. With vistas through the forests and glimpses of the blue distance and more wooded hills across the valley of Hidden Ranch, the lovers of Kitsap Cabin never are bored and never lose enthusiasm. This year the immediate and absorbing interest has been the building of the



HOW KITSAP CABIN GREW Number one, May 25; Number two, June 2; Number three, June 16; Number four, June 22.

Mrs. C. M. Lewis
H. McL. Myers



Mrs. C. M. Lewis

HOW KITSAP CABIN GREW — Placing the big log that the porch roofs rests upon; rear view, shingling.

new home. The chairman of the Committee, Harry Myers, displayed the most untiring energy in getting the Cabin built in six months, almost entirely by the work of members of the Club, who have given their week-ends ungrudgingly to do their bit. As a result the summer has brought little parties every week, and big "helping hand" parties every month to Kitsap. Here everyone turned shaker or splitter or hod carrier according to his particular inclination, and each Sunday the Cabin seemed to swarm like a hive of very earnest bees. This intimate association with one another, with the beautiful forest play-

ground, with Hidden Ranch and its poet philosophers, Mr. Paschall and Mary Paschall, have made the new Cabin very dear to those Mountaineers who have been able to enjoy its privileges.

On some of the special trips quite unique entertainments have been featured and staged. The May Day Fête was perhaps the most delightful one. For who would not love to see L. A. Nelson, the dignified, decked out in all the splendor of a May Queen, with Peter McGregor and Harry Myers as ladies in waiting upon the Queen, and all intensely proud of trains and long curls. With these distinguished and imposing leaders of a gay procession, and all the regalia that is needed to create the illusion of an old English May Day Fête, with the lovely idyllic setting of the little valley of Hidden Ranch, on a tender sunshiny morning, no spectacle could have been more bewitchingly humorous, or ludicrously romantic. It is just this combination of imagination and romance, with the saving grace of spontaneous fun that makes the charm of Mountaineer entertainments always. Kitsap Cabin has had its Romany Camp fire too, with gypsy lads and lassies dancing in a ring, some of them fierce enough in appearance to be the survivors of the lost tribes. A circus there was, a Hallowe'en festival, a kitchen shower and finally the formal dedication of the Cabin itself, with stores of its history, told by the people who really had a hand in its making, as well as in the acquiring of the Rhododendron Park, such people as our pioneer President, Edmond S. Meany, Peter McGregor, Mary Paschall and Redick McKee.

But no account of the building of Kitsap Cabin is complete without some mention of the individual work of Mary Paschall, who as

Mabel Furry

CHRISTENING THE COW — A Kitsap Cabin party enjoying an impromptu entertainment at Hidden Ranch.

Norman Huber
Kitsap Cabin from behind, showing stone chimney.

ALMOST COMPLETED

amateur contractor and general overseer of the job, was always there and ever diligent for the best interests of the Club; and Otto Voll whose skill and resourcefulness have added so many conveniences, as well as artistic touches to the cabin, and who never knew what it meant to stop work until vociferous calls for dinner had come sounding through the woods.

In addition to the Sunday local walks and happy outings to Snoqualmie Lodge and Kitsap Cabin, certain special three or four day trips have become annual events because they offer an opportunity for adventure and mountain experience to those who cannot take time for the great event of the year, the summer outing. Of these, the Tacoma Annual Winter outing to Mount Rainier holds the most attractive possibilities. Those who have made the trips invariably return with such zeal and glowing enthusiasm that the

E. L. Chapman

A CORNER OF THE KITCHEN
KITSAP CABIN

less fortunate are filled with envy. Rainier in summer time has first place as a happy hunting ground, but in winter the old mountain king, with his snow blanketed valleys, is even more alluring from his very aloofness. Then he must be attacked with hardihood, and only the most robust and stout of heart can visit him in his winter kingdom. The Christmas of 1917 will always be remembered as one of heavy rains and floods, and for that reason the trip to Mount Rainier, though not all that its leaders had planned, was nevertheless quite full enough of adventure to please all except the ski experts. The usual snowshoe trip from Ashford to Longmire Springs was made in a downpour without a trace of snow to be seen. At the entrance to the park the first obstacle in an eventful trip proved to be almost insurmountable. The

THE FIREPLACE KITSAP CABIN *E. L. Chapman*

Mabel Furry

KITSAP CABIN COMPLETED Taken November 24, 1918, the morning after the dedication.

North Fork of the Little Tahoma River, usually a harmless little stream, had become a roaring torrent and had brought down so many fallen trees that the heavy concrete bridge was completely destroyed. The river was rapidly rising and in spite of all efforts made by Mr. Raeburn, the park supervisor, his foresters and our own men, no permanent footbridge could be maintained. Five people did get across and on to Longmire Springs that night, but the main party stayed at the park entrance, the men finding dry, if somewhat hard quarters in the office, the women most gratefully accepting the warm rug-covered floor of Mrs. Raeburn's studio. As the trip cartoonist put it, "We slept on beds of down—down on the floor."

But the next morning brought hope, for the river had subsided a few inches, and had changed its course sufficiently to expose a bed of gravel upon which a foot bridge could be safely anchored. This done, and a crossing effected, the whole party went on to Longmire Springs without further excitement. From the Springs to Paradise Valley in the afternoon and evening made a strenuous hike. After all sorts of minor mishaps, such as broken thongs, and lost trails, the last weary stragglers crawled in about nine o'clock to be revived by a hot meal and a warm fire. It was only possible to spend Sunday in Paradise Valley, for the unsettled weather, and consequently unreliable trails and trains made it necessary to leave two days for the return journey. Fortunately, however, that one Sunday was clear, so that a small party made the climb to McClure's Rock, and various small parties made the little climbs around the valley, with toboggans at their heels, to come kiting down over the bumps in the most sensational manner. It can hardly be said that the tobogganing and skiing conditions were ideal, but there was no lack of exciting adventure nevertheless, as witnessed by the lame backs and limping walks that were so apparent on the homeward journey.

The return trip was uneventful and the program that New Year's Eve, seemed to have lost none of its true mountain flavor for having been performed at Longmire Springs, instead of at Paradise Inn. At any rate no member of the party will ever listen with indifference to "Old Man Noah," or the parody "O, we came to a riber and we we couldn't get across. Singing rain, rain, rain go away," nor yet to "Rainier with some rain, dear" for they were all very distinctive products of a snowshoe outing of distinction.

In Mountaineer circles, the poor forlorn one who cannot spend a part of his summer in the mountains, consoles himself with the thought that at least he can go on one of the Labor Day Outings. Which one he shall choose presents a problem, usually. This year was no exception. The Tacoma branch had scheduled a most attractive three-day trip to the Tatoosh Range, with the chance to climb some hitherto unconquered peaks. The Seattle Local Walks Committee selected

Hood Canal for their playground, with a fishing trip up the Hamma Hamma River in prospect, while Everett announced a two-day outing to Gold Bar, Wallace Falls and Lake Isabel.

The Tacoma party went in on Saturday, making their camp that night at Reflection Lake. From there the forbidding tusks of the Tatoosh Range rise abruptly, with the most tempting rocky slopes and tumbling cascades in plain sight. On Sunday one party climbed what has been called the Unnamed Peak, while a few set out to climb Mount Unicorn, which Mr. Weer, the leader, had partially scouted. This proved to be a very interesting climb with enough difficulty attached to satisfy the most intrepid. The last sharp spire was finally conquered by the aid of a rope, and the party returned to camp triumphant. The rest of the time was very happily occupied with short side trips in and around Reflection Lake and to Paradise Valley.

The Seattle party started out most gaily in the middle of a warm September afternoon for the long boat trip up the Sound. Though there were no sensational climbs, or startling experiences, the big jolly congenial crowd had no end of fun, and beautiful scenery. The first night, camp was made at the mouth of the Hamma Hamma River. Next day those who wished packed up the river to a temporary camp from which to take fishing excursions, or hikes through the lovely forest country for which the Olympics are so famous. The fine weather made it possible to realize each individual dream, of fishing in shaded pools, of exploration in the deep woods, of pleasant swims, and hikes along the wooded trails. When the party returned late on the evening of Labor Day it was with a sense of complete satisfaction in an entirely successful trip.

Perhaps the success of this last outing of the summer may be taken as an index of Mountaineer activities for the year. To one looking back over the year's work and play all the inevitable jars and imperfections seem to melt into a harmonious background where unity of purpose and ideals prevail.

The year has been a trying one, what with the gloom of war resting upon us all, and the loss of some of our most active members to war service, as the big service flag in the Club room with its eighty-one stars most eloquently attests. But the Club has tasted of the sweetness of adversity, and derived therefrom a closer union and greater fellowship than ever before. War and sorrow have made the healing influences of nature all the more necessary. No one can stand in the presence of the mountains, or wander through the garden meadows of Rainier, without feeling his faith renewed and his soul steadied by the presence of a Divinity that through all confusion still shapes our ends. It has been the duty and privilege of the Mountaineers Club this year to maintain as nearly as possible normal conditions in abnormal times: to keep up the morale of its members at

home by giving them every possible chance to feel the sane and wholesome influence of the "good greenwood," and to keep in touch, as well, with its members in the service through the Correspondence work by means of the monthly service letters which are brimful of the doings and the spirit of the Club.

But the end of the war has brought visions of a new year for the Mountaineers, when activities can be resumed with the old time zest and energy. Soon the absent members will be coming home—from France, from Italy, from Russia, and perhaps—who knows—another summer trip may find them falling into the grub-line with the rest, and once more over the trails up the mountain side we shall see them—

"Trooping all together
Green jacket, red cap and white owl's feather."

GLIMPSES OF THE MOUNTAINEERS DURING THE WAR

WITH a roll of eighty-one members in active service in army, navy, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. war work out of a total membership of little over five hundred it was to be expected that those who remained at home would also render service in manifold ways. No record will ever be made of the work carried on effectively but quietly by the Mountaineers who stayed at home. Special teaching, public speaking, civilian army training, industrial work of many kinds made necessary by labor shortage, service in the forest and on the mountain—do not cover all the forms of individual activity.

Three things The Mountaineers attempted as a group, the gathering of digitalis; sphagnum moss work including collecting, cleaning, and making into dressings; and a systematic correspondence that should keep members in the service in touch with the club and the club in touch with them.

In the fall of 1917 the National Council for Defense issued a call for a supply of digitalis to guard against possible shortage of the drug of the same name made from the leaves of the plant, an important heart stimulant. Digitalis, or common foxglove, grows wild in many parts of Western Washington and may be collected late into the winter. Under the leadership of Prof. Gavett, a Mountaineer on the University faculty, a series of walks was organized for the purpose of gathering digitalis leaves. As usual, the members responded most enthusiastically and before the frosts destroyed the plants great quantities of leaves were gathered and deposited at the University for drying. Later they were shipped to government laboratories.

The fact that sphagnum grows in the Puget Sound region and the fact that The Mountaineers were equipped to go and get it early brought the club into that work. Later when it was found that a better quality of moss could be shipped in from more distant places all the club's efforts were centered upon making the moss up into surgical dressings. This began even before the work was definitely organized as it was eventually under the Northwest Division of the Red Cross. In all 5,390 dressings have been completed. Most of these were shipped immediately to France or Italy. Until October, 1918, all supplies were bought and paid for by voluntary contributions from the Mountaineer membership.

Because of the devoted work of a correspondence committee it has been possible to share somewhat widely the many delightful letters that have come from camps all over this country and from parts of England, France and Italy, even close up to the battlefront. And if we accept the never omitted expressions of pleasure over receipt of Mountaineer mail that all these letters contain much delightful correspondence must have gone the other way, too.

¶ Of the extracts that follow some were not written with a view to publication. The first Mountaineer to enter the army was Arthur C. Nation, back in the fall of 1914. He enlisted in Canada and was very soon sent overseas with the British Expeditionary Forces. He rose steadily until he attained the rank of Major. He has been in nearly all the engagements in which the Canadians have made such glorious records and has been decorated with the military cross and bar. On October 31, 1918, he wrote:

I have had a constant stream of the jolliest letters from all my old friends in The Mountaineers and I can tell you it bucks a man up to feel that he is not quite forgotten after so long.

As a poor Second in Command I am very hard worked just now and have had to take on the editorship of our paper, the "Listening Post," which requires no literary genius but a good deal of extra work.

Men are so very new now that all spare time must be devoted to training, and what with lectures, horse riding, listening to generals, talking to the Prince of Wales at times, and appeasing liberated French civilians, the poor old Hun is one of the least of our troubles.

¶ Those who have been on summer outings with The Mountaineers in remote, unfrequented mountain parks and known the joy of news from home after a week's isolation will respond with double sympathy to Peyton Farrer's account of when the mail comes in.

There is great joy on the station when the mail pennant flies. Your Buddie comes along and says, "Say, boy, three bags of new mail and I'll sure get a dozen letters. They are due me, aren't they, kid?"

"I'll say so, but how will the rest of us come out if you do? Let's see!"

An immense crowd has gathered about the postoffice.

"Beaucoup mail!"

"How much mail, Jack?"

"Thirty bags."

"Thirty bags! Oh, boy! ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?"

The boys stand about while the mail is called alphabetically and thrown out to expectant hands. As each man gets his mail he scurries off to some secluded spot—if it's beaucoup—or opens it on the spot and reads it up the road with scarcely a navigating glance.

Nic and I beat it for our rooms like a chick with a worm, built up a fire, and settled comfortably on our cots with a board at our back. This is the supreme moment. It is, friends, without a doubt.

Now that the mail has been digested, let me tell you about our stove. It is the chief source of interest next to chow. It almost comes first with us. I grant that you appreciate in a small way how much we need heat here. This is how we solved the problem:

Nic discovered a new sheet-iron cuspidor and I found part of a bomb-dropper. It looks like a megaphone but I made a door for it. We put a few strips in the upper part of the cuspidor for a grate and made a damper hole, then set our cone on it, capped by a one and one-half inch pipe which we bent and ran through a small hole in a window pane. With a quart of water in the base and small wood, we get a safety-first fire which draws the crowd.

The boys come in one by one until we get a congenial circle arranged on cots, boxes, benches, and buckets. In fact, right now there are several circles. It is an amusing sight. As the stories have run out, the boys are variously engaged, some reading, others talking, and one or two sleeping. We had one or two trying occasions when one of the boys filled her up with wet wood and the neighbors complained of smoke, but on the whole, "This is the life."

¶ **"Every time we arrive at a new location," writes Robert W. Reid, Battalion Sergeant Major, Hdqr. 2nd Division, A. E. F., "the first thing we inquire about is the mail. I certainly remember Queets basin and how glad we were to receive letters. It is the same way over here, except more so," and then he goes on with mention of some of the most effective fighting of the war.**

"During the past three or four months things have been about as exciting as one would suppose. The division is what is known as a shock division; that is, it takes part in the attacks which are made, but when they are over it is relieved and other troops hold the line. This results in our moving about a great deal, resting in this town and then in the next or in a day or two being in a totally different part of the country. I would like to name some of the drives we have been in

but I doubt if this would be permissible under censorship regulations. However, the whole country knows that the Second Division stopped the Germans at Chateau-Thierry and that the Marines of this Division captured the Bois de Belleau, which has been renamed and is now known as the Bois de la Brigade de Marines, Americain. This was in June. Since then we have been the first over the top in many other fights, and by the way, in this Division there are many boys from Washington and Seattle, and many a sunny slope and wooded hill has been bathed with their blood. In the last drive we pushed the Germans back in some places for 15 miles. That night, when the artillery opened up at one o'clock it seemed that every spot for a hundred miles around was the location of a gun which was firing its deadly missiles over into the enemy territory, and the next day when we went over the territory which had formerly been occupied by the Germans we saw what the artillery had done, village after village had been absolutely razed to the ground, nothing but a mass of ruins.

When the bombardment started at one o'clock the sky was clear, the stars were out. It had been raining for days, however, and the roads were in frightful condition. When the boys left from the jumping-off point at five o'clock it had started to rain again. All day the rain came down but the boys went on, and the next day, when I went over the field to our Advance P. C., many evidences could be seen of the excellent work they accomplished, for the Germans beat a hasty retreat leaving all kinds of booty behind them."

¶ **The most popular days in camp are wash days. In the mountains laundry work is no lonely drudgery, but a primitive social sport. Any Mountaineer will make a wash-board of stones and a rinsing bowl of a deep pool. Wilfrid Harrison knows how and he knows some other things about camping, too.**

"Today being Sunday, I spent the morning in washing clothes and taking a bath in the creek. Took my dirty clothes to one of the public washing pools. These are merely rectangular basins fed at one of the small ends by a spring and drained from the other. All four of the sides, or three of them, consist of sloping slabs of stone on the rough surface of which the washing is done, the rinsing being in the common pool. First of all one soaps the articles well, then pounds them with a wooden mallet and then rinses them off. A woman engaged in the same operation insisted on showing me how and lending her mallet, and when I was through insisted on bluing my white wash for me, so my laundry work looked quite good this time."

"Many of the boys kick at our living conditions, which are, of course, not so good or comfortable as in America, but I find my experience with The Mountaineers invaluable and manage to keep comfortable where many of them can not. We are quartered in an old

chateau. So far our bedticks have failed to arrive so we needs must sleep on the floor and as we have only one thin blanket and a 'shelter half' each, the tiled floor makes a somewhat hard and cold bed. However, little Wilfie puts on his overcoat and takes off his shoes as his only preparation for sleep, spreads his shelter half on the floor, himself on it and the blanket on top and sleeps comfortably until about 3:00 a. m. when the high altitude, about 3,000 feet, or rather the cold at night that goes with it, reaches his bones and he rolls over onto the other side and dozes fitfully until reveille. Unfortunately the floor above is rotten and full of holes so that those quartered there send down a few loose boards and clouds of powdered lime every time they move—and they seem to move a lot. But I've slept in many a cabin that was much dirtier and make out very comfortably and fairly clean where some of the others do not seem able to. Have my green silk dunnage bag and it is invaluable in quarters, as we have no barracks bags any more (pack all our possessions on our backs now). Brings back lots of associations, particularly of July last year. So glad I did not sell it. Would give a whole lot for my old sleeping-bag and packboard, as I prefer them to the army pack and blankets."

¶ That the Mountaineer is never entirely lost in the soldier has been evidenced again and again in letters from training station and front line post. How easily a trail-finder through battle-plowed desolation may be transformed into a trail-follower up sunny Cascade ridges is demonstrated in the confession of C. F. Todd.

Perhaps it would interest the readers of the Annual to know that one of the most vivid war recollections of a Mountaineer over here is intimately connected with the Mountaineers.

Early in October, after the breaking of the Hindenberg line, our little signal detail was operating a telephone exchange in one of Jerry's pill-boxes. To make good his get-away Jerry was putting up a fierce rearguard action, drenching all the areas, through which our troops were advancing with shells. One shell finally landed in the door of our "exchange," wrecking it; and what remained of the detail was sent to the rear for re-organization.

We had been mauled pretty badly for ten days, and so, to the end of easing the mental tension of the men, a special detail of two was sent out to find our headquarters and get home mail.

From early morning throughout the whole day, without any dinner, the two of us wandered around in the primitive desolation of the devastated belt before we located the mail. Then, at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, with our trip but little more than half done, and no eats yet in sight, we sat on the roadside and read what had fallen to us personally. Here was this letter and that letter, and then—

the Mountaineer monthly letter of the summer outing, telling us of *hot huckleberry pie!* Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Could such a thing have been designed to fall at such a time it would have been one of war's "atrocities." To soldiers famished as only soldiers can be famished, it was the refinement of cruelty, even though accidental. The Waters of Tantalus and the Dead Sea Fruit have a companion now to at least two soldiers in the line, and that is a vision of *hot huckleberry pie.*

As we sat there in the gathering evening, the poignancy of that vision was beyond words. All of our former memories, which we had fondly imagined indelible, were obscured. Our first air raid experience in camp when we lay still in our tents while Jerry zum-zum-zum-zum-ed back and forth above us through the night; the first night we arrived close enough to hear the long whine of the shells from the other side; the wonderful pyrotechnics of Ypres, where the ghostly star-shells, the rosy ground flares, the soaring signal rockets, and the streaming searchlights made every night a spectacle; the earth-rocking barrage that at Bellicourt ringed the horizon behind us with dazzling fire and spread its hurricane over the trenches in front; the long hikes in mud and darkness; the musty nights and days in the dugouts; and also those other memories of the battlefield after the storm has passed, all were forgotten, dimmed, softened by visions of the Great Northwest Blueberry in a pie.

I can assure you that to one, at least, that moment will ever remain as among the Great War's most unforgettable.

¶ The local walk bids fair to become popularized in France if Mountaineers are not too soon returned to western lands. To George H. King, Jr., Second Lieutenant of Battery E, 63rd Artillery Corps, A. E. F., belongs the honor of instituting local walks in sunny France.

"Promenade Locale, le cent vingtième. De Limoges à Aix sur Vienne revenant par La Plaisance et Auguille. Macadamized boulevard all the way. Distance twenty-six (26) kilometers. Bring full equipment, cootie exterminator and dictionaries. Those having four pairs of hands will do well to bring them as interpreters are scarce. Arrangements have been made with local authorities so that the party will not be arrested as crazy persons or dangerous aliens. Those straying from the walk will report to the Commissionaire Militaire, who will return them to billets. Trucks will follow the column to assist embuchés. Rations will not be eaten without an order from the leader. Units will form promptly at the designated hour and consolidation will follow on signal. Bring knife, fork and spoon."

But to the French mind the question is, "Why walk all that distance when one can sit on a terrace and drink wine all day Sunday. The wine at Aix is no better than here and there are not as many

people to see or be seen by. Oh! these Americans!"

Well, let us take the walk! We meet at the Place de la Republique. The good Catholics are on their way to the Cathedral, that dream of stone lace centuries old, which holds the soul of France; the peasant farmers, men and women, tarry after early mass to sell garden truck, eggs, and rabbits to the citizens. They have traveled miles in the early morning in their burro carts. The priest walks among them. His left arm is gone and he wears a Croix de Guerre. He has done his bit at the front. He is still doing it here. The bell in the belfry rings and the hubbub ceases at once. Mass is commencing.

Across the Place we go and down the Boulevard Sadi Carnot, the martyr president of France. We pass beneath the statue, past the Place de Sadi Carnot and turn down the Rue St. Martial which leads to the Pont St. Martial built by Caesar. We are on the road the Roman legions trod. A part of the old wall of the city can be seen down by the river bank. It is crumbling fast but the bridge is still strong. No doubt it has been repaired at frequent intervals in the past. The stone floor of the bridge is worn in grooves by the feet of countless thousands; the balustrades are polished by the hands of many people. Looking down the river, we see the beautiful valley of the Vienne lost in a blue haze in the distance. The banks on either side are parked for miles. We cross the bridge and pass through the hamlet on the farther side—houses grouped together with winding streets. The houses were built first, the streets had to conform. Leaving the village we are out on one of the wide, straight roads of France. It is a white ribbon bordered with poplar trees as far as the eye can reach. We can trace it the entire distance over hill and through dale by the double rows of trees. Stone walls and hedges inclose small irregular fields, whose contrast in colors forms a patchwork quilt for the land; purple vineyards with velvet black shade; golden grain rippling in the sun; green grass and greener garden crops; orchards and plowed land; the clean, cool road; houses grouped together, their red tiled roofs glistening in the sun—all lend a part to make up the riot of color which is the country-side of France.

The road leads down to the river and we walk along its bank on the grass beneath the trees again.

Above the town of Aix among the farms is one of the many places where rumor has it that Christ was crucified. Whether the peasants really believe this or whether it is only symbolical, we cannot say. A path leads up the hill, tortuous and steep. On the path at intervals are the stations of the Cross, at the top there is a cave with a rock to close the mouth; above on the summit of the hill stand three crosses. On the crosses now three life-sized figures are placed. The figures are modern. At the foot of the center one, in a shrine, a candle burns.

We cross through Aix with its mills and shops and take the river

road. It is longer than the new road but, oh, so much prettier. Along its shady way we go through the golden afternoon, to what, for the transient present, is our home.

¶ No Mountaineer has travelled greater distances in the past year than Miss Elizabeth Dickerson. Leaving Seattle in October, 1917, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. to work among women and girls of Russia, she landed at Vladivostok and from there went to Moscow, where work was started. The exigencies of the revolution drove her from there, and January, 1918, found her with work successfully started in Petrograd. But she was forced to leave there when the American embassy all left. By April she was again in Vladivostok and letters announced that she was leaving that place for Samara in southeastern Russia, where a June letter reported fairly comfortable living conditions and work becoming organized. But by the latter part of July after the Czechs had taken Samara it was necessary for her to leave, which she did in company with other Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. workers who had planned and succeeded in partially carrying out a boat trip along the Volga River, the men giving lectures and demonstrations, largely agricultural, the women taking charge of the baby and domestic department and recreation for girls. The next heard from Miss Dickerson was in September form Stockholm, Sweden, where she and her companions had been obliged to take refuge. From there she crossed Sweden and Norway and by boat around North Cape reached Archangel, where she is now engaged in canteen and other work among American troops.

In a letter written on the boat going up the Volga she says:

We passed through the Czech front. They had three armed ships across the river. Our papers passed us. We went on for about an hour when we came to the Bolshevik front. They fired a shot which, of course, means stop. We did. A row boat came out to us and five Bolsheviks went with us to their headquarters in the nearest town. Our papers passed us again. At Simbirsk we ran into a panic-stricken city. The soldiers had fled—the Bolsheviks. They thought the Czechs were coming. Many of the inhabitants were also leaving and shrapnel was dropping all around. There was a small town across the river from Simbirsk which was burning as a result of fighting. Now (at Kazan) they say trouble is going on up the river. Trouble! Trouble everywhere! One wonders if it will ever stop and if we shall ever be able to settle down in any one or two places and do regular work. The Russians all look to America and value her friendship. It is surprising to find the influence that a few Americans have. When we get discouraged about our roamings we are told that our mere presence in Russia means much. Rather slim arguing but if things do settle down we shall have had some real experience with Russian people and, of course, are getting the language all the time, which will be valuable in our future work.

¶ Several letters have been received telling how the news of the armistice was received. Capt. Harold O. Sexsmith writes from Italy on November 11:

They are raising the very devil in this little old town tonight. The armistice with Germany was signed this morning. Two such signings in rapid succession are really too much for the Italian temperament to stand. Right now there is a mob of French soldiers outside and they are singing the Marseillaise at the top of their voices and punctuating the words with a pair of cymbals and a bass drum. The church bells have been ringing incessantly all day long. They (the Italians) are an excitable bunch but then I suppose we would go nutty, too, if we had been in the scrap as long as they have and suffered as much.

Believe me, they have suffered, too. I went across the Piave and Tagliamento behind the advancing army in the big drive. The devastation and suffering that was left by the Austrians would make a wooden Indian weep. The greatest ruin was done near the Piave, but starvation was everywhere. In some places people had actually lived on boiled grass.

The Austrians were little better off. I have seen thousands of them returning as prisoners and they are a hungry, dejected looking bunch. I saw hundreds of them that I would be ashamed to fight. They looked so weak and helpless it would have been like kicking a kitten. Their officers were the proud ones in the lot. They have not suffered like the men and their spirit in most cases is unbroken.

¶ Mrs. L. R. Frazeur, who has been on several annual outings with The Mountaineers and is well known to many, has been working for some months in a Y. M. C. A. rest station in Chambery, France. Writing on November 14 with reference to the armistice she says:

On the 7th we had rumors sufficient to indulge in a parade that astonished the natives—in fact the Americans do that all the time (and so do I when I wear my mountain boots down the street). We sang all the songs till we were hoarse. Then on the 11th the French began and have been celebrating ever since. They illuminated all the windows of the old castle opposite and every house is decorated with flags of all nations. But many of the people seem stunned and silently stare. So many here have lost their sons that victory only brings sorrowful memories.

At present we have boys in here from the Argonne woods where the fiercest fighting has been done—poor, tired, dirty boys who have been through a hell of the fiercest fighting of the war and have endured everything; all without new clothes, some without pay, muddy boots, cooties, but happy to be out of it all and proud of what they have done, never ceasing to tell their anecdotes of personal experiences.

Saturday I am to try another trip to the highest point near here, with the big aluminum cross on its top. It is a five hours ascent and many of them may turn back. Last week the whole number, twenty-six, made the top.

¶ Mrs. Marion R. Parsons, who is engaged in civilian relief work under the Red Cross in Mont de Marsan, Landes, France, sends this most touching account of

HOW THE NEWS CAME TO ONE VILLAGE OF FRANCE

Labouheyre is a sleepy little village of about five thousand people, a cluster of simple white stone houses, with red tiled roofs, lying in the heart of the pine-frosted region of the Landes. A group of brown barracks at its eastern end shelters more than a hundred refugees from the invaded north of France. Farther to the north lies another group of barracks, housing the Women's Oversea Hospital, dedicated to the service of the civil population of France.

During that eventful week between November 3 and November 11, I was a convalescent at the hospital. Doctors, nurses, and patients alike lived only to see the daily newspaper, a meagre, single sheet that gave us tidings of what was happening at the front. Only once a day we got it, and not until noon at that.

Monday, November 11, was a clear, sunny day. A light wind drifted among the pine tops and sent the yellowing oak leaves sailing earthward. Everything was very quiet. No news about the armistice had appeared in the papers at noon. About two in the afternoon, as I was sitting, well wrapped in coats and steamer rugs, under the pines near my barracks, Dr. Mabel Seagrave came hurrying back from the village. "They've signed the armistice!" she cried. "Hurrah, the war is over! Come, everybody, the mayor wants us to go to the mairie with him."

We went just as we happened to be—nurses in uniforms and white veils; the pharmacist in a blue apron—the cook drying reddened hands on hers; the doctor with her cap on one side; and the convalescent from Mont de Marsan with her ankles swathed in woolly white socks of trooper size.

The mayor met us on the steps of his home. Short and fat, usually rather pasty-looking, today his eyes were snapping and his face was flushed. He had forgotten his hat but wore his ceremonial sash of office. With him were three French officers carrying flags of France and America and the red silk banner of Labouheyre on which in gold letters appeared the words, "Honneur, Patrie."

"Come, walk beside me," said the mayor. "I want Americans around me today."

The crowd was already gathering, drawn by the wild and joyous clangor of the church bells. At the gate swarms of women and children came hurrying to join us from the refugee barracks. A drum and a trumpet which was spasmodically sputtering out the notes of the Marseillaise swung into line too, and in a moment every voice in

the crowd was singing, or shouting "Vive la France!"

At the mairie every window was crammed with shrieking small boys and a frenzied group was dancing on the flat roof. The mayor mounted the steps of his office and turning, faced the crowd. The flags fell into place behind him. The American women stood grouped right and left. And the crowd! The whole square was filled,—women, children, old people; but oh so few men in their prime! Refugees were here, whose homes were lost to them forever; mourners too for sons and husbands for whom the day of victory had never dawned. Many of the worn, tired faces smiled up at us through tears.

The mayor's speech was short, simple, and direct like the man himself. A good mayor he has been. His village is one of the few in the department where the refugees have not known suffering and want.

"My friends," he said, "the bells have already told you what I have to say. Germany has signed the armistice. The nightmare under which we have lived for four long years is over. In this hour of victory let our first thoughts, our first gratitude be for our noble dead. This is not a day for words. Our hearts are too full. Let us pay tribute, however, to our glorious allies, through whom civilization has triumphed over barbarism: England, Italy, Serbia—above all America, by whose unstinted help we have finally conquered. Let us remember that in our darkest hour America came to our aid; that America realized that if France perished, civilization itself was doomed. We have conquered. Victory is ours. Lift your voices now and cry with me Vive l'Amerique! Vive la France!"

All the crowd went with us back to the mayor's house, shouting and singing the Marseillaise. "We must sing the Star Spangled Banner," I said. So we gathered together on the mayor's steps, fourteen American women, and sang with all our strength. The flags waved above us in the bright autumn sunshine. "Vive l'Amerique!" cried the crowd and "Vive la France!" we shouted in return. And then we went back to the hospital to rejoice among ourselves; to listen all day to the church bells ringing, to the shouts and songs of the children, the roll of drums, and, over and over again, wild and passionate, that chant of triumph and victory, the Marseillaise.

MOUNTAINEER SERVICE LIST

Capt. Charles H. Alden
Q. M., U. S. A.,
A. E. F.

Sgt. Ed. A. Auzias de Turenne
8th Bn. C. R. T.
B. E. F., France

Candidate J. Albert Baker
34th Training Btry. F. A., C. O. T. S.
Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

Virginia Bartle
Am. Red Cross Commission
Paris, France

Walter C. Best
Q. M. Corps
Fort Lawton, Wash.

Alida Bigelow
Director Civilian Relief
Am. Red Cross
Post Restante, Tulle, Corrize, France

Herman Bohn
c/o Base Hospital, Camp Cody
Deming, N. Mex.

Capt. H. H. Braun
Engineers
Ft. Douglas, Utah

Corp. Glen F. Bremerman
Btry. F, 12th Regt. F. A. R. D.
Camp Jackson, S. C.

Vaughn Brown
Sec. 571, U. S. A. Ambulance Service
War Zone, Italy

Wallace H. Burr
Co. F, 318th Engrs.
A. E. F., France

Irving M. Clark
Director Civilian Relief
Basses-Pyrenees
Credit-Lyonnais, Pau, France

Linda Coleman
Base Hospital Unit 50
A. E. F., France

Candidate Carl E. Croson
18th Observation Btry.
F. A., C. O. T. S.
Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

Mary H. Cutter
American Red Cross Commission
Paris, France

Charles F. Depue
U. S. A. Hospital Train No. 50 S. O. S.
A. E. F., France

Earl B. Depue
70th Photo Division
A. E. F.

Elizabeth Dickerson
Y. W. C. A.
Archangel, Russia

Lt. M. Ross Downs
320th Ammunition Trains
Camp Knox, Ky.

Lt. Ford Q. Elvidge
13th Infantry
Camp Merritt, N. J.

Norman W. Engle
16th Co., 4th Bn., C. O. T. S.
Camp Lee, Va.

Corp. T. D. Everts
Co. D, 316 Ammunition Trains
Am. P. O. 723, A. E. F., France

Peyton M. Farrer, C. M. M.
Naval Aviation
Pauillac, France

Sgt. Maj. Reuben J. Hagman
Room 5, Hq. Bldg.
Camp Lewis, Wash.

Floyd R. Hamel
First Officers Material School
Naval Training Station, Seattle

Fred L. Harford
Ord. Dept., care Chief Ord. Office
Am. P. O. 774, A. E. F.

Corp. E. Wilfrid Harrison
Btry. F, 339th F. A.
A. E. F., France

Lt. Ray C. Hazen
Wright Field
Fairfield, Ohio

Lt. Charles Hazlehurst
12th Trench Mortar Btry.
Camp McClellan, Ala.

Helen E. Hill
Telephone Unit, U. S. Signal Corps
A. E. F., France

Sgt. Clyde Hobert
Co. I, 166 Depot Brigade
Camp Lewis, Wash.

Corp. Henry Howard, Jr.
Gas and Flame Corps
Princeton, N. J.

C. B. Humphreys
c/o Morgan Harjes & Co.
Paris, France

Cadet Charles Sheafe Joslyn
U. S. Military Academy
West Point, N. Y.

Lt. George H. King
Btry. E, 63rd Artillery, C. A. C.
A. E. F., France

Lt. R. E. Leber
Infantry
Camp Pike, Ark.

Harriet E. Leitch
Am. Library Assn., Disp. Station
Newport News, Va.

Helene Moore
Am. Red Cross Commission
Paris, France

Candidate Harry McL. Myers
18th Observation Btry.
F. A., C. O. T. S.
Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

Maj. Arthur C. Nation
7th Canadians
B. E. F., France

Corp. John E. Oberg
Btry. B, 63rd Artillery, C. A. C.
Am. P. O. 753, A. E. F.

Horace W. Page
Y. M. C. A.
Puget Sound Navy Yard, Wash.

Mrs. Marion R. Parsons
Director Civilian Relief
Am. Red Cross
Mont de Marsan, Landes, France

Corp. Calvin Phillips, Jr.
Co. B, Hq. Branch, G. H. Q.
A. E. F.

Sgt. H. W. Playter
Hq. Co., S. A. T. C.
Pullman, Wash.

C. R. Pritchard
C. O. T. S.
Camp Pike, Ark.

Olive Rand
C. Y., U. S. N. R.
Hq. 13th Naval Dist.
Seattle, Wash.

Sgt. Maj. Robert W. Reid
Hq. 2nd Div.
A. E. F., France

Capt. George X. Riddell
Co. 7, E. O. T. C.
A. E. F.

Lt. Ronald R. Ruddiman
Co. F, 76th Inf.
Camp Lewis, Wash.

Carl H. Sakrison
Co. H, 76th Inf.
Camp Lewis, Wash.

Capt. Harold O. Sexsmith
U. S. A. Ambulance Service
Am. P. O. 901, A. E. F., Italy

Louis E. Shela
Co. B, S. A. T. C.
Seattle, Wash.

Lawrence F. Shirley
76th Spruce Cantonment
Vancouver, Wash.

Lt. E. B. Stackpole
Intelligence Dept.
A. E. F.

Alice Stenholm
U. S. Base Hospital 46
R. N., A. N. C., A. E. F.

Lt. Louis Svarz
Infantry
Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

Maj. Lewis Terrell
318th Engrs.
A. E. F., France

C. F. Todd
Co. C, Field Signal Bn.
A. E. F., France

Lt. Ed. K. Triol
Engineers
Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va.

Lt. Herbert N. Turrell, Jr.
Co. E, 604 Engrs.
A. E. F., France

Henry S. Tusler
Motor Transport Corps
A. E. F., France

Edward P. Whiting
47th Co., 12th Btry.
166 Depot Brigade
Camp Lewis, Wash.

TACOMA

Sgt. Walter P. Botsford
Co. D, Candidate's School, H. Art.
Ft. Monroe, Va.

Lt. Arthur Drips
Co. B, 1st Bn., 20th Engrs. N. A.
A. E. F., France

Sgt. Chauncey Engle
331st Supply Co., Q. M. C.
Am. P. O. 705, A. E. F.

Corp. Fred J. English
Btry. F, 63rd F. A.
33rd Brig., C. A. C.
A. E. F., France

Ida Rose Kratsch
Base Hospital Unit 47
A. E. F., France

Walter W. Smith
Co. D, S. A. T. C.
Seattle, Wash.

Donald W. Straw
Naval Training Station
Seattle, Wash.

Maj. H. J. Whitacre, M. C.
Evacuation Hospital 23
U. S. A. P. O. 909, A. E. F.

EVERETT

Sgt. Maj. E. A. Anglin
Hq. 4th Engrs. Trg. Regt.
Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va.

Ed. K. Bordsen
U. S. S. So. Dakota
c/o Postmaster, New York City

Sapper Geo. A. Church
No. 2,691,332, Engrs. Tr. Depot
St. Johns, Quebec

W. L. Cuthbertson
Co. D, S. A. T. C.
Pullman, Wash.

Corp. Walter Eriksen
Btry. F, 65th Artillery
A. E. F., France

H. B. Hinman
Am. Y. M. C. A., 12 Rue d'Aguesseau
Paris, France

Capt. Norman A. Imrie
Y. M. C. A., Hq., Canadian Corps
B. E. F., France

Anna Belle Lee
Base Hospital Unit 50
A. E. F., France

Lt. Russel C. Peterson
C. O. T. S.
Camp Pike, Ark.

J. A. Varley
S. A. T. C.
Pullman, Wash.

Asahel Curtis

PINUS MONTICOLA — The original photograph from which the design for the club emblem was made.

THE MOUNTAINEER EMBLEM

L. A. Nelson

OUR emblem is a branch showing needles, cones, and bark of the Western White Pine (pinus monticola). The meaning of monticola is "a dweller in the mountains," or a "Mountaineer." With this meaning it is a fitting emblem for our club and a happy choice.

The story of the adoption of the emblem is as follows: In 1907 there was a great deal of activity in designing an emblem, the most of which followed in a general way the idea of other mountain clubs or class pins. All were turned down. In May, 1908, while on a scouting expedition for the 1908 annual outing on the east side of Mount Baker a number of pines were observed on the Boulder Creek flats. These carried a large crop of cones and were indeed a wonderful sight. A branch was fastened to the trunk of one of the larger trees and photographed. A slide was made and shown at a club meeting and suggested as the club emblem. It was voted on and accepted. The scouts on the above trip were Asahel Curtis, who photographed the branch, John A. Best, Frank Epler and myself.

LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE SUMMARY—YEAR OCTOBER 31, 1917, TO OCTOBER 31, 1918

Walk No.	Date 1917-1918	Route	Miles	Leader	Attendance	Cost
317	Nov. 10	Sphagnum Walk near Ronald	1	S. L. Boothroyd	25	$0.40
318	Nov. 11	Port Orchard to Port Orchard via lakes	12	Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bixby	40	.60
319	Nov. 18	Scandia to Hood Canal to Scandia	10	Mrs. H. A. Nudd	79	.50
320	Dec. 2	Colby to Fragaria	9	E. Wilfrid Harrison	28	.60
321	Dec. 16	Chico to Kitsap Cabin to Chico, Xmas Greens Walk	6	Local Walks Committee	77	.75
322	Jan. 6	Cowen Park to end Ravenna Park car line	10	Chas. H. Buckley	54	.10
323	Jan. 13	Sphagnum Walk at Echo Lake	1	H. V. Abel	30	.50
324	Jan. 27	Suquamish to Poulsbo	8	J. P. Robinson, Jr.	123	.60
325	Feb. 3	Colby to Manchester	9	Mrs. J. T. Hazard	21	.60
326	Feb. 17	Lake Sammamish to Medina via Phantom Lake	12	L. T. Neikirk	41	.50
327	Mar. 3	Renton to Renton	8	Mrs. Margaret Weer	34	.40
328	Mar. 10	Sphagnum Walk to Echo Lake	1	H. V. Abel	10	.50
329	Mar. 17	Port Madison to Winslow	9	Celia D. Shelton	97	.60
330	Mar. 23	Sphagnum Walk (cancelled)	1	Sphagnum Commitee		
331	April 7	Ilahee to Enetai	9	Olive Rand	93	.60
332	April 14	South Park to Riverside	15	Ben C. Mooers	18	.10
333	April 21	Keyport to Gilberton via Island Lake	9½	H. A. Fuller	88	.60
334	May 5	Kingston to Kingston	9	J. N. Bowman	60	.60
335	May 12	Sphagnum Walk	6	Geo. B. Rigg	28	.60
336	May 19	Lake Ballinger to Echo Lake	10	Lloyd Small	22	.60
337	May 26	Chico to Chico, Rhododendron Walk	6	R. E. Leber	177	.60
338	June 9	Ilahee to Ilahee, Supper Walk	10	Hortense Beuschlein	37	.80
339	June 16	Houghton to Sunnyside, Strawberry Walk	10	Grace Howard	45	.50
340	June 30	Sphagnum Walk at Suquamish Marsh	6	H. A. Fuller	19	.80
341	Sept. 22	Kingston to Poulsbo	12	Mrs. H. A. Nudd	29	.80
342	Oct. 6	South Park to Endolyne	12	Ben C. Mooers	45	.10
343	Oct. 20	Lake Burien to Lake Burien	8	Norman Huber	25	.30
		Special Outings				
38	July 20	Beach Fire and Song-Fest near Yeomalt	....	Local Walks Committee	48	.60
39	Aug.31-Sept.2	Hood Canal–Labor Day, Hamma Hamma River	....	Local Walks Committee	45	5.00
					1438	

BOOK REVIEWS

The Melody of Earth: An Anthology of Garden and Nature Poems from Present-Day Poets. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. $1.50 net.

Mrs. Waldo Richards has made a delightful selection of more than 250 recent poems for nature lovers by poets ranging from Tagore, Pai Ta-Shun and Verhaeren to Masefield and other British writers to the best of our American moderns, including Arthur Guiterman, whose "Hills" is an expression of the spirit of The Mountaineers and is known and loved by many of us.

C. C.

Our National Forests. By Richard H. D. Boerker, M. S. F., Ph. D. Macmillan Co. Illustrated. $2.50 net

Mr Boerker tells in an attractive way of the creation and organization of our national forests. He also deals with their administration and protection. Having been with the Forest Service for seven years he has a very intimate knowledge of the things of which he writes. The book is profusely illustrated and very readable. L. J. S.

A Guide to the White Mountains. By M. F. Sweetser. Houghton Mifflin Co. With maps and views. $2.75 net.

A revision of an old and well known guide book which went through thirteen editions, the last in 1893, and then was allowed to go out of print owing to the death of the author. The old book has been made the basis of a new edition by John Nelson, aided by members of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Matter of transient value only has been eliminated, new material, gained from the development and exploration of a quarter of a century, added, until the book is in every way up-to-date. It is published in pocket size and both as a reference work and a companion for the tourist in the White Mountains is indispensable. W. B.

Camping Out. By Warren H. Miller. George H. Doran Company, New York. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A practical book, covering nearly all branches of camping, yet told in narrative form that is most enjoyable. The author's description of the preparation of the evening meal—especially that beautiful golden brown corn bread cooked over the camp fire—fairly brings the aroma to the reader's nostrils and he then and there begins planning a hike somewhere with his best chum.

Special emphasis has been laid upon using a light outfit and detailed descriptions of tents, beds, personal equipment, cooking utensils, etc., are given. A chapter is devoted to each variety of camping so that it is not necessary to read the whole book to get its many valuable suggestions. Mountaineers who contemplate camping in small parties, even though they are experienced, will find it profitable reading. C. G. M.

Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries: A narrative of summer travel in the interior of Alaska. By Hudson Stuck. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Maps and Illustrations. $4.50 net.

This book together with the author's "Ten Thousand Miles in a Dog Sled" rounds out an entire year of Alaskan travel. A man of Archbishop Stuck's vigorous personality, breadth of learning and experience, Christian ideals and gift of expression when dealing with a subject with which he is thoroughly

familiar cannot fail to give a compelling charm to a book of travel. Whether he talks of the Klondike rush, the Canadian mounted police, the schools, the mushroom cities, the Indians, history, legend, sociology, description, through and above all runs the great human problem. Alaska is the land of the elemental, and it takes one who understands the elemental, both in its good and in its dangerous aspects, to reveal to us our obligations to this great primitive land. The book is well illustrated and should certainly be read by every neighbor of Alaska. W. B.

Practical Bait Casting. By Larry St. John. (Outing Handbooks.) Macmillan Co., New York. $1.00 net.

Take them away, I cannot work,
In inkwell seems a trout to lurk.
Me for the hills and purling stream,
To wade and fish, to rest and dream.

Perhaps it may seem out of place to begin a review with a poetical quotation. But not so. If there is a red blooded man any place who can read St. John's admirable discourse on Practical Bait Casting without the Silent Muse hovering over him or without wanting to drop everything and hie himself to the nearest stream, we would like to see the color of his hair. They are in error who suppose that all there is to fishing is to fish; that is but the body of the art. The art itself is knowing how to fish and how to select one's outfit. We are not an expert by any means; neither are we what is known as an "old-timer," so our judgment may not be worth much. But from our experience we can safely say that there is hardly an angle to the fishing game that St. John has failed to touch.

Summing it all up we believe that St. John's book should be the text book for those who are ready to enter the Kingdom of Angling. F. D.

Sign Talk. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Doubleday, Page and Co., Garden City, New York. 700 Illustrations by Author. $3.00 net.

"A Codification of signs from the Gesture Language of the Plains Indians, a few necessary signs from the Code of the Deaf of Europe and America, and others that are established among policemen, firemen, railroad men and school children. In all 1725 signs."

Mr. Seton has studied this subject for thirty years and presents it as a starting point for the establishing of a Universal Language of Signs. He believes there should be an International Society, whose function would be to keep this Language pure, to add new signs as they are needed and to aim at its complete development.

In the preparation of this book he was assisted by Gen. Hugh L. Scott, U. S. A., and by Lillian D. Powers, M. D. There is a sign alphabet, a treatment of the rules of syntax, and a dictionary of signs with their equivalents in English, French and German. F. M. W.

In Canada's Wonderful Northland. By W. Tees Curran and H. A. Calkins, B. Sc. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A detailed and carefully written account of a trip of investigation and exploration in the Territory of New Quebec. In charge of twenty men divided into four parties the writers made the trip by way of Missinaibi and Moose

rivers to James Bay and thence up the east coast of Hudson Bay to the mouth of the Nastapoka River with motor boats and canoes. The trip consumed eight months, various delays being occasioned by bad weather. A sojourn of seven weeks at Moose Factory became necessary while awaiting the freezing of the rivers so that the return could be made on snowshoes and with dog train. The story is simply but vividly told. Keenly sympathetic with and alive to the needs of the native population of these northern shores, and appreciative of the hardihood of the pioneer whites the authors look forward to the time when the natural resources of this New Quebec will make it a populous and very rich part of the Dominion. W. B.

The Human Side of Animals. By Royal Dixon. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

The author shows that many of the human traits and occupations have their parallel in the animal world. His statements are based on facts both new and old. Even the most indifferent would on reading this book, become enthusiastic champions of these creatures, wild and domestic, that are wrongfully called "dumb animals," for the book creates lovers of animals. We read of animals that practice camouflage, of musicians, of animals at play, at work, and at war; of mail-clad animals ("tanks"), of miners, excavators, engineers, loggers, and mathematicians; of self defense and home government; of tourists, and sight-seers; of boudoirs, hospitals, churches and health resorts. We read of the trained ferrets of the trenches, of the dogs at the front, and interesting accounts of other animals that are proving themselves the allies of man.

One who can so readily see the viewpoint of others is usually a humorist of the finest type, and we are not disappointed in this instance. F. M. W.

Steep Trails. By John Muir. Houghton Mifflin Co. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

He is indeed fortunate who has heard at first hand reminiscences of John Muir. Second to such a one stands the reader of "Steep Trails." The volume is not a single faithful account of some one expedition into an unknown region. It is rather a loved comrade of the trail, ready to talk with you, at any time, Out-of-Door-Man-of-the-West, about any of Nature's Wonders of the Pacific States, in which you happen to be interested. Perhaps you have climbed Rainier. You will go over together the delights and difficulties of the trip. Or perhaps "Shasta Rambles" will bring to you memories of a like experience.

During the later twenty-nine years of his life, Muir wrote many letters and articles that escaped publication except in papers and magazines of limited circulation. These the editor, William Frederick Bade, of Berkeley, is presenting in "Steep Trails." A masterpiece of fine literature is "A Geologist's Winter Walk," a letter written to a friend and preserved to us in this book.

F. M. W.

The Cruise of the Corwin. By John Muir. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

In putting this book into form William Frederick Bade has again rendered a valuable service to the admirers of John Muir and to the annals of exploration. The book, based on a series of letters by John Muir to the San Francisco Evening Bulletin together with extracts from his journal, is a scientific, yet humanly sympathetic account of the writer's observations and experiences in 1881 on the Thomas Corwin from San Francisco to Wrangell Land in search of the Jeannette, lost somewhere in the Arctic. There is a valuable introduction by the editor. W. B.

Guide to the National Parks of America. By Edward Frank Allen. Robert McBride and Co. Maps and Illustrations. $1.25 net.

A pocket guide book to the great national parks of the United States giving detailed information to the tourist as to how to reach them, rates, accommodations, etc. Under the heading "What to see," the compiler not only tells the tourist what he wants to know but tells it in such style as ever to lure him on to new wonders. While not national parks proper the Hot Springs of Arkansas and the Grand Canyon of Arizona are on government reservations. Each is given a chapter in the book and another is devoted to the Canadian National Parks. This is a revised edition brought down to May, 1918.

W. B.

On the Headwaters of Peace River. By Paul Leland Haworth. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917. Illustrated. $4.00 net.

A narrative of a thousand mile canoe trip to a little known range of the Canadian Rockies. Far up in northern British Columbia the might Peace River takes its rise. It breaks its way eastward through the barrier of the Rockies toward the Mackenzie and the Arctic Sea. The love of clear water and the open country induced the author to make this trip merely for experiences, the pleasure of hunting and fishing, and to determine somewhat generally the character of the unexplored mountain region. He took with him as guide and companion a French Canadian used to prospecting and trapping. There is no doubt in the reader's mind that his object was accomplished and that his ambitions for fishing and hunting big game were satisfied. The ascent of Observation Peak in the Quadacha region was made which gave a bird's eye view of the whole country.

K. S.

Sunset Canada: British Columbia and Beyond. (See America First series.) By Archie Bell. The Page Co., Boston. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

The writer takes a leisurely tour of Western Canada from Vancouver Island as far as Calgary, in Alberta. Often leaving the beaten paths of travel he gets a more inclusive view of this vast province. He sees it through the eyes of the historian, the traveller, the home-seeker, be he business man or farmer. In fact, the present, past, and future of this wondrously scenic land are all within his ken. Not the least interesting portions of the book are the part devoted to Steveston and the chapter on the Doukhobors. Besides many other excellent pictures there are eight color plates.

W. B.

Finding the Worth While in the Southwest. By Charles Francis Saunders. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $1.25 net.

While the lure of the fabled stores of gold and jewels in the southwestern states which led Coronado and other treasure seekers on to disappointment and death has lost its potency in this age, there is much to draw the seeker after adventure and recreation to this part of the country. The enchantment of the wonderful coloring, seemingly unearthly on account of being so different from anything seen elsewhere, the buildings of a different age, the old trails leading to these haunts of past generations, the magnificent views from the plateaus and the outlook from mountain peaks from which can be seen a good part of this southwestern district, would attract all lovers of nature. The greatest appeal of this book lies in the human interest associated with all the places mentioned, the records of Spanish explorers and missionaries and the

legends and folklore of the primitive race of this section, whose poetic fancy, if we will follow, leads us to see so much more of the beauty and romance in all around than we do in our ordinary materialistic American course. S. K.

Tenting Tonight. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

An account of two trips in one summer, one in the western part of Glacier Park, especially featuring a boat trip down the Flathead River, the other from Lake Chelan to Lyman Lake, across Cloudy Pass, down Agnes Creek and over Cascade Pass into Western Washington. Certain portions of each trip had been untravelled or little travelled before and a party in search of adventure easily found it. To be sure any Mountaineer or out-of-door person is at a loss to understand why a party consisting of one woman, one man, and three boys should encumber themselves with a pack-train of thirty-one horses even after a "movie" man and a "still" photographer have been annexed and even though the object be adventure or writing a book, and no one cares to deny them the palm of being the only party that ever had (or ever will have) grapefruit regularly for breakfast on top of the Cascade Range. However, the style of the narrative is lively, the turn of expression distinctly feminine, and the book very readable. W. B.

REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS

December, 1917–November, 1918

December 21, 1917. Back-packing trips. Mount Rainier, Ben C. Mooers; Snoqualmie Lodge, J. T. Hazard; Unexplored portions of the Olympics, J. N. Bowman.

January 18, 1918. The 1917 trip of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club in the Mount Garibaldi region. Illustrated. Dr. H. B. Hinman.

February 15, 1918. To Mount St. Elias with the Duke of Abruzzi, Major E. S. Ingraham; The discovery and naming of Mount McKinley, W. A. Dickey.

March 15, 1918. The Alaska coast and its scenery. Illustrated. Captain D. Thomas Davies.

April 19, 1918. Meeting postponed. Members worked at cleaning sphagnum moss.

May 17, 1918. Stunt evening.

June, July, August. No meetings.

September 20, 1918. Summer experiences. In the Forest Service, Mabel McBain; At the gateway of Rainier, Miss Wilson; Ascent of Mount Rainier by Success Cleaver, Harry Myers; The first ascent of Mount Rainier in 1870 and how it was commemorated in 1918, Professor E. S. Meany.

October 18, 1918. Meeting omitted.

November 15, 1918. The Monte Cristo outing reviewed. Illustrated. Professor E. S. Meany.

GERTRUDE INEZ STREATOR, Historian.

LOCATION OF RECORD CYLINDERS

Mr. R. H. McKee makes the following record of the location of the eighteen record cylinders purchased by the club four years ago and placed on the summits of prominent peaks:

No.	Mountain.	Year.
1	Chair Peak	1915
2	Mount Rainier	1915
3	McClellan Butte	1916
4	Pinnacle Peak	1915
5	Pyramid Peak	1915
6	Silver Tip Peak	1915
7	Granite Mountain	1915
8	Humpback Mountain	1916
9	Snoqualmie Mountain	1916
10	Kaleetan Peak	1916
11	Silver Peak	1916
12	Mount Shuksan	1916
13	Mount Baker	1916
14	Mount Del Campo	1918
15	Mount St. Helens	1917
16	Mount Adams	1917
17	Vesper Peak	1918
18	Cadet Peak	1918

REPORT OF COMMITTE ON GEOGRAPHIC NAMES

On the 1918 summer outing two names were authorized by the members of the outing:

Monte Cristo Peak—The prominent peak at the head and east of Glacier Basin, shown on the Skykomish quadrangle between the two glaciers northeast of Columbia Peak.

Columbia Glacier—Just east of Columbia Peak and debauching into Blanca Lake.

Through the courtesy of Mr. A. H. Sylvester, Supervisor of the Chelan National Forest, the committee received copies of the Mount Stuart, Chiwaukum and Stehekin quadrangles lettered with a large number of names which had been collected by Mr. Sylvester.

A few other names have been secured from the Forest Supervisor, as follows:

SKYKOMISH QUADRANGLE

Overcoat Peak—Peak one-fourth mile immediately northwest of Chimney Rock.

Chief Creek—Creek rising on eastern slope of summit of Chief Mountain and flowing easterly into Middle Fork of Clealum River.

Spade Creek—First creek flowing into the Middle Fork of Clealum above Waptus Lake.

Shovel Creek—Third creek on left bank of Middle Fork of Clealum above Waptus Lake.

Spade Lake and Shovel Lake—Lakes due east of Bears Breast Mountain, from which flow streams of the same names.

Iron Cap Mountain—Due north of end of word "Snoqualmie" in "Middle Fork Snoqualmie River."

Eagle Lake—One mile northeast of Big Snow Mountain.

Myrtle Lake—One mile northwest of Big Snow Mountain.

Marmot Lake—Large lake north of two small lakes at head of East Fork of Foss River.

CEDAR LAKE QUADRANGLE

Preacher Mountain—Due west of small lake in northeast corner of quadrangle; elevation, 4,520 feet.

Findley Lake—Largest of three small lakes at head of south fork of Cedar River.

C. G. MORRISON, Chairman.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

The secretary having been relieved of the details formerly attached to the office, his duties now consist in acting as secretary of the various meetings of the club, conducting the general correspondence of the club, acting as a sort of clearing house for club information and receiving members from other clubs. He is an ex-officio member of the Board of Trustees.

In conformity with the desire of the Board of Trustees to decrease the size of this year's annual, the secretary will confine this report to the statement that in all of the various functions of the office above indicated, the affairs of the club seem to have run serenely, despite war conditions. The enthusiasm of the membership has not weakened and the field for usefulness of the club is continually expanding.

EDWARD W. ALLEN, Secretary.

SNOQUALMIE LODGE REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1918

The Snoqualmie Lodge has enjoyed great popularity this year, despite the ravages of war(our efficient chairman, Mr. R. J. Hagman, went into the service and perhaps in compensation for this government almost doubled the railroad fare to Rockdale). A large number of private parties, as well as several well attended scheduled trips, have taken place. Automobiling to the Denny Creek Camp and climbing to the lodge was successfully featured this summer. It is hoped that the club membership will make the lodge a center for the encouragement of winter sports in the Northwest.

EDWARD W. ALLEN, Acting Chairman.

LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1918

During the past year the Local Walks Committee has been under two heads, the first part of the year under Ralph Leber, and the latter part under the writer. The total attendance has been 1,443, an average of 49 for the 27 walks, a decrease from last year, as was to be expected. The attendance of 1,443 was divided up between 716 women members, 428 men members, 195 women guests and 79 men guests. The average cost of the walks has been 52 cents and the average length 8.1 miles. The most extensive outing of the year was on Hood Canal. The upper Hamma Hamma River and Elk Lake were the objectives and the party had a fine trip of two and a half days at a cost of $5. Financially, the Committee has been very successful, $50 being turned over to the general fund at the end of the year.

FAIRMAN B. LEE, Chairman.

REPORT OF TACOMA MOUNTAINEERS FOR YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1918

Membership:

Men, 41; women, 46; total	87
New members during the year	17
Removals and withdrawals	19

Out-of-Doors Activities:

	Number	Attendance	Miles
Local Walks from October 1, 1917, to September 30, 1918	20	508	207
Special Bird Walk	1		
Week-end Outings	3		
Special Winter Outing	1	163	83
Rhododendron Outing	1		
Labor Day Outing	1		
Totals	27	671	290

MARY H. MUDGETT, Secretary-Treasurer.

FINANCIAL REPORTS OF COMMITTEES

Outing

	Receipts	Disbursements
Total receipts	$1,553.52	
Passenger transportation		$ 299.74
Freight and baggage		15.33
Pack train		152.12
Commissary		343.58
Cooks		200.00
Scouting		8.74
Outfit		36.40
Refunds		27.50
Miscellaneous		69.40
Profit, paid into general treasury		400.71
	$1,553.52	$1,553.52

Local Walks

	Receipts	Disbursements
Balance on hand, October 31, 1917	$ 62.62	
Receipts for year ending October 31, 1918	515.25	
Transportation, boat charters		$284.30
Committee, including scouting		32.90
Commissary		88.79
Miscellaneous; outfit, postage, reunions, etc.		28.35
Refunds on trips		15.15
Cook for outing		15.00
Balance on hand October 31, 1918		113.38
	$577.87	$577.87

Kitsap Cabin

Construction Account	Receipts	Disbursements
Appropriation from general treasury	$ 600.00	
Transferred from Cabin Committee funds	187.45	
Loan	2.27	
Tools and equipment		$ 17.62
Labor		52.00
Building material, hardware, etc., including hauling of same		710.41
Freight and handling on kitchen range		7.42
Refund		2.27
	$ 789.72	$ 789.72

Committee Account		
Balance on hand October 31, 1917	$ 56.95	
Fees and party charges, etc.	449.30	
Transferred to construction account		$ 187.45
Commissary, hauling, etc.		302.46
Equipment		16.34
	$ 506.25	$ 506.25

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1918

	Receipts	Disbursements
Cash on hand Nov. 1, 1917	$ 625.28	
Dues	1,637.00	
Snoqualmie Lodge Maintenance and Operation	21.49	
Sale of Bonds	600.00	
Kitsap Cabin Permanent Construction		$ 600.00
Kitsap Cabin Maintenance and Operation		57.09
Advertising in Publications	194.50	
Annual Magazine Sales	37.55	
Interest on Bonds	81.17	
Pins and Fobs	7.50	
Annual Magazine Cost		683.52
Bulletin and Prospectus		415.81
Pictures, Slides and Albums		31.56
Printing, Stationery and Postage		216.48
Salary Financial Secretary		90.00
Refund to Everett		48.00
Refund to Tacoma		71.00
Rooms		79.77
Permanent Fund		172.86
Reserve for Permanent Fund	174.86	
Miscellaneous		297.81
Outing Committee 1917	12.00	
Outing Committee 1918	400.71	
Snoqualmie Lodge Special Wood Fund		13.39
Snoqualmie Special Trail Fund		79.29
Snoqualmie Special Ski and Toboggan Fund	100.00	
Cash on hand Nov. 1, 1918		1,035.48
	$3,892.06	$3,892.06

Assets

Cash on Hand	$1,035.48
Investments (General Fund)	500.00
Permanent Fund (Bonds and Savings Deposits)	1,769.05
Snoqualmie Lodge	2,900.00
Kitsap Cabin	1,123.55
Club Rooms	299.27
	$7,627.35

Liabilities

Surplus	$5,574.24
Surplus—Outings	165.06
Snoqualmie Special Ski and Toboggan Fund	100.00
Reserve for Permanent Fund	1,788.05
	$7,627.35

Permanent Fund

Municipal Bonds	$ 600.00
Liberty Bonds	860.00
Deposits in Bank for Savings:	
Interest on Deposits	20.51
Interest on Bonds	57.35
Initiation Fees for Year	95.00
General	136.19
	$1,769.05

FRANK G. PUGSLEY, Treasurer.

MOUNT RAINIER
A WINTER VIEW

T. D. Everts

The Mountaineers announce the annual summer outing of 1919 in the parks of Mount Rainier.

THE MOUNTAINEERS

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

Edmond S. Meany, president — Edward W. Allen, secretary
Redick H. McKee, vice-president — Frank G. Pugsley, treasurer
Gertrude Inez Streator, historian

Winona Bailey — C. G. Morrison
Clayton Crawford — H. L. Oldfield
Leslie F. Curtis — R. S. Wainwright
Ben C. Mooers — J. Harry Weer
George E. Wright

CHAIRMEN OF STANDING COMMITTEES

Outing, J. H. Weer — Snoqualmie Lodge (to be appointed)
Legislative, W. H. Gorham — Kitsap Cabin, Chas. H. Buckley
Local Walks, Fairman B. Lee — Entertainment, Nancy E. Jones
Membership, Mary E. Shelton

EVERETT BRANCH

George H. Thompson, chairman — A. G. Madden, treasurer
Mabel E. McBain, secretary — H. L. Oldfield, trustee
Louis Lesh, chairman Local Walks Committee

TACOMA BRANCH

J. H. Weer, president — Mary H. Mudgett, secretary-treasurer
Wm. P. Trowbridge, vice-president — R. S. Wainwright, trustee
W. W. Kilmer, chairman Local Walks Committee

MEMBERSHIP OF THE MOUNTAINEERS, NOVEMBER 1, 1918

	Men.	Women.	Total.
Seattle	194	183	377
Tacoma	38	41	79
Everett	24	25	49
Total	256	249	505

MRS. J. N. BOWMAN, Financial Secretary.

MEMBERS

December 19, 1917

(Place is Seattle unless otherwise stated)

Abel, H. V., 2006 Boyer St.
Acheson, T. J., 1617 Broadway N.
Akers, Mrs. Mabel, 402 Sycamore Ave., Modesto, Cal.
Albertson, A. H., 727 Henry Bldg.
Albertson, Charles, care Aberdeen Shipbuilding Co., Aberdeen, Wn.
*Alden, Capt. Charles H., Asst. Depot Q. M., U. S. A., Boston, Mass.
Allen, Edward W., 402 Burke Bldg.
Alvey, Eva L., 1806 E. 73d St.
Amies, Irene R., 804 Virginia St.
Anderson, Crawford, 1520 7th Ave. W.
Anderson, Jennie L., 1902 Victoria Ave.
Anderson, Signe, 135 E. 63d St.
Anderson, Wm. H., 4464 Fremont Ave.
Andrews, C. L., 1802 E. 73d St.
*Auzias de Turenne, Sgt. Ed. A., 1205 E. Prospect St.
Auzias de Turenne, R., 1205 E. Prospect.

Bailey, Winona, 1426 Warren Ave.
*Baker, J. Albert, 34th Training Battery F. A., C. O. T. S., Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky.
Baker, Mary Neikirk, 106 Morningside Drive, Janus Court, Apt. 34, New York City.
Barnes, C. A., care King Bros.
Barry, Cornelius, 4759 Brooklyn Ave.
*Bartle, Virginia, care Commissioner for France, American Red Cross, Paris, France.
Beaton, Jessie, 212 15th Ave. N.
Beechler, Glenn C., 211 New York Block.
Belt, H. C., 4733 19th Ave. N. E.
Bennett, Edith Page, 2343 33d Ave. S.
Bennett, H. B., 5249 University Blvd.
*Best, Walter C., Q. M. Corps, Fort Lawton, Wn.
Beuschlein, Hortense, Otis Hotel, 804 Summit Ave.
*Bigelow, Alida, Poste Restante, Tulle (Corrize), France.
Bishop, Lottie G., 174 Grand Ave., New Haven, Conn.
Bissell, Morton L., care Safety Ladder Mfg. Co., 6258 Duwamish Ave.
Bixby, C. M., 1404 24th Ave.
Blackwood, Henry, care U. S. Customs.
Blake, J. Fred, 415 Pike St.
Bliss, Margaret, 4557 Brooklyn Ave.
Blough, Allie, 4713 14th Ave. N. E.
*Bohn, Herman, care Base Hospital, Camp City, Deming, New Mex.
Boothroyd S. L., 1402 E. 75th St.
Bowers, Nathan A., 502 Rialto Bldg., San Francisco.
Bowman, J. N., 2103 E. 52d St.
Bowman, Mrs. J. N., 2103 E. 52d St.
*Braun, Capt. H. H., 1531 Madrona Drive.
Bremerman, Corp. Glenn, 5834 Woodlawn Ave.
Brincard, J., Box 287, Bremerton, Wn.
*Brown, Vaughn, R. 2, care C. P. Brown, Everson, Wn.
Bryant, Mrs. Grace T., 713 E. Olive St.
Buckley, Charles H., 6226 27th Ave. N. E.
Buckley, Harry, 6226 27th Ave. N. E.
Burns, Lilian W., 1620 13th Ave.
*Burr, Wallace H., Co. F, 318th Engineers, American E. F.

Calhoun, Annie H., 915 1st Ave. N.
Carkeek, Vivian M., 1164 Empire Bldg.
Chambers, Eva, 900 Leary Bldg.
Chapman, Effie L., Public Library.
Christopher, Mrs. C. A., 3527 Woodlawn Ave.
Clark, F. B., 402 Burke Bldg.
*Clark, I. M., Credit Lyonnaise ,Pau, Basses Pyrennes, France.
Clark, Leland J., 402 Burke Bldg.
Cole, Louretta C., 7463 Corliss Ave.
Coleman, Francis R., 644 Plumas St., Reno, Nevada.
Coleman, Mrs. Francis R., 644 Plumas St., Reno, Nevada.
*Coleman, Linda, Base Hospital Unit No. 50, American E. F.
Collins, W. G., 510 32d Ave. S.
Collins, Mrs. W. G., 510 32d Ave. S.
Copeland, May, 5432 46th Ave. S. W.
Corbet, D., 618 Mutual Life Bldg.
Corey, C. R., 5800 15th Ave. N. E.
Coursen, Edgar E., 658 Lovejoy St., Portland, Oregon.
Cox, Edward G., 4325 15th Ave. N. E.
Craven, Inez H., 4719 15th Ave. N. E.
Crawford, Clayton, 645 New York Block.
*Croson, Carl E., 900 Leary Bldg.
Cruse, A. H., Assembly Hotel.
Culmer, Myrtle A., 4518 University Blvd.
Curtis, Beth M., Curtis Studio, 4th Ave.

Curtis, Leslie F., University of Washington.
*Cutter, Mary H., American Red Cross Commission, Paris, France; 1106 E. Denny Way.

Daniels, Rose L., Bellevue Apts, 203 Bellevue N.
Davidson, C. F., 509 American Bank Bldg.
Davis, Fidelia G., City Engineer's Office.
Davis, Irland, 403 White Bldg.
*Depue, Charles F., U. S. Army Hospital Train No. 50, S. O. S., American E. F.
*Depue, Earl B., 6th Co. U. S. S. A. P., Rochester, N. Y.
Derry, Faye G., 107 W. 50th St.
*Dickerson, Elizabeth, American Y. W. C. A., Archangel, Russia.
*Downs, Lieut. M. Ross, Battery F, 69th F. A., West Point, Kentucky.
Dubuar, Paul S., East Seattle, Wn.
Dyer, R. L., 607 Securities Bldg.

Eckelman, E. O., 3442 Cascade View Drive.
Ederer, Clarence L., 1007 14th Ave. N.
Edwards, Ernest Wm., 8605 55th Ave. S.
Egbert, Leolia S., 1104 Highland Drive, Bremerton, Wn.
*Elvidge, Lieut. Ford Q., 2828 Broadway N.
Ely, Helen L., 1118 5th Ave.
Emerson, G. D., 162 Walnut St., Brookline, Mass.
Engeland, Nellie, 2011 2nd Ave., care Art Marble Co.
*Engle, Norman W., 16th Co., 4th Bn., C. O. T. S., Camp Lee, Virginia.
Entz, Ruby W., 1512 E. 62nd St.
*Everts, T. D., Co. D, 316 Ammunition Train, American P. O. 723, Amer. E. F., France.

*Farrer, P. M., C. M. M. Aviation, Pauillac, Gironde, France.
Fairbrook, L. F., care County Engineer's Office, North Yakima, Wn.
Ficks, Edna, 165 10th Ave.
Firmin, Kate M., Loreley Apts, 203 W. Comstock St.
Foisie, Amer, Seattle Grocery Co.
Forbus, Lady Willie, 1304 Hoge Bldg.
Forsyth, Mrs. C. E., Golden, Oregon.
Frahm, Ida, 206 Harvard N., Apt. 7.
Franklin, Harriet Wroot, 1126 19th Ave. N.
Freeborn, Helen S., 322 29th Ave.
French Boyd E., 2111 Seventh Ave. W.
French, Mary E., 317 W. 45th St., New York City.
Froelich, John F., 1612 Boylston Ave.
Fuller, H. A., 4178 Arcade Bldg.
Furry, Mabel, 174 Highland Drive.

Gavett, Geo. Irving, 5047 18th Ave. N. E.
Geithmann, Harriet, 314 2nd Ave. S.
George, C. B., Box 385, Bremerton, Wn.
Georgeson, Dagmar, 5030 17th N. E.
Georgeson, Rosemary, 5019 16th Ave. N. E.
Gillette, Cora M., 4321 Eastern Ave.
Gist, Arthur, 1317 N. 41st St.
Gleissner, Eva, 35 Algonquin Apts.
Glisan, R. L., 612 Spaulding Bldg., Portland, Oregon.
Gorham, Wm. H., P. O. Box 263.
Gorton, F. Q., 5030 California Ave.
Gracie, Helen, Public Library.
Graessner, Hedwig M., care F. A. Frederick & Co., 308 Mutual Life Bldg.
Graessner, Martha K., care Mrs. C. A. Hedlund, 37 Monmouth Apts, 20th and Yesler Way.
Granger, Mildred, 306 Electric Bldg.
Greenleaf, Joseph T., 602 14th Ave. N.
Gregg, Marjorie V., 557 Stuart Bldg.
Greiner, F. W., 5223 Ballard Ave.
Guenther, Julius, Weir Apts, 41st and Brooklyn.

Haber, Mrs. Mimi F., 28 Lillian Apts., 1258 John St.
Hack, E. M., 600 Cobb Bldg.
*Hagman, Reuben J., Room 5, Headquarters Bldg., Camp Lewis, Wn.
Haley, Lucia, Public Library, La Grande Oregon.
Hall, Geo. B., 505 Arctic Bldg.
*Hamel, Floyd R., Naval Training Station, Seattle, Wn.
Hanscom, Zac, 5211 16th Ave. N. E.
*Harford, Fred L., Ordnance Dept., c/o Chief Ord. Office, Am. P. O. 774, A. E. F.
Hargrave, Margaret D., 1215 E. Spring St.
Harnden, E. W., 617 Barristers Hall, Boston, Mass.
Harper, Paul C., 660 W. Lee St.
Harrington, Helen, Lewis Hall, University of Washington.
Harris, C. R., 3118 34th Ave. S.
*Harrison, E. Wilfrid, 417 W. Ray St.
Hathaway, Warren G., Manette, Wn.
Hawley, Sydney J., 1200 Harvard Ave.
Hayden, Carrie A., 5612 42nd Ave. S. W.
Hayes, Rutherford B., 6238 4th Ave. N. E.

Hazard, Joseph T., Box 234.
Hazard, Mrs. Joseph T., Box 234.
*Hazen, Lieut. Ray C., 1020 Seneca St.
*Hazlehurst, Lieut. Charles, 1020 Seneca St.
Hedlund, Mrs. C. A. G., 37 Monmouth Apts., 20th and Yesler.
Hellmich, Bernadine, 168 Erie Ave.
Helsell, F. P., College Club.
Hemeon, Mrs. Kathleen M., 612 Windsor Apts.
*Hill, Helen E., 1533 18th Ave.
Hitt, Henry C., 1554 Elizabeth Ave., Bremerton, Wn.
*Hobert, Sgt. Clyde, Co. I, 166 Depot Brigade, Camp Lewis, Wn.
Hodgkins, Ether, 712 Lowman Bldg.
Hoffman, W. F., 726 Leary Bldg.
Holmes, Kate M., 215 23d Ave. N.
Howard, Grace, care Title Trust Co.
*Howard, Henry Jr., care Title Trust Co.
Howard-Smith, L., College Club.
Huber, Norman, 1633 Bellevue Ave.
Hubert, Else, 718 Queen Anne Ave.
Hultin, C. A., 804 Virginia St.
Humes, G. W., Port Angeles, Wn.
*Humphreys, C. B., care Morgan Harjes & Co., Paris, France.
Hurt, Rose, 530 Henry Bldg.

Ingraham, Major E. S., 844 Henry Bldg.
Irish, Evelyn, 1000 Cobb Bldg.

Jacobs, Frank A., P. I. Bldg.
Jefferson, Herbert F., 2818 Yesler Way.
Johnson, Jennie M., 1517 2nd Ave.
Johnson, Maude G., 6314 15th Ave. N. E.
Johnston, Lucy K., Pacific Beach, San Diego, Cal.
Jones, Nancy E., 711 E. Union St.
*Joslyn, Cadet Charles Sheafe, U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.
Jurgensohn, Eva E., 1405 E. 56th St.

Keeney, B. Dale, 124 W. 83d St.
Kellett, Gladys M., 1609 E. Columbia St.
Kellett, Gwendolyn O., 1609 E. Columbia St.
Kellett, Susanna, 1609 E. Columbia St.
Kemper, Mrs. Augusta, 5210 12th Ave. N. E.
Keppel, Mrs. James T., 2116 N. 51st St.
Kidd, Jessie A., 5038 University Blvd.
Kilmer, John F., 1525 11th Ave.
*King, Lieut George H., 220 14th Ave. N.
Kirkman, Elsie, care Title Trust Co.
Kirkwood, Elizabeth, 5030 University Blvd.
Kirkwood, Gardner, 5030 University Blvd.
Kneen, O. H., Box 564, Bremerton, Wn.
Knudsen, Edith, care Marden, Orth & Hastings, Hoge Bldg.
Knudsen, Ragna, 8609 Renton Ave.
Kohler, I. J., 1112 Western Ave.

Lamb, Gordon A., care City Water Office.
Lamb, John, care City Water Office.
Lawley, A. C., 44 Roanoke St.
Lear, H. B., University State Bank.
*Leber, R. E., 905 20th Ave.
Lee, F. B., 1217 6th Ave. W.
Lee, John A., 401 Concord Bldg., Portland, Oregon.
*Leitch, Harriet E., American Library Association, Disp. Station, Newport News, Virginia.
Lewis, Mrs. Carrie M., 2156 Laurelshade Ave.
Lewis, Llewellyn S., 2156 Laurelshade Ave.
Lietz, Jessie E., The Stetson, 907 Boren Ave.
Lilly, Mrs. F. P., 3731 E. Prospect St.
Lombard, Robert M., 1633 Bellevue Ave.
Linton, J. H., 20 Smith St.
Lord, Albert B., 312 Seaboard Bldg.
Loveless, Arthur L., 513 Coleman Bldg.
Loveseth, Lars, Y. M. C. A.
Lowe, Jennie E., 1635 Queen Anne Ave., Apt. K.

Martin, Earl B., 4522 18th Ave. N. E.
Maxwell, Priscilla, 120 Newton St.
McComb, Florence, 1615 13th Ave.
McConahey, James M., 817 Arctic Bldg.
McCullough, Emma K., 3820 Wallingford Ave.
McDonald, Isabel, 1314 Marion St.
McGregor, P. M., 302 Cobb Bldg.
McGuire, Mary M., 1216 University St.
McKee, R. H., Houghton, Wn.
McKinley ,Edwin B., 5625 Admiral Way.
Meany, E. S., 4025 10th Ave. N. E.
Mills, Harry E., 554 1st Ave. S.
Montagnier, Henry F., Promenade Anglaise 6, Berne, Switzerland.
Mooers, Ben C., 1007 Boren Ave.
*Moore, Helene, American Red Cross Commission, Paris, France.
Moran, Robert, Rosario, Wn.
Morganroth, Mrs. E. R., 6100 West Spokane St.

Morrison, C. G., 1004 3rd Ave.
Murphy, James B., 911 Lowman Bldg.
*Myers, Harry M., 1012 Queen Anne Ave.

*Nation, Major Arthur C., M. C., 7th Canadians, B. E. F., France.
Neikirk, L. T., 4724 21st Ave. N. E.
Nelson, L. A., 411 Beck Bldg., Portland, Ore.
Nettleton, Lulie, 1419 6th Ave. W.
Nettleton, Walter B., 620 W. Lee St.
Nichol, Catherine L., Luzerne Apts., Pine and Boren.
Nichols, Bessie, 5220 20th Ave. N. E.
Nichols, Herbert S., 802 Corbett Bldg., Portland, Ore.
Nichell, Anna, 410 Stanley Apts.
Noel, Blanche, Broadway High School
Norcross, James E., 23 East 26th St., New York City.
Nudd, Mrs. H. A., 2232 W. 56th St.

*Oberg, John Emil, Battery B, 63rd Art., C. A. C., Army P. O. 753, American E. F.
Oakley, Enola, 1722 W. 59th St.
Oakley, June, 1722 W. 59th St.
Oakley, Mary, 1722 W. 59th St.
Olson, Karen N., 1002-1003 White Bldg.
Ost, Hattie E., 131 30th Ave.
Otis, B. J., care P. S. T. L. & P. Co., 7th and Olive Sts.

Paschall, Mary R., Chico, Kitsap County, Wn.
Paschall, S. E., Chico, Kitsap County, Wn.
*Page, Horace W., Y. M. C. A., Puget Sound Navy Yard, Wn.
*Parsons, Mrs. Marion, care American Red Cross, 4 Place de la Concord, Paris, France.
Peaslee, Emilie S., 1431 Minor Ave.
Peterson, Joseph A., care E. N. Brooks & Co.
Peifer, Katherine, care Mrs. A. J. Moir, 14 Bellevue Apts.
Philip, Alice M., 1119 20th Ave. N.
*Philips, Corp. Calvin Jr., 1041 Summit Ave.
Pickel, H. E., cor. Railway Ave. and Massachusetts St.
*Playter. H. W., 4838 Le Droit Pl. S. W.
Porel, John, 1633 Bellevue Ave.
Pray, Irene, Lewis Hall, University of Washington.
Prettegiani, Mary J., 622 W. 52nd St.
Price, W. M., 530 1st Ave. S.
*Pritchard, C. R., care S. Downs, 507 E. Markham St., Little Rock, Ark.
Proper, Winona O., 1717 Belmont Ave.
Pugh, Anne C., 833 34th Ave. N.
Pugsley, Frank G., East Seattle, Wn.

Quigley, Agnes E., 3433 Claremont Ave.
Quirk, Nellie J., 7310 View Place.

*Rand, Olive, Hotel Cedarburg.
Rand, Grace, Hotel Cedarburg.
Redman, Frank M., 1014 Northwestern Bank Bldg., Portland, Ore.
*Reid, Sgt. Maj. Robert W. ,Headquarters 2nd. Div., American E. F., France.
Reinoehl, F. L., Chewelah, Wn.
Remey, Wm. B., care S. E. Paschall, Chico, Wn.
Richardson, Alice M., 4751 University Blvd.
Richardson, John S., 1822 E. 55th St.
*Riddell, George X., 504 I St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
Rigg, George B., 4719 9th Ave. N. E.
Riggs, Stephen W., 1307 E. 41st St.
Robinson, J. T., Jr., 1019 Belmont Place.
Robinson, Ruth M., 4228 Corliss Ave.
Rosenfeld, S. A., 611 36th Ave. N.
Rosenfeld, Mrs. S. A., 611 36th Ave. N.
Roys, Ruby, 4719 University Blvd.
Rucker, W. J., Lake Stevens, Wn.
*Ruddiman, Lieut. Ronald R., 905 20th Ave.
Rueter, Wm., Bremerton, Wn.
Ryan, Marie L., 1857 N. 54th St.

*Sakrison, Carl H., 356 Fargo St., Portland, Ore.
Sandborn, Lynne J., 5256 16th Ave. N. E.
Sanford, Rollin, 927 1st Ave. W.
Schildknecht, Ella, 303 29th Ave. S.
Schneider, Sophia, Tacoma General Hospital, Tacoma, Wn.
Scholes, Emma D., Route 6, Box 88, Yakima, Wn.
Schoregge, Iva, 507 N. 61st St.
Schoregge, Jo M., 507 N. 61st St.
Schuler, Bertha, 1703 Arch Ave.
Schumaker, Katherine, 907 Boren Ave.
Schwager, Mrs. Lewis, 943 22nd Ave. N.
Schwartz, Fenimore, 1408 E. 42nd St.
Seelye, Walter K., 806 American Bank Bldg.
*Sexsmith. Capt. Harold O., University of Washington.
Sheafe, Ruth, 1014 1st Ave. W.
Shelton, Celia D., 2904 Franklin Ave.
Shelton, Mary E., 2904 Franklin Ave.
Shelton, Sallie L., 2904 Franklin Ave.
Shepardson, Bertha, Northern Life Bldg.

*Shirley, Lawrence F., 2561 10th Ave. W.
Simmons, Anna, 724 Rose St.
Skeffington, Estella K., Roycroft Apts.
Slater, Irma L., Carlisle, Wn.
Small, Lloyd L., 2121 E. 55th St.
Smith, Ellen Garfield, Public Library, Walla Walla, Wn.
Smith, Gladys, 1126 33rd Ave.
Smith, Oscar J., Arctic Club.
Smith, S. G., 553 Stuart Bldg.
Snow, Stacy M., 941 25th Ave.
Springer, Alice, 209 Union St.
*Stackpole, Lieut. E. B., 97 Sherwood Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
Stackpole, Mrs. E. B., 97 Sherwood Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
*Stenholm, Alice, U. S. Base Hospital No. 46, R. N., A. N. C., American E. F.
Strate, Johanna, 1408 E. 42nd St.
Streator, Gertrude I., 1726 15th Ave.
Strong, Anna Louise, 508 Garfield St.
*Svarz, Louis, 9th Tr. Battery F. A., C. O. T. S., Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky.
Swanson, Mrs. Gustaf, 1606 N. 54th St.

Taylor, G. K., 1119 38th Ave.
Taylor, Harriet Mary, 6004 6th Ave. N. W.
*Terrell, Maj. Lewis, 318th Engineers, American E. F., France.
Thornburg, Mrs. D. A., 1802 E. 72nd St.
Thornburg, Mildred, 1802 E. 72nd St.
*Todd, C. F., Co. C, Field Signal Battalion, American E. F.
Todd, Luella, 810 20th Ave.
Townsend, Mrs. Edith, 4710 Alki Ave.
Tremper, Henry, 816 2nd Ave.
Triol, Mrs. Edw. K., 1708 E. 62nd St.
Turner, Richard C., 3722 E. John St.
*Turrell, Lieut Herbert N., Jr., 903 2nd Ave.
*Tusler, Henry S., care American Express Co., Paris, France.

Vacin, Rose, 530 Henry Bldg.
Van Horne, Esther, Clarke Hall, University of Washington.
Vaupell, Helen K., 5738 Keystone Place.
Voll, Otto, Manette, Wn.
Voll, Mrs. Otto, Manette, Wn.

Walker, A. Martha, care Los Angeles High School, Los Angeles, Calif.
Walker, George H., 1715 E. Spring St.
Wall, Florence M., 3045 W. 58th St.
Warren, Mrs. Helene H., 115 Olympic Place.
Washburn, Winifred, 516½ E. Mercer St.
Watson, Cecile A., 1004 Queen Anne Ave.
Weer, Mrs. Margaret H., Clark Hotel, 1014 Minor Ave.
Weer, Mrs. Natalee, 3826 Ashworth Ave.
Whithed, Houghton, 309 Cherry St.
*Whiting, Edward P., 1115 8th Ave. W.
Wiestling, Annette, 818 17th Ave.
Willatzen, Andrew C. P., 422 Boston Block.
Williams, George T., 1100 Cobb Bldg.
Williams, Theresa, 529 10th Ave. N. E.
Wilson, Ruth K., 1448 E. 67th Place, Chicago, Ill.
Wilson, George S., 4114 10th Ave. N. E.
Winslow, Catherine, 670 E. 12th St., Eugene, Ore.
Wortman, Estelle A., 1120 Western Ave.
Wright, George E., 1227 38th Ave. N.
Wright, Mrs. George E., 1227 38th Ave. N.
Wynn, Inez, 4715 17th Ave. N. E.

TACOMA BRANCH

(Place is Tacoma unless otherwise stated)

Ainey, Mrs. Corn, 3812 South J. St.
Alcott, Mary E., 3712 N. 39th St.
Alger, E. Belle, Earlham Court.
Allen, Agnes M., 939 S. Ainsworth Ave.
Allen, Glenville F., 408 Federal Bldg.

Bair, M. Blanche, Earlham Court.
Baker, Mildred E., 2116 S. G St.
Barlow, Jessie C., 324 S. Tacoma Ave.
Barnes, A. H., R. D. 3, Box 164 H, Tacoma.
Barnes, Mary, 3806 N. 24th St.
Bassett, A. H., 206 Jones Bldg.
Benjamin, Arthur O., 1501 Pacific Ave.
Bennett, Alice, 1517 South J St.
Bisgaard, Thor, Avalon Apts.
Blair, Homer O., 524 N. Cushman Ave.
*Botsford, Sgt. Walter C., 8621 South Thompson Ave.
Cameron, Crissie, 316 S. I St.
Campbell, Margaret, 3728 Thompson Ave.
Coleman, A. H., 1225 Fidelity Bldg.

Crim, Katherine, 4627 S. M St.
Crisswell, Clare, 1304½ 6th Ave.

Denman, A. H., National Realty Bldg.
*Drips, Lieut. Arthur, 817 S. L St.

Engebretsen, Mabel, 832 S. Fife St.
*Engle, Chauncey, 5218 S. Union Ave.
*English, Corp. Fred, 227 E. 96th St.
Finch, Marie, care Tacoma Daily Ledger.
Finney, R. P., Sumner, Wn.
Flett, J. B., Longmire, Ashford, Wn.
Fogg, Garda, 1218 S. Washington St.

Hand, Edith, 1942 S. E St.
Hayden, E. M., 617 Tacoma Bldg.
Holgate, Elsie M., 603 N. Grant Ave.
Hopkins, Emma B., 219 Broadway.
Horning, R. D., 722 Broadway.
Hoska, Mrs. Conrad L., 518 N. E St.

Kemp, J. S., 6600 Alaska Ave.
Kerzie, F. L., care Pacific Steel and Boilers Co.
Kilmer, Charles, 720 S. Yakima Ave.
Kilmer, W. W., 720 S. Yakima Ave.
*Kratsch, Ida Rose, Base Hospital Unit No. 47, American E. F.

Lacock, Gertrude, Hoffman Apts.
Lathrop, W. W., Pacific Lumber Inspection Bureau, White Bldg., Seattle.
Liddell, Grace I., 39 Orchard Road.
Liddle, A. D., 625 N. Puget Sound Ave.
Lytle, Mary, Public Library.

Mallory, R. Irene, 3222 Pacific Ave.
Mason, Allen C., P. O. Box 1185.
McDowell, Mabel, 908 S. 5th St.
McFarland, Winifred, 1912 N. Prospect St.
McQueen, H. Gertrude, 1141 Broadway.
Memmer, Mrs. Frank H., 402 S. Tacoma Ave.
Mudgett, Mary, 314 Tacoma Bldg.

Pearce, D., Burley, Wn.
Pelletier, Harry L., 1212 National Realty Bldg.
Pentecost, A. A., care West Coast Grocery Co.

Sails, Fred D., care Fidelity Trust Co.
Sails, J. C., care Vermont Marble Co.
Scholes, Josephine T., 411 N. M St.
Scholes, Stella, 411 N. M St.
Seabury, Catherine, 3810 N. Washington St.
Seymour, William W., 423-424 Tacoma Bldg.
Shahan, Stella M., 3849 S. G St.
Simmons, Edna, Milton, Wn.
Simmons, Jennie E., 819 S. 7th St.
Slauter, Henry K., 3522 N. Proctor St.
*Smith, Walter W., Co. D, S. A. T. C., Seattle.
*Straw, Donald W., 609 S. G St.
Streeter, Agnes, 2618 N. Puget Sound Ave.
Swarts, B. F., Local Box 142, Dupont, Wn.

Tayler, A. A., 928 Broadway.
Tayler, Helen, 928 Broadway.
Traver, Mrs. Henry A., Route No. 1, Chandler, Arizona.
Trowbridge, Wm. P., 104 S. 9th St.

Udall, W. H., 817 S. L St.

Wagen, Alma D., 616 N. K St.
Wainwright, R. S., 928 Pacific Ave.
Walker, Robert G., 315 Tacoma Bldg.
Weer, J. H., West Coast Grocery Co.
*Whitacre, Major H. J., M. C. Evacuation Hospital No. 23, U. S. A. P. O. 909, Am. E. F.
Whitacre, Mrs. H. J., Steilacoom, Wn.
White, Elmina, 307 N. L St.

EVERETT BRANCH

(Place is Everett unless otherwise stated)

Achenbach, Naomi, Ridgeway Apts.
*Anglin, Sgt. Maj. E. A., Headquarters, 4th Engr. Tr. Regt., Camp A. A. Humphreys, Virginia.

Bailey, Bernice E., Ridgeway Apts.
Bascom, E. T., Monroe, Wn.
Bennett, Charles A., 1 Denny Place
Blem, Bertha A., 1614 Broadway.
*Bordsen, Ed., U. S. S. South Dakota, care Postmaster, New York City.
Bratney, Nella M., 3909 Hoyt Ave.

Cady, Vernon E., care Post Office.
Clarke, Whit H., Monroe, Wn.
*Church, Sapper Geo. A., No. 2691332, Engineers Training Depot, St. Johns, Quebec.

Coulter, Leona, 2118 Hoyt Ave.
Crayton, Catherine, 3109 Colby Ave.
Crogstad, Alvina, 2711 Hoyt Ave.
*Cuthbertson, W. L., Co. D, S. A. T. C., Washington State College, Pullman. Wn.

Delwert, Myron M., 2132 Rockefeller Ave.
Delwert, Stella, 2132 Rockefeller Ave.

Earlywine, Ross W., 2315 Oak St.
*Erikson, Corp. Walter, Battery F, 65th Artillery, American E. F., France.

Gould, J. M., Gold Bar, Wn.

*Hinman, H. B., 1612½ Hewitt Ave.
Hinman, Mrs. H. B., 2605 Baker Ave.

*Imrie, Capt. Norman, Y. M. C. A. Hdg., Canadian Corps, B. E. F., France.

Johnson, Elsie E., 2227 Wetmore Ave.
*Lee, Anna Belle, Base Hospital Unit 50, A. E. F., France
Lesh, Louis, 1605 Hewitt Ave.
Maddeu, A. J., 3101 Nassau Ave.
McBain, Mabel E., 2532 Lombard Ave.
Mills, Jane, 3909 Hoyt Ave.
Moody, Robert, 2609 Hoyt Ave.
Moore, Hattie F., 2521 Rucker Ave.
Moore, Mae E., Merritt, Wn.

Nevius, Calla E., 3112 Rockefeller Ave.
Nimrick, Edith, 2403 Lombard Ave.

Oldfield, H. L., 1221 Colby Ave.

Petersen, Ernest, 3526 Broadway.
*Peterson, Russel, C. O. T. S., Camp Pike, Ark.
Pickett, Lee, Index, Wn.

Sawyer, Edna C., 2412 Rucker Ave.
Sexton, Mary Ellen, 2713 Pine St.

Thompson Nan, 2607 Everett Ave.
Thompson, Geo. D., 2429 Baker Ave.

*Varley, J. A., 3414 Oakes Ave.
Vikdal, Peter G., 1612½ Hewitt Ave.

Waldron, Alice, 2702 Colby Ave.
Weeks, Marie, 3228 Grand Ave.

Zimmerman, Mabel A., 1209 Hoyt Ave.

*Names starred are those of the Service List.